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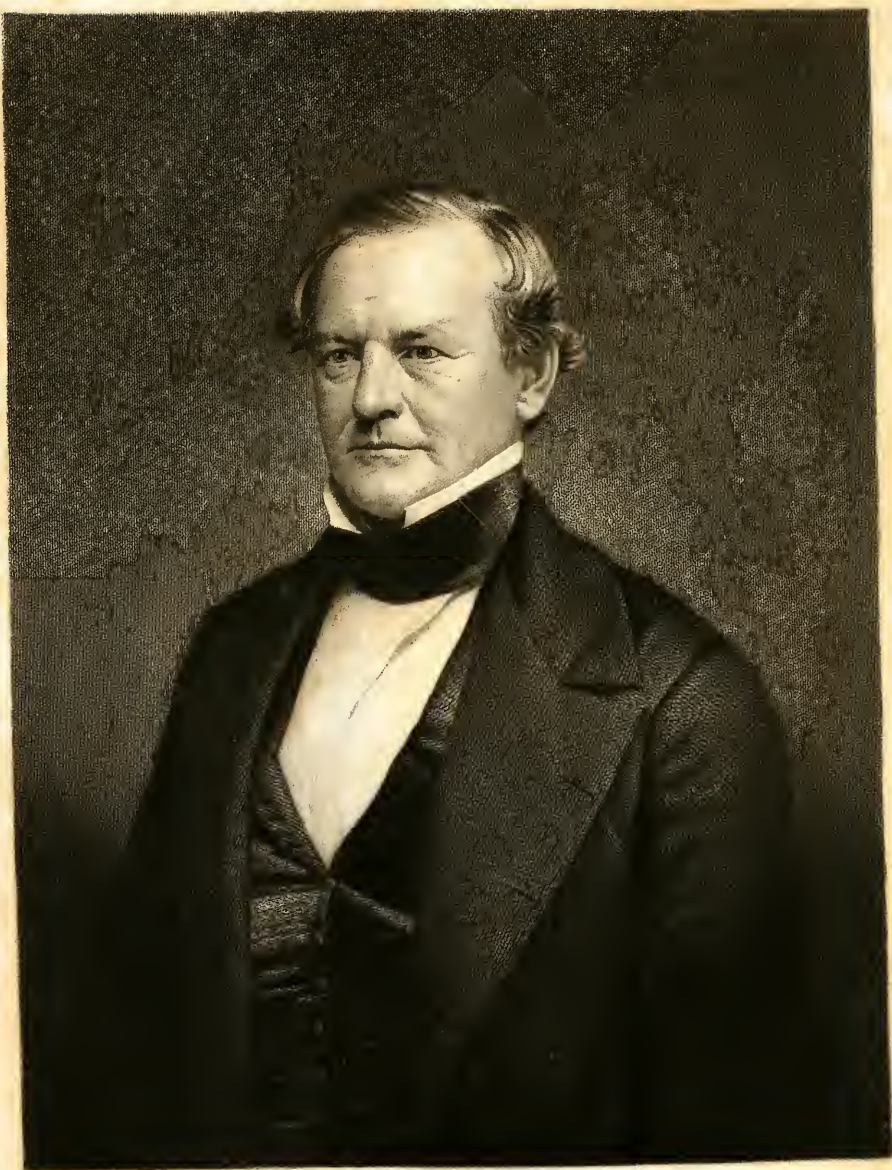
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THE

AMERICAN REVIEW;

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DEVOTED TO

POLITICS AND LITERATURE.

"TO STAND BY THE CONSTITUTION."

NEW SERIES, VOL. IV.—WHOLE VOL. X.

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THE AMERICAN REVIEW,

No. XIX.

FOR JULY, 1849.

THE ADMINISTRATION OF PRESIDENT WASHINGTON.*

THE present chief magistrate of the country has, both before and since his election, publicly avowed the intention of administering the affairs of the government in the spirit of our earlier Presidents, and, particularly, of the first. These declarations were officially re-affirmed in his Inaugural Address, wherein he said—"For the interpretation of the Constitution, I shall look to the decisions of the judicial tribunals established by its authority, and to the practice of the government under the earlier Presidents, who had so large a share in its formation. To the example of those illustrious patriots I shall always defer with reverence, and especially to his example who was, by so many titles, the father of his country." The well-known character of the distinguished man now at the head of the government, is a sufficient guaranty that any promises made by him to his countrymen, even though less frequently and emphatically repeated than the above, will be honorably fulfilled. Fully assured, therefore, that the Executive department of the general government is about to be conducted on the same sound principles which prevailed immediately after its institution, we feel a special interest in now inquiring what those principles were. The great lapse of time since the

first Administration, during which two generations of men, who knew not Washington, may be said to have come upon the stage of life, and the numerous departures which the later years of the Republic have witnessed from the spirit of the doctrines by which it was originally governed, render such an inquiry no less necessary, it is to be feared, than it is timely. For on the fresh remembrance of those first doctrines, depends the healthful tone of the political sentiment of the country; on their continued application to the ordering of public affairs, depends the success and the perpetuity of its free institutions.

We shall be guided, in our examination of the character of the first presidential Administration, chiefly, by the Writings of Washington, as selected and published by Mr. Sparks; and we are happy to take this opportunity, though late, of bearing our testimony to the imperishable value, both historical and political, of this truly national publication. These Writings, introduced by a personal narrative of the life of the author, from the skilful pen of the editor, are a compilation from Washington's original papers, which, including his own letters and those addressed to him, are contained in upwards of two hundred folio volumes; and have been de-

* The Writings of George Washington; being his Correspondence, Addresses, Messages, and other papers, official and private, selected and published from the original manuscripts; with a Life of the Author, Notes and Illustrations. By JARED SPARKS. 12 vols. octavo. Harper & Brothers, publishers, 82 Cliff Street, New York. 1847-8.

posited, since the purchase by Congress, in the archives of the Department of State. They comprise whatever in the manuscripts is most valuable for explaining the opinions, the acts, and the character of the writer, and for illustrating the great events and tendencies of the times, so far as he was connected with them. Of the twelve volumes, in which the work is published, the first contains the Life of Washington; the second, his official letters relating to the French war, and private letters before the American Revolution; the six volumes following contain his correspondence and miscellaneous papers concerning the American Revolution; the ninth volume, his private letters from the time he resigned his commission as commander in chief of the army, to that of his inauguration as President of the United States; the tenth and eleventh, his letters, official and private, from the beginning of his presidency to the end of his life; the twelfth, his speeches and messages to Congress, proclamations and addresses, together with seven very full and convenient indexes to the whole work. Neither expense nor labor were spared by the editor in examining the whole mass of papers; and the selection appears to have been made with that discriminating judgment, so conspicuous in all the writings of this learned historian. Each volume is accompanied with explanatory notes and appendixes, the materials for which, having been derived almost entirely from unpublished manuscripts in various foreign and domestic libraries, are new contributions to the history of the times, as well as important illustrations of the sentiments and deeds of Washington. These invaluable Writings, therefore, so fitly prepared for the public eye by the laborious research, the critical skill, and the scrupulous fidelity of an eminent scholar, will ever deserve the place of honor in the library of every American citizen, who pretends to study the history, or the politics of his country. Should Congress, in its commendable zeal for diffusing political information among its constituents, ever see fit to publish the entire papers of the Father of his country, still this selection must always continue, from its convenient size and moderate price, to be the popular edition of these Commentaries of the

American Cæsar. It has already gone into all the civilized world; and we rejoice to think that wherever a copy of it stands, whether in the book-case of the American citizen, the libraries of foreign scholars, or the alcoves of European kings, there stands, constructed out of materials wrought by his own hand, a monument to the memory of Washington, more eloquent than marble, more lasting than brass. This great work, we are aware, needs no recommendation of ours; and the limited space allowed us for treating an important theme forbids an extended notice of it: but we cannot refrain from expressing the wish that it may be still more extensively circulated among both those who make, and those who obey, the laws of the land. The words of Washington and the other illustrious statesmen, who assisted in framing the Constitution, and in administering the government under it, furnish the true salt of our popular political literature; and we need not add how much the atmosphere of society would be improved, if a large part of this were better salted.

Before entering upon the examination of our subject, it is proper that a preliminary question should be settled, which persons not familiar with the history of political opinions in this country, may be surprised to see raised, inasmuch as it concerns the purity of Washington's republicanism. But it has been maintained by the advocates of unreasonably conservative views of government, both in Church and State, that Washington derived the title of the American colonies to liberty, from English laws, charters, and precedents, and not from the principle of natural justice, as asserted in the Declaration of Independence. This is an error. The following extract from a letter addressed to Bryan Fairfax, under date of August 24, 1774, is conclusive evidence, that Washington justified his opposition to the royal usurpations on the ground of his natural rights as a man, as well as his legal privileges as an Englishman. "In truth," says the writer, "persuaded as I am that you have read all the political pieces, which compose a large share of the gazettes of this time, I should think it, but for your request, a piece of inexcusable arrogance in me, to make the least essay towards a change in your political opinions; for I am

sure I have no new light to throw upon the subject, nor any other arguments to offer in support of my own doctrine than what you have seen; and I could only in general add, that *an innate spirit of freedom first told me*, that the measures, which the administration have for some time been, and now are most violently pursuing, are opposed to every principle of *natural justice*; whilst much abler heads than my own have fully convinced me, that they are not only repugnant to *natural right*, but subversive of the laws and constitution of Great Britain itself, in the establishment of which some of the best blood in the kingdom has been spilt.* Here, it will be remarked, the writer makes a distinction between the convictions drawn from his own breast, and those adopted from the representation of other minds; the former assured him of a natural, the latter of a constitutional right to freedom; and to the innate belief he assigns the foremost place, as relying chiefly on it, while the derived persuasion follows, second in rank and importance.

Equally unjust to the reputation of Washington, as well as inconsistent with any true estimate of the value of his services to the country, is the suspicion which they have attempted to cast upon his republican principles, who have represented him as doubting the capacity of his countrymen for self-government, and, consequently, the beneficial results of their political constitutions. These imputations were first thrown out by the opponents of his Administration, and have been so often repeated since, as to have found their way into the faith of many reverers of his character, and especially is this erroneous persuasion to be attributed to numerous passages in the writings of Thomas Jefferson, wherein this eminent man, after having become the head of the party opposed to the first Administration, was led to speak disparagingly of the political principles of the father of the republic. "The President," said he, in the year 1793, "has not confidence enough in the virtue and good sense of mankind to confide in a government bottomed on them, and thinks other props necessary." In the same

year, he also placed on record the declaration, that "the Constitution was galloping fast into monarchy"—a fate from which it was saved, according to the same authority, by Philip Freneau's newspaper. Of a charge like this, it might, perhaps, be a sufficient refutation to exclaim, wonderful escape! and no less wonderful instrument of it! But we will further say, that Washington did, indeed, express the belief, that "mankind, *when left to themselves*, are unfit for their own government." He had no faith in a democracy. "We have probably had," said he, "too good an opinion of human nature in forming our Confederation;" adding the very good reason, that "experience had already shown that men would not adopt and carry into execution measures, the best calculated for their own good, without the intervention of a coercive power." He had no faith in a government destitute of power to execute its resolves, as was the Confederation. Nor is there any less uncertainty as to what Washington actually did believe, touching the point in question. To Lafayette he wrote, under date of June 18, 1788, "You see I am not less enthusiastic than I ever have been, if a belief that peculiar scenes of felicity are reserved for this country is to be denominated enthusiasm. Indeed, I do not believe, that Providence has done so much for nothing. It has always been my creed, that we should not be left as a monument to prove that mankind, under the most favorable circumstances for civil liberty and happiness, are unequal to the task of governing themselves, and therefore made for a master." Instead, also, of placing less confidence in the federal Constitution than in other forms of government, he expressed, soon after its adoption, the following opinion of its merits, to Sir Edward Newenham. "Although there were some few things in the Constitution, recommended by the federal Convention to the determination of the people, which did not fully accord with my wishes, yet, having taken every circumstance into serious consideration, I was convinced it approached nearer to perfection than any government hitherto instituted among men." So far was this illustrious statesman from distrusting the practical issues of our free institutions, that, although it was not the

* Writings of Washington, vol. ii. p. 397, and Life of Hamilton, vol. ii. p. 557.

habit of his mind to indulge so largely in speculations respecting the course of future events, as did some of his compatriots, yet we boldly affirm, there was not one among them all, who had so true, far-reaching, unclouded a foresight of the glorious career of this republic, as George Washington. His writings, as well as the tenor of his life, furnish abundant proofs of this assertion. Washington never despaired of the fortunes of his country, even when they sank the lowest. In one of the most calamitous periods of the war, when driven from the Jerseys over the Delaware, he is said to have replied to the question, whither next he would retreat in case of necessity—"From the Delaware to the Susquehanna, and from the Susquehanna to the Alleghanies!" Subsequently, amid all the discouraging circumstances which clouded the prospects of the country during the imbecile rule of the Confederation, he wrote to Lafayette, "There will assuredly come a day, when this country will have some weight in the scale of empires;" and, in another place, "Sure I am, if this country be preserved in tranquillity twenty years longer, it may bid defiance in a just cause to any power whatever, such in that time will be its population, wealth, and resources;" and extending his generous hopes of an advancing civilization to other nations, he concluded, "I indulge a fond, perhaps an enthusiastic idea, that, as the world is evidently much less barbarous than it has been, its melioration must still be progressive; that nations are becoming more humanized in their policy; that the subjects of ambition and causes for hostility are daily diminishing; and in fine, that the period is not very remote, when the benefits of a liberal and free commerce will pretty generally succeed to the devastations and the horrors of war."

True it is, indeed, that Washington did not enter upon the office of the Presidency without a profound and painful sense of the difficulties to be encountered in conducting an untried experiment of government, and of the imminent risk, to which his limited civil experience and capacities would expose him, of not answering the expectations, even if he should not in any instance bring detriment on the fortunes of his country. His anxieties, in assuming

this new responsibility, were as natural, as his desire to avoid it was unaffected. Nor were his anticipations of the dangers, which would beset the path of the "infant empire," as he fondly termed it, either exaggerated, or peculiar to himself. Not only did difficulties, as great as those apprehended by him, really occur in the course of his Administration, but they tried the souls of all the eminent statesmen who took part in the government. The Secretary of State, surely, could not have been free from anxiety respecting the working of the Constitution, when, to prevent the President from declining a re-election, he declared to him, that he "trembled," in view of the danger to which such an event would expose the people to be led into "violence or secession." "I knew we were some day," continued he, "to try to walk alone, and if the essay should be made while you should be alive and looking on, we should derive confidence from that circumstance, and resource *if it failed.*" Much fairer, in truth, would it be to accuse the accuser, in this instance—to charge the Secretary with that distrust of the practical results of the federal Constitution, which he attributed to the President. Who was it, at this period, if not Mr. Jefferson, who gave utterance to the fear, that his countrymen were about to set up "a king, lords, and commons," on the ruins of the republic? If any one doubted the success of the new experiment in self-government, was it not he, who declared that he saw (where few others would have looked for it) in the independent footing of the federal judiciary, "the germ that was to destroy" the charter of our liberties? But as it would be unjust to the reputation of the illustrious author of the Declaration of Independence, to consider assertions, made under the influence of strong party excitement, as indicative of his settled convictions, so is it a mistake, the more deserving of correction, as it has been sanctioned by very high authority,* to construe the distrust, which Washington modestly expressed of his capacity successfully to introduce the new system of government, as a want of confidence in those free institu-

* J. Q. Adams' Discourse on the Constitution of the United States.

tions, to the establishment of which he devoted his life, and in the perpetuity of which he ever kept a cheerful, though duly chastened, faith.

Washington, with the modesty characteristic of the noblest minds, which are always more deeply impressed with the greatness of their task, than the measure of their abilities, expressed the same doubts of his qualifications, in entering upon the office of President of the United States, which he had done in accepting that of commander in chief of the American armies. But his civil, no less than his military talents, were of the highest order. From the camp, he brought to the cabinet a knowledge of the art of governing the wills and the passions of men; he brought those crowning qualities of a governor of a state, "the spirit of command, tempered by the spirit of meekness;" he brought the wisdom resulting from a long experience in the management of important affairs; he brought the habit of accomplishing great national objects by the compromise of local interests, of balancing conflicting motives and opinions, of accepting the highest, even dictatorial powers, and yet of limiting their exercise by the laws, the fears and the prejudices of his countrymen. Without being familiar with the details of law-making, he nevertheless entered upon office with well-settled opinions as to what should be the general policy of the new government. A short time after his election, he wrote to Lafayette, "My endeavors shall be unremittingly exerted, even at the hazard of former fame or present popularity, to extricate my country from the embarrassments in which it is entangled through want of credit; and to establish a general system of policy, which, if pursued, will ensure permanent felicity to the commonwealth. I think I see a path as clear and as direct as a ray of light, which leads to the attainment of that object." But more valuable still, if possible, than these qualifications, was the "honest zeal," to the possession of which, in entering upon the direction of federal affairs, he laid the most explicit claim; more precious still, that ardent love of country, which having been developed and severely disciplined by the whole course of his previous life,

had gradually drawn to itself all the more impetuous passions of his being, as a great river its tributaries, and now bore onward its accumulated currents with a flow so even and placid, as to inexperienced eyes to appear almost destitute of motion.

Amongst the first duties of the President, immediately after his inauguration, was the perplexing one of nominating the necessary officers for the new government. Even before leaving Mount Vernon, the President elect had been overwhelmed with the applications of candidates for almost all kinds of offices; and they did not cease to flow in upon him, after his arrival at the seat of government. But he early adopted some general rules respecting appointments, which relieved him, in a degree, of the onerous pressure of this branch of his responsibilities. In the first place, he established the principle, that he would give no encouragement whatever to any applicant for office, previously to the time of filling of such office. For a short period after his election, civil answers were given to all letters containing applications; but the amount of time thereby consumed soon compelled him to return no replies, except in peculiar cases. When the time for making an appointment arrived, he made up his mind respecting it from all the information in his possession, without fear or favor; with a single eye to the promotion of the national interests, and a desire to distribute the appointments, in as equal a proportion as was practicable, to persons belonging to the different States in the Union. In cases where the other pretensions of the candidates were equal, the peculiar necessities of those who had honorably suffered in the cause of liberty, but never of those who were bankrupt in both fame and fortune, were taken into favorable consideration. Political reasons also contributed their just weight in determining his decisions, for he laid great stress upon the influence which his appointments would bring to the support of the Constitution, then just established after the most bitter and pertinacious opposition. From this reason, as well as in pursuance of the rules above prescribed, the persons endowed with the honors of office, at the beginning of the government, were selected from that "aristocracy of virtue and talent,

which," said Mr. Jefferson, "nature has wisely provided for the direction of the interests of society, and scattered with equal hand through all its conditions." After three years' experience in the war of independence, and learning upon whom he could, and whom he could not rely, Washington had given the order, "Take none but gentlemen for officers." And having continued to find that, in the army, the officers, and in civil life, the magistrates, the rich planters, the leading merchants, were the most ardent and firm friends of liberty, and that it was mainly by their example and counsels, that the great mass of the people could be prevailed upon to adhere steadfastly to the cause of independence, the first President earnestly desired to enlist the services of men connected with the former classes, in executing the trusts of the Constitution. Through the influence of such officers and supporters, he felt convinced, the new system of government would most surely draw to itself the confidence and the affections of the whole people.

These were the principles adopted by Washington in deciding between the competitors for vacant offices. But where offices were established by the Constitution corresponding to those already in existence under the Confederation, the former were invariably filled with the incumbents of the latter, provided these were unexceptionable in character and conduct. The principle of promotion, rather than of rotation in office, was favored throughout the first Administration. Washington never removed an officer for the expression of political opinions. Anxious as he was, however, to obtain for the Constitution the support of those persons distinguished for talents and patriotism, who had been unfriendly to its adoption, and also to conciliate individuals of similar character, who afterwards became opposed to his Administration, he invariably refused to call them to office, unless there appeared to be sufficient reason for believing that they would lend an honest support to the government. "I shall not," said he in 1795, "whilst I have the honor to administer the government, bring a man into an office of consequence, knowingly, whose political tenets are adverse to the measures which the general government are pur-

suing; for this, in my opinion, would be a sort of political suicide. That it would embarrass its movements, is most certain." During the second term of his Administration, the observance of this rule led to no little difficulty in finding out, and prevailing upon, fit characters to fill the more important offices. It occasioned, also, the exercise of the power of removal, in a very signal instance—in the recall of Col. Monroe from the post of minister in Paris, for lack of zeal in carrying out the plans of the Executive, at a critical period of international relations. It led, likewise, at about the same time, to the formation of a cabinet composed not, as at first, of the representatives of opposite political sentiments, but of subordinates all holding views in entire consonance with those of their chief. Wisely tolerant of political differences as was the President, in the exercise of the powers of appointment and removal, he was nevertheless compelled, as the opposition to his government grew more and more violent, to seek the aid, particularly in the higher executive offices, of such persons as were inclined heartily to further the measures and the purposes of the Administration.

In putting the new government into operation, there were many preliminary arrangements to be made by the President, besides that of supplying it with officers. Of all the points decided and precedents set by Washington, in regulating the executive departments, determining the relations of the executive to the other branches of government, and in prescribing various important rules of executive action, it would be impossible for us to speak in detail. Yet several important principles, settled in these introductory labors, deserve to be noted. The executive departments of government established by Congress during its first session, which were almost entirely of American origin, and, with few alterations, have since been adhered to, were framed in accordance with the well-known views of the President, who regarded the substitution of the principle of individual responsibility, in the place of the divided accountability of the former boards and committees, as absolutely essential to an efficient and pure administration of the government. He saw, also, the vital importance, in a sys-

tem of free institutions, of as general an application of this principle, as was consistent with their general character; for he saw that in proportion as personal responsibility is weakened by the action of men in large numbers, whether it be in the halls of legislation, in the ranks of parties, in societies instituted for political purposes, in such casual assemblages even as riots and mass meetings, are the obligations of public law, and the dictates of private conscience, alike, apt to be lost sight of.—Another important principle, early established, was, that in all intercourse with foreign powers, the President was to be regarded as the head of the nation, in as high a sense, as the crowned potentates of Europe were of theirs. Accordingly, when the French minister, in New York, thinking to obtain some advantage, made repeated endeavors to open negotiations directly with the chief of the State, the latter insisted upon referring the minister to his Secretary, as the medium of communication analogous to that recognized at foreign courts. Thus, also, it was claimed by the President, that no direct communications could be made by other governments to either of the branches of Congress; but only through the Executive, as the appointed representative of the national sovereignty.—Besides determining the relation of the chief magistrate to the other branches of the government, and to foreign states, there remained the delicate task of adopting some rules to govern his intercourse with the people. The necessity of these soon became obvious from the fact, that, from morning to afternoon, the doors of the President were besieged by persons calling for the purpose of forwarding small personal interests, for the sake of which the great ones of the community were to be deferred, or merely for the purpose of paying their respects, when, in a large number of instances, it would have been more respectful to have remained at home. To save from these intrusions of petty concerns, and mistaken civility, sufficient time for his arduous public labors, among which, at this period, was included such a thorough study of the detailed reports of the secretaries of foreign affairs, of war, and of the treasury board, as was necessary to make him completely acquainted with the state of the

government in all its relations, foreign and domestic, the President adopted the plan of setting apart an hour in the morning of one day in the week, for the reception of visits of ceremony. Public officers and citizens, having important business, could be admitted to an interview, by appointment, at all seasonable times. But Washington did not expect any person to call upon him on business, without an urgent reason; nor on ceremony, without a proper introduction. To obtain the necessary time for the transaction of public business was not, however, the only object of these and similar regulations; another of no little importance, in the estimation of Washington, was, to maintain by such simple forms, as were consistent with republican manners, the proper dignity of the office of chief magistrate. The first President always held, that the paying a due respect to all persons clothed with high authority by the laws, was no less a point in good republicanism, than in good manners; and that it aided materially in keeping alive that spirit of loyalty to the laws themselves, on which depends the healthful condition of a free State. In this matter, he coincided in opinion with the benevolent founder of Pennsylvania, who in drawing up a frame of fundamental law for that colony, declared the end of government to be, “to support power in reverence with the people, and to secure the people from the abuse of power.”

It will be borne in mind, in entering upon an examination of the first Administration, that, at its commencement, the Constitution was but a system of abstract rules, a theory of government, adopted in the place of a not dissimilar one which had failed, and adopted, too, not without the determined hostility of a very large minority of the citizens. It was not then supported by the affections of the people; it had to acquire them. It was not held fast in its place of supremacy by the cords of old associations, of established habits, of settled and successful policy; it had to wait for the slow hand of time to weave them. The hopes of the nation were set upon the successful or the unsuccessful issue of a novel experiment. The opposition to its adoption had been led not only by the demagogues, who had most to hope from a state approaching to anarchy, instead of

one conformed to law, but also by many tried patriots of distinguished reputation, who feared from its ascendancy the annihilation of the separate governments of the States. Many of the former class wished the new government no good; many of both loudly prophesied its speedy failure to promote the prosperity of the country; and some had adopted the policy of accepting office under it with a view of gradually robbing it of its authority, as that of the Old Congress had before been absorbed by the States. In taking the helm of affairs, under such circumstances, Washington made that which was the leading object of the Constitution, the leading object of his Administration—"to form a more perfect union." From his first political act to his last, he never lost sight of this. His ruling purpose and hope, was, to bind together in bands which time could not break, but could only strengthen, all the original members of the confederation who had striven together for freedom, and those wanderers, also, who, from the oppressed nations of the earth, should seek out this poor man's inheritance, to till and to possess it, that they all might have "*one country, one Constitution, one destiny.*"* By every word and deed, therefore, he endeavored to allay the violence of anti-federal opposition, and to conciliate the minds of men of all classes in favor of the plan of government, which had been framed by the best wisdom of the country. Partly with this design, he called to his cabinet such friends of State rights as Thomas Jefferson and Edmund Randolph, the former of whom had at first been opposed to the unconditional adoption of the Constitution, and had afterwards only so far modified his opinions, as to give it a guarded approval. Yet it was no part of Washington's intention to court favor for the Constitution by any sacrifice of its principles, or lowering of its tone. On the contrary, he rested his hopes of promoting the indissoluble union of the States on a strictly *constitutional administration of the government*, as firm as it should be conciliatory. For he justly judged that an uniformly decided, but temperate policy, being best calculated to advance the

true interests of the nation, would also ultimately bring about the greatest unanimity of sentiment and action. The purpose of Washington was right; his means were legitimate.

To "establish justice," was declared to be another of the principal objects of the people of the United States, in ordaining and establishing their Constitution. And to this declaration the circumstances of the country gave such an emphasis, that it was adopted by Washington as another of the chief guides of his Administration. At the time it was made, both the Union and the different States were deeply involved in debts, incurred in the prosecution of a war, the charges of which had been greatly above the actual resources, though not the certain prospects of the country. Individuals, likewise, from north to south, owed large sums for manufactured goods, imported from Europe, both before and after the war, at which periods the system of exchanging American products for foreign manufactures kept the balance of trade constantly against us. The indebtedness of the country was so great, in fact, that all that portion of the inhabitants who were poorly supplied with moral courage, or honest principle, as well as ready resources, were disposed to discharge their obligations by a general bankruptcy. A repudiating party sprang up in the States.* A kind of civil war was waged by debtors against creditors, in the progress of which the former endeavored to carry their points, by bringing the courts of justice and the ministers of the law into popular disfavor, and, finally, became involved, in Massachusetts, in an open rebellion, which demanded the confiscation of debts, a release from taxes, the continuation of a depreciated currency, and an equal distribution of property. The success of this party in some of the States, and the fear of its triumph in others, had destroyed, previously to the formation of the new Constitution, nearly all credit, both public and private. It had defeated the recommendations of Congress for raising a revenue by imposts, making them a by-word and a mockery through the land. It had confirmed the demoralizing tendencies, which a long war, and a

* Daniel Webster.

* Marshall's Life of Washington, vol. 2, p. 103.

depreciated currency had developed in society, had done much towards undermining that basis of common honesty on which alone the superstructure of free institutions can securely stand, and, finally, had united with the friends of disunion in forming an anti-federal party, for the purpose of preventing the adoption of the federal Constitution by the people.

Washington was not a member of the party of repudiation. He was the head and front of those, who, from the beginning, had opposed every attempt to make the depreciated paper of the States a legal tender in the payment of debts, due in a sound currency; who struggled through all adverse circumstances for the exact observance of both public and private engagements; who were in favor of maintaining the regular administration of justice, of sustaining a system of taxation as vigorous as the resources of the country would reasonably bear, and of supplying the insufficiency of the revenues thus acquired, by pledging in security those prospects of the nation, which were scarcely less valuable than actual possessions. While their opponents proposed to cure the ills of the times by the counter practice of inflicting such ills as the continued emission of paper money, the delay of legal proceedings, the withholding of taxes, the refusal of the stipulated pay of the soldier, who had shed his blood in the cause of liberty and his country, this party prescribed, as the only safe remedies, the practice of increased industry and frugality, the turning of all citizens from the corrupting speculations, and dissolute courses, which prevailed after the war, to the patient cultivation of the virgin soil, and to the prosecution of all those trades and arts, which the wants of a growing country promised richly to remunerate. As a brave and high-minded young man, who, entering upon the struggle for a livelihood, burdened with the charges of his outfit, easily denies himself the indulgence of costly comforts, and cheerfully binds himself to unremitting toils, in order to lay, in the honest payment of his debts, the foundations of honorable success, so did Washington desire to see this young country start in the career of nations with honor bright; even in adversity keeping its faith; so that its children and its children's

children, in the days of their prosperity, might look back to the efforts of its early manhood, and feel no shame.

The party in favor of "establishing justice" having prevailed over the advocates of repudiation and disunion, in the vote on the adoption of the Constitution; the President, with the design of pursuing a financial policy, which should secure to the country the fruits of that triumph, called to the head of the Department of the Treasury the sterling integrity and transcendent abilities of Alexander Hamilton. As, however, this brilliant ornament of his country's early history was charged by the opponents of the Administration with anti-republicanism, and as this old calumny still continues to be rolled, as a sweet morsel, under the tongues of those who claim to be their political descendants,* it may be proper here to give it a passing notice. Yet suffice it to state simply the ground of the charge, and its refutation. In the discussions of abstract principles of government, so prevalent at the time of the establishment of republican institutions in this country, and in France, Hamilton, on the one hand, avowed in the society of his intimate friends the opinion, that no nation had ever possessed a political system, so nearly approaching to perfection, as the British; and, on the other, he at the same time declared his conviction, that a monarchy was entirely unsuited to the dispositions, and circumstances of the American people. Accordingly, the highest toned propositions made by him in the Convention for framing the Constitution, were for having a President and Senate, elected by the people, to hold office during good behavior, and a House of Representatives during three years. And these propositions, although they appear to have been suggested for the purpose of eliciting and giving tone to the sentiments of the Assembly, rather than from any expectation of their being adopted, and were subsequently withdrawn in favor of a more popular plan of their author, were found to be in harmony with the views of no fewer than five States, including among them Virginia. The wish of Hamilton was, that the gov-

* See Gen. Cass' Letter to the Committee of the Baltimore Convention.

ernment should be so constructed, as to possess all the energy reconcilable with the republican theory upon which it was to be founded; not with a view of facilitating usurpation by its head, but for the purpose of avoiding those anarchical tendencies, the development of which renders first necessary, and finally palatable, the exercise of dictatorial authority. A more signal example, therefore, of the base ingratitude of men, when under the dominion of the spirit of political party, can hardly be found, than this sedulous keeping alive, on the one hand, the memory of Hamilton's theoretical preference of monarchy, which was never declared on any responsible occasion, and never allowed to control any public act, and, on the other, the studied forgetting of the great services rendered to republican liberty by one, who was among the foremost to take up his pen in opposition to British tyranny, among the most faithful in fighting the battles of American independence, among the wisest in framing the federal Constitution, the most influential in obtaining for it the popular approval, and the most zealous in carrying it into operation—by one, who after having long served under Washington, as a member of his military family, during the war, and of his civil council, under the Constitution, retired from both stations with the testimonial of his chief, that he had deserved well of his country—by one, finally, respecting whom the impartial voice of a foreign historian and statesman has said, "There is not in the Constitution of the United States an element of order, of force, of duration, which he did not powerfully assist in introducing and causing to predominate."* That such a man should have wished to overthrow, or to impair the work of his whole life, by bringing into republican America a "king, lords, and commons," as was alleged by his enemies, is a folly too great to be credited by the wise, though a calumny too effective to be forgotten by the unprincipled.

The first session of the first Congress having been spent, chiefly, in framing laws for putting the government into operation, the House of Representatives, near its close, passed a resolution directing the

Secretary of the Treasury to report to the House, at the next session, a plan for placing the public credit on a footing consistent with the national honor and prosperity. This resolution was in accordance with the suggestion of the President, in his Inaugural Address, that the foundations of our national policy should be laid in the pure and immutable principles of private morality, and was referred to in terms of approbation, in his Speech to Congress, at the commencement of its second session. The invention, however, of the system of measures recommended in the Report of the Secretary, and subsequently adopted, with few alterations, by Congress, is due entirely to the genius of Hamilton, whose mind, even during the war, had been anxiously turned to the financial embarrassments of the country, and had suggested several measures of great importance for their relief. Now, the condition of the finances, if less desperate, was still more involved than when under the superintendence of the financier of the Revolution, Robert Morris. For the government of the Confederation had utterly failed to pay its debts. It had solemnly pledged the faith of the nation; but it had not kept it. The army had been disbanded, without being paid; the citizens who had trusted the State, had found its promises false; the claims of the French government on the Union were set down in the *Compte Rendu* of M. Necker, as of doubtful character; and the needy French officers, who had shed their blood in the cause of American independence, begged at the doors of its official representative in Paris, and were denied. Chaos, was the expression commonly, and fitly, used to designate the state of the finances, during the last years of the rule of the Confederation, which, by a suicidal construction of the terms of its authority, had failed to assume the power of enforcing its resolves for raising a revenue. Accordingly at the commencement of the new government, there was an empty treasury and thirty-nine millions of debts, including those due by the Union, and by the several States, on account of the Union. The foreign debt was twelve millions, the debt of the Union to individual citizens about two, that of the several States about twenty-five.

* Guizot's Washington.

Hamilton, taking his stand, we will not say, on the highest moral ground, but on the level of common honesty, proposed to Congress to pay these debts, one and all. The principle of his plan was as simple, as the plainest maxims of equity; its details were as complicated, as the difficulties to be resolved, and the interests to be promoted by it. Of these, we can only say, that he proposed, in the first place, to discharge the foreign debt, according to the letter of the contracts. In the second place, he proposed that the debts of the particular States, incurred in defense of the country against the common enemy, should be assumed as the debt of the United States. In the third place, he proposed that all these liabilities assumed by the Union, both those of the old Congress and those of the separate States, should be funded, and liquidated on such just terms, as should be satisfactory to the creditors. For carrying this plan into effect, adequate and permanent revenues were to be provided by means of imposts, excises, the proceeds of the sales of public lands, and loans.

This plan of paying the debts of the country, which was finally adopted only by small majorities in both houses of Congress, furnished the enemies of the new government with an opportunity for mustering their forces in open field, and commencing the campaign of opposition. In passing them in review, it will be necessary to bear in mind that the party, which had opposed the adoption of the federal Constitution, still continued, (though not without a considerable change of leaders,) in existence under it, and now directed its efforts towards rendering ineffectual the operation of the instrument, of which it had not been able to prevent the establishment. And as this party had originated, under the Confederation, in a widespread disposition to escape from the obligations of individual indebtedness, it was not strange that it should make its reappearance, under the Constitution, in an effort to disavow the liabilities of the State. The opposition was directed against several points of the proposed system, but turned chiefly on the assumption of the debts of the separate State governments. Notwithstanding these had been incurred in furnishing to the Ameri-

can army supplies of clothing, provisions and munitions, advancing pay and bounties to the troops, and constructing works of defense against the common enemy, it was declared to be unconstitutional to pay this part of the "price of liberty." But as the separate States, in adopting the Constitution, had relinquished the most available means of paying these debts themselves, by giving up the power of laying imposts, as well as by their previous liberal cession of western lands to the Union, it was well known that if Congress, which had been expressly authorized to "pay the debts" of the United States, should refuse to provide for these securities, their value would be greatly impaired, and their ultimate liquidation, at least in some States, be rendered extremely improbable. Instead, therefore, of seconding the Administration in its endeavors to improve and establish the credit of the country, in the only way practicable, this opposition tended directly to dishonor it, to spot the national name with bad faith indelibly, and to perpetuate all the evils which hindered the general prosperity under the bankrupt Confederation. It was a shoot from the diseased root of former repudiation, of the old dislike of debt-paying and tax-gathering.

The opposition, which was made to this system for establishing national justice and national credit, naturally pursued all the measures recommended by the Secretary of the Treasury, for its execution. Among the most important of these, was the creation of a bank partly owned and directed by the government. Such an institution having been approved by all the principal commercial nations of that day, and having, under the Confederation, rendered valuable aid to the cause of independence, it was now looked to as an indispensable instrument for providing funds to meet the large and frequently recurring payments to the public creditors. Subsequent events proved that its necessity was not overrated, for so heavy had been the charges of eight years of war, and so loud was the outcry, both in Congress, and out of it, against the raising of adequate revenues to defray them, that the Administration, throughout its whole duration, had to strain every nerve, and use all lawful expedients, in order to pay

punctually and honorably the debts of the country as they fell due. That it was a legitimate, as it then was a necessary, instrument for facilitating the financial operations of the government, cannot reasonably be denied by those, who fairly interpret the sense of the Constitution, and who give due weight to the sanction which the banking system had already received in the country, and which it continued to receive through a succession of the earlier federal administrations.

As, however, the unconstitutionality of the act for establishing the bank was vehemently urged by the minority in both houses of Congress, and maintained, likewise, by the half of his cabinet, Washington took time to give the subject a most careful examination. After due deliberation, he approved of it. He approved of all the financial recommendations of Hamilton—the funding system and the whole train of measures for carrying it into operation. He not only sanctioned them, he adhered to them. Amid opposition so constant, so violent that it led in the end to treasonable resistance to the revenue laws, Washington never wavered in his support of the policy he had adopted of establishing justice in the land, and maintaining the plighted faith of the nation before the world. Thus, was secured, throughout his Administration, a unity of purpose, as remarkable as the attacks upon it were manifold, and the events of the period were discordant. And here it may be added, that it has always been common, among the opposers of the principles of the Washington Administration, to stigmatize the financial measures thus firmly adhered to, as the measures of a party, of which Hamilton was the founder. But, without insisting upon the impropriety of designating such plans for securing impartial justice and the general welfare, as party plans, we must, at least, be allowed to affirm that the policy recommended by the Secretary was deliberately, cordially approved by his responsible chief, and that whoever characterizes it as party policy, characterizes Washington as a partisan.

The financial policy of the Administration of Washington had also a secondary object to accomplish, not inferior in importance to the leading one. It was that

object before alluded to as never lost sight of by the first President, viz: the forming “a more perfect union” of the people of the country under the federal government. The assumption and funding of the claims of all the public creditors rendered this large and influential class of citizens more directly interested in the maintenance of the Union. The founding of the credit of the government on the joint basis of public and private resources, by means of a national bank, bound the fortunes of a large number of capitalists in all the States to the fortunes of the republic. The permanent character, also, of this financial system established in opposition to the loose scheme of temporary expedients advocated by the opposition, gave to the Union the strength and the dignity resulting from a settled, as well as a sound policy of legislation. Thus, the greater proportion of the men of property and influence throughout the country were rallied around a government, which acknowledged the justness of their claims, which established American credit, which furnished by its negotiable securities aids to private enterprise, and which encouraged permanent investments of capital, by persevering in a steady and upright course of legislation. The bands of interest were welded to those of patriotism, in order to bind indissolubly together many in one people.

But if the strengthening of the new institutions of the nation by the support of those classes of the people whose influence was strongest, and whose principles were the most to be relied upon, was an additional motive with Washington, in approving the plans of his Secretary, it was viewed as another ground of opposition, by the advocates of a weak central, and a strong sectional authority. Open enemies, or lukewarm friends, of the federal government, from the beginning, as likely to absorb the powers of the local governments, they eagerly attacked the financial policy of the Administration, on the ground that it tended directly to the realization of their apprehensions. To arouse the fears and the jealousies of the mass of the people, also, they loudly declared that it was the intention of the government to purchase, by the favors of an overgrown treasury, the support of a host of cor-

rupt speculators, and thus surround itself by a privileged class of society, with the view of paving the way to the recognition of an aristocracy by law, and the saddling the good people of the country with monarchical institutions, modeled after those of their old enemies, the British. Mr. Jefferson, at a later period, described Hamilton's system as "a machine for the corruption of the legislature." And how admirably, in his opinion, it answered the purpose of the inventor, may be learned from his division of the patriots who composed the House of Representatives, in the second Congress, into "1, bank directors; 2, holders of bank stock; 3, stock-jobbers; 4, blind devotees; 5, ignorant persons, who did not comprehend them (Giles' Resolutions,) 6, lazy and good-humored persons." These were the men, the people were told, by whose venal votes, aided by the "irresistible influence and popularity of General Washington, played off by the cunning of Hamilton," an attempt was to be made to draw over the country the substance, as it had already done the forms, of the British government. "They," (the British,) said the same high authority, "had their paper system, stock-jobbing, speculations, public debt, monied interest, &c., and all this was contrived for us. They raised their cry against jacobinism and revolutionists, we against democratic societies and anti-federalists." And if any further evidence of the near advent of monarchy were required, the lovers of liberty were reminded that the title of His Excellency had been bestowed upon the President—that His Excellency, or as a Virginia senator preferred to call him, His Limpid Highness, opened the sessions of Congress with speeches like a king—that he held morning levees, standing in regal state, with cocked hat, sword and gloves—that Mrs. Washington, too, gave levees—that both of them, at the birth-night balls, sat upon a seat raised high enough for a throne—that it was proposed to place the head of George Washington on the national coin—and, finally, that the Vice-President walked the streets with his hat under his arm, preceded (as the story ran in the Old Dominion,) by four men bearing naked swords, and aired himself in a carriage drawn by a pair of horses, or as was ru-

mored among the same anxious patriots, in "a coach and six."

These fictions of the false prophets, in the days of Washington, can now be of little consequence, except as a foil to the truth, that the Executive then acted on the principle of fully exercising all the powers conferred on it by the Constitution, yet usurping none. Notwithstanding all the abstractions with which the leaders of opposition in Congress discussed the relative powers of the general and the State governments, and the jealousy of delegated authority declared to exist in the minds of the people of this country, Washington was of opinion that the great body of American citizens were in favor of such a liberal construction of the terms of the new Constitution, as was necessary to remove the difficulties which had hindered the prosperity of the country under the Confederation. For this very purpose had they made the change in their frame of federal institutions. It was, indeed, the only sound, practical view to take of government at that time, or at any time. And it has always been, we believe, the sense of the better part of the people of this Union, that, in any great national emergency, its government was justified in using all power absolutely necessary to meet existing difficulties, provided such power had not been expressly denied to it, or expressly given to the local authorities by the Constitution. The more rigid interpretation of constitutional powers, rendering our system of government inelastic and inefficient, would take from it the ability not only to remedy the evils, but also to withstand the shocks of time and change. But the executive branch of the federal government, during this Administration, great as was its influence, never overstepped its lawful limits. So far was Washington from improperly interfering with the action of the co-ordinate branches of government, that, for example, while Congress was engaged in discussing the measures of the proposed system of finance, he strictly abstained from any expression of opinion respecting them. Wherever precedents may be found for buying congressional votes with Executive promises, or making the support of Executive measures by legislators the ground for rewarding them with lucrative and

honorable offices, or for bringing any sort of illegitimate influence into the halls of legislation, the first President, no less pure in mind than firm in authority, set none of them. Never was Mr. Jefferson farther from the truth, than when, in 1792, he declared that the Executive "had *swallowed up* the legislative branch." Perhaps the error, however, ought to be set down to the fondness of the then Secretary of State for this particular figure of speech. For he also said, a short time before, that the Department of the Treasury had so increased in influence as to "*swallow up* the whole Executive powers." And a few years later, he averred it to be "a singular phenomenon, that while our State governments are the very best in the world, without exception or comparison, our General government has, in the rapid course of nine or ten years, become more arbitrary, and has *swallowed* more of the public liberty than even that of England." More singular still is it, miraculous even, that this monster of a Treasury department, which had swallowed up the Executive branch, which itself had swallowed up the legislative branch, which again had swallowed up its bellyfull of the public liberty, should ever have vomited out one and all, Executive, legislature, liberty, safely upon the dry land! The great preponderating influence of the Executive, during the first Administration, we do not by any means deny. On the contrary, we declare our belief, that, from the commencement of the federal union to the present day, there has been no administration under which the legislation of Congress, the entire governmental action, has been so much controlled by the President and his cabinet on the one hand, and so little guided by occasional, local, irregular expressions of public opinion on the other, as was the case under the first. Yet is this but half the truth. The other half is, that this guiding, controlling force proceeded legitimately from the commanding talents, the superior wisdom, the overawing character of those illustrious men who filled the executive departments, and especially of their chief, as great a governor of men as was ever called by the name of king. If the legislature adopted the system proposed by the Secretary of the Treasury, it was because it found itself

incompetent to devise a better one; and its opponents, while they seemed disposed to force the government to resort to the unpopular policy of direct taxation, never ventured to take the responsibility of actually proposing this, or any other set of financial measures. If Congress shaped its course of legislation, generally, in accordance with Executive recommendation, it was because the counsels of Washington were dictated by such a sagacious knowledge, and such an impartial care of all the great interests of the country, as deservedly won its approbation. It could originate no higher wisdom. Not even the Jacobin Clubs, otherwise called Democratic Societies, which were instituted by the opposition party for the express purpose of looking after the public interests, had any better counsels to offer.

The disastrous consequences of the course of opposition, which we have now described, were not fully developed until during the second term of the Administration, which was occupied almost exclusively with the foreign relations of the country. It then led to the whiskey insurrection in Pennsylvania; but as the suppression of this was the concluding act of the domestic policy of Washington, our review of his first term may fitly be closed by a notice of it.

After as high duties had been laid upon imports as they could reasonably be subjected to, the government still had need of additional revenues, in order to pay the debts of the war of independence, together with its own expenses; and was compelled to resort to an excise on home-made spirits. The burden of this tax fell, of course, on the consumers of liquors throughout the country; but the distillers, viewing it a discouragement of their trade, joined with their natural allies, the lovers of it, in no very soft-voiced resistance. To allay, as far as possible, this popular dissatisfaction, Congress several times introduced such modifications into the excise laws, as were calculated to render their operation as little unpleasant as tax-paying could be. Consequently, the distillers were gradually falling into habits of more or less contented obedience to the laws, when the rising French party in this country, which found its interest in seeking out the oppressed in all the earth for

the benevolent purpose of offering them its sympathies in exchange for their assistance, took up the cause of these martyrs of liberty also. They were just the men for the anti-patriotic purposes they were wanted for, being Germans, Irish, Quakers, Tories and anti-federalists, the thirsty patrons or owners of no fewer than three thousand small distilleries in Western Pennsylvania—allies not inferior to those Kentucky borderers, who, equally impatient of American laws and Spanish rights, gave the Administration no little unnecessary trouble respecting the navigation of the Mississippi, and who, about the same time, were likewise brought under the *bonnet rouge*. These freemen, who before considered themselves sufficiently oppressed by being called upon to pay taxes, were now informed that their excise-money all went into the pockets of Anglomen and monarchs, the secret supporters of that monster confederacy of European kings, which was threatening to devour liberty in France, and was only reserving them for a dessert, to be washed down in their own whiskey. In Congress the excise was denounced as unequal and unjust, unnecessary and tyrannical; and the resistance of it was spoken of as probable, in order to render it certain. Lay a tax, said the leaders of opposition, on property, on incomes, on salaries, on lawyers, on written instruments, on anything, save this "common drink of the nation," as Mr. Jefferson called it. The distillers having been early encouraged by this tone of the opposition party in Congress, and by the unhappy dissensions then existing in the cabinet, where, they were led to believe, their cause did not lack apologists, had thrown such obstacles in the way of collecting the duties, as called forth from the President, in his first term, an admonitory proclamation. In the exercise of his usual moderation and forbearance, he continued for upwards of two years to persevere in the use of strictly pacific means for overcoming this resistance to lawful authority. But the leniency of the government served only to strengthen the hands and embolden the purposes of the malcontents. The ministers of justice, directed to enforce the laws by legal processes, were resisted by force and violence; multiplied outrages

were committed on the persons and property of the revenue officers; the public mails were stopped and opened; the houses and barns of obnoxious friends of the laws were burned; the local police were so intimidated by the threats, or won over by the promises of the seditious, that their services could not be relied on; large numbers of the disaffected assembled in convention at various places, and were encouraged in their course by the most violent speeches and resolves; in a word, there was an organized and systematic insurrection against the authority of the federal government, which sought alliance with similar malcontents in neighboring States, and which, crediting the lies of the opposition prints and the democratic societies, believed its cause to be so widely approved, that an attempt to oppose it by force would involve the country in civil war. Deeply impressed, as Washington always was, with the dignity of law, and the respect due to established authority, he could take no less grave a view of this state of things, than that "if the laws are to be trampled upon with impunity, and a minority, a small one too, is to dictate to the majority, there is an end put, at one stroke, to representative government; and nothing but anarchy and confusion are to be expected hereafter. Some other man or society may dislike another law, and oppose it with equal propriety, until all laws are prostrate, and any one, the strongest I presume, will carve for himself." Washington could risk his life and fortune in leading a revolution to secure the rights and the independence of his country, but to the spirit of sedition, riot, and what has since been termed *lynching*, there never lived a more determined opposer, or one who was more convinced of the necessity, when all other means of putting it down had failed, of resorting to force of arms. No sympathy had he with the spirit of him, who, respecting Shay's rebellion in Massachusetts, had said, "God forbid we should ever be twenty years without such a rebellion." Accordingly, the seat of the present sedition being supposed to contain about sixteen thousand men capable of bearing arms, and being in a part of the State which had been bitterly opposed to the Constitution, and hostile to

all the measures of the government under it, he provided for raising a force sufficient to look down all possible opposition, and thus to confound the rebellion, without the necessity of destroying the rebels. He marched twelve thousand men over the mountains, and not an insurgent dared lift a finger; the leaders fled or were arrested; order was re-established; and the duties on distilled spirits were collected ever after in Pennsylvania, so long as the laws authorizing them remained on the statute books.

In justice to the opposition party, we give their version of this matter in the language of their chief. His interpretation of this signal triumph of the government was as follows—"Our alarmists marched an army to look for an insurrection, but they could not find it." And in a letter to Mr. Madison, written after the President, who viewed the insurrection as "one of the ripe fruits" of the democratic societies, had expressed a censure of these associations, in his speech to Congress, at the session following, the same authority said, "The denunciation of the democratic societies is one of the extraordinary acts of boldness, of which we have seen so many from the faction of the monocrats. It is wonderful, indeed, that the President should have permitted himself to be the organ of such an attack on the freedom of discussion, the freedom of writing, printing and publishing." Speaking of the transactions against the excise laws, the writer continued, "We know of none which, according to the definitions of the law, have been anything more than riotous. There was indeed a meeting to consult about a separation. But to consult on a question does not amount to a determination of that question in the affirmative, still less to the acting on such a determination; but we shall see, I suppose what the court lawyers, and courtly judges, and would-be ambassadors, will make of it. The excise law is an infernal one. The first error was to admit it by the Constitution; the second to act on that admission; the third and last will be, to make it the instrument of dismembering the Union. * * * I expected to have seen some justification of arming one part of the society against the other; of declaring a civil war the moment before the

meeting of that body which has the sole right of declaring war; of being so patient of the kicks and scoffs of our enemies, and rising at a feather against our friends; of adding a million to the public debt and deriding us with recommendations to pay it if we can," &c. This being compelled to defray the expense of undoing their own doings, must, indeed, have been a bitter pill to the opposition—as bitter as was ever the paying of their British debts. But comment is unnecessary.

We now come to the consideration of the second term, and of the foreign policy of the Administration.

In the same year, it will be remembered, in which the American Congress met for the first time under the Constitution, the States-General of France was summoned to assemble by Louis XVI. The reforms in the French state, which followed immediately from this latter act, were hailed everywhere in this country, as an escape from royal tyranny, similar to that which had been overthrown here. And still greater was the universal joy, when the nation which had been our ally in the war of independence, finally declared itself a republican commonwealth, and claimed the right of enjoying those political liberties which its arms had contributed towards securing for others. Nevertheless, in the eyes of the more intelligent class of American citizens, this morning of joyful anticipations, which then rose over France, was early clouded by the shadows of events to come. Those, especially, who had seen their efforts to adopt and to maintain an efficient government in this country, followed up with such determined resistance, distrusted the issue of the French experiment, when they saw that it was undertaken without the consent of the whole people, that it was supported by the most violent excesses, and that it led to both civil and foreign war. As this distrust was publicly expressed, the leaders of the opposition party, who had participated less in it, saw that it might easily be turned to account against the supporters of the Administration. They at once adopted the policy, therefore, of encouraging the people to approve of the deeds done in the name of liberty in France, and of bringing their own government into discredit by representing it as disapproving

of them. It was loudly proclaimed that the cause of liberty was one in all the earth; that to doubt its triumph in France, was to desire its discomfiture in America; that to disapprove of the sort of republicanism which had been set up there, was to design to introduce the monarchical system of Great Britain here. The hope was, that they would be able to destroy the enthusiastic attachment of the great body of the people to Washington and his Administration, by substituting in its place an enthusiastic devotion to the cause of liberty in Europe. It was to expel one passion, by bringing in another. Not that these politicians designed openly to advocate the taking up of arms by the country for the purpose of assisting the French to conquer the confederate powers of Europe. They did not wish to aid France, but themselves. A great popular agitation was to be raised, ostensibly, for the sufficiently vague object of giving sanction to the republic which had been instituted beyond seas; but, in reality, to effect an ultimate change in the administration of the federal government, such as was subsequently accomplished by the election of Mr. Jefferson to the Presidency.

It was in the face of such a rising opposition; that Washington entered upon the task, or so much of it as fell to his share, of shaping the foreign policy of the republic. The work would have been sufficiently embarrassing, even without the perplexities arising out of domestic variance and clamors. For this country had assumed its place in the family of nations at a period, when the established system of international rights and duties was about to be thrown into confusion, by the revolutions and wars of Europe. Into this strife of the transatlantic world, the factions which afterwards rose to power in Paris employed almost every means, honorable and dishonorable, to entice the tottering footsteps of our infant state. England, on the other hand, had pursued, since the peace, a course of conduct, which rendered the relations of the two countries extremely critical. Bearing her enfranchised colonies no good will, and little respecting a power destitute of so much as a single ship to restrain her tyranny of the ocean, she not only refused to form a treaty of commerce with the Union, on

the pretense that the government of the latter was not strong enough to enforce its promises, but also delayed surrendering the posts held on our northwestern border, alleging the non-fulfilment of the article in the treaty of peace securing the debts of British subjects. When, therefore, war was at length declared by France against England, Washington foresaw that a great effort would be made, both by the former power, and by the minority at home, to enlist the sympathies, if not the arms of the republic, in favor of foreign liberty. Immediately on the arrival of the news of the declaration of hostilities, in fact, a number of vessels, in different ports, were put in readiness for preying upon the commerce of our ancient enemy, now represented as the enemy of the rights of man in Europe. But Washington resolved to take prompt measures for averting the impending peril. From Mount Vernon, he wrote to the Secretary of State, declaring his intention to assume a position of strict neutrality between the belligerent nations. On his return to the seat of government, after having taken the advice of his cabinet, which, however, was divided in opinion respecting several important points involved in the proposed course of policy, he decided, on the one hand, to recognize the revolutionary authorities of Paris, and to regard the treaties made with the royal government as still obligatory, and, on the other, to issue a proclamation, declaring the design of the government of the United States to pursue a course of strict neutrality and impartial justice, with reference to all the belligerents. Accordingly, on the 22d of April, 1793, a proclamation was issued, stating that "the duty and interest of the United States require that they should with sincerity and good faith adopt and pursue a conduct friendly and impartial towards the belligerent powers," and exhorting and warning the citizens to avoid contravening such a line of conduct, whether by engaging in hostilities with or against any of the nations at war, or by carrying to any of them those articles deemed contraband by modern usage. Viewed with respect to its immediate, or its remote consequences, this paper was one of the most important acts of Washington's Administration. It saved the republic from being drawn, be-

fore its liberties were well established, into that vortex of European wars, from which it is impossible to see how it could have emerged without damage to its independence and its honor. It saved it from becoming entangled in a system of political alliances with foreign powers, for the accomplishment of purposes inconsistent with its popular institutions, its comparatively isolated position, its industrial avocations; and substituted in its stead that true American system, which, excluding permanent antipathies against some nations and passionate attachments to others, asks favors of none, and is reasonably independent of all. It set the first precedent of the policy of peace—of that policy which aims at extending the influence and dominion of free institutions, not by the prowess of arms, nor by the arts of diplomacy, nor by acquisitions of territory, but by presenting to the nations of the earth the example of a great people, happy in the enjoyment of wholesome liberty, in the pursuits of beneficent industry, and in the maintenance of public and private morality. Well would it have been for the true interests of the nation, if from this policy it had never departed.

Strange that this proclamation, which was, in fact, no less than a second declaration of American independence, should not have been received with universal approbation. But so blinded were the opposers of the Administration to the high duties and permanent interests of the country, or so willing to neglect both in their struggle for political ascendancy, that they converted this stone laid at the corner into a stone of stumbling, and from this time forth, by speech and print, they not only violently denounced the course of the government, but basely assailed the character of its chief. Even Mr. Madison, who had so nobly struggled with Hamilton and Jay to secure the adoption of the Constitution, and had been one of the staunchest supporters of Washington, in the early part of his Administration, having now passed over to the ranks of the opposition, whose head-quarters were in his native State, came forward with his nicely drawn distinctions, declaring that the President was not competent to pronounce the United States to be, *de jure*, in a state of neutrality, and regretting that he should have

presumed so far to judge of the causes of war, as to speak of "the duty and the interest" of the nation in relation to it. Of course, the opposition, however cautious and cool, of men of the highest reputation, emboldened the subordinate chiefs of the party to employ less impalpable, more plain-spoken arguments. They condemned the proclamation as a royal edict, and a daring usurpation of power. They stigmatized the supporters of the act of neutrality as the partisans of England, and as violators of the treaty of alliance with France. Nor did they altogether lack eminent leaders, who were as foul-mouthed and as unscrupulous as themselves, for Virginia furnished them with a Giles, and France with a Genet.

This hot-headed, pretentious, insolent, yet clever minister of the red-capped republic, made common cause with the opposition. The ends of the Frenchmen, and of the French party, were not the same, indeed; for while the one wished to get ships to aid in fighting the battles of his country, the other merely wished to run a private adventure under favor of his nation's colors. But they agreed in the use of the same means, the creation of a general ferment among the good people of this country in the cause of liberty in general. At first, Citizen Genet pretended to the government that his country did not expect her former ally to take part in her distant quarrels with the powers of Europe. There was, indeed, no good ground in the treaty of alliance existing between the two nations, for claiming our aid in such an offensive war and scheme of conquest, as was then entered upon under the tri-color. All the circumstances of the case, likewise, came strongly in support of such a view of our obligations; for while we were unable, from the feebleness of our infancy, to render any efficient service to our friends, by going to war, we could be of inestimable advantage to them, as neutral carriers. So obvious were these truths, that the French minister, in pursuing the mistaken as well as unfair policy of his government, did not come out at once with a direct claim for an armed co-operation, but endeavored gradually to involve this country in such a course of partial favors to France, and unfriendly measures against Great Britain, as would finally

lead to open hostilities with the latter power, for the benefit of the former. For the accomplishment of his object, he resorted to means diplomatic and undiplomatic. He had arrived on our shores with all sorts of popular mottoes flying in the rigging of the ship which brought him; he had at the end of a voluble tongue all the high-sounding phrases of the new-fangled liberty and fraternity, to be bestowed on the crowds who hung on his lips and footsteps; and equally lavish of insult and flattery, he filled his diplomatic communications to the government with patriotic declamations, afterwards published for the benefit of the people. Even more than this, he invaded the sovereignty of the nation, by fitting out and commissioning privateers to cruise against the commerce of nations with whom the United States were at peace, and also, by getting up an unlawful expedition for the invasion of the Spanish territories on our southern border. This obnoxious course of conduct he pursued, in defiance alike of the reasonings and the orders of the government, from the moment he landed at Charleston, up to the period of his recall. Nothing but the sincere regard entertained by Washington for the country thus unworthily represented, induced him to forbear, as long as he did, with this abuser of national hospitality, and fomentor of the violence of domestic parties.

There was not an act, indeed, of Citizen Genet, which was not lauded by the more popular portion of the adherents of France in this country; but the service for which they were most indebted to him was the establishing a batch of Jacobin Clubs, under the name of Democratic Societies. They were instituted for the purpose of seeing that liberty suffered no detriment under the Administration of George Washington! In their own phrase, the motive for their creation was to preserve freedom from the menaces of "an European confederacy transcendent in power and unparalled in iniquity," and also against the more insidious attacks of "the pride of wealth and arrogance of power" existing in the United States. These clubs were affiliated together; but they met with a refusal in their application to be admitted to the fellowship of the original Jacobin fraternity in Paris, on the

ground that the Americans, not having shed their blood in the cause of France, were not entitled to the honor. Consisting, for the most part, of pot-house politicians, the members spent the day in declaiming against the policy of the Administration, and the night in drinking Pennsylvania whiskey, all the better if it had not paid the excise. As the bowl went round, and the red cap was passed from head to head, they toasted Citizen Genet, "the Mountain," "the French war for the rights of man," "French virtue, superior to that of Greece or Rome;" and, during the intervals, they passed their judgment upon the wisdom or the constitutionality of the measures of the national government; very few of which, however, incurred the disgrace of receiving their approval. These societies played an important part in furthering the designs of Genet and the French party, but finally died out on the denunciation of the Jacobin clubs in France, leaving an odor behind, which long made the name of Democrat an offense, even in nostrils familiar with abominations.

Soon after the conclusion of Genet's mission, Mr. Jefferson retired from the office of Secretary of State. He had been called to it chiefly on account of the eminent talents before displayed in the service of his country, his experience in diplomacy, and his integrity of character; but partly, also, from the consonance of his political sentiments with those of that large body of citizens, originally opposed to the Constitution, whose cordial support it was the wish of Washington to obtain by the use of every proper instrumentality. In accepting the post, he had declared to the President, "My only shelter will be the authority of your name, and the wisdom of measures to be dictated by you and implicitly executed by me." This declaration was honorably observed, during his continuance in office, so much so that notwithstanding the Secretary's well-known partiality for France, he had conducted the correspondence with Genet in a manner which met the approbation of the friends of the Administration; and so much so, also, that, on retiring from the cabinet, he carried with him the affectionate testimonial of Washington, that he had discharged his duty with ability and fidelity.

ty. We notice, with the more pleasure, this honorable conduct of Mr. Jefferson, while in office, because we are required, in this essay, to speak disparagingly of his course, as the head of the opposition. There is, indeed, an important distinction to be drawn between the official acts and opinions of this distinguished man, both while Secretary of State, and President of the United States, and the sentiments avowed by him in less public and responsible situations. In office, he showed himself, for the most part, a conservative statesman; out of office, a thorough-going agitator. There was this combination of characters in Mr. Jefferson, and it would be easy to show a corresponding inconsistency running through the writings of the greater portion of his life. In the one character, we find much to approve; in the other, more to condemn. Not that this double nature was kept so separate, that the principles by which Mr. Jefferson was guided, while in possession of place, were not somewhat sophisticated by the acts by which he had got, and upon which he partly relied to keep it. And the approval above expressed of his conduct, in a subordinate office, both obtained and held in honor, still needs some slight qualification. For while it cannot fairly be objected to the Secretary of State, that he earnestly combated, in the cabinet, the principal measures of the domestic policy of the government, there can be no satisfactory apology made for his maintaining in his department that Frenchman, Freneau, who, from week to week, filled the columns of the National Gazette, of which he was the editor, with the foulest abuse of the character, the services, and the administration of Washington. If, as was alleged in excuse, the keeping this man in office was an act of patronage to genius, the greater was the shame, for he prostituted the gifts of God to the service of another than the giver. When Washington complained to his Secretary that there had not been a single act of government, which this sheet had not endeavored to vilify, the latter, in making note of the conversation, added this comment, "I took his intention to be that I should interpose in some way with Freneau, perhaps withdraw his appointment of translating clerk to my office. But I will not do it."

Nor can we pass from this subject without expressing our disapprobation of another act of the Secretary of State, when, on retiring from office, he recommended the Attorney General, Mr. Randolph, another chief of the opposition, as a suitable successor. This gentleman, previously to his appointment to the former office, had earned a distinguished reputation as a jurist, and been raised to the highest honors of the State of Virginia, but becoming more interested, after his promotion to the place of Secretary, in the success of the opposition than of the government of which he was a confidential adviser, he intrigued with the French minister to the ruin of his reputation, traded with merchants and speculators to the loss of his fortune, and finally ended his political career with the unenviable distinction of being the first cabinet defaulter. Yet among the many records of confidential conversations afterwards published to the world in the "Ana," which reflect no credit on the recorder, stands the following—"I asked him (Washington) whether some person could not take my office *ad interim*, till he should make an appointment; as Mr. Randolph for instance. 'Yes,' says he, 'but then you would raise the expectation of keeping it, and I do not know that he is fit for it, nor what is thought of Mr. Randolph.' I avoided noticing the last observation, and he put the question to me directly. I then told him I went into society so little as to be unable to answer it. I knew that the embarrassments in his private affairs had obliged him to use expedients which had injured him with the merchants and shopkeepers, and affected his character for independence; that these embarrassments were serious, and not likely to cease soon."

The proclamation of neutrality, and the measures adopted in maintenance of it, did not prevent the government of France from persevering in its efforts to embroil this country in the European quarrel. As faction after faction succeeded to power in Paris, minister after minister came over to carry out the policy, so successful on the other continent, of estranging the people from their own government, and thereby securing the co-operation of the former, in spite of the resistance of the latter. Unhappily, these efforts were now strongly

seconded by the unabated hostility manifested towards this country by the government of Great Britain. Still declining to form a treaty of commerce, still holding on to the western forts, still promoting through their agents or their courts Indian hostilities on our borders, and Bermuda privateering against our commerce, the British authorities evinced a disposition to pay little attention to the rights of any neutral power, whenever they conflicted with their plans for distressing the French. They pretended, with a high hand, to search our vessels, impress our seamen, and prevent our carrying not only munitions of war, but supplies of provisions to the ports of their enemies. To stay the course of these aggressions, the American executive sent in a remonstrance against the celebrated British orders in council, and followed it up by urgently recommending to Congress to take measures for putting the country in a state of defense, and for enabling it to maintain its rights upon the ocean. "There is a rank due to the United States among nations," said Washington, "which will be withheld, if not absolutely lost, by the reputation of weakness. If we desire to avoid insult, we must be able to repel it; if we desire to secure peace, one of the most powerful instruments of our prosperity, it must be known, that we are at all times ready for war." In harmony with these views, it may be added, the importance of national defense, of an armed and disciplined militia, of a small permanent army, of a navy to be gradually increased, and of a military academy, was frequently urged in the executive speeches and messages throughout the Administration. Washington was not in favor of purchasing peace, whether of Algiers or any other foreign power, by subsidies, but of placing the country in a condition in which it could maintain its rights, when peaceful means failed, by force of arms.

While our neutral rights were thus encroached upon by Great Britain, the opposition party made the land resound with clamors for war. The popular excitement, having been artfully fomented by the leaders of faction, now invaded both the halls and the lobbies of Congress, and drew out, during the debate on Mr. Madison's celebrated commercial Resolutions, the first

clap ever heard in the galleries of the House of Representatives. These Resolutions, introduced to put into operation the principles contained in the important Report made by Mr. Jefferson, just before retiring from office, on the commercial relations of the United States, were designed to turn, by means of countervailing restrictions, the course of American trade from the shores of England to those of France. They were the only important measures which the opposition party ever took the responsibility of bringing forward in Congress during the Administration of Washington. And they were no more nor less than a plan, not to promote the interests of American trade and navigation, at the expense of those of England, but actually to sacrifice them, to no inconsiderable extent, in favor of those of her rival. The practical effect of their adoption could not have been any other than an American injury, and a French benefit. Not strictly war measures, though calculated to involve the country in interminable difficulties with foreign powers by their factitious regulations, they may be regarded as a peaceful method of bestowing such disinterested, unmerited favors upon the French republic as the more violent opponents of the Administration, out of Congress, were clamoring to confer by means of war. We say unmerited favors, because valuable as was the aid rendered this country in the war of the Revolution by the French king, that aid was given to humble the power of a rival, rather than to assist the fortunes of a friend. This was proved by the testimony of the minister of the French republic himself, who, in order to alienate the attachments of the American people from the dethroned monarch, produced evidence from the secret records of state to show, that Louis XVI. was as jealous of the growth of the republic which he assisted, as he was envious of the dominion of the greater empire which he opposed.

Meanwhile Washington, not thinking it right or becoming for a Christian people to go to war, without having first resorted to every honorable expedient for effecting the recognition of its claims, gladly availed himself of an opportunity, furnished by some intimations from the British government that it was disposed to come to an

amicable adjustment of existing difficulties, to send a special minister of reconciliation to St. James'. The result of this mission was Jay's treaty, and the preservation of peace. By an admirable stroke of policy, the impending perils were averted from the infancy of the republic, and the opposition party taken by such surprise, that their cries for letting loose the dogs of war were made suddenly to stick in their throats. At the moment they were expecting to carry the country with them, they saw their hopes struck down by a single well-directed blow. But they were not long in recovering their self-possession. Having done so, they began with denouncing, in prints and pamphlets, even the attempts to form a treaty of amity with the British tyrant, and declared that it was allying the republic to the confederacy of European kings. But when, at length, the treaty, negotiated by Mr. Jay, having been laid before the Senate for its approval, its contents were clandestinely given to the public through the columns of the *Aurora*, the fury of opposition knew no bounds. Mr. Jefferson, turning from his "contemplations of the tranquil growth of lucerne and potatoes," led off the hue and cry, by pronouncing the treaty an "execrable thing," an "infamous act," as "nothing more than a treaty between England and the Anglomen of of this country against the legislature and people of the United States." An honorable senator gave it a still more pithy explanation, saying, "'tis a damned thing made to plague the French." The populace of New York and Philadelphia burned Mr. Jay in effigy, and burned a copy of his treaty, in the one city, before his own residence, in the other, before that of the British minister. In Charleston, the British flag was dragged through the streets in derision. Somewhere in the Old Dominion, a newspaper was heard to raise its voice, and advise the State, in case the treaty should be ratified, to retire from the Union. A Democratic Society in South Carolina felt itself moved to affirm, that if it should appear that Mr. Jay had negotiated the treaty "of and from himself," it would "lament the want of a guillotine." The good people of Boston, irate beyond their ordinary habit, assembled in town-meeting, and voted, one

solitary voice crying nay, to petition the President to refuse the treaty his signature. In all the great towns of the country, there was more or less of mighty declamation, with the accompaniments of hissing, groaning, and whiskey-drinking, all to confound—a treaty which few read, and fewer still could comprehend.

The Senate, in advising the ratification of the treaty, having made an exception of one article, and the news of the renewal of the British orders in council, respecting the carrying of provisions to France, having arrived immediately after the Senate's action, Washington took time to consider what course to pursue under the peculiar circumstances. The treaty, although it did not secure for this country all the privileges which were desired, still sacrificed none of those actually possessed; and it averted the evils of a war, in which the nation had much on the ocean to lose, much on the land to jeopardize, with the reasonable prospect of nothing, absolutely nothing to be gained on either. Washington, therefore, resolved to give the treaty an unconditional ratification, yet accompanying it with a remonstrance against the obnoxious orders; and the wisdom of his determination is sufficiently evinced from the fact, that these orders were speedily revoked, and that, from that day to this, notwithstanding a war meanwhile waged to obtain by arms the advantages which it was then found impossible to get by negotiation, the United States have never been able to wrest from the steady, far-seeing, self-aggrandizing policy of British councils, any concessions of much importance beyond those secured by the diplomacy of John Jay. During this interval of deliberation, however, a very general attempt was made to influence the decision of the Executive, by bringing to bear upon it the full force of the then prevailing popular sentiment. Under those trying circumstances, the views of duty taken by Washington so well illustrate the spirit by which he was always animated in administering the government, as to entitle them to be stated in his own words. They may be found in his reply to the letter of the selectmen of Boston, the concluding part of which is as follows: "Without a pre-dilection for my own judgment, I have weighed with attention every argument,

which has at any time been brought into view. But the Constitution is the guide which I can never abandon. It has assigned to the President the power of making treaties, with the advice and consent of the Senate. It was doubtless supposed, that these two branches of government would combine, without passion, and with the best means of information, those facts and principles, upon which the success of our foreign relations will always depend; that they ought not to substitute for their own conviction the opinions of others, or to seek truth through any channel but that of a temperate and well-formed investigation. Under this persuasion, I have resolved on the manner of executing the duty before me. To the high responsibility attached to it, I freely submit; and you, gentlemen, are at liberty to make these sentiments known as the grounds of my procedure. While I feel the most lively gratitude for the many instances of approbation from my country, I can no otherwise deserve it, than by obeying the dictates of my conscience." Washington always gave a courteous reception and a courteous reply to the expressions of public opinion, which, from time to time, were made to him respecting the manner in which he ought to fulfil the duties of the presidency. He cheerfully received information from all sources. He sincerely desired to know the real wishes of his fellow citizens, and so to conduct himself in office as to obtain the approbation of the wisest and the best of them. But to ascertain what were the settled convictions of the great body of the American people, he looked first and chiefly to the Constitution, which they themselves had made and ordained, through the instrumentality of minds the most sagacious, the most patriotic, and the most virtuous in the land. Not to the resolves of the Democratic societies, not to the resolutions of casual assemblages of citizens, not to the counsels of ambitious leaders of party, or to the declamations of violent stirrers-up of the populace, not to momentary passions or to inveterate prejudices, to local wishes or personal caprices, to new-fangled opinions or abstract theories, to foreign wiles or domestic treason, did Washington look to learn what was the common sense and will of that great mass of citi-

zens by whose patriotic efforts, especially, the free institutions of the country had been obtained, and by whose right-minded principles only, they could securely be maintained. To no such constituency had the Constitution given authority to compel the chief magistrate in the performance of his duty. Therefore, after having obtained all the information within his reach, and regarding impartially the true interests of his country, his whole country, and nothing but his country, Washington always took the responsibility of shaping his official conduct according to the dictates of the laws, of his own best judgment, and of a pure conscience.

But the perplexing trial to which the British treaty subjected the head of the government did not end with its ratification. The opposition, after having burned Mr. Jay in effigy for negotiating it, charged the Senate with downright corruption for approving it, and pronounced Washington a dotard and a dupe for signing it, had yet one more chance of success, and one more opportunity for calumny. The treaty had been ratified and published as the law of the land, but the action of the House of Representatives was still necessary for carrying it into effect. The House, therefore, had it in its power to repudiate the act of the other branches of the government, by which the faith of the nation had been pledged, according to the provisions of the Constitution, to a foreign power and before the world. This it was proposed to do. Great activity was displayed by the leaders of the party to cause petitions to be sent in to the House of Representatives, praying that the treaty might not be carried into execution. Emboldened by the result of these efforts, the members of the House, opposed to the Administration, proceeded to carry out their plan by calling on the President for copies of all the documents relating to the negotiation. This was done with the avowed design of enabling the House to bring the treaty into judgment, and to decide, on its merits, whether or not to sanction it. The doctrine set up was, in the words of Mr. Jefferson, addressed to William B. Giles, "that when a treaty is made, involving matters confided by the Constitution to the three branches of the Legis-

lature conjointly, the Representatives are as free as the President and the Senate were, to consider whether the national interest requires or forbids their giving the forms and the force of law to the articles over which they have a power." The expediency of exercising this power, in the present instance, was also urged from Monticello, in a letter to a fellow-laborer in the Senate, Colonel Monroe, on the ground that, "on the precedent now to be set, will depend the future construction of our Constitution, and whether the powers of legislation shall be transferred from the President, Senate and House of Representatives to the President and Senate, and Piomingo or any other Indian, Algerine or other chief. It is fortunate that the first decision is to be in a case so palpably atrocious, as to have been predetermined by all America." Equally earnest were Mr. Jefferson's representations of the duty devolving upon the popular branch of the legislature, addressed to one of its leaders, Mr. Madison. "I see not much harm in annihilating the whole treaty-making power, except as to making peace. If you decide in favor of your right to refuse co-operation in any case of treaty, I should wonder on what occasion it is to be used, if not in one where the rights, the interests, the honor and faith of our nation are so grossly sacrificed; where a faction has entered into a conspiracy with the enemies of their country to chain down the legislature at the feet of both; when the whole mass of your constituents have condemned this work in the most unequivocal manner, and are looking to you as their last hope to save them from the effects of the avarice and the corruption of the first agent, the revolutionary machinations, and the incomprehensible acquiescence of the only honest man who has assented to it. I wish that his honesty and his political errors may not furnish a second occasion to exclaim, 'Curse on his virtues, they have undone his country.'" The call for the papers, thus strongly advised, was made; and being sustained by a large majority in the House, and by its apparent popularity with the people, placed Washington in a delicate position. If taking the opposition party a second time by surprise, he should refuse to comply with the request of the House, it might give oc-

casion for representing him as not respecting the wishes of the people expressed by their agents in the legislature, and furnish a pretext for the insinuation that circumstances had occurred in the negotiation which the Administration feared to have exposed. But, on the other hand, Washington very well knew that an attempt had been expressly made in the Convention which framed the Constitution, to confer upon the House of Representatives a share of the treaty-making power, as now claimed by it, and been defeated. The terms of the Constitution confining this power exclusively to the President and Senate were plain and explicit. The general policy of this provision was perfectly clear to his mind. The precedents already established by the action of the House, in carrying into effect treaties before made without their co-operation, could not be disputed. Following, therefore, the simple direction adopted by him in signing the treaty, that "there is but one straight course, and that is to seek truth and pursue it steadily," he refused to comply with the request of the Representatives. He gave his reasons for his refusal, concluding with the words following: "As, therefore, it is perfectly clear to my understanding, that the assent of the House of Representatives is not necessary to the validity of a treaty; as the treaty with Great Britain exhibits, in itself, all the objects requiring legislative provision, and on these the papers called for can throw no light; and as it is essential to the due administration of the government, that the boundaries fixed by the Constitution between the different departments, should be preserved; a just regard to the Constitution and to the duty of my office, under all the circumstances of this case, forbids a compliance with your request."

Thus did Washington, desirous as he was of gaining the approbation of his countrymen, put his whole popularity to hazard, rather than swerve, but a hair's breadth, from the line of duty. The reward of his well-doing followed sooner than was expected. After time had been given for fully discussing and reflecting upon the treaty, it turned out that the noise of the partisans was not the voice of the country. The yeomanry of the land aroused at length by the general vocifera-

tion, and still more by the firmness manifested by Washington amid the violence of adversaries, and the silence of friends, for the moment overpowered, took their turn at petitioning, and sent into the House such an array of names, as supported by the eloquence of Fisher Ames, so far broke down the spirit of the opposition as to obtain a partial withdrawal of the pretensions of the Representatives, and the passage, by a small majority, of the necessary laws for carrying the treaty into operation.

This last and crowning measure of the foreign policy of the Administration, put off the war with Great Britain until the year 1812. If it furnished a pretext for those outrages of the French government on American commerce and American citizens, which afterwards jeopardized the peace of the country, it was only owing to the culpable backwardness of Mr. Monroe to explain the views of the Administration in negotiating a treaty to which he was himself opposed, together with that reckless disregard of right, and thirst for plunder, which characterized the rise and fall of what was called the Republic of France. The long wished for period, therefore had now arrived, when the newly launched vessel of the American State, having been safely conducted out of port, and ridden out the storms, not a spar gone, which had greeted her appearance on the ocean she was destined so proudly to sail, the pilot felt at liberty to leave the helm. It was the wish, it is believed, of a large majority of the people that Washington should continue in office still another term. He was pressed by numerous solicitations to do so. But the critical period of the national affairs, which had induced him to accept a second election, was overpassed. Neither Mr. Jefferson nor any one else any longer "trembled" for the success of the experiment of self-government. He had even gone so far as to declare, two years before, that the President was "getting into his dotage." But it was in the prime of a vigor which death alone could abate, although more wearied, indeed, by the contests and calumnies of party than when he had before retired from service against the enemies of his country in the field, that Washington now prepared to close up his

public career. One great duty still remained to be done. It was to give his parting counsels to the country which he had so truly loved and cherished, served and saved.

But the Farewell Address of the Father of his country is still so generally and affectionately kept in the memory of the American people, that it is not necessary here to dwell on its doctrines. They were the same as the principles of his Administration, which we have endeavored briefly to delineate. With a wisdom which time has hallowed, while it has not surpassed, he urged first upon his countrymen the importance of the union of the States, saying, "It is of infinite moment, that you should properly estimate the immense value of your national union to your collective and individual happiness; that you should cherish a cordial, habitual, and immovable attachment to it; accustoming yourselves to think and speak of it as of the palladium of your political safety and prosperity; watching for its preservation with jealous anxiety; discountenancing whatever may suggest even a suspicion, that it can in any event be abandoned; and indignantly frowning upon the first dawning of every attempt to alienate any portion of our country from the rest, or to enfeeble the sacred ties which now link together the various parts." Besides these means for preserving the unity of the nation, Washington habitually insisted upon the duty of every citizen to stand by the Constitution, and the government established under it, respecting its authority, complying with its laws, and discountenancing not only all acts of direct disobedience, all associations designed to counteract or control the action of the constituted authorities, but also that spirit of innovation, which, under the forms of law, might insidiously undermine those great pillars of the State, which it could not presume directly to overthrow. Against the baneful effects of party spirit, and the insidious wiles of foreign influence, he also raised his warning voice. Would that it had been better heeded! The danger, too, of a despotic usurpation of power by any single department of government encroaching upon the others, was pointed out by the President, who never but once applied his veto; and also, of becoming

entangled in European alliances, by him who founded the American policy of neutrality, as independent as peaceful. "I want an *American* character, that the powers of Europe may be convinced that we act for *ourselves*, and not for others," said Washington, on another occasion; and this was the burden of his present counsels. But as it was not by the name of Repudiators, that he wished his countrymen to be known among the nations, he did not fail to say to them, with his last words, "cherish public credit." Pay your debts, even to the last half-penny, provide sufficient and permanent revenues, consent to taxation, were maxims with this statesman, whose mind was sufficiently unsophisticated to see a distinction between right and wrong. An instance is on record, showing that Washington could not even endure the near company of a man who had dishonored his promise to pay; with what chagrin then, it may be inferred, would he have acknowledged his relationship to States, to whom could be applied with the least degree of justice, the hyperbole, that they "preferred any load of infamy, however great, to any burden of taxation, however light." He ever administered public affairs on the principles of private morality. At the end of forty-five years in the service of the State, he had learned no other rule. Accordingly, in closing his career, he could teach no higher wisdom than to point to honesty, virtue, religion, as the only living springs of free institutions. "I want an *American character*;" therefore employ means for the diffusion of knowledge among the people. "The time is come," said he in 1795, "when a plan of universal education ought to be adopted in the United States." Establish a national university, was a recommendation frequently repeated in his speeches to Congress, in order that the American youth, coming up from all sections to one *Alma Mater*, may form those bonds of early friendship which time shall transmute into bonds of the State; that the patriotism of the most promising minds may not be contaminated by learning the higher arts and sciences in foreign lands; that there may always be permanent provision in the country for rearing statesmen fitted, by the possession of liberal knowledge and republican principles,

well to govern it. Fully convinced that the character of the government would ever depend essentially upon the character of those who administered it, Washington was in favor of a Wittmagemot or rule of Wise Men, statesmen thoroughly trained in the school of learning and the school of experience, and such as could not be expected to spring up spontaneously out of the earth, like demagogues and mush-rooms. The great importance of a pure native literature in shaping and elevating the current opinions, the distinctive character, the permanent policy and final destiny of a people, was highly estimated by Washington; nor could his estimate have been lower, if, from this point of time, he could trace back the destructive career of French revolution to the licentious school of writing founded by Voltaire and Rousseau, or the happy permanence of English institutions to the patriotic, conservative tone of her men of letters from the days of Chaucer and Lord Bacon. Found a military academy, continued the same far-sighted sagacity, in order that when the day of battle comes, the armies of the republic may be led into the field by a skill which shall not be second to that taught in the schools, and honored in the service of kings. "I want an *American character*." Lay the foundations of a navy, to be gradually increased with the national prosperity, that to whatever seas, civilized or barbarian, the flag of America may be borne, it may float over decks on which her sons traffic in security, or fight with fame. To protection, to commerce, add legislative protection to agriculture, nurse of steady habits and uncorrupted hearts. Add it, said Washington's last speech to Congress, to domestic manufactures, that the United States may become an independent nation within themselves; and, while maintaining liberal principles of intercourse with foreign powers, may observe such a wise care of native interests as shall eventually build up in this broad land of plains and prairies, rivers and lakes, coasts and mountains, a home where one distinct family of mankind, secure in the practice of all the arts, and happy in the enjoyment of all the blessings of the most perfect civilization, may dwell in perpetuity.

Washington now descended from the

elevated office which he had received, held and resigned in a manner that, as has been well said, changed mankind's ideas of political greatness. The success which attended and followed his Administration was as remarkable, as the wisdom of its principles is enduring. "The nation," says Mr. Sparks, "was never more prosperous than when Washington was at its head. Credit was restored, and established on a sound basis; the public debt was secured, and its ultimate payment provided for; commerce had increased beyond any former example; the amount of tonnage in the ports of the United States had nearly doubled; the imports and exports had augmented in a considerably larger ratio; and the revenue was much more abundant than had been expected. The war with the Indians was conducted to a successful issue; and a peace was concluded, which promised quiet to the frontier inhabitants, and advantages to the uncivilized tribes. Treaties had been made with foreign powers, in which long-standing disputes were amicably settled, contending claims adjusted, and important privileges gained to the United States. The relations with France alone remained in a state of incertitude and perplexity; and this was owing to the condition of affairs in Europe, and not to anything that had grown out of the acts or policy of the American government."*

Whether the country would have been equally prosperous, if Washington had deserted his high-toned principles to take up the time-serving expedients of the opposition party, is a question we leave to the demagogues to decide, if they like. But as there are warnings to be taken from the wicked, as well as wisdom to be learned of the good, we cannot forbear noticing the fact, that this party, while it stopped for the most part, its abuse of the character and conduct of Washington, the moment his intention of retiring from office was made public, still retained its venom and its sting to the last. When at the close of the Administration, it was proposed in the House of Representatives to present to the retiring President an address expressive of respect for his services,

Mr. Giles, of Virginia, opposed its adoption, and declared that "he did *not* regret the President's retiring from office. He believed there were a thousand men in the United States, who were capable of filling the presidential chair as well as it had been filled heretofore." And among the names of the eleven who voted with him, is recorded that of a youthful soldier, destined afterwards to receive the highest honors of his country, and who thus early showed that, with all his noble qualities, he was capable of being misled by ignoble advisers, and of being made the instrument of calling into existence a party not unlike that of which he was then a member. The so-called democracy of the present day lays claim, indeed, to an earlier origin, and avow themselves to be the lineal descendants of those opponents of Washington, whose course has been cursorily sketched in these pages. Most cheerfully, we will add, might the honors of such an ancestry be allowed, if they were really due. Indeed, we know not why we should be very strenuous in gain-saying the ambitious vanity which would trace back its pedigree to those Democratic Societies, which, fathered by Citizen Genet, approved of the excesses of the Reign of Terror, and which Washington characterized as "a most diabolical attempt to destroy the best fabric of human government and happiness that has ever been presented for the acceptance of mankind." They boast of their popular name; let them remember that, when first adopted in this country, the name of Democrat was synonymous with that of Jacobin. They claim to be the original Jeffersonians. Yes; begotten when Thomas Jefferson led the party of opposition against George Washington; when he subsidized such libellers as the Frenchman, Freneau, and the Scotchman, Callender; when scornful to descend personally into what he called the "bear-garden of newspaper controversy," he nevertheless did not disdain to urge upon his correspondents the necessity of sustaining, as the only means of preventing their party from being "entirely browbeaten," the calumniating columns of the *National Gazette* and the *Aurora*—papers, which Washington a short time before had declared "outrages on common decency," and the latter of which, charg-

* Washington's Writings, vol. i. page 519.

ing him with overdrawing his salary, with the connivance of both the first and second Secretaries of the Treasury, concluded one of its tirades with the question, "Will not the world be led to conclude that the mask of political hypocrisy has been alike worn by a Cæsar, a Cromwell, and a Washington?" Yes; Jeffersonians begotten at Monticello when its possessor instead of living as was professed "like an antediluvian patriarch among his children and grandchildren, and tilling his soil," was engaged in directing the attacks of the opposition newspapers, preparing draughts of Congressional bills, resolutions, and reports in counteraction of the policy of the government, and conducting that system of political correspondence and consultation whereby he lost the confidence and the friendship of Washington. Heirs of Jefferson, when Jefferson was a politician, not a President. James Madison, too, is another of their fathers. Yes; when he was another of the opponents of the first Administration, leading the leaders of the party by his metaphysical subtleties, and yet, with all his caution, so countenancing the excesses of more vulgar and violent partisans, that a Jacobin club in South Carolina were emboldened to dishonor his name by calling themselves "The Madisonian." And does James Monroe, also, belong to the democrats? Yes; when, and only when, he pronounced the policy of Washington to be "short-sighted and bad;" when, instead of presenting to the authorities at Paris the views of the Administration which sent him there, he gave to the Directory the following more "prudent advice," as M. Thiers calls it, "By patiently enduring, on the contrary, the wrongs of the present

President, you will leave him without excuse, you will enlighten the Americans, and *decide a contrary choice at the next election.* All the wrongs of which France may have to complain will then be repaired;" and, finally, when he gave the shelter of his roof to Tom Paine, from patriot turned reviler, that he might beneath it prosecute those "useful labors," which subsequently induced a President of the United States to request the honor of his accepting an invitation to take passage from France to America in a national ship, and among which was the penning of sentences addressed to Washington, similar to the following: "As to you, sir, treacherous in private friendship and a hypocrite in public life, the world will be puzzled to decide, whether you are an apostate or an impostor; whether you have abandoned good principles or whether you ever had any." Edmund Randolph, let it be granted without dispute, was a democrat; although his predecessor in the office of Secretary of State complained that he was not a sufficiently thorough-going one; for he not only divided the oyster and the shell, but he gave the latter to his friends and the former to his enemies; his professions to the one, his practice to the other. Thankful are we that all these statesmen, save the last, lived to render such eminent services to their country, as to turn the edge of the censure, which history must ever mete out to them in reviewing this portion of their career. For these labors let them to the latest times receive the nation's praise; and this shall be all the more valuable for discriminating between the good and the evil they did, both of which have lived after them.

J. M. M.

THE PLEASANT DECEIT.

A PASTORAL.

Coy Janet sits under the linden tree,
The linden tree by the brook ;
And over the hill-path stealthily
Sends many a sidelong look.

She lists for a coming step breathlessly,
With a calm, unconscious air ;
Still plying the needle so steadfastly,
As if it were all her care.

She glances from under her drooping lids,
And her heart beats loud and fast ;
For jauntily over the hill-path way
Young Colin has come at last.

He sings as he comes. At his breast a rose
Her quick, searching glance espies,
And a pang in her gentle bosom glows,
Which a mocking smile denies.

"What maketh so merry your voice, Colin,
Your eyes, too, so gaily shine ?"
"Tis the kisses I've had this morning, love,
And from lips as sweet as thine."

"And whence," with a rosier blush she asks,
"Whence got ye that posy gay ?"
And the smile forced up to her trembling lip,
Like a zephyr, has passed away.

"Scarce lovelier deem I the blush, Janet,
Now mantling thy cheek so fair,
Than the life-like glow of the one who gave
The flower on my breast I wear.

"What form doth my Janet more beauteous see,
Than the rose-tree newly blown ?
It hath yielded its first love-flower to me,
As my Janet once gave her own."

"And the kisses?" with tremulous voice she asks ;
"Oh, the kisses were Zephyr's, divine!
But 'twas false"—and he pressed her yielding lip,
"To say they were sweet as thine."

A. M. W.

ZEPHYR'S FANCY.

PART II.

"What fear is this which startles in our ears?"

SHAKESPEARE.

I HAD passed that most critical and anxious period in love's ante-matrimonial existence, when the tongue repeating the soft confession of the eye—that willful tell-tale—requests the hand as a surety for the heart; and that eventful moment was to me much more blissful in the retrospect, than it had been in its advent. It is quite as difficult to express the word "engaged," as the word "exchange," by any circumlocution. But to some technical terms I have an insuperable repugnance, and if the reader cannot infer my relations with Emily from what precedes, he must remain in ignorance or be enlightened by the sequel.

I have seen the white, staglike throat of English beauty, the winning languor and polished cheek of the German, the thoughtful brow and flashing eye of the Italian dama; the melancholy, passionate Castilian, with her goddess walk, and the chameleon features of the Parisian belle, yet I know not whether, out of them all, I could have produced a combination and a form to equal Emily's. This is not the boisterous language of youthful love, but the vivid, unexaggerated reminiscence of an aged man. It is not because I lavished upon her the first and last offerings of my heart, that I represent her thus beautiful; had she been less fair, I would not the less willingly confess my worship, but simply because I wish to describe her as she was, not otherwise. Even now I cannot recall without pain her fragile form and exquisite loveliness. Hers was not a beauty to one thing constant *ever*, but like Nourmahal's, ever in motion, flying

God has set it. Vainly we seek to reproduce the idea in language of our own; the chisel, by a faithful transcript of the character, may preserve the thought, but the translation is cold enough beside the breathing original. Am I heard by one whose heart still retains a yearning after some long-lost, lovely image, and recognizes in that an excellence he has never seen and never expects to see? Let him seek for words adequate to his conception, and he will feel the insufficiency of his vocabulary. Is there another, whose slumbers have been the sea from which some Venus sprung? Have his waking moments allowed him to recall, much less to describe, the perfection of the apparition? I will say no more of Emily's beauty.

"I know not how much truth," said M——, "may be in the saying that 'best men are moulded out of faults.' Shakspeare subjoins a query to the proposition. But I sincerely hope that our friend Alfred may become 'the better, for being a little bad.' Well, since you are looking at Emily, instead of listening to me—but that is the prerogative of youth, and the fate of age."

I heard him, it is true, but almost as unconsciously as Lovel heard the motto of the venerable Aldobrand, or the Antiquary's learned dissertation upon the devices on the turrets of Knoekwinnoek Castle. Before I could command an apology, he had saluted his daughter, and was proceeding directly to the mansion house.

Emily was not pale, and the slight glow upon her cheek gave me assurance of her health; but as I approached her, an air of exhaustion and an unusual sadness became too perceptible. She replied with evident difficulty to my inquiries. That

"From the lips to the cheeks, from the cheeks to the eyes."

Yet there is but one expression for the highest female beauty—the type in which

hesitation was not produced by embarrassment; would to God it had been!

I drew her arm in mine, and as we moved slowly over the gravelled path, my emotions were very different from those I had experienced when pursuing that same path so shortly before. The sun was midway in his march, but the meeting trees completely excluded his rays, and combined with the breeze, which seemed never to desert this lovely place, permitted us a cool and shady walk. The restless cat-bird kept tuning his exhaustless throat, as if preparing for some set melody which is never vouchsafed, and the venturesome robin settled almost at our feet; *they* appeared joyful enough.

I could not explain Emily's unusual melancholy, but it was impossible not to share it. I rallied her upon insulting the smiling face of nature with such an unreasonable dejection; but her very smile prevented a second essay of the kind. Her eyes were once or twice dimmed with tears; but I could *say* nothing.

"Do you see that path?" she said, breaking a silence not altogether painful, and pointing to a faintly marked impression upon the thin grass; "it is nearly extinct now, but it was once as well defined as this. Not a day passed that I did not leave the impress of my foot upon it. I stepped more lightly then, or it would now be deeper. It is long since I last followed it. Fanny and I made it many years ago, as we struck upon the circuitous line, when our little feet required the aid of our hands to fashion it."

"Where does it lead to, Emily?" I inquired.

"To a spring not very far distant. Do not expect any surprising development; but it is, or rather was, a sweet spot, and I was dearly attached to it."

She spoke with more composure, but there was still the same profound melancholy in her voice, and the same depression of feature. As we descended into a gully, feathered with laurel bushes, she pointed to a recess in the opposite bank, which rose by a steep and wild ascent to a considerable height. Beneath an arch scooped with the regularity of art, yet evidently carved by nature out of the hard, naked granite, a small stream of water gushed from a lip-like crevice in the rock,

and fell from an altitude of a foot, or more, into a deep, pebbled basin.

Emily's agitation increased as we approached it. I besought her in vain to explain her singular behavior; she returned no answer.

On either side of the spring was the relic of a miniature flower-bed, now adorned only by a solitary rose-bush, which supported a single flower over the clear murmuring water at our feet. And there it hung in all the pride of conscious loveliness, like some favored maiden over the mirror that reflects her charms.

"This is all that remains! Oh, do not pluck it!" she said, arresting my outstretched arm. "Do not shorten an existence already too brief!"

"I merely intended to change its position, and prevent that unceasing gaze at its own reflection."

"Yes, do so," she rejoined, "for it would soon be compelled to witness its decay. Yet the fragile bush has survived our sturdier old seat itself. Will you undertake to reconstruct it?" pointing as she spoke to some fragments lying in the shade of a gigantic chestnut tree.

With the assistance of sundry stones, I soon transformed the ruins into a settee, though not of the most inviting kind. "My handkerchief is the only cushion I can offer you, Emily."

"And I could even dispense with that. Those little beds," she said, as she seated herself, "were made by Fanny and me, when it was our highest ambition and dearest pleasure to see them bloom. We planted there hyacinths, carnations, lilies, and all the seeds within our reach. Every morning and evening we visited our flowers, and counted each bud as it slowly opened, chiding them for not maturing so fast as we desired; but they must have unfolded as rapidly as the wings of the startled dove, to keep pace with our eager wishes. We would pass whole days here, tending our motley pets, or conning our picture-books upon this seat, which our good Robin made for us. For many summers this was our Eden. But you shall hear how our Paradise was blighted. An old woman, who nursed my mother and myself, and to whom I was much attached, was in the habit of visiting us once a week; she would not

live with us, because she fancied that a daughter of hers, in your city, required her guardian care. One afternoon, I prevailed upon her to accompany me to our sylvan grotto, though she alleged the fatigue of the walk in excuse, and pleaded inability to surmount the stones. I led her safely down that slope to this very seat, and filling a glass at the fountain, held it to her lips. She had covered her eyes, and was sobbing bitterly. Of course, I could not understand this; but I employed to console her all my eloquence, which was limited, as well as I remember, to 'What ails you?' 'Oh dear, dear, do not cry so!' a brief synopsis of condolence in general. I was seated beside her, watching her in mute amazement, when she suddenly caught me in her arms and drew me to her breast.

"My child, why have you brought me here?" she said. "Oh your poor—dear mother!"

I had a vague recollection of my mother; such, perhaps, as new-born babes may have of a former and happier existence, or of the angels that make them smile in their sleep.

"Listen to me, child!" the old woman resumed, mastering her emotion. "This was your mother's favorite resort. She would often wander here at this season, with you in her arms, to lull you to sleep with the murmuring of that fountain; and when your little eyes were closed fast, she would surrender you up to me, and remain here for hours to read or meditate. One delicious afternoon—oh God! I never can forget it—your mother had been unwell all day; she fancied that a walk to the spring would refresh her. You were then in your fourth summer, and tottered along at your mother's side with your hand in hers. It was then that she took from me the glass I carried in my hand, filled it just as you did a moment ago, in the same attitude, and was carrying it to her lips, when it dropped from her grasp, and pressing both hands on her heart she fell with a groan at my feet. I had often heard her complain of oppression at the heart and violent palpitation, and an awful suspicion crossed my mind—it was but too true.

"I raised her in my arms, and bidding you follow us, carried her home, stagger-

ing, not under my burden, but from agitation. But it was all over! My child, your mother was dead! For three nights I watched her pallid face, but not a muscle moved; an affection of the heart had stopped its beating forever. Lead me hence, my child! I cannot remain!"

"The old idiot!" I muttered internally, seeing that Emily wept at the recital of the old woman's sad story.

"During this fearful communication," Emily continued, after a short pause, "which I now for the first time heard, my father having before and since studiously concealed from me the circumstances of my mother's death, I felt a connection between this spot and an indefinite sense of something inexpressibly gloomy and horrible arise in my soul: As I walked away with the nurse, I even feared to turn back my head. What had before been so beautiful and inviting, was completely metamorphosed into a dark, forbidding sepulchre. I could not be prevailed on to return—and Fanny, finding her efforts fruitless, permitted our once delightful haunt and its cherished embellishments to go to decay. Even now, I feel like the nerveless monarch of Spain in the splendid torch-lit tomb of his ancestors, more nearly allied to the shrouded dead than to the living. I fear," here her voice faltered, "I have inherited that awful malady! Often have violent throbbings and a sudden pang awakened sad forebodings; but I ascribed them to an imagination preyed upon by the nurse's narrative, which defied me to forget it, and, unbidden and unwelcome, threw its corroding shadow on all my thoughts and day-dreams. Last night, the palpitation of my heart was so alarming that I could not sleep. I was tempted at times to wake my father and disclose all the fears I have hitherto locked within my own breast, for I know the misery into which a confession would plunge him. That fearful beating attacked me again when I first saw you this morning, and I could with difficulty pronounce the ordinary words of greeting."

"And can you really credit your erring fancies?" I said, in a tone intended to be playful.

"Fancy! Would I could think it so! Fancy and Reality are sisters; and if at times we mistake the former for the lat-

ter, we are just as apt to call the younger by the elder sister's name."

"But what inclines you, Emily," I inquired, willing to divert her for a moment from our melancholy topic, "to make Fancy older than Reality, since our ideas are posterior to the objects which suggest them?"

"It was a whim of the moment, and indeed I know not why, unless it be that God imagined matter before he called it into being. It is not fair to play upon a word, or I might furnish another argument. I knew you would attribute my apprehensions to imagination; our physician, Dr. R——, whom I secretly consulted under cover of a fever, did the same. But the wisest may err, while the thrilling, penetrating voice of disregarded presentiment fulfils its prophecy. Oh! it is horrible to pursue the ordinary avocations of life, with death, like a trained pointer, skulking at your side! To speed through the air on buoyant wing while the deadly sight is drawn upon you! To bound wildly on like the stag, while the pack bays close behind; or skim along like the gazelle, while the fatal falcon circles o'er your head."

Yet why protract an interview painful to remember, doubly painful to describe? It was terminated by Robin's peremptory summons to dinner.

Imagine a tall, swarthy, sinewy man, of forty-five, with large hands and feet, high and scantily covered cheek-bones, aquiline nose, large mouth, thick black hair, and blacker eyes, one of which was so set as to be everlastingly peering at the overhanging extremity of a remarkably long and shaggy eyebrow, and you will have a general idea of Robin's exterior. The ordinary character of his face was stern and almost repulsive; and only at times a smile of inimitable sweetness and benevolence gave token of the gentle spirit hidden within the rough shell of the outward man. On the present occasion his demeanor was unusually sedate, and he beckoned us to dinner with the air of an executioner. He had fought in the Revolution, but of this, strange to say, he never spoke. Around his neck, and next his bosom, was hung by a silken cord an old *shilling*, which I believe he valued more than his life. He had received it

from Washington's own hand, for some trifling service rendered when a boy, and no much-prized locket was ever regarded with more devout veneration. Once, indeed, he parted with it for a time, and the circumstance is so characteristic of the man, that I must beg leave to insert it. M—— had dispatched him to town on some business, where, in passing along, he was attracted by a young woman with the remains of beauty, bearing a child in her arms, asking alms. She was invariably refused; *reflecting* men and women shook their heads, eyed her suspiciously, and passed on. Robin kept his eye on her, and saw her enter a bakery, whence she was speedily ejected by the charming Ceres behind the counter, who followed her to the door, exclaiming, "Begone, miss! Begone, madam! We bake here for honest folks!"

This was too much for Robin, but not a cent had he about him save the *General's shilling*. It was a struggle worthy of Coriolanus. But Robin's eccentricity could never cope with his benevolence; he twisted off the venerable memento, supplied the meek supplicant with its value in bread, and then ran home—three miles—and back again, to redeem it before it had got into circulation, and he was fortunate enough to recover his talisman.

Emily and I rose at his grave command, and he led the way with a martial step to the mansion. Emily proceeded at once to her room, and I joined M—— in the airy and ample hall.

"So you have been detaining Emily in the sun," he said, "for more than three mortal hours. She must be brown as Semiramis."

"Pardon me, sir; it was in the shade; for the foliage, ripened by the sun,

'Forbade the sun to enter; like favorites
Made proud by princes, that advance their
pride
Against the power that bred it.'"

"May the ghost of Shakspeare pardon me!" returned M——, "but I have always thought the shade-bestowing leaves and honeysuckles, like those same favorites, jealous lest the rays of royal favor should illumine aught beneath them. But how those noble lines march along, like Leonidas to Thermopylæ! Let us imitate them

now by a march to dinner, for here comes Robin to summon us, and Emily will join us before we have carved our way to Elysium."

He led the way, and I followed, to a banquet worthy of Apicius.

We had not been long seated, when Emily entered. She had doffed her chequered morning-gown for a dress of the purest white. Her face was calm and even cheerful; I could scarcely withdraw my gaze from her clear, polished forehead and eye, whose quality of light was exquisite indeed. She either felt or affected the liveliest pleasure, and displayed a conversational power almost equal to her father's, and quite as captivating. It is surely one of the most gratifying cordials "in this melancholy vale," to witness some lovely young woman discover without art, effort, or pedantry, in tones of richest eloquence, the treasures of a gifted and highly cultured mind—a mind not inferior to that which Schiller has well described as "insatiable, ever stretching into the dim distance, and pursuing through the remotest stars the image of its dreams." Such a spectacle gives a man assurance that woman's sensorium is not limited to being pleased with a trinket or tickled with a compliment; that she may be relied on as a companion as well as petted as a toy. It is melancholy to see that half of a generation which principally controls the destinies of the next, so completely absorbed in the color and fashion of a dress, in compliments as insignificant as the tailor-made creatures which concoct them, in their looking-glasses and in themselves, that really their brains seem to have been entirely consumed in the nourishment of their hair, which is frequently made to conceal half the forehead, as if to hide its emptiness. Or worse even than this, to be thus accosted by one who, despairing of her exterior, has determined to rival *De Stael*, as you assist her to ice-cream—"Have you read *Junius' Letters*? Are you familiar with *Plutarch's Lives*?" and a thousand other queries, as abruptly introduced to your notice as a sudden streak of lightning to your neighbor's barn. Let the galled jade wince, if she will. Alas! I am now

"Indifferent though the smile or frown
Of beauty be."

At the conclusion of our repast, Robin entered, bearing cautiously on a silver salver a single bottle, well laced with antique cobwebs, so as to resemble some beggared follower of Charles II. during the Protectorate, the spirit of loyalty still glowing brightly beneath his dilapidated garment. The precious liquid was decanted with all the ceremony that its racy and refined flavor warranted. Emily rose as she touched the glass to her lips, saying, "You to your wine and I—to my harp."

"Play softly, my child," said M——, "for Bacchus must not be a second time assailed with the chorus of the frogs."

"You have never given me the history of this wine," I observed, as Emily left the room.

"No! and I never shall. I hate to hear a wine's pedigree paraded like a horse's; it is in bad taste, and a poor substitute for better conversation. Wine should be judged by its inspiration. We are too republican here to value ancestry in anything."

"And yet you are very apt to inquire about a man's father," I said, very quietly.

"Well, you are half right, my boy, notwithstanding Eve brought forth Cain; children often reflect their parents mentally and morally, but always physically. It wounds me to the core, to behold a man cast in one of nature's fairest and firmest moulds, unite himself to a diseased or unhealthy woman; or to see a blooming virgin, the wholesome blood mantling in her cheeks, bestow her hand upon some sickly, scrofulous wretch whose eye is kindled by Hymen, when the cold hand of Death is laid upon his lungs. They should pause before contracting so fatal an alliance; before gratifying a misplaced and selfish desire at the expense of their offspring. A man in the choice of a wife, or a woman in the acceptance of a suitor, owes a duty to their country and their descendants. For how can we be justified in deliberately entailing upon the bone of our bone and flesh of our flesh, an early and premature dissolution? If the principle of life is strong within us, we are false to humanity, and to Heaven, if we wilfully inoculate it with decay, and consign the reptile to the cradle of the impotent Hercules."

This was said calmly and seriously; it flung back upon me the gloomy thoughts that had occupied me at the spring, and which Emily's gaiety had effectually dismissed. The change must have extended to my face, for M—— instantly remarked—

"Why, you are twirling your empty glass, as though you expected to churn wine out of atmospheric air. Such amiable dejection would really to honor to a sixteen-pointed sermon on the uncertainty of life. Alas, that I should have been guilty of preaching at such an unseasonable hour! Nay, was that meant for a smile? Oh, sad caricature! The parenthesis at your mouth was like the two melancholy ejaculations enclosing the two Sophonisbas."

I made a desperate effort to recover myself, whilst he replenished our glasses, and selecting a third, filled it to the brim.

"Robin," he continued, "you must join us in a libation to your patron saint."

The eccentric individual addressed, advanced to the table with one gigantic stride; and M——, raising the glass in his hand, exclaimed slowly and with much dignity—"To the memory of Washington!"

"The fiend has passed out of me into Robin," I said, seeing that our friend had clutched the back of Emily's vacant chair almost convulsively with both hands.

"You are thinking," said M——, touching his arm, "that had you the power, you would build a monument at Mount Vernon, that would put to shame Pompey's Pillar, or the Pyramid of Cheops itself; are you not?"

Robin shook his head slowly, and without moving a muscle answered, "No!" and then raising himself to his full height, as every feature took a sudden leap from apathy to intense excitement, his lip quivering and his big, dark eye almost blazing he burst forth—

"No, sir! Elsewhere let the tall shaft cleave the clouds, and lift to heaven the image of him who was greatest and best; and let the pilgrim come and gaze with mingled pride and admiration. But at Mount Vernon no stately monument must conceal the green turf embosoming his remains; unadorned and undistinguished let

them lie. And when generations yet unborn shall cluster there, the generous tear will fall for the man—not to the hero. There let them feel that he was one of them, and within reach of their sympathies—and elsewhere the Gothic spire or the Grecian column may proclaim the demi-god, awakening homage and exultation."

The tears were trickling down his swarthy cheeks as he concluded; but never did meteor start from darkness to light with more velocity than his face resumed its customary fixity. With him it was—come light, come darkness—no twilight.

"Is he not a phoenix?" said M——, as Robin left the room; "I thought he would have gone off in a blaze. Lo! there is Emily's harp in full vibration. By all the books, Morpheus is heir-apparent to Bacchus, and I shall give him his succession, especially as I concede, with Euripides, that our ancestors displayed little wisdom in assigning music to the joyous feast, but should have reserved it to dispel the cloud of sorrow. As your brow is not quite clear yet, go, and be wiser than your forefathers."

I did not hesitate to obey him, but sought Emily in the parlor. I found her playing that charming air of Beethoven's, upon which De Beriot has constructed his magnificent tremolo. As her fingers struck the last chord she said, "Do you know that this little bijou gives me more relief than would all the medicines in the world. My heart is calm and at ease now; it has the habit of transferring its palpitation to the harp."

"May it always remain there, Emily," I replied, "and leave you but the healthy beat of life; the malady that music cures cannot be deeply rivetted."

"I would fain believe so," she rejoined, "and when all is quiet here" (she laid her hand upon her breast) "I am tempted to laugh at the fears which are at times so appalling."

"The surest proof that they are unfounded," I said.

"Well, I am not now disposed to question their evidence, so let us dismiss the subject. I would avoid either ridicule or sympathy."

"You shall have none of the latter,

Emily, until you can produce a better title to it."

"I assure you I am not covetous of so high an honor; a title to sympathy never involved a lawsuit."

There is a certain species of conversation which derives all its sweetness from the opportunity that calls it into existence, and from the circumstances inspiring it; which defies repetition, as it was never designed for a third party; and which, above all, should never be retailed in the *first* person. It is born beneath the ray of the intensest feeling, and withers under the chilling influences of a colder clime.

"Draw to that shutter a little," said Emily, "the sun is right in my face. There—I will reward you with a slow movement from Mozart's *Entführung*, which is more like the song of a pensive angel than mortal music."

She sung the brief adagio—I have never heard it since—in such a manner, that I felt my innermost soul acknowledge the truth of her last proposition. Beautiful and accomplished girl! When, at this silent and remote hour, the mind allows the senses to slumber as if in consideration of past services, turning to memory for old impressions, unambitious of new ones, I recall thy perfections so well adapted to bestow, instead of losing the joys of Eden, I fear that reviving regret is not entirely stifled by the sweet conviction that thou art now enjoying the reward of thy virtues!

She had concluded the air, and her fingers were trickling carelessly over the strings. Her uplifted eye still retained the inspiration of the dreamy strain, when I heard a whisper in my ear, repeating Benedict's outrageous soliloquy—"Is it not strange that sheep's guts should hale the souls out of men's bodies?" I started from my reverie, and recognized M—— at my shoulder.

"Secrets! Oh exquisite!" said Emily, springing forward; "I insist upon being made lord keeper of the little vagrants."

"I have not the heart," said M——, "to disappoint so reasonable a curiosity, and I will insure your secrecy by the assurance that you are at liberty to divulge it anywhere or to anybody. I was then merely reminding this young gentleman of a passage in the sixteenth chapter of the

first book of Kings, to this effect—'And it came to pass, that when the evil spirit from God was upon Saul, David took a harp and played with his hand, and Saul was refreshed and was well, and the evil spirit departed from him.' This is a high compliment to your favorite pursuit, and my recollection of it is only attributable to your proficiency. Whether you are gratified in receiving praise where you expected a secret, I know not; for the discrimination of Aquinas himself would be insufficient to determine which is dearest to woman—the indulgence of her vanity, or the gratification of her curiosity."

"My dear father," replied Emily, "the light of your praise is hidden beneath the bushel of your censure; your honey is flavored quite too decidedly with the Sardinian poppy; but I thank you for so high an authority, that music is so nearly allied to heaven, that a demon fled at its sound."

"Your nap has been a short one," I said, addressing M——.

"Short! When I left you, the sun had a fourth of his course to run, and now his fiery disc is scorching the horizon. But do not imagine that I slept through the whole interval; one hour suffices me, and the two others, which you were pleased to condense into a short nap, were devoted to such exercise as the mind is entitled to."

"Those shadows have had a most wonderful growth," I said, surveying from the window the lengthening outlines of the old oaks upon the grass.

"Yes," he replied, "the growth of Otus and Ephialtes was nothing to it. A short nap of three hours! In what delicious fairy-land have you been roaming, pray? Well, time is like a cone standing on its base, where the circles in planes parallel to the plane of the base may represent years or days; the space we travel is increased or diminished, as affliction compels us towards the ground line, or joy elevates us to the tapering vertex. Your orbit has been around the very top."

"And you, sir, I hope, have not been circling near the base?"

"No, my course was midway. But put away your instrument, my child, or sing some English, Irish or Scotch air,

that I can comprehend; your selections are usually as unintelligible to me as the whistle of the midnight winds."

"Now, my dear father," replied Emily, "your prejudices on this score are surely most unfounded. There is no earthly reason why music should be despised for want of simplicity. Because we admire the songs of Burns, or the idyls of Theocritus, are we prevented from according homage to the lofty and studied majesty of *Paradise Lost* or the *Divine Comedy*? The musical faculty is as susceptible of cultivation as any other, and yet when experts in the art venture an opinion and evince a partiality, their conclusions are scouted at by the uninitiated as at variance with *their* tastes, and *their* ideas."

"Ghost of Aristophanes! Emily—what a broadside! I sink my colors. But remember, my child, I only said your favorite jingles were above my mark—not below it: I charged myself with incapacity, not your German or Italian fantasies with absurdity."

"But you have done so before," she said with a smile; "admired the *Bucolics*, but despised the *Æneid*."

"Only because I could not understand the latter. I am far from disputing your position, my daughter; there is a progression in music as well as in mathematics; and though I may have occasionally laughed at your devoting as much time to your quavers, as Miss Ringlet gives to her curls, I assure you that I deem your favorite recreation anything but a frivolous pastime, at war with more serious pursuits. I would not hesitate to employ a lawyer, because he might, after the stern toils of the day, prefer the canvas to parchment, or happen to perpetrate a sonnet at his own fireside; I am not quite so prejudiced as to censure a lecturer for illustrating a mechanical proposition with a billiard ball. Let the foundation be solid and deeply rooted, and the sturdy Tuscan or Doric column uphold a substantial and enduring mass; the light Corinthian shaft, with its elaborate capital, may support numberless graces at the top: they will add vastly to the beauty, without impairing the strength of the edifice. But if we dally here much longer we shall miss the sunset."

He gave Emily his arm, and I followed them out of the apartment.

The air was now pleasant, and the birds and beasts seemed rejoicing in the golden serenity that attends a summer sunset. The sun, just dipping beneath the horizon, retained all his light without half his heat. Large banks of purple clouds fringed with gold were clustering around him, and here and there light fleecy specks hung on the borders of the radiant mass, rejoicing in the effulgence, and changing their gorgeous livery with the rapidity of a fanciful belle determined to display the variety and extent of her wardrobe. The sun is certainly suggestive of similes.

"See those sycophant clouds," said M——, "how they turn their bright sides to their monarch, while they frown gloomily upon all beneath them: honey to their master, gall to their inferiors. Aye, their glories are fading now; they will soon be left black and desolate enough, perhaps to weep ere many hours."

The tiny hills in the distance still held on to a few loitering beams, with the tenacious grip of some love-sick damsel to a fickle lover. We watched the splendid pageant to its close, and then retraced our steps.

We sat in the ample porch as long as the night-air permitted. I will not attempt to repeat the brilliant and varied conversation with which M—— regaled us; I feel the injustice I have already done him, and dare not peril his reputation any further. Among the many things which gave zest to hours, not remembered without a sigh, was a song of Emily's, running thus:

"Had I the Peri power to hie

From star to star on viewless wing,

Ah, yet no wanderer were I!—

There is *one* sweet spot in the sky

Where I would ever cling.

"And though 'mid halls all bright and fair

My jewelled foot might proudly roam;

No earthly beck could lure me there,

While Allah yields the bliss to share

My Azim's tented home!"

Thus Zara sung, while her dark lash flung

O'er her bright eye a soft eclipse;

And while the mellow music hung

Still thrilling on the minstrel's tongue,

Young Azim sealed her lips.

These lines, dearer to me from association than from any intrinsic merit, I have never forgotten: on that evening, like Zelica's mournful lay, their effect was enhanced by the thrilling tone and the hour.

Thus ended a day of mingled pain and pleasure. As I took leave of Emily the

troubled expression of her eye gave me much uneasiness. My horse, as I had directed, was at the gate, and as I rode home in the clear moonlight I felt the first chill mist settle on hopes hitherto so bright and cloudless.

DREAMS.

OH, might I dream of thee, beloved!
 Might I, though faintly, trace
 The beauty of those angel features,
 The expression of that face;

Might I but dream that to my bosom
 I press once more that form,
 And once again upon thy sweet lips
 Print kisses fond and warm;

And hear once more that voice so tender,
 And feel thee mine again;
 One moment of such bliss—such rapture,
 Were worth a world of pain.

But how could I endure the waking
 From dreams like these, to know
 My joy but vain imagination,
 Reality, my woe!

I will not ask such dreams, beloved;
 'Tis best I should not see
 In those uncertain worlds of vision
 The fleeting shade of thee.

But let me dream of thy fair features
 Illumed with heavenly love,
 Of thy sweet voice more sweetly singing,
 In glorious choirs above.

Then when I come to lie beside thee,
 So Christ my heart renew;
 I know that I shall wake to meet thee,
 And find that vision true.

A. M. W.

THE REPUBLIC.

NO. III.—THE PRIMARY PLATFORM.

THE founders of our system did much more than they are apt to have credit for having done, in a policy of conservation looking to the future. And as power in one form or another was the Pandora's box of the subject, so it will be found upon examination, that to adjust the measure and distribute the jurisdiction of power; to keep it from excess in every quarter and prevent abuses; to stay its natural growth, control its tendencies, and provide antidotes for the poison of its temptations, was the main drift of that policy.

A government may be too strong or too weak; may have too much power in it or too little. Here was a problem to begin with.

In the early State constitutions it is remarkable that with few exceptions the measure of power allotted to rulers was *nowhere specified*. Not even words of grant were used in most cases; much less words of definition. The fathers simply said, let there be such and such departments, with such and such officers in each, and there they stopped. The rest was to be settled by implication—*common law implication*.

And upon second thought, what better could they do? Those governments were pure republics. There had been no such governments before. It was impossible to foresee all exigencies. To attempt to dole out in advance, statute fashion, the precise modicum of power that would be certainly enough in every instance, and as certainly not more than enough, would have been alike gratuitous and empirical, when the common law presented a so much safer alternative. Legislation and the common law are very different things. That goes before events, while this applies its judgments to them in the detail of their occurrence. Legislation is conjectural often, and shoots wide of the mark; the common

law acts only upon evidence, and seldom fails of arriving at just conclusions.

But when at length the particular State organizations were to be combined in a larger economy for national purposes, the question of official endowment became more embarrassing, forasmuch as the agencies now to be instituted were confined and special in their objects, and could only be invested with their needed authority by a sort of cession from the pre-existing governments, or from the people in derogation of those governments. A compromise was necessary. The States were as yet sovereign in the absolute sense of this term. And as no new government could be set up over them without a consequent reduction of their power and dignity, the enterprise had some vanities and jealousies to contend with, and instead of being left as before to common-law adjustments, must depend in great measure upon exact verbal provisions.

The result might have been guessed beforehand. The first experiment was a complete failure. The thing was gone about too timidly, (too grudgingly perhaps,) in the very point of ceded power. There was not power enough given to the new economy to keep it alive. The pre-existence of the local organizations may or may not explain the fact. At any rate, it was a severe tax upon the magnanimity of the States, to be called upon to curtail their own consequence by contributing to the erection of a government, which must necessarily overshadow them in certain respects. Whether from this cause or from sheer misjudgment in apportioning means to ends, the important fact is, that they went no further for the time than to sign "articles of *confederation*," establishing what in the first paragraph of the instrument was accordingly termed "*a confederacy*," while the second paragraph led

off with these ominous words, "*each State retains its sovereignty.*"

Well, as sovereignty, taken absolutely, is a *whole* of political power; if the States kept all, the Union of course got nothing; and so it proved. The new government (such by courtesy of speech) was too weakly constituted to be good for anything. The men appointed to administer it, tried to get on by overstepping their authority. That could not save the system. Nothing could save it or make it worth saving. And good reason: it was a *confederacy*, and *not properly a government*. It had no *subjects*. Can there be a *government without subjects*? Are not the two ideas correlative, implying each other? The federal Congress were to do everything by requisitions on the local legislatures. To the people as individuals, they had no access. They did not represent the people. It was not directly for the people that they acted in any respect. The organic States were the parties they had to do with, the masters they served. They voted by States. They held office at the pleasure of the States, and were liable to be recalled by them at any time, or dictatorially instructed, like ambassadors. In short, their functions and whole character were rather diplomatic than governmental. *Rulers* they were not in any legitimate sense of the term.

Fortunately, this poor contrivance of a confederacy, in lieu of a government, going very soon, as was meet, to its own place, a worthier effort of statesmanship was put forth, "a more perfect union" formed. The federal Constitution (loosely, but conveniently so called, the word federal having come down to us in a modified sense, equivalent to *general, national, central*, as applied to that Constitution) was truly a *government*, and consequently *not a confederacy*. Both it could not be. The union formed by it was a real, not a merely ostensible union. The States retained their separate organism, but in a very altered position, and with a total loss of national power. Everything national was transferred to the new economy, and there consolidated. They very design of the arrangement was to substitute one government nationality for many. The State *sovereignities* (absolutely speaking) were therefore at an end. The Constitution of

1787 left us one mouth of communication with foreign countries, and no more; one head of counsel and of empire for purposes of general interest among ourselves. As to these objects, the States no longer existed. They retained, indeed, besides their organism, many important powers; just as, while they were yet completely sovereign, important powers remained vested in the smaller corporations, the counties, cities, townships of their territories. But as those corporations were voiceless in the halls of the State legislatures, so were the States to be voiceless for the future in the councils of the nation. Nor was the union of county with county more perfect, nor the individuality of their corporate existence more entirely merged in the supremacy of a State government as to general State affairs, than the union of the States is perfect and their separate individuality melted down to a mass, in the one subsisting sovereignty of the federal government as to all concerns of a strictly national character. The two cases are precisely parallel.

And this parallel may be run yet further. That we are one nation, and have but one government, so far as the union of the States is thus consolidated, no man, who has not a supposed interest of his own to serve by contradiction, will deny. The framework is complex, but the political entity is single. And here the question arises as to what we are in other respects; that is to say, whether we have properly one government or thirty, as regards those points of jurisdiction which have not been made over to the central economy, but are left where they were of old (under the confederacy) for local management. The answer would of course depend upon the bearing in which the question is put. In reference to the particular objects of the local jurisdictions, we naturally say there are thirty governments. And indeed, for special county purposes, township purposes, city and village purposes, there are as many governments as there are political corporations for conducting the detailed business of the people's affairs. But instead of looking microscopically inwards, let us turn our eyes upon the circumference of things, and contemplate the broad area of the country as a whole. Can we say in that view, that we have a score and

ten governments for ends of internal administration; or is it better theory to say, the government is one even for those ends, the States being thus far *unconsolidated parts* of the union system, just as the union corporations, as to what concerns their special walks of privilege and power, are unconsolidated parts of the States?

Surely there ought to be no controversy on this point. Does the discretion vested in a board of supervisors make them a government, absolutely speaking, apart from the constitution of the State they live in? And why not? Because that constitution recognizes the organic arrangements of the counties as auxiliary to its own design; wheels within wheels of its own mechanism indeed, though not apparently connected with its larger and more conspicuous movements. The states and the counties are one. They do not exercise identically one authority in the matter of direct administration, but there is a perfect harmony of action between them, a perfect coincidence of aims, so far as the county policy goes, although the State looks further, and with a wider field of vision. So in the economy of the federal system; the States, even as regards their reserved powers, are but a sort of counties on a vast scale of magnitude, holding these powers in subordination to the general scope and purpose of the union government, as designing the welfare of the republic at large, and thus of all the states, counties, townships in particular, that compose it. The States are recognized by that government as standing in this relation to it. Union government would not be what the phrase imports if they were not. It was never intended to merge them altogether. Far from it. Their nationality, and the powers it especially rested on, were merged. But there was infinite moment in preserving their *home agency* untouched. This agency was wanted for conservative purposes. That was one great object. It was wanted also for the direct convenience and utility of its application to the details of administrative business throughout the country. The framers of the system looked to these details; and what so hopeful a provision could they make for having them everywhere duly dispatched, as by leaving the State organizations, already in charge of

that duty, to continue their functions? The jurisdiction of the States, in all matters of domestic concern to their inhabitants, was accordingly preserved under the new order of things, and has ever been regarded as an essential feature of that order.

It may be from a vague misconception of this circumstance that some well-meaning persons have allowed themselves to be imposed upon by the pretense, which men of another stamp are incessantly putting forward, that the government of the country is still what it was at first, "a confederacy." They seem to think that because the State organisms are not laid aside, it is plausible to regard the States as only brought into joint action in the federal system. And they employ a language corresponding with this error. Have they considered how far the argument would carry them? Would not the very same kind of logic make each particular State by itself a confederacy? nay, each county, too? For not only the organisms of the counties are preserved entire in the State systems, but those of the townships also have an integrity and a life of their own in the county systems.

Besides, how can the notion of "a confederacy" be indulged in reference to the general government, without the companion whim of a parcel of *independent State sovereignties* figuring as *high contracting parties to the league*? Accordingly, this whim is rife in certain places, and heads of senatorial dignity are turned with it. The position is, that the States are yet sovereign in absolute phrase. A position depending mainly, I should think, upon the analogy of that proverb of municipal heraldry, "Once an alderman, always such." "Ours," they say, "is a *confederacy of sovereign States!*" As lately as last winter, in a grave written address of certain members of Congress to the good people of the South upon a peculiarly Southern topic,* it was called "a government in which *not individuals, but States, as distinct sovereignties, are the constituents.*" I do not ask, it would not be courteous to ask, after the health of these gentlemen's understandings. We

* Commonly called *Mr. Calhoun's Address* upon the subject of slavery extension.

must take for granted that they are *as usual* in that respect. And they are serious, too; they mean what they say. Let me appeal, however, from their reason as sectional politicians to their reason as men; from their judgment as persons bred and schooled in the assertion of a particular dogma, to their judgment as men of mind and character, on the indisputable facts of the case. If the States are sovereign, as they were at first, they can, of course, *do the same things*; for sovereignty is power—national power. And so the question is, *can they do the same things*? To give an instance or two: Can they make *war*, raise and support *armies*, equip and send out *fleets*? Can they hold *diplomatic relations*, commission or receive *ambassadors*, negotiate *treaties*? Can they *coin money*, *emit bills of credit*, or make their own scrip a *lawful tender* for the payment of debts? Can they *regulate commerce*, even among themselves? Can they fix the terms on which a single foreigner shall be *admitted to citizenship*? Can they *exclude* from that privilege a foreigner who has been admitted to it by Union laws? All these (to borrow a forensic term) are droits of sovereignty, of nationality. Do the States possess them? Is there a power of any kind belonging to the category of *things at once national and sovereign*, of which the States can severally say, It is mine?

But, it seems, a thing may continue to subsist in gross, when all the ingredients necessary to compose it are gone. The sovereignty prattle is still heard, and in high places. There was a very singular specimen of it not long since at Washington. A venerable father from "the sunny South" rose suddenly to order in the federal Senate, because another senator had spoken of one of these territorial sub-governments with a less awful deference than was thought due to the majesty of "*a sovereign State!*" Such was the precise form of this interposition. And what is alike creditable to the decorous manners and to the *nerves* of the honorable champion of the "distinct sovereignties," he kept his countenance!

These gentlemen will have it, moreover, that the States (and not the people) are to be regarded as "*the constituents*" of the general government, and so the *parties*

represented by its officers. I suppose they mean, by this, that the Constitution of 1787 was really the work of the States in their capacity of bodies politic. A proposition just as fair to assert, as it would be to say that the present constitution of New York was formed by the counties of that State in a similar capacity; but not nearly so fair or colorable as it would be to affirm that the counties, or yet smaller districts, of the several States of the Union were the constituent authorities from whence that Union arose, forasmuch as the final ratification of the union deed was there consummated. There is no limit to the extravagance of sectional politics. When men are already committed in character to the absurdity of "nullification," upon principle, it might even be unkind to censure harshly their proceeding to other cognate absurdities, and thus relieving the pressure of one shame upon their minds by the concurrent pressure of several. Perhaps I judge them harshly; but I confess I think there are some truths which no man is at liberty to question, or to claim charitable construction of his conduct in the matter if he does. The federal system is a government, and *not* a confederacy or "league of friendship." This is one of those truths. It is a government established *by the people*, as its own caption declares, and as the historical fact of its ultimate adoption shows conclusively. This is another. So far as the federal jurisdiction goes, it is supreme; and, being supreme, it merges that of the States by a consolidated union, leaving them not only not sovereign as they were at first, but no longer capable of being *parties to a confederacy*, and for the very reason—that their sovereignty, their nationality, their capacity of independent intercourse with the nations of the earth, and with each other even, is gone. This is a third truth, which no decent critic of our polity can expect indulgence for a cavil upon. Does not Blackstone tell us (and we knew it just as well before) that "the very notion" of a superior authority anywhere "destroys the idea of sovereignty" in the inferior? Apply this to the relation of the federal and State jurisdictions in regard to national affairs. Does it not show,

thus far, a union of *consolidation*? And a State which has not the larger and loftier kind of sovereignty that denotes *relative independence* is not a nation, not a sovereign State.* Courtesy of speech may keep up the flattery of an old title, but the language of facts and principles has no palaver.

The only question that admits of debate in this connection, respects the powers reserved to the States for the management of their internal affairs.

And here, undoubtedly, the government is one, *not* of consolidated union, but of *combined agencies*; and these agencies are independent of each other, independent mainly of the central authority itself. The tree is now no longer a naked stem; it is a trunk with many branches. As far as concerns the strictly national powers, it is still a homogeneous body, undivided, unmarked with a seam. The branches are the territorial departments. These part off at the precise point where nationality ceases and *home life* begins. What they are good for, and to what end they are preserved and employed, is thus apparent.

At the same time, the jurisdiction of the departments is mostly sovereign, for it is without appeal. But it is not of the kind regarded by writers upon public law as *State sovereignty*. All power without appeal is sovereign. The Common Council of New York have a large measure of such power, and it is as truly sovereign as any that the State government at Albany wields. In that case, as in this, there is no appeal, no higher jurisdiction to control or meddle. A board of supervisors has sovereign power; a colonel of militia has it; a parent has it. But to make a *sovereign State, nationality, as well as sovereignty of power*, is necessary. The government must have *an external aspect*; it must look abroad as well as at home, and be capable of free discretionary intercourse with other governments. It requires an unstinted, unmeasured plenitude of *national power* to make a sovereign State.

Admitting, therefore, that the States of the Republic had once this character, yet, if they lost it by the act of union, how are they now to be regarded as "*constituents*" of the federal government?—

how continue to sustain a relation of pattern to a system of which they have become mere members for a subordinate purpose?

But there is another style of constituency that is also made much of in certain quarters. It is said the States are the true *patrons* of the general government, having, in one way or another, the *appointment of its officers*, who are thereupon claimed as virtual *representatives* of these sovereign bodies politic. And the colorable circumstance that federal senators are advanced to their places by the votes of the local legislatures, has led judicious minds into a partial acquiescence in these visionary conceits. Let us see where the truth lies.

In the first place, the State legislatures are not identically the States; not a jot more so than the governors are, or even the judges. To see the States in their organic capacity, we must look at their entire organism—legislative, executive, judicial. Do we see the whole government of the Union in Congress? Has the President no necessary part in that government? It takes the *complete agency corps of the Constitution* to show the country's corporate existence; the *complete forms of ordinary government procedure* to utter its voice. So that an appointment by two legislative chambers is no more the act of an organic State than it would be if performed by one chamber, by the governor alone, or by the supreme court.

But, in the second place, the power exercised in such an appointment is *not State power*. It has no natural connection with State officers of any name or grade. The agency is *delegated by the federal Constitution*. The States have it not in their own right. The people of the States, respectively, could not confer it if they would. We have not been called to witness the folly of an effort of the kind. As, therefore, it is neither the State governments, in their entirety, that make the appointments here referred to, nor State power that is exercised in making them, the States are in no respect the constituents even of federal senators, much less of other functionaries in the federal system, whose election is by other agencies, or by the people directly.

* Vattel, 16, 32, 234.

I am well aware of the existence of a loose form of speech, used with much freedom by unthinking persons, and sometimes in accommodation to their understandings, by men of eminence and distinction, to the effect that officers of government are the representatives of the districts or bodies in particular to which they owe their elevation. Thus, the city of New York is said to have so many representatives in Congress, and if one of them should die during his term, the city would, till a new election, be regarded as but partially represented. It was a great tenet of freedom in colonial times, that unless we were represented in parliament, (that is, had members of our own choice there,) we could not be taxed by English law. General Hamilton himself, in the ninth "Federalist," speaks of the States being allowed by the Constitution "*a direct representation in the Senate*" of the Union. Nay, we have similar language in yet higher records. "No State," say the old articles of confederation, "shall be *represented in Congress* by less than two nor more than seven members." This was in 1778, when the States as such were truly represented by their delegates in Congress; for as yet the representative character of federal officers was simply diplomatic, and had nothing to do with the people, which explains the casualty of General Hamilton's writing in the manner above mentioned, that is, according to the *idiom of the time*, though in reference to the new Constitution which he was recommending for adoption, and of which one of the grand advantages was to be, that it would bring about a change in the principle of federal representation—making it *popular*, and putting an end entirely to its local bearing. Little wonder that an idiom thus honored should have been afterwards used, as it has from time to time been, in a way no longer strictly justified by facts; as, for instance, in a constitutional amendment in Massachusetts, as late as 1837, it is said, "any *town* having less than three hundred ratable polls *shall be represented thus*," &c.; and again, in 1838, it was declared in the present constitution of Pennsylvania, "that no new *county* should be entitled to a *separate representation* until," &c.; as if towns and counties were ever the peculiar ob-

jects of representation to their own delegates in the State governments.

I say this form of speech is historical. It began to be used before the federal Constitution was adopted, and the fact that it has been common since, is thus partially explained.

But there is a further explanation. Every person chosen to an office is the delegate, the choice, the man of his immediate constituents. They feel as if they had a kind of special property in him; and as *delegates* and *representatives* are mere synonyms in vulgar parlance, the delegate of a county is the county representative, and the senators sent to Congress by the legislature of a State are regarded and currently spoken of as State senators. The ordinary meaning of such expressions is true; for the refined and important principle of government representation is no part of that meaning; nor is the principle in question probably understood with any approach to accuracy by one in twenty of the prattlers who thus seem to talk about it, while in fact they only talk about their *delegate*, their *member*, and the like, by way of personal designation.

Be this, however, as it may, the officers, whether of the Union or the States, represent, in philosophical truth of relationship, *just those for whom they act*. A foreign envoy represents *his government*; not the President and Senate who appoint him, but his government at large. He is a *diplomatic* representative. A member of Congress represents *the people*; not this or that petty district, or State legislature, but the people at large. This is *government* representation; a novelty of modern times, of which the ancients had no adequate conception. May our own country grow in knowledge on the subject!

Unfortunately, words without knowledge are too rife among us. The miserable quillet of State constituency is an instance. And this is only one of a sisterhood of quilllets which it seems the license of a certain style of political harlotry can never let alone. The doctrine of "*confederacy*," the doctrine of "*distinct sovereignties*," the doctrine that the States are "*the constituents*" of all things, the doctrine of "*the right of instruction*" for

invading the liberty of public men, the doctrine of *free sectional arbitrament as to the obligation of federal laws*—all these are children of one family and go together; and the seeming design of the encouragement bestowed upon them is to enfeeble the Union, and to make its authority contemptible, so that when the day of *secession* comes, it may neither be a task nor a crime to cut loose from it.

I trust it has been made sufficiently evident that these wild thoughts are groundless. But even though it were admitted that the general government is of State origin, and has also its living organization from the same source, how could it follow from such premises that the officers of that government *represent the States*, or are in any way *amenable to their visitation and control*?

Try it. The actual frame of the government is a given fact. Is any such prerogative of visitation *reserved* by it to the local jurisdictions? No pretense of that. What matters it then to the question in hand, whether this given fact is of one origin or another, or whether the functionaries it provides for are appointed by legislative houses, by district voting, or by general ticket? Can the *essential import* of the fact be made dependent on these formal circumstances?

One thing is certain; if the Constitution was not made *by* the people, it was at least made *for* them; they are in every view the *intended beneficiaries* of the system. No man doubts it. Of course the relation of duty and responsibility into which the administrators of the government are brought by their official trust, is a relation of duty and responsibility *to the people only*. The States, as such, have no concern in it; and if this be so, the inference is inevitable that those administrators *represent the people*, and them only. Duty and representation are always of one bearing, and go hand-in-hand. There can be no exception to the rule. Whom, for all beneficial purposes, does every private trustee represent? And whether his duty have been cast upon him by the act of a living grantor, by a dead man's will, by a surrogate's letter, or the decretal order of an equity court, is nothing to the purpose. He represents, beneficially, *the parties he acts for*, and it

is exclusively to them that the visitatorial power belongs of calling him to account.

It is true, our federal senators have their appointments from the State legislatures. But they are not the servants of those legislatures, any more than members of the lower house of Congress are servants of the particular local districts that elect them. The rule of service and of representation is not settled by forms of constituency; it has absolutely nothing to do with them. Members of Congress have as broad a field of duty as the chief magistrate himself; their representative character is as large as his. How belittling to hold them up as tools of the particular district electors. On that principle, the federal judges would be tools of the President and Senate; federal senators tools, not of the States, but of their respective legislative houses; and even the President, instead of serving and representing a great people, would be a servant of servants, the creature and the slave of a packed electoral board, themselves in turn creatures and slaves of territorial electors. Forms of appointment vary continually all over the country. Does the rule of representation vary with them? Sometimes the immediate "constituents" are the people; sometimes the two houses of a legislature; sometimes one house, on the nomination of another; sometimes one or both, upon the governor's nomination; sometimes the governor and a special council; sometimes he alone. Does the representative weathercock play in all these winds?

It is both natural and fit that federal officers, coming from particular places, whose interests they are well acquainted with, should keep those interests in mind, and act as conduits of intelligence to convey the knowledge of them, as occasion calls, to the council-board of national deliberation and business. This is the way to put every subject in full light before the government, and thus to secure the benefit of a rule of representation that binds all the great agencies of public life to labor for the country as a whole, and as a whole to treat its parts according to their relative value in the general scale. Partiality, whether personal or territorial, is a crime against that rule. The people at large are the proprietaries of the sys-

tem. The people at large are its visitors.

I conclude, finally, that the results of the argument may be recapitulated thus—

1. That the polity instituted by the transaction of '87 was a true government, having direct coercive authority over individuals.

2. That the powers of this government were chiefly of the kind called national, and the Constitution was, *in that respect*, a consolidated union of the particular States.

3. That as to matters of local policy and order, the separate organism of the States was fully preserved and adopted, with their appropriate powers and laws, unqualified, untouched, save in a few particulars of necessary limitation.

4. That alike in the federal and State economies, though various modes of appointment were resorted to for filling different offices, *the trusts of those offices were entirely popular, the rule of representation and accountability entirely popular.*

Thus the broad outline structure of the government is fairly before us; and the inquiry whether it has been framed with proper strength and constitutional energy to fulfil the hopes of its founders and the country, returns upon our notice.

Of the entire system, federal and local combined, it must be safe to say, that it had power enough for every purpose, since the Union and the States together formed a perfect nation, both for outward and internal action, to the last tittle of national competency. And after sixty years of trial, no discovery has been made of *anything* desirable to be done by public authority, which there has not been public authority *somewhere* adequate to do.

But when we come to look at the relation of the head government to the members, and to weigh the central against the scattered powers of the system, the subject takes a delicate aspect and is harder to deal with. Nor is it important to attempt exactness here, forasmuch as the numerous innovations that have been already made in the State constitutions under the question of the original sufficiency or insufficiency of federal strength as compared with those constitutions, is a matter purely speculative and conjectural. The relative condition of the general and

special economies changes of course with every change made in either. That they were well balanced at the first is highly probable. But how they might have worked together under that arrangement, had it been left undisturbed, is now an inscrutable problem.

In fact the subject here resolves itself into a new topic, and we pass insensibly from the *quantum* to the *jurisdictional distribution* of government power; a topic of great magnitude, but fortunately involving small difference of opinion among intelligent men, and therefore easily dispatched.

This distribution, as made by our primary lawgivers (and still substantially adhered to by the country) was partly *functionary*, partly *territorial*.

In point of *function* it divided power into three branches; *legislative, political-executive* and *judicial*; each to be kept as distinctly vested as possible from the rest. The early State constitutions insisted greatly on this; a great deal more than had been done before in any known government economy. The principle was important as inducing a very useful division of administrative labor; and it was doubly important in a conservative point of view, to keep power advised of its own legitimate pathway, to facilitate the popular inspection of it, to keep it from accumulating unduly in particular hands, to check it, guard it, hem it in, and make the manœuvres of ambition different. The legislature were neither to interpret nor enforce the laws; the President, neither to make nor interpret them; the judges, to interpret only, and apply. And what, in this respect, the federal government was in large portrait, the State governments were the same in miniature. Power was to be separated everywhere into its elements; thus avoiding the dangerous ferment of compounded masses. In legislation, it is true, a qualified veto was reserved to the chief magistrate, not that he might mix himself up at pleasure with the business of the legislative houses; not that he might undertake to forestall their action by lecturing messages, and then send every bill back that did not suit his fancy or his partisan feelings. On the contrary, it was every way an extraordinary power, and was only to be used upon occasions equally

extraordinary. *Necessity* must constrain the use of it; or otherwise it must lie dormant as the crown veto has done in England for the last hundred years and more. And though, in reference to the treaty laws and relations of the country, the federal President and Senate are placed in a peculiar attitude, which seems in one view inconsistent with the general jurisdictional policy of the system, there are reasons that at once explain the anomaly, and show it to be harmless. The President is the organ of communication with foreign governments, and is always to be regarded as best informed of what is proper to be done with them. This explains the anomaly of his participation in the treaty-making power. And then the foreign bearing of that power places it beyond the verge of ordinary ambition, and shows his concern in it to be one from which there is consequently nothing to fear.

Territorial jurisdiction is the next relief principle that has been resorted to in the matter of an otherwise too crowded and confused central authority. It is a kind of safety-valve to the federal boiler; a thing not new in our system, but made use of in it to an extent of which there is no other known example; nor can the advantages of the principle, applied as we apply it, be easily overrated. It is undoubtedly to us a life principle. Other countries know nothing practically of its American utility. England has her shires and townships, but no larger subdivisions. And being territorially a small country, the arrangement may be adequate to her occasions, especially as her government, from its very nature, can bear, and probably requires, a more centralizing tendency of things than would be safe with us. Our policy is different. We are jealous of centralized power. "Divide and conquer," is a good military maxim. "Divide and render harmless," is a fair version of it in this connection. To the small districts common to us and England for the dispatch of small affairs, we have added *States*—a name elsewhere equivalent to *nations*—covering areas, in our case, over which national sovereigns might be proud to reign. These States, indeed, are vested with immense masses of sovereign power in the way

of local jurisdictions; superintending the minor corporations of the counties, townships, cities, villages, within their respective borders, and administering other and larger interests of untold variety that want aids beyond the ability of those corporations to furnish. With the number thirty for a multiplier, and the entire business of a State for the multiplicand, we might contrive to form an estimate of the relief afforded by all our local jurisdictions to the head government of the country. Without some regular process of inquiry the thing is inconceivable.

And let it be borne in mind, business done is an exponent of power; and in proportion as that is drawn off from the centre so is this, and with it the food that ambition feeds upon, or at least hungers after and is stimulated by. The federal government has thus a clean council-board for the transaction of its own peculiar affairs, that concern the nation at large. For petty demagogues, instead of one centre of gathering we have thirty. And these wretched creatures are near enough to the people to be seen and watched; while the more dangerous sharks of deep water can also be the better observed, even at the distance of Washington, from the circumstance that the small fry are scattered, and the monsters show at full length. At any rate, the distribution of power and business here referred to is real; and it constitutes one of the most remarkable, most characteristic, most momentous features of our general framework.

The relative *dignity* of the State governments, as compared with the Union, is an idle question, which some political idlers have occasionally mooted. A contest of pride between the human body and its members were about as reasonable.

But the difference of scope and office between the federal and state systems is too plain to go unnoticed. Let not the truth of the matter of fact be deemed an offense. The general government is in absolute terms a sovereign State; it has national power. This is no longer predicable of the local organizations. The officers of that government act for and represent the whole people of the republic; while those of the State systems serve and

represent the people of their respective States only. The laws of the two economies differ in like manner. They differ also in settled declarative rank; for the Constitution, treaties and statutes of the United States are, upon the very highest evidence, the supreme laws of the land. In which respect the laws of the States must be subordinate. Mr. Jefferson regarded the States themselves as "subordinate governments," and so called them.*

I am not in the habit of consulting this gentleman's political philosophy, but his views upon the present point are too distinctly stated in some of his letters to leave me an apology for passing them by entirely. "We should marshal our government," he says in one of these letters, "into 1st, *the general federal republic, for concerns foreign and federal*; 2d, *that of the States, for what relates to its own citizens exclusively*; 3d, *the county republics, for the duties and concerns of the counties*; and 4th, *the ward republics, for the small and yet numerous and interesting concerns of the neighborhood.*"† According to him, the question of subordination is quite unembarrassed. Let the States enjoy their powers to the uttermost; but let not their politicians be foolish on the subject.

A good deal depends upon the rule of construction to be applied to the special grants of power by which the officers of the federal economy have been endowed. Some will have it that they must be taken strictly. This, however, is a comparatively modern notion, and of party origin. The founders and their immediate successors thought otherwise. It is true, the powers not granted are retained by the people. And there needed no record of the fact to show it. But how does that affect the meaning of the actual grants? And why are these to be narrowed down to limits less than a fair liberal criticism would assign to them? Is it because the people are the grantors? Nay, but for whose benefit? Admit the people have raised the trusts of all federal officers;

have they not done it for their own advantage exclusively? And so to every beneficial purpose, they are *grantees also*. And then the supposed reason, on the one hand, for interpreting their grants with rigor, is counterbalanced by a reason of equal force on the other, for a liberal and generous construction of them, to the end that the people's *settlement thus made upon themselves*, (the language is professional but descriptive and true,) may not be disappointed. The principle is one of equitable common law. And it is the principle which ought to govern in the case. Take an instance; as whether the general government, under a power granted in broad terms for regulating commerce, can by implication set up a banking institution. A very rigid construction might bar the means, however desirable the end; whereas, a liberal one implies the power of the means for the end's sake. And so of other particulars. Ought not powers granted by the people in trust for a service of their own interests, to be made the most of that the terms of grant allow, for the advancement of those interests? Common sense answers yes. The common law answers yes. And this, in the pure virgin period of our politics, was the acknowledged rule of the government.

In a word, the government was then regarded not only as a whole with separately organized parts, but a whole of which the general and particular economies were in harmony with each other; being alike popular in design, alike entitled to respect and favor in the construction of the powers assigned to them. The days of feud in the political family of head and members, had not yet come; the days of stinting rigor towards the powers of the head, and of comparative indulgence to those of the members, were not foreseen, were not expected to come. The federal jurisdiction was indeed limited in extent, because the interior administration of the country was in great measure withheld from it; and so was the jurisdiction of the States limited, because the entirety of "foreign and federal" affairs (to use a phrase of Mr. Jefferson's) was placed beyond its reach; but neither the one jurisdiction nor the other was the less esteemed for its limit's sake, nor were these lim-

* 2 Writ. 442.

† I have lost my reference for this passage, and have not the book at hand. The words are taken from the published writings of Mr. Jefferson.

its straitened at all, on either hand, by narrow-minded jealousy or fear. Everywhere the object in view was public, popular, beneficial. Everywhere the rule of interpretation was liberalized by that object.

As, therefore, the agencies of public life were not to be *throttled*, in order to keeping them out of mischief, we may now advance a step further and inquire as to the measures actually resorted to for securing that end.

And here we approach those smaller details of the system which, however material to the plan and policy of its founders, and however anxiously adjusted by them in the first instance, have either been looked upon by later lawgivers as too insignificant for a question, when the spirit of meddling was abroad, or too clearly amiss to leave that spirit unprovoked; for they have been the chief subject of what are termed our modern constitutional reforms.

They belong mainly, it will be seen, to the state economies, (of which at the time the Union was formed there were thirteen,) and relate, first, to the character and circumstances by which it was supposed that candidates for office ought to be distinguished; secondly, to the mode of appointment deemed most likely to secure a fair result; thirdly, to the qualifications of electors where the election was popular; fourthly, to the term and tenure of office when attained; and lastly, to some further means of safety, calculated either to fortify the personal virtue and fidelity of the functionary in the execution of his trust, or to guard against evil from his misconduct in it.

Two of the primary States (Connecticut and Rhode Island) having continued to act under their colonial charter until long after the final settlement of our national polity, the evidence of what the sentiment of the country was in general, upon matters of conservative policy such as are here referred to, must be taken from the early constitutions of the other eleven.

1. I begin with the conditions of eligibility to the higher stations of the State governments as shown by that evidence.

The first regular constitution of New Hampshire, (adopted in 1783,) required that the governor, to be properly eligible as such, should be an inhabitant of seven years' standing, possessed of an estate of

£500, half freehold, and a professor of the Protestant religion; that senators (who must be thirty years of age) should also be inhabitants of seven years' standing, have freeholds of £200 value, and be of the Protestant religion; and that representatives in the lower house of the legislature, should be residents of two years' standing, have property equal to £100 in value, half freehold, and profess the same religion.

By the constitution of Massachusetts (1780) the governor was required to have a seven years' residence, and a freehold of £1000; a senator's residence must be five years at least, with a freehold of £300, or a personal estate of £600; a representative in the Assembly, with one year's residence, must have a freehold of £100, or a £200 taxable estate of some kind; and governor, senator, and representative must all make oath that they were believers in Christianity.

The constitution of New York (1777) required the governor to be of three years' residence, and "a wise and discreet freeholder;" the senators were also to be "freeholders chosen out of the body of the freeholders." Nothing special as to the other house.

In New Jersey, by the constitution of 1776, the Senate (then called "the Legislative Council") was to consist of persons who had been for one year residents, "and worth at least £1000 proclamation money;" members of Assembly with the same length of residence, must be "worth £500 proclamation money."

In Pennsylvania (1776) it was provided that members of Assembly should be men who had resided in their respective counties for two years, and that they should make oath to their belief in God's government, and in the divine authenticity of the Holy Scriptures. No similar provision as to other branches of the government, and no property qualification beyond that of having paid taxes. There was, however, to be in this State a *Council of Censors*, chosen every seven years, to inquire whether the Constitution had been violated, and whether either the legislative or executive branch of the government had been guilty of usurpation; with power also, if need be, to call a convention for reform.

By the constitution of Delaware (1776) the Senate and Assembly were to consist of freeholders, and both they and the governor (indeed, all persons admitted to public trusts) were to subscribe a profession of Christianity.

The Maryland constitution (1776) provided "that a person of wisdom, experience, and virtue, should be chosen governor," being twenty-five years of age, a resident of five years' standing, "and having within the state real and personal property above the value of £5000, whereof at least £1000 to be real estate." It provided further, that senators must be twenty-five years of age, three years resident, and possessing "real and personal property above the value of £1000; while delegates to the other house of the legislature were to be twenty-one years of age, one year resident, and with property to the amount of £500 each. There was an executive council besides of "the most sensible, discreet, and experienced men," twenty-five years old, three years resident, with freeholds of £1000 value; and all these various officers were to subscribe a declaration of Christianity.

In Virginia (1776,) the Senate were required to be "resident freeholders" of the district, and of the age of twenty-five years. The other house of the legislature must be freeholders of their respective counties.

The constitution of North Carolina (1776) admitted none to be governor till he was thirty years old, five years resident, and had a freehold of £1000 value; no one to be a senator without one year's residence and £300 freehold; nor any to be of the other house without a year's residence and £100 freehold.

In South Carolina (1778) the governor was required to be a resident of ten years' standing, to have a freehold estate of £10,000, clear of debt, and to be a Protestant Christian; his council were to be of like estate and religion, with five years' residence; senators must have freeholds of the value of £2000, with actual residence; or, if non-residents, their freeholds must be £7000, and they must also be Protestant Christians; but it was enough for representatives in the Assembly, that they should be Protestants of three years' residence.

By the constitution of Georgia (1777) the governor was to have a residence of three years, and both houses of the legislature of at least one. The members of these houses were also required to be Protestant Christians, and owners of "two hundred and fifty acres of land" each, or property of some kind "to the amount of £250."

Such were the views of the early patriots, as to the kind of men who were most likely to be fit for employments of the higher political grades. They did not think it safe to repose entirely on the unassisted discretion of the people in filling such employments. The people would of course mean well, but they might act without a proper knowledge of the persons they were voting for, or might be misled. It was therefore deemed necessary to draw a line enclosing all the ground of *prudent suffrage*, as regarded the men to be voted for, and shutting out persons of immature age and inexperience, or who had not resided long enough in their respective neighborhoods to be generally known, or were destitute of the evidence that property gives, as well of personal virtue and intelligence, as of felt interest in the country's welfare and prosperity. Governors and senators, it was considered, should be at least from twenty-five to thirty years old, and should have been for some years established in the districts where they were candidates, so that every elector might be acquainted with their merits or demerits. Nearly all the States thought it advisable that candidates for office should also give a pledge of Christian faith, to show yet farther that they were trustworthy. And in the whole extent of the Union there was but a single State (Pennsylvania) that did not insist upon the security of a *property qualification*, before they would admit an individual of any name or character into the upper provinces of the public service. For even Connecticut and Rhode Island are understood to have concurred in this rule, though under charter governments. Not that every *governor*, or every member of an *executive council*, was required in terms to be a man of property. These officers were in some cases appointed by the legislative houses; and it was then deemed sufficient to confine the express provision, as to property qualifications, to

those houses. In Pennsylvania, the profession of Christianity, with the Board of Censors, seems to have been taken as a substitute for everything else.

2. Concerning the *patronage* of State appointments, there has been from the first no difference of opinion in the country with regard to *legislative agents*. They have always been appointed by popular election. As to *executive agents*, (in the political department as distinguished from that of the courts,) there has not been the same unanimity; but in early times the appointment was for the most part devolved upon the legislative houses. This was done in New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Delaware, Maryland, and several other States, under the primary constitutions. Which is the better way, so far as regards the well filling of the executive chair, is perhaps doubtful; but the people may think it a point of liberty to choose their own chief magistrate, as well as their law-makers, and no serious objection seems to be in the way.

Next in order are the judges. Who shall appoint them? The early constitutions say, not the people, but the more prominent ministers of the political government whom the people elect, that is, the governor and senate, or the two legislative houses, with or without the governor's concurrence. In New Hampshire the two houses did it under the first organizing act of 1776, and the governor and council under the constitution of 1783. In Massachusetts it was done by the governor, "by and with the advice and consent" of the executive council. In New York there was a special council of four senators, for the sole purpose of exercising the appointing power, and judicial appointments were made by the governor, "by and with their advice and consent." In New Jersey the two houses chose the judges; in Pennsylvania, the governor and council; in Delaware, the governor and assembly; in Maryland, the governor and council; in Virginia, the two houses on joint ballot; in North Carolina, the same; in South Carolina, the same; in Georgia, as I apprehend, (though the constitution is not explicit,) the same.

Thus the notion of an election of judges by the people was unheard of. Judicial qualifications were peculiar. The people

could form no just conception of them. At the same time the judicial office was not political in the vulgar sense of the term, and there was nothing to fear from it in the way of political mischief. Sufficient reasons, one would think, for placing so important a trust of patronage in the hands best capable of discharging it well.

In like manner the great mass of inferior civil offices were also left by the people to be filled by persons in the government, more competent to the duty than themselves.* Attorneys general, solicitors general, surveyors general, secretaries, treasurers, controllers, surrogates, justices of the peace, sheriffs, coroners, and a fry of others, all had their appointments at second-hand, from public agents of the people. It saved the people trouble, and it promoted their interests, without a particle of danger to liberty in any quarter. At any rate, such was the policy of those times. Indeed, not only civil functionaries were appointed in this manner, but general and field officers of militia likewise.

The truth is, liberty has no concern in the matter, beyond the choice of the two legislative houses. To control the head is to control the body. Enough for the people at all events, to have both the legislature and the chief executive directly dependent on their votes.

3. But who of the great popular mass were to be personally the electors of the chief magistrate and the legislature? for all could not be indiscriminately admitted to that perilous function. Some were insane, and some were desperately wicked; some would sell their votes, and some their country, if they could. Voting is an intelligent act, or ought to be; and it is a most responsible moral act. Observe, it is of no value by itself to the performer. It gives him no pleasure; is not of the nature of property; labor cannot take it for wages; hunger cannot feed upon it; wealth cannot lay it up in store-

* "En Virginie," says an old writer in a book of "Researches" that lately fell under my observation, "le peuple ne s'est pas réservé d'autre election que celle du corps législatif; car il est persuadé, et je crois avec raison, que la masse des habitants d'un grand état ne peut connaître le mérite particulier des personnes les plus propres à remplir les fonctions des différentes charges."

houses for future use. It is a naked act, which nothing but a constitution of government can put in any man's power, and of which the power cannot even come from thence but upon a *trust* that does not permit it to rest in the receiver as his own. He is, therefore, a *trusted agent* in the whole matter. He fills an *office*, which his country honors him with, not for his benefit in particular, but for hers in general. So that *claims* to the franchise are quite out of the question. And the pretense, so often and so childishy uttered during the progress of our history, that such and such a man was *entitled* to be a voter, or that he *ought in justice* to be one, though not *legally* qualified, is strangely futile.

Well, then, the fathers had a right to do as in their judgment the well-being of the country required. And acting on this principle, they gave the franchise of the polls, not to everybody, nor to the half, or even a fourth part, of the popular multitude, but only to persons answering a particular description, which it was hoped might include the best informed and most virtuous and independent portion of society, while it would shut out persons of a less enlightened or less reliable character.

There was some vanity in the arrangements of the different States upon the subject. They were uniform in principle, however, with not more than one exception that I know of, in a point of consequence. The age of competency for voting was fixed at twenty-one years. Not that younger persons might not often be possessed of the requisite knowledge and judgment for the purpose, but because the majority of minors would not be likely to possess them, and a general rule was necessary. The condition of a short local residence was imposed, say from six to twelve months. Not that persons from beyond the county line would in all cases be deficient in intelligence and trustworthiness for the duty, but because it was thought best in general that they should know and be known in the neighborhood. And what is more remarkable, there was a further condition added, to the effect that every elector must have *a stake in the country* (and for the most part it must lie within

the county where he used his privilege) *in the shape of property*. Generally speaking, this stake must be a freehold, though the alternation of personal estate was deemed admissible in some places. With the single exception, I believe, of Pennsylvania, the whole Union was of one mind as to this characteristic circumstance, of holding a *property qualification* indispensable. Even Rhode Island and Connecticut, under their colonial charters, concurred in it. The amounts specified were different in different places, and each State had its own form of words to express the intent. I have not the New Hampshire constitution of 1783 now before me. In Massachusetts, the rule was, "a freehold estate within the commonwealth, of the annual income of three pounds, or any estate of the value of sixty pounds." In New York, it was "a freehold of the value of twenty pounds within the county," or a leasehold "of the yearly value of forty shillings," provided the voter should also "have been rated and actually paid taxes to the State." In New Jersey, "fifty pounds proclamation money" was to be the measure of competency. In Pennsylvania, to have paid taxes was enough, "provided always that the *sons of freeholders* should be allowed to vote, although they had not paid taxes." This was shaving close. By the constitution of Maryland it was declared, "that every man having property in, a common interest with, and attachment to, the community, ought to have a right of suffrage;" which right was thereupon given to actual residents, "having freeholds of five acres of land" in their respective counties, or possessing "property in the state above the value of thirty pounds," connected with a county residence "of one whole year next preceding the election" in which they might claim a suffrage. Virginia is understood to have agreed in practice with the other States, but the constitution merely says the right of suffrage is "to remain as at present," and I have not found the law containing the particulars. In North Carolina, the vote for senators depended on "a freehold of fifty acres of land," while as to members of the other house no similar rule existed. In South Carolina, "every

free white man, who acknowledged the being of a God, and believed in a future state of rewards and punishments," and who also "had a freehold of at least fifty acres of land, or a town lot, and had been been legally seised and possessed of the same for six months previous to the election" when he claimed his franchise, "or had paid a tax the preceding year, or was taxable the present year, at least six months previous to such election, in a sum equal to the tax on fifty acres of land," was held a duly qualified elector. And in Georgia, a man was such an elector, who was of lawful age and had resided six months in the State, provided he was "possessed, in his own right, of ten pounds value, and liable to pay tax in the State, or was of any mechanic trade." Such are all the facts of the case in this aspect of it.

Not only therefore was it deemed expedient to have men of property to represent the people of the States in their local governments, but even the electoral franchise was regarded unsafe in the hands of any but citizens of some little substance. And though the rule of looking to property qualifications for the safe vesting of this franchise, must of course have often shut out wise and meritorious persons from the trust it involved, that evil was supposed to be doubly compensated by the concurrent good, of excluding a much greater number of dependent, vagrant, profligate individuals along with them. So at any rate the fathers judged; and the matter was all important. Beyond a question, the character of our electorships is vital to the country's hopes. There may be other things that are thus vital; this is not the less so. Few communities upon earth are capable of self-government. Why? Because they have not the *material* for sound electorships. The grand secret lies here. And will it be doubted that there was in the early population of this country a very considerable mixture of corrupt ingredients? or that electoral corruption was as dangerous in America as elsewhere? What alternative then but to vest the sovereignty of the polls in the hands of the better sort if possible? I stay not now to vindicate the means employed for the purpose; but was not the purpose right? Nay more, was not the means, however

unreasonable in the eyes of later politicians, effectual to a good degree in matter of historical fact?

4. The *terms and tenures* of official life, as settled by the first lawgivers, come next before us. It will be sufficient for the object in view, to consider the subject in the three instances of governors, senators, and judges. Members of the lower house of the legislature hold almost universally for a single year only.

By the first regular constitution of New-Hampshire, the governor and senate were to be chosen annually, but judges were to hold their offices "during good behavior." In Massachusetts, just the same. In New York, the governor's term was fixed at three years, that of senators at four, and the judicial tenure was by good behavior, determinable at the age of sixty years. In New Jersey, the governor and senate were to be annually chosen, and the term of the judges was to seven years. In Pennsylvania, the governor's term was one year, senators were to hold for three years, and judges for seven. In Delaware, the governor's term was three years, that of senators three, and that of the judges during good behavior. In Maryland, the governor held for one year only, senators for five, and judges (as also the attorney general) during good behavior. In Virginia, the governor was chosen for three years, the senate for one, and judges held for life or good behavior. In North Carolina, the terms of the governor and senators were one year only, those of the judges during good behavior. In South Carolina, the governor and both houses of the legislature were appointed biennially, the judges during good behavior. By the Georgia constitution, the governor and senate were to hold for one year, but the tenure of the judicial office was not specified in that instrument. In brief, three governors held for three years each, one for two, and the rest for one; there was one senatorial term of five years, one of four, two of three, one of two, and six of but one; and of the eleven regularly formed States, eight put their judges upon a tenure of good behavior, two gave them terms of seven years, and as to the remaining one, the constitution is inexplicit. So that we may fairly say the sentiment of the country was divided between one and

three years as regarded the proper term for a chief magistrate, between one and five years for the senatorial office, while in reference to judges it was nearly unanimous in favor of life terms, with a tenure of good behavior.

5. There is scarce room for further particulars of the conservative policy of the fathers, in regard to public power and the dangers attending it. I will barely touch upon a few.

And first, *religion*—the pure principles of evangelical Christianity; of which near all the primary States made striking recognition, and even insisted upon it, as a condition of eligibility to office, that their servants in political life should do the same. The people required that evidence, along with others, that the men they voted for were honest and would be faithful. Massachusetts, Pennsylvania, Delaware, Maryland, North Carolina, South Carolina, and Georgia, seven States of the regularly constituted eleven, were imperative in this, and others went close to the mark. Sects and establishments were out of the question. Christianity in general, the religion of the country's *morals*, was the thing they wanted. The only doubt is, whether it was possible to make sure of the object in that way.

Again, it was specially inserted in numbers of those early constitutions, that persons selected to administer the government, must be "*wise, virtuous, discreet*" men, "*men of experience*," the best that could be found. The same object was in view here as before. And two things are, I think, implied: one, that of all safeguards against abuse, the solid worth of those who were to have the power of committing it, was most to be relied on; the other, that in taking such pains to bring men of great personal fitness and competency into public life, it was intended that they should use the power of their stations according to their own judgment and discretion, undisturbed from any quarter. Persons of such eminent qualities could not be wanted for *electoral tools*.

Thirdly, various oaths were also required to be taken by the officers of government; especially, an oath of fidelity and an oath of allegiance to the State. To which in some cases was added, an oath of abjuration, not only as to Great Britain, but as

to "*every other foreign power whatsoever, political or ecclesiastical*."

I remark further, as not undeserving of notice, the negative fact that *written bills of rights* were not as common once as they are now. Massachusetts, Pennsylvania, Delaware, Maryland, and North Carolina (five out of thirteen) had them; the other eight had them not, and yet contrived to get on as well as their neighbors, and to keep as clear probably of all manner of oppression.

I mention also, in this connection, that momentous subject, *the common law*, the largest, most enduring, best bill of rights, that can possibly be imagined. It is the largest, because including all the rights that ever were enumerated in a written document, and a great many more; the most enduring, because incorporated with the intelligent moral sense of the people, and so living in their spiritual life; the best, because the best known, the most available, the truest to nature, and the readiest in practice. Would to heaven the people felt as they ought, the importance of the common law to their great interest, their liberty. Numbers of the primary constitutions put in strong language the right of all men to enjoy forever this portion of their civil economy. There were no prejudices against it in those days. On the contrary, it and liberty were regarded as twin beings; born together, bred together, and holding on their way together, in indissoluble fraternity.

One other particular shall close the list. The *amending of constitutions* has become a vast business in our time. The fathers neither intended nor foresaw this. As to *conventions* for the purpose, only three of the States, Massachusetts, Pennsylvania, and Georgia, hinted at such a thing. Massachusetts, making a new experiment in the art of policy, thought prudent to say, "that the General Court which should be in A. D. 1795, should issue precepts" for taking the sense of the people "on the necessity or expediency of revising the constitution." And "if it should appear that *two-thirds of the qualified voters* throughout the State were in favor of such revision," a convention might be called. In Pennsylvania, the strange topic of the *Council of Censors* seems to have suggested the thought of placing an equally

strange power in their hands; and they were thereupon authorized to call a convention, "if there should appear to them *an absolute necessity* of amending any article of the constitution, explaining such as might be thought not clearly expressed, or adding such as were necessary for the preservation of the rights and happiness of the people." The language of the Georgia constitution was to the purpose that *no change* should be made therein, "without *petitions from a majority of the counties*, the petition from each county to be signed *by a majority of the voters*." When all this should be done, a convention might be called.

Let these three cases go for what they are worth; and now for three more in a different style.

The constitution of Delaware, after declaring that certain specified parts of it "ought never to be violated," (meaning *altered*,) "on any pretense whatever," added as follows: "No other part of this constitution shall be altered, changed, or diminished, without the consent of *five parts in seven* of the Assembly, and *seven members* of the Legislative Council." In Maryland, it was decreed that there should be no change of the constitution, "unless a bill" for the purpose "should pass the General Assembly, and be published at least three months before a new election, and should be confirmed by the General Assembly after a new election of delegates, in the first session after such new election." In South Carolina, it was resolved "that no part of the constitution should be altered without a notice of ninety days being previously given; nor should any part of it be changed without the consent of a majority of the members of the Senate and House of Representatives."

Let these also go for what they are worth.

The eight remaining States have left us no record of what they thought upon the subject. I infer that, in their opinion, the less there was said about it the better. Such was doubtless the general tone of the public mind. There had been enough of revolution to make rest desirable; enough of confusion and trouble to endear the prospect of repose.

Such were the States at first. And now

for a glance at their union, with reference to the period of its formation.

At that period, the Mississippi was our western boundary; the British provinces lay adjacent to us on the north, the Atlantic on the east, and we fell far short of the Gulf of Mexico on the south. So that as to territorial extent, the relation of a single State to the Union was according to the ratio of its own area to the contents of this outline. And I hold it demonstrable that, in fair construction, such relation *was to be permanent*. There was no power vested anywhere to alter it—an all-important truth, if truth it be; and I shall not forget to speak of it hereafter, when I have more room and time.

There were other relations springing out of that. Relative *consequence* was one. The States could not be enlarged. If, then, the Union might be, and this at the pleasure of its government, what was to protect the individual States from sinking, by and by, to comparative insignificance, while federal power would be growing to excess at their cost?

On the other hand, this power was in some respects dependent on State action. The personal organization of the federal system was placed completely at the mercy of the States in the matter of electorships. Had it been foreseen that the conservative views and measures of the early patriots, in this respect, were soon to be abandoned, and universal suffrage introduced, it is not unlikely that precautions might have been taken to preserve that system in some measure from the consequences. But as things now stand, the State electorships determine everything. The head and members are in one boat, and the members have the helm.

In regard to patronage, the Union government was formed upon nearly one model with the primary States. The chief executive and lower house of Congress were to be elected by the people, and the Senate by the State legislatures. Most other officers were to be appointed by the President and Senate. So that the influence growing out of the patronage of appointments was fairly distributed between the federal and State governments, each taking share according to the extent and character of its dominion.

The tenure of the judicial office, as it

affects the general standing and reputation of the bench, affects also, incidentally, the consideration in which the State itself is held. And in this respect, again, the uniformity of the federal and State constitutions brought the national and local governments into circumstances of sympathy and common advantage.

In short, except the question of the right of the head government to aggrandize itself by territorial acquisitions from

abroad, I do not see that there was anything in its structure calculated to work injuriously or unharmoniously upon the welfare of the States, as such. And although that question has had practice to give it countenance, I hope to show that it has countenance from nothing in the Constitution, so that the harmony of the federal and State systems was at first complete.

SONNET.

The weary sun his parting ray hath shed.
 Stealthy and still the dews of twilight fall
 On blossomed shrub, and tree, and flowery bed,
 That yield their odors to the silent call.
 The field-flowers shut their soft, submissive leaves;
 Trembling, in tears, they hang the heavy head,
 While up the balmy breath of incense heaves,
 Along the affluent air luxurious spread.
 So, when the sun of hope hath sunken low,
 And drooping life of grief oppressive tells,
 All outward beauty bowed with weight of woe,
 Inly, a stronger aspiration swells.
 Where night and tears and heaviness have been,
 Rise richer odors from the soul within.

KAVANAGH.*

THE custom of announcing a book long before its appearance, is better for the publisher than for the author. It forwards the sale of a popular writer's book, but is often detrimental to its success, since when disappointment ensues, it is apt to be in near proportion to the over-excited anticipation.

Of Mr. Longfellow's former prose works, "*Outre Mer*" was the most extensively circulated and read. The Romance of "*Hyperion*," if not a failure, at least sufficiently testified that in such attempts he is less felicitous than in his vocation of poet. The appearance of "*Kavanagh*," nevertheless, was anticipated with pleasure.

Although its construction is meagre, the narrative has a pleasant easy motion, and carries one along like a low hung vehicle, without fatigue, as without the exhilaration of more active exercise. We pursue our journey through an agreeable country, with attractive scenery round about, but feel no eagerness to arrive at its conclusion, and would not unwillingly rest at any point by the way, for variety's sake.

The story has no plot, and little action or arrangement, but its character is marked by elevation of sentiment, and the author has a fine artist-like method of placing graphically before us whatever object or group he may have in hand. The style exhibits all his accustomed elegance; the diction is tasteful and appropriate. There is scarcely a page that is not redeemed from insipidity by some description grotesque or poetical—some suggestive thought, or truthful exemplification of character and life; but scarcely an instance occurs of deeply moving expression, and but one incident of a stirring and passionate nature.

There are few touches of the dramatic, and the stream of narration runs ever

smoothly and monotonously. The whole is strongly imitative. Richter, Dickens, and Lamartine are, by turns, brought to our remembrance; the former being evidently the master, and Quintus Fixlein the favorite model.

Like Richter, our author would express beauty and sublimity, poetry and morality, from the common elements of life; but turning up the soil he presents its loose aspect without reaching the deeper object of his need. He cannot, with a falcon swoop, having perceived the gem from afar, lift it from the surrounding rubbish, but with considerable bustle scratches about him, sometimes mistaking broken glass for diamonds.

Nor does he, like Richter, present in immediate strong contrast the grotesque with the pathetic. The pathetic, on the contrary, is rarely approached and never reached. Instead of feeling, as in reading Richter, that the fountain of tears and that of laughter are near each other, we lose the sense of both in a sort of wonder at the odd, inconsistent way in which the humorous and the sentimental are occasionally mixed up; and are forcibly reminded that only by the master's hand can the golden key that "unlocks the gates of joy," be made to open also "the fount of sympathetic tears."

The imitation of the great German novelist is in manner rather than in spirit. It is the resemblance we acquire from those with whom we intimately associate; not that of family relationship.

The natural and common-place incidents of the story, have a cold, damp atmosphere about them, instead of that golden sunlight which Richter would have poured over them, and there is little indication of that penetrating genius which saw and condensed into one comprehensive sentence the whole perfect theory of novel writing.

* *Kavanagh: A Tale.* By Henry Wadsworth Longfellow. Boston: Ticknor, Reed & Fields.

"As it is but a few clear Lady-days, warm May-day nights, at the most a few odorous Rose weeks which I am digging from this Fixleinic life, embedded in the dross of week-day cares; and as if they were so many veins of silver, am separating, stamping, smelting, and burnishing for the reader, I must now travel on with the stream," &c.—RICHTER.

The following reminds us of Dickens:

"On the following morning, very early, as the school-master stood at his door, inhaling the bright, wholesome air, and beholding the shadows of the rising sun, and the flashing dew-drops on the red vine-leaves, he heard the sound of wheels, and saw Mr. Pendexter and his wife drive down the village street in their old-fashioned chaise, known by all the boys in town as 'the ark.' The old white horse, that for so many years had stamped at funerals, and gnawed the tops of so many posts, and imagined he killed so many flies because he wagged the stump of a tail, and, finally, had been the cause of so much discord in the parish, seemed now to make common cause with his master, and stepped as if endeavoring to shake the dust from his feet as he passed out of the ungrateful village. Under the axle-tree hung suspended a leather trunk; and in the chaise, between the two occupants, was a large bandbox, which forced Mr. Pendexter to let his legs hang out of the vehicle, and gave him the air of imitating the scriptural behavior of his horse. Gravely and from a distance he saluted the school-master, who saluted him in return, with a tear in his eye, that no man saw, but which, nevertheless, was not unseen."

But how mawkishly sentimental is that which follows, connected as it evidently is, for the purpose of introducing along with it the emblem of the serpent, so perfectly Richterean:

"'Farewell, poor old man!' said the school-master within himself, as he shut out the cold autumnal air, and entered his comfortable study. 'We are not worthy of thee, or we should have had thee with us forever. Go back again to the place of thy childhood, the scene of thine early labors and thine early love; let thy days end where they began, and like the emblem of eternity, let the serpent of life coil itself round and take its tail into its mouth, and be still from all its hissings for evermore! I would not call thee back; for it is better thou shouldst be where thou art, than amid the angry contentions of this little town.'"

Mr. Longfellow's sentiment is usually delicate and rich with thought, but he gives us always sentiment, and seems afraid to attempt the pathetic, as if distrustful (probably with good reason) of his ability to reach the profounder depths of feeling.

Where Dickens would either plunge in at once, or, just as we are expecting him to do so, start off into some ridiculous attitude, playing antics at the very verge, Mr. Longfellow coolly takes an easier position, and produces a picture in which he uses a good deal of prussian blue, and very little carmine, and exhibits a general preference to cool, transparent, rather than to warm body colors.

"Kavanagh" is pleasant summer reading, but of a winter night one would ask a little more of the glow and fire of genius. It is a sort of prose pastoral, and it is therein perhaps excusable, that, particularly in describing scenery, our author's prose runs occasionally into harmonies so like his verse, that in certain instances the rhyming termination alone is wanting to complete the resemblance. In one short sentence we find the following: "The singing of the great wood fires," "The blowing of the winds," "The splendor of the spotless snow," "The sea-suggesting pines."

The following has all the harmony as well as the delicate imagination of the poet:

"The brown Autumn came. It brought the wild duck back to the reedy marshes of the South; it brought the wild song back to the fervid brain of the poet. Without, the village street was paved with gold; the river ran red with the reflection of the leaves. Within the faces of friends brightened the gloomy walls; the returning footsteps of the long absent, gladdened the threshold; and all the sweet amenities of life again resumed their interrupted reign."

Kavanagh has singleness of design, and as a whole, possesses a marked, though not a very elevated character. Its purpose is to represent a country village of the present day; a petty world within itself, affording in its diversity of character and incident all the contrasts, the vicissitudes, the passions, and the variety of good and evil that chequer life in wider theatres of action.

In the scenery, the subordinate personages, and minor incidents, our author has been eminently successful, but less so, though not wholly otherwise, in the attempt to show how, in the same situation, and under the same outward influences, a man of cultivated tastes and literary habits may, by submerging the practical in the ideal, lose all hold upon what is tangible, and fritter away life in dreams, or, on the contrary, by converting the ideal to the uses of reality, develop the true purpose of his existence and keep a life-hold upon its action.

It is time we should give the reader an outline of the story. Though Kavanagh is the ostensible hero, Churchill, the village school-master, is really the predominant character. We might not improperly consider them as twin heroes—not in the ancient signification truly, but by the complaisance of novel technicality. They possess little individuality, and reversed circumstances might have fitted either to sit for the portrait of the other. They are both sentimental, both pedantic; and we never lose sight of them. Like Castor and Pollux, when one is not endeavoring to shine, the other is always sure to display his light.

Kavanagh is a young man educated in the Roman Catholic faith. His early life, passed near the sea-coast of Maine, is thus described :

"In these solitudes, in this faith, was Kavanagh born, and grew to childhood a feeble, delicate boy, watched over by a grave and taciturn father, and a mother who looked upon him with infinite tenderness, as upon a treasure she should not long retain. She walked with him by the sea-side, and spake to him of God, and the mysterious majesty of the ocean, with its tides and tempests. She sat with him on the carpet of golden threads beneath the aromatic pines, and, as a perpetual melancholy sound ran along the rattling boughs, his soul seemed to rise and fall, with a motion and a whisper like those in the branches over him. She taught him his letters from the *Lives of the Saints*—a volume full of wondrous legends, and illustrated with engravings from pictures by the old masters, which opened to him at once the world of spirits and the world of art; and both were beautiful. She explained to him the pictures; she read to him the legends—the lives of holy men and women, full of faith and good works—things which ever afterwards remained associated together in his mind. Thus holiness

of life, and self-renunciation, and devotion to duty, were early impressed upon his soul. To his quick imagination, the spiritual world became real; the holy company of the saints stood round about the solitary boy; his guardian angels led him by the hand by day, and sat by his pillow at night. At times, even, he wished to die, that he might see them and talk with them, and return no more to his weak and weary body."

He is sent to the Jesuit college in Canada, where he is distinguished, and whence he finally returns to receive the dying blessing of his mother. The study of ecclesiastical history awakens in him a passionate desire for truth and freedom; and "by slow degrees" he becomes a Protestant. These details, especially in the intercourse with his mother, and the development of his character under the influence of her affection, reminds us of "*Les Confidences*;" but our author is wholly free from the vain, self-glorifying air, which in Lamartine continually checks the flow of our sympathies.

Kavanagh is settled over the church of Fairmeadow, which has recently dismissed its aged pastor, on the usual pretenses for this fashionable kind of divorce, one of which, neither the greatest nor the least in importance, was, that the reverend gentleman insisted upon pasturing his horse in the parish fields. The new clergyman is faithful to his calling, and enters with alacrity upon his clerical duties.

"He worked assiduously at his sermons. He preached the doctrines of Christ. He preached holiness, self-denial, love. He did not so much denounce vice, as inculcate virtue; he did not deny, but affirm; he did not lacerate the hearts of his hearers with doubt and disbelief, but consoled, and comforted, and healed them with faith.

"The only danger was that he might advance too far, and leave his congregation behind him; as a piping shepherd, who, charmed with his own music, walks over the flowery mead, not perceiving that his tardy flock is lingering far behind, more intent upon cropping the thymy food around them, than upon listening to the celestial harmonies that are gradually dying away in the distance."

"In affairs ecclesiastical he had not suggested many changes. One that he had much at heart was, that the partition wall between parish and church should be quietly taken down, so that all should sit together at the

Supper of the Lord. He also desired that the organist should relinquish the old and pernicious habit of preluding with triumphal marches, and running his fingers at random over the keys of his instrument, playing scraps of secular music very slowly to make them sacred, and substitute instead some of the beautiful symphonies of Pergolesi, Palestrina, and Sebastian Bach.

"He held that sacred melodies were becoming to sacred themes; and did not wish, that, in his church, as in some of the French Canadian churches, the holy profession of religion should be sung to the air of 'When one is dead 'tis for a long time'—the commandments, aspirations for heaven, and the necessity of thinking of one's salvation, to 'The Follies of Spain,' 'Louisa was sleeping in a grove,' or a grand 'March of the French Cavalry.'"

He soon became popular, especially with the ladies, one of whom declared on his first appearance that he was "not a man, but a Thaddeus of Warsaw." Alice Archer, a thoughtful, silent, susceptible girl, whose dark eyes, fixed upon him "with unflagging interest and attention," cheered and consoled him through the discouragements of his first discourse, becomes enamored of his eloquence and of himself. The first suggestions of her passion are delicately introduced in a conversation with her friend, Cecilia Vaughan.

"'I have just been writing to you,' said Alice; 'I wanted so much to see you this morning!'"

"'Why this morning in particular? Has any thing happened?'"

"'Nothing, only I had such a longing to see you!'"

"And, seating herself in a low chair by Cecilia's side, she laid her head upon the shoulder of her friend, who, taking one of her pale, thin hands in both her own, silently kissed her forehead again and again.

"Alice was not aware, that, in the words she uttered, there was the slightest shadow of untruth. And yet had nothing happened? Was it nothing, that among her thoughts a new thought had risen, like a star, whose pale effulgence, mingled with the common daylight, was not yet distinctly visible even to herself, but would grow brighter as the sun grew lower, and the rosy twilight darker? Was it nothing, that a new fountain of affection had suddenly sprung up within her, which she mistook for the freshening and overflowing of the old fountain of friendship, that hitherto had kept the lowland landscape of her life so green, but now, being flooded by more affection, was not

to cease, but only to disappear in the greater tide, and flow unseen beneath it? Yet so it was; and this stronger yearning—this unappeasable desire for her friend—was only the tumultuous swelling of a heart, that as yet knows not its own secret."

Another young lady more actively and consciously unfolds the flower of her affections. Miss Amelia Hawkins becomes suddenly captivating and devout; and takes interest in Sabbath-schools, as well as in a portrait for which the young clergyman submits to sit at the request of his parishioners. The portrait is described with humor:

"The parish showed their grateful acknowledgment of his zeal and sympathy, by requesting him to sit for his portrait to a great artist from the city, who was passing the summer months in the village for recreation, using his pencil only on rarest occasions and as a particular favor. To this martyrdom the meek Kavanagh submitted without a murmur. During the progress of this work of art, he was seldom left alone; some one of his parishioners was there to enliven him; and most frequently it was Miss Martha Amelia Hawkins. * * * She took a very lively interest in the portrait, and favored with many suggestions the distinguished artist, who found it difficult to obtain an expression which would satisfy the parish, some wishing to have it grave, if not severe, and others with "Mr. Kavanagh's peculiar smile." Kavanagh himself was quite indifferent about the matter, and met his fate with Christian fortitude, in a white cravat and sacerdotal robes, with one hand hanging down from the back of his chair, and the other holding a large book, with the fore-finger between its leaves, reminding Mr. Churchill of Milo with his fingers in the oak. The expression of the face was exceedingly bland and resigned; perhaps a little wanting in strength, but on the whole satisfactory to the parish. So was the artist's price; nay, it was even held by some persons to be cheap, considering the quantity of background he had put in."

The following is equally felicitous:

"Mr. Churchill, also, had had his profile, and those of his wife and children, taken, in a very humble style, by Mr. Bantam, whose advertisement he had noticed on his way to school nearly a year before. His own was considered the best, as a work of art. The face was cut out entirely; the collar of the coat velvet; the shirt-collar very high and white; and the top of his head ornamented with a crest of hair turning up in front, though his own turned down—which slight deviation from nature was

explained and justified by the painter as a license allowable in art."

Ignorant of the timid but deep-seated love of Alice, and annoyed by the vulgar assiduities of Miss Hawkins, Kavanagh bestows his affections on the beautiful Cecilia Vaughan; and after a short and not very romantic wooing, they are united and go to Italy.

Churchill, meanwhile, with his cheerful, blue-eyed wife, moves on the even tenor of his way, which is unbroken by a single incident, except the absconding and subsequent death of their pretty serving-maid, Lucy; who, after eloping with "The Briareus of boots," returns "forlorn and forsaken," wishes she were only a Christian that she might destroy her life, and shortly afterward, under the exciting influences of a Millerite camp-meeting, drowns herself in the river. It is the only impressive incident that occurs, and is alluded to with just sufficient detail and remark to produce the strongest effect.

"Kavanagh and Mr. Churchill took a stroll together across the fields, and down green lanes, walking all the bright, brief afternoon. From the summit of the hill, beside the old windmill, they saw the sun set; and, opposite, the full moon rise, dewy, large, and red. As they descended, they felt the heavy dampness of the air, like water, rising to meet them—bathing with coolness first their feet, then their hands, then their faces, till they were submerged in that sea of dew. As they skirted the woodland on their homeward way, trampling the golden leaves under foot, they heard voices at a distance, singing; and then saw the lights of the camp-meeting gleaming through the trees, and, drawing nearer, distinguished a portion of the hymn:

'Don't you hear the Lord a-coming
To the old church-yards,
With a band of music,
With a band of music,
With a band of music,
Sounding through the air?'

"These words, at once awful and ludicrous, rose on the still twilight air from a hundred voices, thrilling with emotion, and from as many beating, fluttering, struggling hearts. High above them all was heard one voice, clear and musical as a clarion.

"I know that voice," said Mr. Churchill; "it is Elder Evans's."

"Ah!" exclaimed Kavanagh—for only the impression of awe was upon him—he never

acted in a deeper tragedy than this! How terrible it is! Let us pass on."

"They hurried away, Kavanagh trembling in every fibre. Silently they walked, the music fading into softest vibrations behind them.

"How strange is this fanaticism!" at length said Mr. Churchill, rather as a relief to his own thoughts, than for the purpose of reviving the conversation. "These people really believe that the end of the world is close at hand."

"And to thousands," answered Kavanagh, "this is no fiction—no illusion of an overheated imagination. To-day, to-morrow, every day, to thousands, the end of the world is close at hand. And why should we fear it? We walk here, as it were, in the crypts of life; at times, from the great cathedral above us, we can hear the organ and the chanting of the choir; we see the light stream through the open door, when some friend goes up before us; and shall we fear to mount the narrow staircase of the grave, that leads us out of this uncertain twilight into the serene mansions of the life eternal?"

"They reached the wooden bridge over the river, which the moonlight converted into a river of light. Their footsteps sounded on the planks; they passed without perceiving a female figure that stood in the shadow below on the brink of the stream, watching wistfully the flow of the current. It was Lucy! Her bonnet and shawl were lying at her feet; and when they had passed, she waded far out into the shallow stream, laid herself gently down in its deeper waves, and floated slowly away into the moonlight, among the golden leaves that were faded and fallen like herself—among the water-lilies, whose fragrant white blossoms had been broken off and polluted long ago. Without a struggle, without a sigh, without a sound, she floated downward, downward; and silently sank into the silent river. Far off, faint, and indistinct, was heard the startling hymn, with its wild and peculiar melody:

'O, there will be mourning, mourning, mourning,
mourning—
O, there will be mourning, at the judgment-seat
of Christ!'

This beautiful passage is like that in which Evangeline unknowingly passes her lover on the Mississippi. The unaccounted sadness that comes over Kavanagh and his friend, as they pass the wooden bridge, is like the spirit-presence of Gabriel on the heart of that wandering maiden; and the one as strikingly illustrates our often unconscious nearness to calamity and death, as in the other we see how the objects of most ardent aspirations sometimes approach so as to be grasped, had

we but a distincter sense of their proximity.

After three years' absence, Kavanagh and Cecilia return to Fairmeadow, which, by the addition of a railroad, had grown, according to some of the ladies, "quite metropolitan," and was thought "likely soon to become a sea-port," having already "grown from a simple village to a very precocious town." Kavanagh, wandering about, the morning after his return, finds not the Fairmeadow of his memory: his first familiar recognition is of Miss Manchester, on a ladder, painting her own cottage.

"Go away!" she said, flourishing her brush. "Go away! What are you coming down here for, when I am on the ladder, painting my house? If you don't go right about your business, I will come down and——"

"Why, Miss Manchester!" exclaimed Kavanagh, "how could I know that you would be going up the ladder just as I came down the lane?"

"Well, I declare! if it is not Mr. Kavanagh!"

"And she scrambled down the ladder backwards with as much grace as the circumstances permitted. She, too, like the rest of his friends in the village, showed symptoms of growing older. The passing years had drunk a portion of the light from her eyes, and left their traces on her cheeks, as birds that drink at lakes leave their foot-prints on the margin."

Churchill is found still brooding over his long-cherished, darling contemplation, his still unwritten romance. It is on the character of Churchill that our author has expended his strongest effort. He is a man of a naturally powerful and expansive intellect, constantly obstructed by the actual in search of the sublime. A man of feeble passions, possessing no ambition, unless it be a vague sort of literary ambition, he moves in a kind of trance, and, always procrastinating, passes his life with scarcely an effort at accomplishing its dearest hope. The Monday morning that calls him from his day-dreams to his duties, is "a dark hand placed between him and the light," and he is thrown from his equanimity by the appearance of a butcher's cart at his door. Utterly deficient in humor, he has therefore no tolerance of the little practical items of daily life, and exaggerates trivial and ridiculous annoy-

ances into serious misfortunes. The basis of his character is weakness; he is too amiable to resist, too inefficient to perform. The scope of his intellect is narrowed by the exclusiveness with which he cherishes one darling aspiration; and his whole character becomes "sicklied o'er" by his "pale cast of thought." Beneath the actual life he bends as with a burthen, stumbling as he goes; while in the world of imagination he walks erect with his head in the clouds, and half blinded by their vapor. Such a man has no station, no identity; he is shadowy, and makes no lasting impression. Our author compares him to the sea, "that plays with the pebbles on its beach; but under the inspiration of the wind might lift great navies on its outstretched palms, and toss them into the air as playthings." Beyond this assertion, we have no evidence of such power to play with mighty things; and, far from playing with the pebbles of life, he continually frets himself against them, and magnifies them into great rocks.

The delineation of Cecilia Vaughan, if less elaborated, is scarcely less unreal. Here the character and the situation are not in keeping. No such girls are found in a New England village. In no such village could Miss Vaughan, there born and bred, have preserved that aristocratic exclusiveness which limited her acquaintance to Alice Archer, and held her at such awful, unapproachable distance above the unfortunate aspirations of Mr. Adolphus Hawkings.

Alice Archer is more true to nature. Her early love, crossed by that of her friend, and ending in death, constitutes the romance proper of the tale; but her death, instead of being reserved for the dénouement, occurring as it does in the middle of the book, and at a time when other interests are paramount, the little sympathy which her ill-fated passion has excited is lost, and she forgotten. The practical morality squeezed from her story, and thrown, as it were, in the teeth of poor, innocent Mr. Churchill, is so wide as to be ridiculous, and makes one laugh as if at the wrong time, and feel like a child who has behaved with indecorum at a prayer-meeting.

"All day long, all night long, the snow fell

on the village and on the church-yard; on the happy home of Cecilia Vaughan, on the lonely grave of Alice Archer! Yes; for before the winter came she had gone to that land where winter never comes. Her long domestic tragedy was ended. She was dead; and with her had died her secret sorrow and her secret love. Kavanagh never knew what wealth of affection for him faded from the world when she departed; Cecilia never knew what fidelity of friendship, what delicate regard, what gentle magnanimity, what angelic patience had gone with her into the grave; Mr. Churchill never knew, that, while he was exploring the Past for records of obscure and unknown martyrs, in his own village, near his own door, before his own eyes, one of that silent sisterhood had passed away into oblivion, unnoticed and unknown.

"How often, ah, how often, between the desire of the heart and its fulfilment, lies only the briefest space of time and distance, and yet the desire remains forever unfulfilled! It is *so near* that we can touch it with the hand, and yet so far away that the eye cannot perceive it. What Mr. Churchill most desired was before him. The romance he was longing to find and record had really occurred in his neighborhood, among his own friends. It had been set like a picture into the framework of his life, inclosed within his own experience. But he could not see it as an object apart from himself; and as he was gazing at what was remote and strange and indistinct, the nearer incidents of aspiration, love, and death, escaped him. They were too near to be clothed by the imagination with the golden vapors of romance; for the familiar seems trivial, and only the distant and unknown completely fill and satisfy the mind."

Viola says, "she never told her love," &c., and knowing that she speaks of herself, we are touched with a feeling of her truth and delicacy; but how, if Alice "never unclasped the book of her secret soul," is Mr. Longfellow supposed to have divined it? The artist should know that the charm of his picture is to be life-like. We voluntarily give ourselves to the perusal of a fiction, and losing that consciousness as we proceed, should never be permitted for a moment to recall it: for the time the imaginary must stand for the real, and no inconsiderate assertion of the author should dispel the illusion. Why should Mr. Churchill be reproached for "ransacking the records of obscure martyrs," instead of chronicling the passage of this remarkable romance which he knew nothing about? while we are informed, on the same page, that it was "enclosed

in his experience," and that he "never knew it." It was not so much the young lady's death as its cause, on which, could he have been content with so meagre a subject, he might have constructed the long contemplated romance, and that cause, we are told, died with her. What then have we to do with these impertinent moralities, and why is Mr. Churchill's inevitable ignorance of the affair passed over, and the "nearness" of the event commented upon as preventing its being clothed and suited to his purpose—its "*familiarity*," withal, rendering it too "trivial" to satisfy him. This is absolute "gassing." It reminds us of Joseph Surface's eternal "For the man who—;" and with Sir Peter, we are ready to exclaim, "Oh, curse your sentiment!"

The displayful morality of Mr. Longfellow's poetry has frequently been noticed. In most of his minor poems—in "The Voices of the Night" particularly, the beautiful moral so characteristically involved and interwoven with the theme, instead of being left to diffuse its own influence over the mind of the reader, is drawn out separately, and suspended like a label indicating the nature of that which in its own exquisite flavor and coloring sufficiently declares itself. In Churchill's private meditations we notice the same error of judgment. We allude to the laconics in the thirteenth chapter. They are well worth preserving, and we have a fancy that they have been preserved a long while; just as ladies lay aside exquisite old needlework till it is in danger of wearing out from disuse, and then fabricate agreeable lounges and cushions on which to display it; no one ever suspecting (unless it be some prying, inquisitive sister who, ten to one, has used the same innocent artifice herself) that the lounge was made for the embroidery, instead of the embroidery for the lounge.

"Mr. Churchill had really put up in his study the old white, wine-glass-shaped pulpit. * * * * He made use of it externally as a note-book, recording his many meditations with a pencil on the white panels. The following will serve as a specimen of his pulpit eloquence:

"Morality without religion is only a kind of dead-reckoning—an endeavor to find our place on a cloudy sea by measuring the distance we

have run, but without any observation of the heavenly bodies.

"Many readers judge of the power of a book by the shock it gives their feelings—as some savage tribes determine the power of muskets by their recoil; that being considered the best which fairly prostrates the purchaser.

"Men of genius are often dull and inert in society; as the blazing meteor, when it descends to earth, is only a stone.

"With many readers, brilliancy of style passes for affluence of thought; they mistake buttercups in the grass for immeasurable gold mines under ground.

"The motives and purposes of authors are not always so pure and high, as, in the enthusiasm of youth, we sometimes imagine. To many the trumpet of fame is nothing but a tin horn to call them home, like laborers from the field, at dinner-time; and they think themselves lucky to get the dinner."

"The rays of happiness, like those of light, are colorless when unbroken.

"Critics are sentinels in the grand army of letters, stationed at the corners of newspapers and reviews, to challenge every new author.

"The country is lyric—the town dramatic. When mingled, they make the most perfect musical drama.

"The natural alone is permanent. Fantastic idols may be worshipped for a while; but at length they are overturned by the continual and silent progress of Truth, as the grim statues of Copan have been pushed from their pedestals by the growth of forest-tress, whose seeds were sown by the wind in the ruined walls.

"The every-day cares and duties, which men call drudgery, are the weights and counterpoises of the clock of time, giving its pendulum a true vibration, and its hands a regular motion; and when they cease to hang upon the wheels, the pendulum no longer swings, the hands no longer move, the clock stands still.

"The same object, seen from the three different points of view—the Past, the Present, and the Future—often exhibits three different faces to us; like those sign-boards over shop doors, which represent the face of a lion as we approach, of a man when we are in front, and of an ass when we have passed.

"In character, in manners, in style, in all things, the supreme excellence is simplicity.

"Some critics have the habit of rowing up the Heliconian rivers with their backs turned, so as to see the landscape precisely as the poet did not see it. Others see faults in a book

much larger than the book itself; as Sancho Panza, with his eyes blinded, beheld from his wooden horse the earth no larger than a grain of mustard-seed, and the men and women on it as large as hazel-nuts.

"Like an inundation of the Indus is the course of Time. We look for the homes of our childhood, they are gone; for the friends of our childhood, they are gone. The loves and animosities of youth, where are they? Swept away like the camps that had been pitched in the sandy bed of the river.

"As no saint can be canonized until the Devil's Advocate has exposed all his evil deeds, and showed why he should not be made a saint, so no poet can take his station among the gods until the critics have said all that can be said against him."

Mr. Churchill's use of the old church pulpit is preposterously improbable, since its dimensions may reasonably be supposed to have equalled the capacity of his study to receive it, and greatly to have exceeded the width of an inner door. It is laughable to observe with what forethought and labor it is brought up, and made to serve in presenting with an easy, natural air these meditations, which, after all, we read with little interest, because however beautiful or brilliant in themselves, they stand separate and disconnected. Brought in as illustrations, such things possess a charm which is lost when we see them alone. Forced upon us without propriety they become wearisome. Scattered pearls are of less value than when drawn together by the thread of connection, their beauty being enhanced by the union of a purpose. Another objection might be offered to this "pulpit eloquence" as it is facetiously termed, in that it draws attention from the story and its personages, and brings the author before us in their stead, which, however agreeable to us, might not, on the present occasion, be convenient to himself. Mr. Churchill never commences *his* romance; but we catch a glimpse of Mr. Longfellow, seated in Mr. Churchill's study, extracting from his common-place book material for the pages of his own.

The sentimentality of our principal dramatic personæ is exhibited in a rather spiritless pic-nic held at the "Roaring Brook," in the neighboring town of West-

wood. The description of the place, and the drive to it, is lively and poetical :

"Every State and almost every county of New England has its Roaring Brook—a mountain streamlet overhung by woods, impeded by a mill, encumbered by fallen trees, but ever racing, rushing, roaring down through gurgling gullies, and filling the forest with its delicious sound and freshness; the drinking-place of home-returning herds; the mysterious haunt of squirrels and blue-jays; the sylvan retreat of school-girls, who frequent it on summer holidays, and mingle their restless thoughts, their overflowing fancies, their fair imaginings, with its restless, exuberant and rejoicing stream.

"Fairmeadow had no Roaring Brook. As its name indicates, it was too level a land for that. But the neighboring town of Westwood, lying more inland, and among the hills, had one of the fairest and fullest of all the brooks that roar.

"Over warm uplands, smelling of clover and mint; through cool glades, still wet with the rain of yesterday; along the river; across the rattling and tilting planks of wooden bridges; by orchards; by the gates of fields, with the tall mullen growing at the bars; by stone walls overrun with privet and barberries; in sun and heat, in shadow and coolness, forward drove the happy party on that pleasant summer morning.

"At length they reached the Roaring Brook. From a gorge in the mountains, through a long, winding gallery of birch, and beech, and pine, leaped the bright, brown waters of the jubilant streamlet; out of the woods, across the plain, under the rude bridge of logs, into the woods again—a day between two nights. With it went a song that made the heart sing likewise; a song of joy, and exultation, and freedom; a continuous and unbroken song of life, and pleasure, and perpetual youth."

The pedantry of the two scholars breaks out immediately on their arrival :

"How indescribably beautiful this brown water is!" exclaimed Kavanagh. "It is like wine, or the nectar of the gods of Olympus; as if the falling Hebe had poured it from the goblet."

"More like the mead or metheglin of the northern gods," said Mr. Churchill, "spilled from the drinking-horns of Valhalla."

"But all the ladies thought Kavanagh's comparison the better of the two, and in fact the best that could be made."

Most of the personal and local descriptions are felicitous. We quote the sketch

of Miss Sally Manchester, and the house in which, with Alice and her mother, she resided :

"The old house they lived in, with its four sickly Lombardy poplars in front, suggested gloomy and mournful thoughts. 'It was one of those houses that depress you as you enter, as if many persons had died in it—sombre, desolate, silent. The very clock in the hall had a dismal sound, gasping and catching its breath at times, and striking the hour with a violent, determined blow, reminding one of Jael driving the nail into the head of Sisera.

"One other inmate the house had, and only one. This was Sally Manchester, or Miss Sally Manchester, as she preferred to be called; an excellent chamber-maid and a very bad cook, for she served in both capacities. She was, indeed, an extraordinary woman, of large frame and masculine features; one of those who are born to work, and accept their inheritance of toil as if it were play, and who consequently, in the language of domestic recommendations, are usually styled "a treasure, if you can get her." A treasure she was to this family; for she did all the housework, and in addition took care of the cow and the poultry, occasionally venturing into the field of veterinary practice, and administering lamp-oil to the cock, when she thought he crowed hoarsely. She had on her forehead what is sometimes denominated a "widow's peak"—that is to say, her hair grew down to a point in the middle; and on Sundays she appeared at church in a blue poplin gown, with a large pink bow on what she called "the congregation side of her bonnet." Her mind was strong, like her person; her disposition not sweet, but, as is sometimes said of apples by way of recommendation, a pleasant sour."

The family mansion of the Vaughans must be familiar to every one. We feel as if we had seen it and been in it a thousand times :

"The old family mansion of the Vaughans stood a little out of town, in the midst of a pleasant farm. The county road was not near enough to annoy; and the rattling wheels and little clouds of dust seemed like friendly salutations from travellers as they passed. They spoke of safety and companionship, and took away all loneliness from the solitude.

"On three sides, the farm was inclosed by willow and alder hedges, and the flowing wall of a river; nearer the house were groves clear of all underwood, with rocky knolls, and breezy bowers of beech; and afar off the blue hills broke the horizon, creating secret longings for what lay beyond them, and filling the

mind with pleasant thoughts of Prince Rasselas and the Happy Valley.

"The house was one of the few old houses still standing in New England; a large, square building, with a portico in front, whose door in summer time stood open from morning until night. A pleasing stillness reigned about it; and soft gusts of pine-embalmed air and distant cawings from the crow-haunted mountains, filled its airy and ample halls."

The description of young Hawkins is capital:

"There was in the village a domestic and resident adorer, whose love for himself, for Miss Vaughan, and for the beautiful, had transformed his name from Hiram A. Hawkins to H. Adolphus Hawkins. He was a dealer in English linens and carpets; a profession which of itself fills the mind with ideas of domestic comfort. His waistcoats were made like Lord Melbourne's in the illustrated English papers, and his shiny hair went off to the left in a superb sweep, like the hand-rail of a bannister. He wore many rings on his fingers, and several breast-pins and gold chains disposed about his person. On all his bland physiognomy was stamped, as on some of his linens, "Soft finish for family use." Everything about him spoke the lady's man. He was, in fact, a perfect ring-dove; and, like the rest of his species, always walked up to the female, and, bowing his head, swelled out his white crop, and uttered a very plaintive murmur.

Moreover, Mr. Hiram Adolphus Hawkins was a poet; so much a poet, that, as his sister frequently remarked, he "spoke blank verse in the bosom of his family." The general tone of his productions was sad, desponding, perhaps slightly morbid. How could it be otherwise with the writings of one who had never been the world's friend, nor the world his? who looked upon himself as "a pyramid of mind on the dark desert of despair?" and who, at the age of twenty-five, had drunk the bitter draught of life to the dregs, and dashed the goblet down? His productions were published in the Poet's Corner of the Fairmeadow Advertiser; and it was a relief to know, that, in private life, as his sister remarked, he was "by no means the censorious and moody person some of his writings might imply."

The interview between Churchill and Mr. Hathaway tempts us, but it is long and would be injured by abbreviation; we must therefore refer our readers to the volume.

True to himself Mr. Longfellow ends his book with a moral:

"Stay, stay the present instant!
Imprint the marks of wisdom on its wings!
Oh, let it not elude thy grasp, but like
The good old patriarch upon record,
Hold the fleet angel fast until he bless thee!"

THE GREAT PACIFIC RAILROAD.

In the spring of 1844 Mr. Asa Whitney, a merchant of New York, embarked for China in the prosecution of an enterprise whose successful termination, as it seemed to him, would be the commencement of a new period in the history of all the nations of the globe. This enterprise was no other than a design to turn the commerce of the world from its present course about the two capes, and to lead it, by the inducements of superior ease, rapidity and cheapness of transportation, across the northern portion of the North American continent. By an observation upon the figure of the earth—our adventurous projector conceived the idea that the great highway of all the nations should be carried as near to the northern circle as the increasing cold of high latitudes would permit; those circles of latitude which encompass the earth becoming rapidly smaller as we move northward upon its sphere. The voyage to China was undertaken by him, chiefly with a view to collect information upon the trade and resources of that vast empire, as well as of Japan, the South Sea Islands, and other Asiatic countries; in order to satisfy himself, and to persuade his countrymen, of the advantages of opening a free and frequent intercourse with eastern Asia.

After two years had been spent in these inquiries Mr. Whitney returned to America, and commenced a long and eager investigation of the merits and advantages of the various routes across the continent. After he had communicated personally with the most experienced travellers, and collected by travels in the wilderness, by study, and by intercourse with every source of information at home, all particulars of value, he began to lay his plans before the people and before Congress.

From a careful perusal of his own published account of the project, aided by the personal explanation of the author, we gather the following idea of it, which we commend to the strict attention of such of

our political friends as are not already familiar with its details.

Conceiving that the general government cannot undertake to construct a road to connect the eastern with the western coast of the Atlantic, except at an expense too vast to be thought of with its present resources, Mr. Whitney proposes, with the aid of his own private fortune, to attempt the enterprise himself, but in such a manner, as to make the work pay for itself almost from the beginning.

To rely upon individual enterprise for the accomplishment of works of internal improvements may be regarded as almost among the first principles of the creed of republicanism, nor will the spirit of our government permit it to engage in works which can as well or better be accomplished by individuals or by companies.

Having selected a certain route, of which we shall take occasion before concluding this article to show the advantages, Mr. Whitney offers the government his *plan*, or *contract*, to be passed by Congress, if it so please them, into a law.

By this proposed contract, the nation, through their government, are to *sell* to our contractor, under certain reservations and conditions, and at a price considerably above its total estimated value, a strip of land sixty miles in width, extending westward, from the foot of Lake Michigan to Puget Sound, near the Columbia River, carried, of course, through one of the northern passes of the Rocky Mountains. At *ten cents* the acre, a price beyond its value as estimated by committees in Congress, the land will bring by this sale, \$7,795,200 into the public treasury. The greater part being wilderness, and totally unsalable until the road is made, a better bargain for the nation could not be made. The payments will of course be made gradually, and as the road progresses; each provision of the contract to be enforced by the government.

The second feature of the plan is the laying of a grand railroad upon this

strip of land ; beginning at the foot of Lake Michigan, and pushing the work gradually forward until, in a computed period of twenty-five years, it reaches the Pacific.

The first eight hundred miles of the route consist of excellent cultivable lands ; and of these the first seven hundred miles are finely timbered, and with such woods as are suitable for the foundation of a durable road. On this first three hundred miles of the route depends the entire hope of the enterprise.

The expense of transporting timber over great distances would forever prevent the accomplishment of the work. The existence of a great body of timber about the foot of Lake Michigan, and thence westward for three hundred miles, is an absolute guaranty of the success of the undertaking under the economical management of an individual proprietor ; and the absence of a sufficiency of timber at all other points is an equal guaranty of the failure of the enterprise on all other routes than this, even under the wisest and most economical management. The entire revenue of the nation would have to be exhausted for several years, in the construction of a road at a public cost across the deserts and prairies between the lower Mississippi and California.

The next feature of the plan, to which we would call the attention of our readers, is the precaution, that our grand contractor shall not be at liberty to resell or appropriate a single acre of the land sold him by the government, until the first ten miles of the road are completed. The road moreover is to be built, by the terms of the contract, on a strip of land two hundred feet wide, appropriated forever to that purpose, with a heavy iron rail of a prescribed weight, on a gauge of not less than six feet between the rails. The failure of any material condition of the contract will of course work a forfeiture of the land. All the regulations of tolls, &c., are to be by legal enactment in Congress, and enforced by public authority. Having constructed the first ten miles, our grand contractor is to be at liberty to sell to emigrants and others, in portions five miles in length of the route granted him by Congress ; and with the proceeds he is to pay government for the land, and to reimburse himself the

costs of the first ten miles of road, estimated at \$200,000.

As soon as the contract shall become a law, our contractor will survey and locate the route for two or three hundred miles, and as soon as ten miles have been completed, he will be permitted to sell the first five miles by sixty, or one hundred and ninety-two thousand acres. And if this does not produce means enough to pay for road and land both, then the work will be discontinued, and our contractor will have gained nothing either in land or money. But if the sale of the lands produces a sufficiency for these purposes, then the next *ten* miles will be completed, and another portion of five miles by sixty given up to him for sale. The reserved lands, held by the government, will furnish means for the construction of the road over the wilderness after the forest and cultivable lands shall have been passed over. Meanwhile, and until the entire work is completed, the government will hold the road and reserved lands, if any remain, as security for the payments of the original ten cents per acre for the lands.

The title to the road will not actually vest in our contractor until the whole is finished and paid for. But it will continue always subject to the action and control of Congress, for the fixing of tolls and other regulations for the convenience and ease of travellers.

When new States come to be created on the territories traversed by the road—and the probability is that the movement of population westward with such a means of emigration would be rapid beyond all precedent—if any jealousy arose, their inhabitants would be at full liberty to construct rival roads parallel with the old one.

By regulations of Congress making the tolls barely sufficient to pay the costs of repairs, and an exceedingly small percentage to the proprietor, the road would be made almost a free road. A bushel of wheat could then be carried across the continent for twenty cents, a barrel of flour for one dollar, a ton of merchandise ten dollars, and a half ton of teas (by measurement one ton) five dollars. Corn grown in Michigan, could be landed at Chinese ports for forty cents the bushel

transit, giving thirty-five cents profit to the producer. Manufactures from the South and East, and the various products of all parts of the Union would thus be easily and cheaply conveyed to Asia, and the balance of trade turned wholly in favor of America. The cod and whale fisheries of the North Pacific would send a constant stream of their indispensable products, in exchange for American manufactures, across the continent. The Atlantic sea-ports would, of course, become the ports of deposit and exchange for the trade of all the world. The prairies of the West, and the mills of the East and South, would begin to furnish food and clothing to the famished millions of China, who would now in their turn, having a market opened for their peculiar products, have a means of procuring in abundance the necessities of life. The islands of the South Seas would be more rapidly colonized than they are at present, by the Chinese, those Yankees of Asia, and a free and constant intercourse would inevitably be established between the nations of both the continents.

Should this road, on the other hand, be undertaken by a stock company, under the necessity of declaring dividends, the tolls would have to be so much raised, as to exclude the transport of heavy articles, and thus none of the contemplated results would follow. Indeed, for such a road no one would subscribe with any expectation of profit; it would probably cost \$200,000, 000, not to yield any return in twenty-five years, and be then obliged to realize annually the sum of \$6,000,000, to give *three per cent.* on the investment!

The danger of land monopoly is avoided, by providing that the reserved lands shall be sold at public auction, like other government lands; and that no lands shall be kept for sale longer than ten years after the completion of the road through them.

The bill will provide that on the failure of any important condition, Congress shall have power to resume the whole and give it to another. Power also will lie in Congress, to alter and amend the bill as the interests of the public may require.

"Now, to accomplish this great work, I propose to take the entire responsibility upon

myself. If I fail, the government can lose nothing, because the lands still remain, and I shall have added to their value even by my failure. But if I succeed, I must, by my energies and labor, make this 77,952,000 acres of waste land produce the \$68,395,200; and, unless I can make it produce an excess over that sum, I gain nothing for all my toil.

"If the plan succeeds, it would make the whole world tributary to us. The sum which I should pay into the treasury for the lands, would exceed that which might be expended for them from any other source. The nation would have this great highway without an outlay of one dollar, with almost its free use forever after, and so much added to the actual cash capital of the nation as the road may cost, because it would be the fruits of labor upon the wilderness earth.

"My desire and object has been to have a bill so framed, as would enable me to carry out and accomplish this great work for the motives as here and everywhere else by me declared, to give to my country this great thoroughfare for the nations of all the earth without the cost of one dollar; to give employment to, and to make comfortable and happy, millions who are now starving and destitute, and to bring all the world together in free intercourse as one nation. If the bill is deficient in any point, it certainly can be made to meet the views I express, which I feel that all who examine must be satisfied with.

"It is proposed to establish an entirely new system of settlement, on which the hopes for success are based, and on which all depend. The settler on the line of the road would, as soon as his house or cabin were up, and a crop in, find employment to grade the road; the next season, when his crop would have ripened, there would be a market for it at his door, by those in the same situation as himself the season before; if any surplus, he would have the road at low tolls to take it to market; and if he had in the first instance paid for his land, the money would go back, either directly or indirectly, for labor and materials for the work. So that in one year the settler would have his home with settlement and civilization surrounding, a demand for his labor, a market at his door for his produce, a railroad to communicate with civilization and markets, without having cost one dollar. And the settler who might not have means in money to purchase land, his labor on the road and a first crop would give him that means, and he too would in one year have his home with the same advantages, and as equally independent. The settler who now pays for his land to the government, gets no benefit from the sum paid, beyond his title to and possession of the land. When his cabin is prepared, and crop in, he finds no demand for his labor, because all around are in the same condition as himself; when his crop is grown,

there is no market at his door, and if fifty miles from any direct means of transit, he cannot sell at all, neither can he get it to market so as to leave anything as a reward for his toil. Thus you see him in the wilderness, remote from civilization, destitute of comforts, and nearly a demi-savage; his labor, it is true, produces food from the earth; but he cannot exchange with the different branches of industry, and is not a source of wealth or power to the nation."

Projects have been offered, and some are on foot, for the construction of a road at the expense of the nation. Against this plan a number of obstacles present themselves of a character too weighty and formidable to be removed or got over. Independently of economical considerations, which should always lead us to prefer individual to public enterprises, it will be highly politic for the present administration to avoid entering upon too extended a system of internal improvements; in consideration not only of the just prejudices of a large portion of the people against a lavish expenditure of the public monies, but in view also of the great caution necessary to avoid the disgrace and odium of an augmentation of the public debt.

The expenses of the war should be at least provided for, previous to any further engagements; excepting such only as are of obvious necessity for the promotion of our grandest interests. While the absolute necessities of our internal trade demand a large appropriation for the improvement of river and harbor navigation,—while the Mexican affair continues to draw heavily upon the public purse,—while the exigencies of foreign commerce require that the navy be maintained and even increased,—while the southwestern frontier requires the continual vigilance of a full military establishment,—while the poverty of foreign ambassadors calls for an increase of their salaries;—and besides these demands, while the augmentation of our territory compels a steadily increasing expenditure for the ordinary purposes of government, the most sanguine among the friends of internal improvement will pause to consider before they venture upon any new and costly projects.

Nevertheless, it has become evident that the addition of California and New

Mexico, creating a new republic, composed of a mixed population of adventurers, with foreign views and sympathies, to be bound to our mighty empire on the western side of the continent, has made it *necessary* that some means of speedy communication should be established between ourselves and the new territories. The wealth, the peace, and the unity of the entire people, are clearly the great ends for which governments were established; and in the pursuit of those ends, every measure which wisdom and a strict economy may dictate, is to be studiously advised and put in practice; nor can any measure be regarded as in spirit unconstitutional which is directed towards these ends.

Governments, at least republican, (and therefore just and economical,) assume to do no more than is their duty; and that duty being always measured by *necessity* and *policy*, cannot properly engage them in enterprises which may better be carried on by states, cities, or individuals. If a combination of private fortunes can be made, which shall carry out grand schemes of internal improvement, the government will only sanction and defend such enterprises. It will not engage in foreign or internal trade, but will only protect it and fortify it. It will not offer to educate those who have the means to educate themselves. It will not give money to corporations or to combinations of adventurers, when these adventurers are looking solely to their own profit, and cannot establish their claim to assistance upon the ground that their enterprise is a strictly national one, and is to be of national importance, nor even then, when it is clear that everything can be accomplished under the mere protection and countenance of the law. The property of the citizens belongs to them and to their children; and governments have no right to appropriate a cent of it on theoretic or speculative grounds, or for purposes not clearly national, and of which all are expected ultimately to share the benefit. That portion, however, may be taken as an equitable tax, which they find necessary for the common good, and they are free to appropriate it as seems best.

One of the last improvements of civilization is the construction of a perfect road.

For those grand routes by which distant nations are brought together, and whose existence is absolutely necessary to the general advancement of the race, the resources of empires are required to be expended. Many of the famous naval and military expeditions of antiquity, supposed by some to have been instigated by the ambition of conquest, were undoubtedly undertaken for the extension of commerce. Such were the expeditions of Sesostris and other conquerors. By means of great roads over those chains of mountains which intersect the continent of Europe, the European kingdoms are united in a grand republic of nations. The union of the States of North America depends, far more than is imagined, upon those great roads which facilitate the free and rapid interchange of trade and information between their inhabitants. Civilization and Christianization follow the great commercial routes toward the frontier. The making of a national road is an epoch in a nation's history, equal at least in importance to that of the acquisition of a new territory.

Not to dwell too long upon the generalities of the subject, we may take it for granted that our readers are well aware of the importance of an immediate establishment of a free and perfect communication between ourselves and our Pacific colonies; so soon to become powerful states.

Setting aside for the present all inquiries into the difficulties into which the gold mania and the hasty emigration which it occasions are to bring upon us; setting aside such considerations as savoring too much of a croaking and inauspicious disposition, we have now to consider only what can be done to keep pace with that emigration, and to convert the greatest evil of a nation, a costly colony, into a benefit and a source of wealth and power. First, then, it is conceded by all parties that a road must be established, and it is equally admitted that the enterprise should be begun without delay; the necessities of the country and the world creating an immediate and pressing want of such a road. No one man or company of men could afford to buy from government out of their private resources a strip of land extending from Lake Michigan to the Pacific. That is quite impossible.

The land for such a purpose must be either granted free of charge, or paid for out of the profits of the roads made upon it, or the lands sold near it.

Nor can any combination of two or three States undertake such an enterprise. Would all the States of the North, or those of the South, or those bordering upon the Mississippi, agree to bear the burthen of a project of which every State from Maine to Florida is to reap an equal benefit? If the enterprise is undertaken by States, it must be by all the States in Union, in other words, by the Union itself.

But as no man will pretend to contest the constitutionality of a measure that is clearly necessary for the "general welfare" of the nation—a measure intended to obviate the danger of a final separation between the new colonies and the mother country—to say nothing of the gradual alienation of a population composed in great part of foreigners, and whom it will be easy to alienate and separate from ourselves by neglect or bad government, or by the mere suspension or difficulty and infrequency of intercourse—in view of such necessities, the question of constitutionality may be set aside as irrelevant.

The necessity for such a road is *immediate*. A few years' delay may bring incalculable evils upon the colonies, and must meanwhile deprive the entire nation of those commercial and social advantages to be reaped from intercourse with them; and through them, with the Asiatic side of the globe. Had the sums of money that were expended in overrunning Mexico been laid out in the quiet purchase of California and New Mexico, and in the *immediate* construction of a road connecting the Pacific with the Atlantic States, the wisdom and foresight of the measure would have placed us in the estimation of the world in advance of all civilized communities. As it is, we *have* the territories, and by a singular coincidence, we are enabled by the ingenuity and boldness of a single mind, aided by a moderate private fortune, to accomplish at least the greater part of what is demanded in this critical state of our affairs.

The government, loaded with debt, cannot conscientiously suggest to the people a proposition involving great expense.

The party whose voices are always loud against expenditure when they are out of office, stands ready to oppose every measure undertaken upon a general theory of internal improvement. At this crisis a citizen of New York steps forward and offers to accomplish the desires, and meet the necessities of the empire by a plan at once bold, original, and calculated upon a certainty of success.

Beside these considerations lie others of at least equal importance in the view of humanity; namely, that the undertaking of this work is the first step toward a free, social communication between the American and Asiatic continents. Since the establishment of Christianity there has been a steady effort on the part of the more enlightened to extend the influence of true religion and of civilization over the inhabitants of China and India; to which are now to be added the islands of the Southern Seas. This divine enterprise has been prosecuted hitherto with but little success—not from any want of zeal or perseverance on the part of European and American Christians, but because the grand preliminary step, the establishment of a free and universal commerce between the two sides of the globe has never been realized. The crusaders attempted the conversion of Asia by force of arms, and their expeditions invariably failed, because they were contradictory to the spirit of a pure beneficence. There remains but one other method of preparing the Asiatic nations for the reception of the truth; and that is, to raise their opinion of the Western races, and awaken kindly and respectful feelings in them toward ourselves, by a free and constant commercial intercourse. As a Christian and a republican people, we acknowledge no conquests saving those of superior industry and intelligence. By that conquest and by none other, we may subdue and civilize the hordes of Asia. By establishing a free and rapid communication with the Pacific coast, we, therefore, not only promote the Union, and strengthen and confirm our own empire, but we take the initiatory step toward the accomplishment of the grand design of Christian benevolence, the civilization and instruction of Asia.

It would be impossible, in the limits allowed us, to set before the reader all the

consequences which must certainly follow the opening of a free communication between the Atlantic and Pacific coasts; these advantages have been shown at large, and sufficiently dwelt upon, by others. To those of our readers who have not made a particular study of the subject, our author's pamphlet will convey all the desired information.* We shall dwell no longer upon the subject than may be necessary for a comparative view of the advantages of the several routes proposed for the construction of a work admitted by all to be of absolute necessity. And, first, it is proper to remark that if any one of the routes in contemplation, including *two* across the narrow interval between North and South America, and *three* across the main-land of the Northern Continent, were to be undertaken at the public cost, the injury done to the public and private business of the country, added to the California drain, and heavy purchases of foreign goods made necessary by the present low tariff, would bring great distress and embarrassment upon the poorer classes for the coming two or three years. Were the project of a railroad to the Pacific added to that of the River and Harbor Improvement, and to these the costs of the impending war of extermination which must soon be entered upon with the South-western Indians, such a tide of expenses would be set a-going as would take the government off its feet, and subject it to the extreme malice of the opposition. The only safe and politic course to be pursued, would seem to be, to extend merely its favor and its military protection to the economical and well-considered project of our author; and to entrust to him, as to a public contractor—which in effect this scheme makes him—the *beginning*, at least, of this vast and important enterprise.

When a man of first-rate ability and large fortune offers his services to the nation, to accomplish some necessary work, a thousand detracting voices are instantly raised against his motives. A member in Congress may, without scandal, propose a plan for public aggrandizement, and no man checks at him, no man cries out

* Project for a Railroad to the Pacific. By Asa Whitney, of New York. New York: Printed by George W. Wood, No. 15 Spruce street.

against his ambition, or suspects him of wishing to forward his own interests; but should the same project come from the same individual as a private citizen, instantly the cry is raised of avarice and interest.

Let us, however, look coolly at the matter, laying all jealousies aside. The possessor of a fortune instead of sitting quietly down to enjoy it at his ease—instead of wasting his income in expensive luxuries in a residence in some foreign court, or in a palace in one of our great cities, with an eagerness becoming a spirited citizen of an enterprising nation, asks of his fellow-citizens only to be permitted to throw all that he possesses into an enterprise of such dignity and importance to the nation, that he must become, by engaging in it, one of the most responsible and useful of its public servants.

That the jealousy and detraction of the malicious and the ignorant should pursue such a projector, stimulated by a public spirit so congenial to our institutions, is indeed to be expected; but it is at least proper to caution the more considerate part of the community of the existence of a spirit which their own liberality might lead them to forget, and certain arguments in that way acquire more weight with them than was just. Unless the republic willingly and gladly employs the capital and the ability of its business men, to forward enterprises of national benefit, that ability and that capital will seek selfish and private employment, or will go on, as in some instances, accumulating and swelling to a vast and injurious importance. Is it not a safe and politic measure under the proper restrictions—is it not a measure congenial to the economy of our government, to make the contract offered by Mr. Whitney, for the construction of a grand railroad to the Pacific? If it is economical it is politic; if it is speedy and effectual it is prudent and judicious; if it is both constitutional, effectual and economical, it is also just and necessary, and will commend itself to the judgment of all.

The route chosen by Mr. Whitney as not only the best, but in fact the only feasible one, begins at the foot of Lake Michigan, at which is the natural point of concentration of all the commerce of the Eastern and Middle States. From New York,

Baltimore, Philadelphia and Boston, lines of railroad are, or will soon be completed, converging upon Sandusky; and from thence to St. Joseph's a route is in contemplation which will be the main trunk from which all the great lines of the United States diverge, like the sticks of a fan. From St. Joseph's, at the foot of the lake, to Prairie du Chien, a point at which a bridge may be thrown across the Mississippi, the route lies through the forests which are to supply materials for the entire route. At no other point can timber be supplied for the construction of the road; a consideration which makes it certain that this point will at all events be taken for the starting point.

For the advantage of the extreme South, a railroad may easily be constructed in an almost straight line between Mobile and Prairie du Chien. With this, other southern routes will join. By the addition of only two more grand roads through the United States, with their provincial trunks, the entire commerce of the South, West and North converges with *equal ease* upon Prairie du Chien, where it will meet on the one side the navigation of the Mississippi, and on the other the commerce between Europe, America and Asia.

The objections to the two other routes proposed—one from Memphis to Santa Fé and San Diego, the other from St. Louis through Fort Leavenworth and the South Pass to San Francisco—might be stated to advantage in detail, though they may be pronounced in one word, and that is *impossibility*. These routes, if constructed, must be made by the government, and at four times the expense. They start from regions *divested of timber*; and worst of all, they are *sectional*, and serve the purposes of the South to the loss and detriment of the Northern and Middle, and Western States; of course they will be voted down by the North and West jointly. But it were a great error to admit that the route from Prairie du Chien to the mouth of the Columbia River, or, more properly, to Puget Sound, is to be of no advantage to the South. On the contrary, such are the obstacles and the disadvantages of the St. Louis and Memphis routes, ending the one in middle California, and the other at San Francisco, to attempt them would be to set back the prosperity

of the entire globe for the space of perhaps half a century. Puget Sound is the only sufficient port on the Pacific coast. At low tide the bay of San Francisco is almost a mud flat. San Diego is a point of no importance, with a diminutive bay; and the passage from that point to Santa Fé is over gorges and torrent beds among the mountains, whereas the route to Puget Sound, through the North Pass, is an even track, presenting not a single obstacle of magnitude. Without quoting the entire reports of Fremont and Wilkes, in regard to these harbors, and the comparative merits of the various routes, it were impossible to do justice to the arguments presented by our author.

The mouth of the Columbia, long known for the difficulties and dangers of its entrance, offers no advantage to the navigator.

"The mouth of the Columbia River," says Lieutenant Wilkes, "has been long known for its dangers, and the difficulties of entrance. These have not been exaggerated; and it may be truly said to offer very few advantages as a port. The land near it is well marked. Cape Disappointment, the northern point, is high, with several lofty spruce and pine trees on its summit. Point Adams on the south is low and sandy. A sand-spit makes out from each cape; that from Point Adams projects to seaward of the other, being nearly at right angles to it. The distance between them is one mile. These have been formed by the deposit of the sands brought down by the river, or washed by the abrasion of the sea from their respective capes. The bar lies outside, and on it there is no particular danger unless the sea is heavy, when breakers form on it, and a vessel would be subjected to risk in passing. The least depth of water is twenty-eight feet. The breakers on both spits are usually heavy, though at times there is little or no break on them. The south end of the north spit has to be closely approached, and is the point of greatest danger. Here most of the wrecks have occurred.

"The principal dangers in the entrance of the Columbia are the cross tides, their velocity, and the influence of an under-current, together with the heavy swell."*

Of Puget's Sound, on the contrary, Lieutenant Wilkes speaks in terms of un-

qualified approbation. It is by his account the best entrance for vessels on the Pacific coast:

"Puget's Sound may be described as a collection of inlets, covering an area of fifteen square miles, the only entrance to which is through the Narrows, which, if strongly fortified, would bid defiance to any attack, and guard its entrance against any force.

"The Inlets, in the order in which they come from the entrance, have received the names of Carr's, Case's, Hammersley's, Totten's, Eld's, Budd's, and Henderson's; they are united by passages, which form several islands and peninsulas. All these inlets are safe, commodious, and capacious harbors, well supplied with water, and the land around them fertile. On many of the islands and peninsulas are to be found slate and sandstone, which, though soft and friable in some places where it has been exposed on the surface, will be found suitable for building purposes.

"Nothing can exceed the beauty of these waters, and their safety. Not a shoal exists within the straits of Juan de Fuca, Admiralty Inlet, Puget's Sound, or Hood's Canal, that can in any way interrupt their navigation by a seventy-four gun ship."

San Diego, San Francisco, and Bodega, are the three harbors of California. Of the first of these Lieutenant Wilkes speaks disparagingly. Its small size, and its distance south, are against it:

"There are many drawbacks to this harbor; the want of water is one of them, the river which furnishes the mission with water disappearing in the dry season before reaching the bay, and the surrounding country may be called a barren waste of sand hills.

"The whole country around San Diego is composed of volcanic sand and mud mixed with scoria: the land is unfit for cultivation, and covered with cacti, one of the many evidences of the poorness of the soil; this leaves the port of San Diego little to recommend it but the uniform climate, good anchorage and security from all winds."

The description given by this experienced navigator of the bay of San Francisco is particularly discouraging, and deserves the grave consideration of those who are building schemes upon the hope of its becoming in future the port of entry for the trade of Asia.

"The Bay of San Francisco is thirty-six miles in length by an average of six in width;

* Western America, including California and Oregon, with Maps of those Regions, and of "the Sacramento Valley." By Charles Wilkes, U. S. N. Philadelphia, 1849.

a large portion of its southern, eastern, and northern shores are bordered by extensive and wide mud-flats, preventing the landing, at low water, of even a boat; so much so that the eastern shore may be said to be inaccessible for a distance of thirty miles; and this impediment prevents it from ever becoming useful, except by the construction of extensive artificial works. On the north it is bounded by the Straits of San Pablo, which divide it from the bay of that name.

"On the western side of the Bay of San Francisco, from the Straits of San Pablo, for a distance of fifteen miles, the country is broken and mountainous, and the shores rocky and indented by small bays, which are useless.

"These obstructions reduce this extensive bay very much in size, and it becomes still more so when the safety and convenience of vessels is taken into consideration; indeed, with the deep water, cross tides, and exposed situations, there are but two safe anchorages, viz: Yerba Buena and Sausalito. The former lies on the south of the entrance, between the island and town of the same name, and is of but small extent, with mud-flats, bare at low water, to the channel; it is also very much exposed to the prevailing winds, which blow at times with great violence. It is the usual but by no means the best anchorage, and has but a scanty supply of water, not sufficient for the population of the town, or the vessels that frequent it; this, added to the rocky point on which the town is situated, will prevent it from ever becoming the seat of trade. The population of the town exceeds five hundred inhabitants; and, from its being nearer to the gold mines than Monterey, has become of late the most frequented.

"Sausalito, or Whaler's Harbor, is on the north side of the entrance, under Table Hill, which protects vessels from the prevailing westerly winds. This anchorage is the principal resort of whalers. Here they can obtain wood and water, and refit. The water in the summer is obtained from small springs. The extent of land around this bay is limited to a few acres, the hills rising precipitately, and the high spurs cutting off communication with the country adjoining it.

"The Bay of San Francisco is well adapted for a naval depôt, or a place for our whalers to recruit at. Its possession insures us the command of the Northern Pacific, and the protection of our large and extended interests there; but I know of no place where a natural site for a town can be found throughout the whole bay; and it appears to me extremely difficult to select one where the locality would permit of extensive artificial improvements."

Bodega is disposed of in brief:

"The port of Bodega is ninety miles north of

San Francisco. It is both small and inconvenient, and cannot be entered, except by vessels of a light draught of water."

The vast advantages of Puget Sound as a resort for large vessels, over all other ports of the Pacific coast, render it almost certain that it will become at last the principal entrance for the trade of Asia. The advantages of this bay are however united in a providential manner with those of the surrounding country. The climate is healthy and temperate, and the land well watered and susceptible to a great extent of regular cultivation; but above all we desire to call our reader's attention to the singular fact, that between this sound and the highest point of the Mississippi which will admit a bridge, the route is levelled and adapted by nature for the passage of cars; so even and unobstructed is this route, for nearly six hundred continuous miles of the middle part it will not be necessary to make a bridge. After reviewing the several routes, by the Isthmus, and by the South Pass, Lieutenant Wilkes decides in favor of that chosen by Mr. Whitney; namely, from the foot of Lake Michigan by Prairie du Chiën to Fort Wallawalla, on the Columbia, and thence to Puget Sound.

"Steam can be used only for the transportation of passengers to China by the way of Panama; the rates for freight would preclude the transmission of merchandise. The route across the Pacific from Panama offers many difficulties to sailing vessels, in the prevailing winds, calms, &c.; Panama is, indeed, one of the worst ports on the western coast to arrive at or depart from; the seasons there are divided into the fine and the rainy; the former, or what is called summer, though in north latitude, is from December to May, and only during this period is it advisable to approach this coast. In the rainy or winter season, from June to November, every part of it is liable to hard gales, tornadoes, or heavy squalls, succeeded by calms and deluges of rain, and the most dangerous lightning. Sickness begins at Panama as early as March, and continues until December; and with the exception of the fine season, the whole coast in its vicinity may be described as dangerous, and on every account to be avoided. From December to May, the prevailing winds are from the north and northwest, the remainder of the year they blow from the northeast, southeast, and the west; but are at all times uncertain, and calms frequently prevail; vessels may be detained on their passage,

from these causes, so long as to make this route of greater length than that now followed by the China trade.

"As a means of communicating with the western coast of South America by the agency of steam, too much value cannot be laid upon the proposed railroad across the Isthmus. For ten years it may be advisable to use one of these routes, or until such time as the routes through our own territory can be completed and in operation; but it can never satisfy the wants of the nation, or preserve those advantages we should look forward to obtain.

"Next in order is the southern route by railway across the country, by way of the Gila. The recognizance of the country through which this would pass has been fully made known to us by Colonel Emory, and his report shows that it would be nearly impossible for this purpose. The altitude of the mountains is in itself sufficient to decide the question; but if we grant that this can be overcome, the sterile country through which it would run brings conviction to the mind, that if it is not impossible it is certainly unadvisable. It can never become an inhabited country, therefore one great object in the construction of a railroad would be lost. Again, if this last fact were not the case, the proposed terminus on the Pacific at the port of San Diego would never accommodate the trade, and half or two-thirds of the ships would not be able to enter. The port is inadequate for the commerce that such an intercourse would bring about; and the country around can never furnish the necessary supplies. The proposition for terminating it at San Francisco is equally objectionable, and amounts to an impossibility on account of the high mountain ranges which surround it.

"We now come to the last or most northern route. Nature here invites the enterprise. The distance is the shortest; it has few if any difficulties to overcome; the lands it would pass through are some of the best in the western country; and the greater part of the whole distance can become densely populated, and opens out an entirely new country, towards which our own population and the emigrants are even now wending their way in tens of thousands, seeking a quiet home from the troubles of the Old World.

"The northern route contemplated has a delightful climate, suitable for the full development of the human frame, and all the accompaniments of civilization. It has been found by examination to be practicable throughout the whole distance, and at its western terminus there are excellent ports. All the great barriers on other routes are on this line either modified into gentle hills or rent asunder, and the way is thus made clear for the undertaking. The construction of this road across the headwaters of all the great rivers, touching the limits of their navigation, will at once satisfy

any one of the advantages to be derived from it, adding to the inland commerce by transporting the products brought on this 'iron river' from the remotest ports of the globe to all the cities, towns, and landings on the vast waters of the Mississippi and its tributaries. At the same time it would connect with all our seaports by the railroads that are now constructing towards its northern and eastern terminus, while it would also be the means of furnishing the whole extent of our Atlantic coast, including even Canada, with all they desired of the productions of the east, and carrying back in return their merchandise in exchange. It must be readily seen that all parts of our extended country would equally participate in its advantages, and none more so than the Southern and Western States, whose railroads and navigable waters would all be so many paths by which the trade that must flow through such a channel would circulate. The general government would be equally benefited, by the increased value it would give to all the public lands on either side of it.

"The terminus on Lake Michigan would enable the large supplies required for the persons employed, as well as the materials, to be forwarded with great economy as well as facility of transportation, and secure the necessary timber for the construction of the road. The country for the first eight hundred miles is admirably adapted for the purpose, offering no impediments whatever; and after this distance such a route will offer as to place the whole country on the eastern slope of the Rocky Mountains subservient to its use and support, a portion of the country, from the accounts of those who have visited it, surpassed by none in fruitfulness or climate. The passage through the mountains is known to be without difficulty, and the course to the point of its destination almost a direct line until the lower waters of the Columbia are reached, when a short divergence brings it to a terminus on the waters of Puget's Sound—as I before remarked, one of the most noble estuaries in the world; without a danger of any kind to impede navigation, with a surrounding country capable of affording all kinds of supplies, harbors without obstructions at any season of the year, and a climate unsurpassed in salubrity."

Having thus ascertained which route is to be preferred, if a land route is attempted at all, it remains next to lay before the reader in the least possible compass, the arguments offered against attempting a communication with China or the Pacific generally, by any routes across the Isthmus.

A correspondent of the *New York Herald* has communicated to that paper

of June 5th, 1849, information in regard to the route by which a railroad from Memphis would be taken over the mountains to the harbor of San Diego. He tells us that Lieutenant Beall, who has travelled the several overland routes, describes the Gila River route as impracticable for a railroad; that a railroad along the summits of the Palisades on the highlands of the Hudson, passing the inequalities by bridges, would be more feasible than a railway down the valley of the Gila. This river flows for miles through deep and narrow channels or canones. Precipitous cliffs overhang its waters, and the rocks form a chain of peaks and precipices along its entire length. We may, therefore, conclude with certainty that a road passing through Santa Fe, to the Pacific will never be attempted. Memphis will consequently be no longer thought of as a point of departure for the main trunk of the Pacific railroad, though it is extremely probable that in the event of the completion of the main trunk from Lake Michigan, branches will be constructed to unite with it both from Memphis and from St. Louis.

But of all the arguments in favor of the northern route across the continent from Michigan to Puget Sound, none are more satisfactory than those derived from a comparison of distances; for if any person interested in the inquiry will take an artificial globe, and measure with a string or a pair of compasses, making short steps, the various distances from the British Channel to Canton, he will find that by the overland route from New York, or Boston, to Puget Sound across the Continent, the distance to be passed over in direct travel, is some 2000 miles less than the voyage, either by the Cape of Good Hope, the Isthmus of Panama, Cape Horn, or the Mediterranean.

The calculations of Professor Wittish, of London University, which were made for a proposed canal at Nicaragua, give the distance from England to Valparaiso, via Cape Horn, at 9400 miles, 117 days of ordinary sailing; but the distance from England to Valparaiso by the proposed canal at Nicaragua, would be 442 miles less, and 11 days sooner in consequence of a more favorable navigation. A route across Panama would be

300 miles nearer still; but this difference of time and of distance would not pay the expense of the delay, the breaking up of the cargo, the land or canal carriage across the Isthmus, the employment of another set of vessels on the Pacific side, and the division of the profits of the voyage in consequence between carriers by land and two different carriers by water. To this, add that in consequence of a more favorable trade winds and currents, the *homeward* voyage by Cape Horn would be 168 miles nearer than that by the Isthmus.

If these calculations are to be trusted British commerce will always prefer the Cape route to Valparaiso. Again, by the computations of Professor Wittish, the distance from Sydney in New Holland to England, via Cape Horn, with favorable sailing is 13,830 miles; time 136 days; whereas by a canal at Nicaragua it is 15,848 miles; time 138 days, the sailing being more favorable; to which must be added transportation dues, the breaking up of cargoes, the employment of another set of vessels, and the consequent division of profits among several hands.

Let us now examine Professor Wittish's calculations of distance from England to Singapore in Hindoostan, via the Cape of Good Hope with favorable winds. Comparing these with the same voyage, via the canal at Nicaragua, also during favorable winds, the first is 13,350, the second is 17,738 miles; the time of the first is 128, and of the second 131 days. These differences against the route by the proposed canal, with the tolls and the expenses of transshipment &c., make it almost certain that English commerce will always make the voyage to India by the Cape of Good Hope. To this, add also, that the homeward voyage by the Cape of Good Hope is 17 days less than the outward voyage.

We are next to examine the comparison of routes from China to England, by the Cape of Good Hope with favorable sailing. The voyage from China to England by the Cape of Good Hope is 13,370 miles; favorable time 107 days. From China to England by the Isthmus canal, favorable sailing 15,557 miles; time 129 days. A difference of 2228 miles, and 22 days against the Isthmus route, with

the additional drawbacks of tolls, transshipment, &c. These differences turn, and must always turn, the stream of English commerce with China upon the way of the Cape of Good hope, until some shorter and less expensive route can be found, than any of the proposed railways or canals across the narrow space between the two American continents.

Another objection more fatal than any of those stated, lies in the deterioration of transported goods by the damp and hot atmosphere of the tropics. Even the teas and silks of China would be materially injured by a detention in the land carriage across the Isthmus, while for bread-stuffs and other perishable commodities, the transportation by that route will be so difficult as to preclude all hopes of a regular commerce. The effects of climate upon commodities are a great element in all the calculations of commerce, and in the present instance they are the most important of all.

Should a railroad be made across the Isthmus, it must depend for its support upon the commerce of the Pacific shores with the Atlantic shores of both the continents, and will never become the channel of the commerce of Europe with Asia. Although, therefore, it may be an enterprise of the greatest importance to the inhabitants of Chili and Peru, and in the absence of a northern route, to those of northern California and Oregon, its advantages fall so far behind those which must follow the proposed route from Michigan, we do not feel obliged to dwell upon them at present. A few words in regard to the consequences to be looked for, from the opening of an easy communication with the Pacific across the northern part of the continent, and we have done.

The first effects of the enterprise would be seen in the conversion of a long strip of forest and prairie, stretching from the foot of Lake Michigan to the wilderness beyond the Mississippi, into a populous and cultivated region, held by tillers of the soil. And in this connection, we may add, that the terms of the contract for the road may be so ordered in favor of the actual settler as to defend him against speculators and monopolists, and, if that is deemed best, to protect him against the ultimate

severities of the law. The new settlements will be in constant communication with all parts of the Union, by the grand routes of railroads diverging toward every part, and by the steam navigation of the lakes. Every particle of corn, or other products, not required for consumption on the spot, can be instantly exchanged for eastern manufactures, or for southern products, by the way, either of the lakes, or the Mississippi. By a direct communication with coal-bearing regions, supplies of coal can be furnished for the fuel of the inhabitants of the prairies, which are now uninhabited from the want of that commodity.

A rapid advance of population will soon carry the road over the prairies, and the consequent advances in the price of lands along the route will furnish abundant means for bridging the Columbia at Wallawalla, and thence by easy grades completing the connection with Puget Sound and the Pacific. The instant of the completion of the road would be the epochal moment of a grand movement in the commerce of the world. A fleet of merchant vessels would be found assembled at the terminus, and a transfer, or perhaps a barter would commence at that point, in which every species of commodity of Europe, Asia and America, would find its equivalent in some other. The gold of California, the manufactures of New England, and the finer and more costly products of France and Great Britain; the sugars and other products of the South, the corn of Wisconsin, Canada, and all the lake countries, the iron of Pennsylvania, the furs of the Rocky Mountains, the teas and silks, and all other products of China, all would meet at the grand terminus of the world's road. Here the various Asiatic commodities would be placed in cars which would convey them to every point of the Atlantic coast. Here too, cargoes would be assorted for South Sea and South American commerce. At this point, which would become the caravanserai of the continent, the half-way house between Asia and America, a grand commercial city would soon arise, the capital of the Pacific States and the civilizer and merchant of the East.

But in dwelling upon the disadvantages of other routes, sufficient, indeed, without

further inquiry to put them out of competition with the present one, we had nearly forgotten to mention the great saving of *distance* and time, by the route advocated by Mr. Whitney. The distance from the foot of Lake Michigan to Puget Sound, with all the windings of the emigrant route, is about 2,195 miles.

From Puget Sound to Japan, is	4000 miles.
" " Shanghai (China,) 5400 "	
" " Australia, 6000 "	
" " Singapore (India,) 7660 "	

Add from New York to Prairie du Chien, where the railroad would cross the Mississippi, 1,141 miles, and from New-York to Liverpool 3,000 miles, and we have a distance, by the contemplated grand northern route, of 9,541 miles only from Shanghai, in China, the route by the Cape of Good Hope being 13,330 miles; a difference of 3,789 miles in favor of the transcontinental route to China; a difference which, combined with cheapness and rapidity of transportation, and the

advantages of a temperate climate, would turn the entire stream of Asia-European commerce across the continent of North America. Packages for China, made up for the convenience of railroad transportation, would be carried across the continent in 8 days; and to China by steam, in 25 days, which, with 14 days transport from England to America, makes 47 days from England to China with merchandise; whereas, at present, a favorable voyage requires 107 days. Saving more than half the time, sending his goods through a temperate climate, and escaping the dangers of a voyage about the stormy Capes, the English trader would not hesitate in his choice between the two routes. To this country would accrue the double profit of merchandise conveyed to and brought from China. It is unnecessary to dwell longer upon the plan of Mr. Whitney; its boldness, feasibility, simplicity, and economy, must commend it to universal favor.

TRADE WITH THE BRITISH PROVINCES.*

WERE *free trade* extended indiscriminately all over the world, its effects would be to generalize and classify the products of labor, and to confine such products to such climates and countries as soil and circumstances alone would direct; whilst the products of arts and manufactures would likewise be confined to that spot where, from arbitrary causes, the price of labor was the lowest. The commercial policy of England, for more than two hundred years, sets an example for protection to home industry, whose unbounded results and most extraordinary success establishes a precedent for national policy in all time to come, to all nations desiring to become a *producing people*. Nor is her present policy with reference to free trade less an example of able statesmanship than her former course of protection.

Self-preservation suggests now that the bane should be made the antidote. England, by a long course of protection to home labor, has so advanced the arts and organized manufactures, within her own kingdom, that having raised herself to the position of the *workshop and banking house of Christendom*, and from home competition sent her workmen and manufacturers abroad over the civilized globe to scatter her arts among other nations, cultivating similar plants in other soils, the tendency of which is to stifle the growth of her own; now demands that the sluices of commerce shall be opened to her, that she may trade with all the world free of charge, and that all the world may trade with her on the same terms. Happy course of international policy for herself, if she could effect it *now*; better calculated to advance her personal aggrandizement than any political act of former times, but *sure to ruin those who cannot work so*

cheap, and have not the same skill in manufactures as herself.

Whilst as many days' manual labor are required in the United States to convert a given quantity of iron ore into bars or pigs as it takes in England, and the English operative is satisfied with his shilling and a half sterling, whilst the same man can demand and receive his one and a quarter dollars in the United States, protection must be extended to American manufactures or we must abandon them. When the time arrives that we too can produce as cheap and cheaper than any other people, then will it be the policy of the United States to follow in the footsteps of England, and open our trade to the world. Rapid as has been the growth of States in this Union, none now living may reasonably expect to see that day. Speedy as the population has increased, our domain is too extensive for competition to reduce wages to the standard of Europe for ages to come.

But the extension of reciprocal trade to the British provinces, on our eastern frontier, is not a free trade measure in that light that is hostile to the vital principle of protection, but a mere extension of the boundaries of commerce to include a tenth more of the Anglo-Saxon race, born on the same soil, of a common ancestry, possessing a common language, customs and laws, and worshipping God in the same way as ourselves!

Ever since our own manufactures in the United States have reached a position that enables them to compete with England; the British provinces have been our customers. There are many articles now made in the United States that suit colonial consumption better than English, and were the duties removed, nearly the entire trade would fall into the hands of our manufacturers.

* Our Mercantile Connection considered in reference to its effect on Home Industry, together with arguments against Annexation. By GEORGE W. PORRER, author of the Blue Nose Letters, Institutions of New York, &c.

These articles are, all descriptions of iron-mongery, suited for building, such as nails, screws, locks, bolts, hinges, &c.; to these may be added the coarser varieties of edge tools, such as axes, saws, &c., connected with the cutting and manufacture of lumber. Mechanical tools of all kinds of American make are preferred to English in the British provinces; their consumption in a young country is immense, and would increase in a fourfold degree when once again a revival of business gave new life to industrial pursuits.

The variety of articles required also in the immense fisheries of Newfoundland, Gulf of St. Lawrence and Bay of Fundy, such as fish-tackle, lines, fishermen's clothes, &c., would furnish a new outlet to consumption for various manufactures in the United States. The quantity of ship-bread used by the fishermen in these waters is immense; the Newfoundland trade is supposed to require bread alone for upwards of six thousand sail of fishing vessels, with an average number of six persons. It is probable that the fishermen in the other waters are fully equal to four thousand, so that sixty thousand fishermen could be supplied with ship-bread from the United States, the most of which is now supplied from Europe.

The population of British America is estimated at about two millions, or within five hundred thousand of these United States in 1775 when they declared their independence.

It may be well to notice here the prices at which many leading articles are sold in the United States, of American manufacture, that are required in the British provinces:

Iron shovels per doz.	. \$4 50 to \$8 00
Steel shovels "	. 5 50 to 10 00
Iron spades "	. 4 50 to 8 00
Steel spades "	. 6 00 to 12 00
Steel hoes "	. 2 25 to 8 00
Iron hoes "	. 1 50 to 3 00
Scythes "	. 6 00 to 12 00
Sickles "	. 4 25
Hay rakes "	. 1 25 to 2 50
Door-locks with mineral or brass knobs "	. 7 00 to 12 00
Pad-locks, iron "	. 3 00 to 5 00
Pad-locks, brass "	. 6 00
Chest-locks "	. 0 50 to 3 50
Steel chisels "	. 3 00 to 8 00
Hand-saws "	. 7 00 to 12 00
Carpenters' hammers	. 2 00 to 7 00

Screw augers 3c. 4c. 6c. 8c. 10c. per qr. inch.
 Pod augers 7c. to 10c. per qr. inch.

Almost every article named in the above list are superior in quality to English manufactures for durability and workmanship. The form and finish of American made shovels, spades, and hoes is preferred in this country, and were the protective duty on foreign made entirely removed, they would still continue to find a market at home alongside of their English rival on account of their intrinsic merits. Scythes and sickles of American make have for years superseded in this country the sale of the article made in England, and known as Griffin's New England pattern. The American door-lock is an improvement in every respect on the English lock, especially the article commonly called the Scotch knob lock. It is simplified in its internal arrangement, and therefore less liable to get out of order. The article called "mineral knobs," for locks, is an American invention; its material is common clay, the same that potter's ware is made of. It is glazed and hardened by heat, and for convenience makes a better door knob than metal of any kind, particularly brass; as a finish it is preferred to brass knobs. The American padlock is an article different in form, and more convenient for use than English. Similar remarks will apply with equal force to the chest-lock. The American auger and chisel is better in temper than the Scotch, and warranted.

The steel used for the most part in the United States for all kinds of edge tools, is English cast steel. The consumption of this article reaches annually in the United States to between five and six hundred tons, the bulk of which is used in edge tools. The consumption of English cast steel is more general in the United States than it is in England, and accounts at once for the superiority of American manufactures over English. One peculiarity besides, which renders American tools more advantageous for use than English is, *that they are warranted*, and can be returned and replaced when they are defective.

The largest portion of Canada and New Brunswick is still in a wilderness state. Soon as a better order of things is begun

there, and proper facilities are afforded to emigration, a portion of the yearly subsidies of European population that now find their way exclusively to the United States would settle in the British provinces; whilst the natural growth itself in so fine and vigorous a climate causes increase in population to be large. The geographical extent of all the British provinces is larger than the thirteen original States, whilst their population in 1849 is four-fifths of what this country was when independence was declared in 1776.

These statements are calculated to show to the people of the United States what the advantages of a commercial union are with the British provinces at present, and what they are in prospect. The question of annexation is improbable and undesirable, for reasons that it will not take long to explain. *First*, then it is improbable, because that the feelings of a large portion of the people in the provinces is not prepared for and do not desire the change; no political change would be desirable in the eyes of the Administration of the United States in which the wishes of both parties did not co-operate to the full. *Second*, the interest of British America demands every way, that when she throws off her connection with the mother country she should govern herself. A cheap, practical form of government administered by native statesmen, who, being bred and born "at home," are identified with, and both understand and feel the best interests of their country, is so preferable to a set of exotics as to be duly appreciated by none except those who, like myself, have had the opportunity of studying both.

History has made the subject of national growth familiar to the minds of every American citizen of intelligence. Yet, a few remarks in connection with this highly important question cannot fail to be of interest on both sides of the lines. By the last general census of the United States, the population of that portion of the Union that constituted the thirteen old States, and the expense of governing them, stands thus:

	Population.	Expenditure.
Maine . . .	501,793	\$318,712
New Hampshire . .	284,574	50,000
Vermont . . .	291,948	90,000
Massachusetts . .	737,699	445,745

	Population.	Expenditure.
Rhode Island . .	108,830	37,707
Connecticut . .	309,978	80,000
New York . . .	2,428,921	918,725
New Jersey . .	373,306	78,604
Pennsylvania . .	1,724,033	687,447
Delaware . . .	78,085	not given.
Maryland . . .	469,232	259,468
Virginia . . .	1,239,792	580,437
North Carolina . .	753,419	107,155
South Carolina . .	594,398	306,520
Georgia . . .	691,392	186,795
	10,587,400	

The population of these States in 1776 was estimated at two and a half millions—thus the increase in sixty-four years makes the aggregate over four times what it was at the beginning, a scale of increase in population unparalleled in the history of any other age or country. These remarks, it will be observed, apply exclusively to the *old States*; the new States which, in 1840, were eleven in number, being such as were up to that time admitted into the Union between the Revolution and the time of taking the census, contained a further population of 6,292,169. Since 1840, four other new States have been added, whose population will be told with accuracy at the close of the coming year; at present it is a matter of doubt.

The population of the four British provinces, whose early settlement dates about the same time as that of New England and New York, was, in 1776, less than one million of people, and has only *doubled* itself in the same time that the population of the United States increased *fourfold*. Although the British provinces have had the advantage of a protective trade for their natural productions with the mother country all the time, to the exclusion of the natural productions of the United States, and both have been extensive consumers of British goods, the provinces for most of the time under no duties at all, and latterly only two and a half per cent., the U. States have for twenty-five years been under a high tariff for the protection of home industry, ranging from 15 to 50 per cent. This strange disparity between the two countries, the great majority of whose people is of a common ancestry, leads to an inquiry into the political economy of the two countries; but as that matter is too lengthy to be discussed now, and some-

thing more remains to be said in connection with what has been already advanced, I shall leave it to a future opportunity.

I have said that it is the interest of British America to govern herself in preference to entering the American Union : that fact is easily proved. Under a cheap form of republican government *the whole expense of which, for the four provinces, would be ample if it cost as much as it now costs to govern the smallest province of the four, namely, New Brunswick*, there would be no occasion to raise the scale of duties ; the revenue derived therefrom, with the sale of the public lands, would be more than ample. In Nova Scotia a new source of provincial revenue would follow as a consequence of independence. The mines and minerals of that country are held under tenure of a grant to the late Duke of York, by his father, George III., and are at present worked by a London company to pay certain debts of that prince. The withdrawal of English government in Nova Scotia would of course destroy this grant, and the revenue derived from the mines would revert to the country. One of the blessings of free institutions is, that it eradicates all public burthens that are heaped upon the country from ulterior sources ; this blessing would be amply realized by Nova Scotia in the possession of her rich mines of coal and iron in her own right.

The following extract from the "Blue Nose Letters" puts this question of duties in a proper light, as regards the true interests of British America, inasmuch as annexation would entail on them the rate of prices which has to be sustained in the United States to maintain the manufactures of the country :

"Every ordinary family in the country consisting of a husband, wife and four adult children in comfortable circumstances, will consume of manufactured articles in a year,

About 3 cwt. weight of iron, at 6s.	£0 18 0
" 10 bushels of salt, at 3½d.	0 2 11
Nails, spikes, and other implements of iron	2 0 0
Articles of hardware	1 0 0
Woollen cloths and other woollen fabrics	10 0 0
Cotton cloths and other cotton fabrics	4 0 0

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Earthen ware and glass ware	£1 10 0
Cordage	1 0 0
Leather in harness, boots, shoes, &c.	5 0 0
Candles and soap	1 10 0

Sterling	£27 0 11
Nine per cent. premium and exchange	5 7 6
Currency	£32 8 5

"Under your present scale of duties, which I believe is two and a half per cent., the amount of tax on these articles would be 16s. 2d. currency, but under the United States tariff, which it is safe to reckon at thirty per cent., the amount of tax would be £9 14s. 6d. A city family of the same size would consume more in value, and their taxes would consequently be more.

"The consumption of iron, copper, cordage, and sail cloth, in the building of vessels, is about in proportion of one to three and a half ; thus a ship whose cost when fitted for sea would be £10,500, would have expended on her in these materials about £3,000. Under the American tariff the duty on them would be £900, thus increasing the cost of the vessel a fraction more than eight and a half per cent. on her whole cost. In the present state of your import duties all these materials are free.

"On vessels navigated by steam, where metal forms a much larger proportion of the cost, the tax would be greater still. The same remark will apply to steam-mills, and all other manufactories where metallic machinery forms the motive power, be the agent either water or steam. This thirty per cent. tax would also apply to edge tools, chains, and all other metallic implements used in lumbering and fishing.

"In the construction of buildings where the material used is wood, the relative cost of nails, locks, hinges, and all other hardware, including paint and oil, is in proportion of one to eight. Thus an ordinary well-built house that cost, when ready for occupation, about £500, would have £62 10s. expended on it in the above materials. On this sum your present scale of duties would levy a tax of £3 1s. 3d.; under the United States tariff it would amount to £18 15s."

With regard to the difference of expense in governments between colonies and republics, the salaries to public officers in New Brunswick are about one hundred and sixty thousand dollars. The population does not exceed one hundred and eighty thousand people ; this is equal to eighty-eight cents *ad capitam*. By the census of 1840 the expense of governing certain of the United States were as follows :

	Population.	Expense of governing.	Proportion to each soul.
Vermont	291,948	90,000	31 cents.
Connecticut	309,978	80,000	23 "
New York	2,423,921	918,725	37 "
New Jersey	373,306	78,604	24 "
Ohio	1,519,467	222,407	15 "
Indiana	685,866	127,527	19 "
Tennessee	529,210	134,496	16 "
	6,438,696		

In proportion to any one of the above States, according to population, the expense of government in New Brunswick should not

much exceed forty thousand dollars per annum. Were the difference expended annually in public improvements, so much required in the navigation of rivers and the construction of railroads and other works of public utility, the advancement of the country in one generation would be immense. *Nothing short, however, of a change of government, and an enlightenment of the people, so as to be made sensible of their natural wants, will accomplish these stupendous objects.*

M'LE DE LA SEIGLIÈRE.

[FROM THE FRENCH OF JULES SANDEAU.]

CHAPTER I.

If it ever happen that, in passing through Poitiers, one of the thousand petty accidents which go to make up the sum of human existence obliges you to sojourn a day in that city, where, as I will suppose, you have neither relations, nor friends, nor business interests to occupy your time, you will infallibly be seized, in the course of an hour or two, with that listless and profound ennui, which broods over the province like an atmosphere, and which one particularly inhales at the capital of Poitou. I know of no place in the whole kingdom, save Bourges, where this invisible fluid, a thousand times more to be dreaded than the mistral, or the sirocco, is so searching and subtle, and where it so suddenly and unexpectedly invests and permeates one's whole being. And, even at Bourges, you may conjure the plague by a pilgrimage to one of the most beautiful cathedrals which the art and faith of Catholicism has ever reared. You may even spend a week or more in visiting objects worthy of your admiration—to say nothing of the palace of Jacques Cœur, another marvel, where you may, without interruption, meditate at your leisure on the ingratitude of kings. And as you pass along the deserted streets, where the grass grows between the pavements, and the splendid mansions of the nobility seem sadly to have withdrawn themselves within the enclosures of their silent courts, your loneliness is very soon relieved by a feeling of melancholy, not entirely without its charm. Bourges has the poetry of the cloister; Poitiers is a tomb. If, therefore—as I most sincerely hope may never be the case—some malevolent genius, or some unfortunate mishap, should ever compel you to stop within its sombre walls, the best thing

which can be done, will be to make haste to get out. The champaign is close at hand; and the surrounding region, without being picturesque, has a fresh and smiling aspect. Go to the banks of the Clain, an inconsiderable river to which the Vienne yields the honor of watering the meadows of the chief place in its department, though not, however, on this account either turbulent or proud. Equal in its temper, and modest in its attractions, it is an honest stream, and flows quietly on without apparently the least consciousness that it passes at the foot of a royal court, or laves the walls of the palace of a bishop and a prefect. If you follow the path up the river, in the course of an hour's walk you will discover a valley confined within the circular embrace of two hills, between which the stream makes its way. Picture to yourself two amphitheatres of verdure, rising in front of each other, and separated by the river which reflects them both. An old bridge, whose arches are hung with mosses and ferns, is thrown across between the two banks. At this place the Clain enlarges with a graceful sweep and forms a beautiful basin, smooth as a mirror, until, some distance further on, the crystal stream breaks over the falls, and flies into a dewy dust. Meanwhile upon your right, proudly seated upon the brow of the hill, the Chateau de La Seiglière looks down upon the waving foliage of its parks, while on your left the little castle of Vaubert, half concealed behind a cluster of oaks on the opposite bank, seems to watch with an humble and somewhat dissatisfied air the haughty attitude of its opulent neighbor. This corner of the earth will please you; and if, perchance, you have ever heard the drama of which this peaceful valley was once the theatre, you will experience, no doubt, in visiting it, something of that

mysterious charm which is felt on visiting places consecrated in history; perhaps you will seek in its thick, green meadows some almost obliterated traces of the past; or, perhaps, you will wander about with slow and dreamy steps, evoking here and there its shades and recollections.

The only heir to a name destined to become extinct with him, the last Marquis of La Seiglière, lived royally in his domains. He hunted, supported a great retinue, was kind to his servants, and jealous of his privileges. Suddenly the earth shook, and a low rumbling sound was heard, like that of the sea swept by the tempest. It was the prelude of the great storm which was about to shake the world. The marquis was neither troubled nor scarcely moved; he was one of those unobservant and easy characters who care little for what is going on around them, and suffered himself to be surprised by the revolutionary wave, as a child by the mounting tide. Whether he chased the deer through his forests, or, with his young and beautiful spouse seated by his side on the sumptuous cushions of his carriage, he rode at full speed along the shady and well gravelled ways of his pleasure-grounds; whether he entertained at his loaded table the aristocracy of the neighborhood, or, from the height of his balcony, cast a look of pride over his wheat fields, his forests, his meadows, his farm-houses, and his herds; from whatever point of view he looked upon the political and social question, the existing order of things seemed to him so firmly established, and so perfectly constituted, that neither their permanency, nor their perfection could admit of serious doubt. Nevertheless, not so much from prudence as from ton, he joined the first emigration, if that may be called an emigration, which was rather an agreeable promenade, or a fashionable absenteeism. The shower would soon be over, and the heavens would have time to clear up. But the shower did not so soon pass away. On the contrary, it grew into a fearful tempest, and the skies, far from lightening up, were charged with fiery clouds, through which flashed the lightning and murmured the thunder. The marquis began to suspect that matters might come to a more

dangerous pass than he had at first imagined. He returned precipitately to France, hastily collected what he could realize from his immense fortune, and rejoined his wife, who awaited him upon the banks of the Rhine. They retired to a small town in Germany, installed themselves in an unpretending cottage, and lived with becoming modesty; the marchioness, all grace, resignation and beauty; the marquis, all hope and confidence in the future, until one day, like successive thunderclaps, he received the astounding news, that a handful of half-starved and ragged vagabonds had beaten the army of the good old cause, and that one of his tenants, John Stamply, had purchased and held in possession, under a good and legal title, the park and the castle of La Seiglière.

So long as the Stamplys and the La Seiglières had existed, there had always been a Stamply in the service of the latter, so that, in point of antiquity, the two families were on a par. The Stamplys belonged to that race of faithful and devoted servants of which the last vestige disappeared with the fall of the great seigniorial proprietors. From simple gamekeepers, which they were at first from father to son, the Stamplys became farmers; and, little by little, by dint of industry and economy, and the bounty of their masters, had succeeded in collecting together some little property which they could call their own. How much, precisely, their fortune amounted to was not known among their neighbors; but it seemed to be universally conceded that they were better off than they were willing to acknowledge; so no one was surprised when, after the National Convention had confiscated the property of the emigrants, and the castle of La Seiglière and its appurtenances were sold to the highest bidder, farmer John was found to be the successful competitor. But Stamply continued to live on his farm as aforetime, and was no whit less industrious or more pretending than before. Quietly, and piece by piece, he purchased at a low price the lands already sold, or remaining under sequestration, and at length, by the yearly acquisition of some new fraction, brought the old domain of his masters into the hands of a single proprietor. France

now began to breathe ; a calm had succeeded to the revolutionary storm. One fine morning our republican marquis, feeling himself disposed to improve his accommodations, put his wife and little son into a two-wheeled osier cabriolet, his only pleasure carriage, and seating himself in front, with reins in one hand and whip in the other, started off to take possession of the castle, the capital of his little kingdom.

But this entrance was less triumphant and less joyous than one might at first suppose. In traversing the spacious apartments upon which desolation had placed its sombre mark beneath the vaulted ceilings, over the inlaid floors, and between the richly panelled walls, where everything seemed to speak of the departed inmates, the farmer's wife, who had none of the ambition of her husband, was singularly troubled, and when she found herself in presence of the portrait of the marchioness, which she at once recognized by its look of mildness and its fresh and gracious smile, the good woman could no longer restrain herself. Even Stamply himself experienced an emotion which he could not conceal.

"John," said his wife, wiping her eyes, "we must not stay here. We never should take any comfort if we did. I am almost sorry for our good fortune when I think how the marchioness may be in want. I am afraid, though honestly obtained, it will prove a source of trouble to us. Don't these portraits seem to frown and look as if they were going to speak to us ? Come, let us go back. This castle was never built for us. We could never sleep soundly in it ; and, John," she continued with emphasis, "it is too much that we should live in abundance while one of the family of La Seiglière is in want. Come, let us go back to the farm. It is there that your father died, there our boy was born, and there we have lived happily together. Let us continue in our simple life ; honest people will like us the better, the envious will respect us, and God, as he beholds how modestly we enjoy our riches, will smile upon us, and bless our fields and our child."

Thus spoke the wife of Stamply. She had a noble heart, and though deprived of the advantages of an early education,

she was a woman of excellent sense and sound judgment. Perceiving that he listened with a somewhat hesitating air, and appeared about to yield, she redoubled her solicitations, but Stamply soon got the better of his feelings, and stifled every symptom of disposition to relent. He had received some instruction in his early days, and was indoctrinated to some extent with the new ideas of the time ; and, although he still entertained towards the marquis and the marchioness a feeling of respect and even of gratitude, yet, as by degrees his property accumulated, avarice gained the ascendant. Besides he had a son, and children are ever a marvellous pretext for cloaking selfishness, and legitimizing the abuse of personal interest.

"This is all very fine," said he, in his turn, "but a castle is made for him who owns it, and I did not buy this to quarter our sheep and cattle in. If our masters have quit the country it is not our fault. We have not outlawed them and confiscated their property. The property is ours by a good title, we have bought it of the nation, and with the proceeds of our industry. There are no longer any masters ; all titles are abolished, all Frenchmen are equal and free, and I do not know why a Stamply may not sleep here just as well and just as properly as a La Seiglière.

"Tut, tut, John," returned his wife ; "respect the unfortunate ! Don't outrage the memory of a family which has been the support of yours for hundreds of years.

"I outrage nobody," answered Stamply, somewhat confused. "I only say that if we should continue to live at the farm it would not alter the case ; I do not see as anybody or anything would be the gainer by it, except these rats. We are only peasants, it is true ; our education and position might not exactly accord, I agree ; but this is our misfortune, and it is our duty to take care lest our son suffer in like manner ; it is our duty so to train him up that he may be fit for the station to which our fortune will permit him to aspire. Wouldn't you like to see the little rogue of a Bernard with a sword by his side and golden epaulettes upon his shoulders ? And as for yourself, I should like to know why you may not, as

well as the Marchioness of La Seiglière, be the joy of this domain and the ornament of this castle?"

"Bernard would be none the worse for not having been brought up in a palace, and the marchioness in abandoning her house has not abandoned with it the secret charms of her grace and beauty," replied the dame, with a peculiar motion of the head which indicated both her impatience, and her entire confidence that her husband's arguments were completely refuted. "You see, Stamply, these people possessed something which we shall always want; we may get their property, but that something they will not leave, and we cannot get."

"Well, we can get along without it. Let them have it, and make the most of it. All is, we are in our own house, and shall stay here."

Stamply was a man who, in his own affairs, had his own way. The question in dispute was, therefore, after this emphatic declaration, definitively settled. It was now near spring, of one of the first years of this century. Bernard was about eight years old—a boy of a free and generous nature, but noisy, frolicsome and ungovernable; not very studious, of peaceful relations with his fellows, and not unfrequently coming home to his parents with a dilapidated jacket, or a damaged visage. Stamply at once began the training of his promising son with the services of a tutor, and leaving to him the care of his education, he disposed himself for the unostentatious and peaceable enjoyment of the fortune which industry and the course of events had placed in his hands. But, unfortunately, it was determined that his remaining years were to be filled, almost without interruption, with disappointment and sorrow.

At first, young Stamply was exceedingly rebellious, and stoutly resisted all the proffered advantages which his tutor set forth. Not that he lacked in intelligence or aptitude; but he possessed an uncontrollable spirit, in which the turbulent instincts either stifled or counteracted all others. He exhausted successively the patience of three teachers, who, tired of the war, abandoned the field and wasted their Latin. At length the father, himself almost discouraged, determined to send Bernard to one

of the Parisian lyceums, in the hope that absence from home, dry bread, and the severe discipline that at that time prevailed, would prove to the advantage of his hopeful heir. The separation, however, was not effected without a struggle. Even such as he was, Bernard was the love, the pride, and the joy of his mother. As he was about to depart, the good woman felt as though her heart would break; and when the time came for bidding him adieu she pressed him to her bosom as though she had a presentiment that she should never see him again, and was embracing him for the last time.

In fact, the poor woman was not to see her son again. Her health was sensibly declining. She had so long been accustomed to the active duties of a farmer's wife, that the listlessness and inactivity of her new position was consuming her. By day she wandered through the apartments with a mind ill at ease. At night she laid herself down, not to sleep, but to dream that she saw the Marchioness of La Seiglière begging at the gate of the castle. The noisy playfulness of Bernard had for a while relieved the monotony; but when the castle no longer echoed with his joyous shouts, and her little Bernard was no longer present to tease or to vex her, she was seized with a sombre melancholy, which rapidly wore upon her. Her husband was a long while in discovering it. He had kept up his old habits of industry. He rarely stayed at the castle; was incessantly rambling over his fields, with an eye to everything, and would now and then indulge himself in shooting a hare or a partridge on the same grounds where his ancestors had kept the seigniorial game. Nevertheless the sadness and dejection of his wife at length became so apparent that he could not fail to remark it.

"What is the matter?" he would sometimes ask. "Are you not a happy woman? What do you want? Is there anything that you need or wish?"

"Alas!" she would reply, "I want our former modest ease. I would, as I used to do, milk our cows, and work our butter; I would make soup for our workmen; I want to see again my little Bernard; I should like to bring in every morning the steaming milk and the eggs. Do you remember, Stamply, how the marchioness

loved our cream? Who knows, poor, dear soul, if she gets any such now?"

"Bah! bah!" responded Stamply.—"Cream is good every where. Don't trouble yourself about the marchioness. She does not want anything. The marquis did not go away with empty pockets; and, I'll be bound, he's got more louis-d'ors than we have miserable crumbs. If he did not carry away his castle, his park, and his lands in his pocket-book, we can't help it. It is not for us to do it for him. Don't be foolish. As to your little Bernard, you shall see him again. The rogue isn't dead. Do you think, instead of sending him away to school, it would have been better to have kept him at home, to rob birds' nests in summer, and in the winter to snowball with all the go-baie-foots in the neighborhood?"

"Very true, Stamply; but this is not our place. That was a sad day for us when we quit our farm."

At these words, which incessantly returned in all the conversations of his wife, Stamply shrugged his shoulders and withdrew, evidently out of humor. Meanwhile the troubles of his wife increased. She was of a feeble intellect and timorous conscience. Presently the poor woman began to be harassed with doubts and fears. She began to ask herself if her husband had not deceived her; if it was true that all this fortune had been legitimately acquired; if all the transactions connected with the transfer of the property had been strictly honest; if the castle had nothing wherewith to reproach the probity of the farmer. Unfortunately for her, her prepossessions decided all these questions to the prejudice of her husband, and she quickly passed from doubt to conviction, from perplexity to remorse. Henceforth she was distracted with the idea that Stamply had treacherously dispossessed, had robbed the marquis, which soon became a monomania from which she found neither peace nor truce. Notwithstanding the efforts of her husband to convince her of her folly, it went on increasing until Stamply found himself obliged to confine her under a strict watch, as she now began to wander about, incessantly repeating that her husband, herself, and her son were a family of beggars, bandits, and plunderers. She died soon after in a state

of indescribable madness, fancying that she could hear the executioner coming to seize her, and beseeching her husband to return the castle and its lands to the marquis and his family; "but too happy," added she, as she was breathing her last, "if at that price you can save your head from the scaffold, and your soul from eternal fire."

Stamply was not precisely a resolute man. He was not inclined to speak of the grief which he felt, but the death of his wife affected him severely and strangely. Though he affected a certain contempt for the nobility, he had always nourished at heart a feeling of respect for those whose places he now occupied; and though his conscience held him innocent, he could not think of them without disquiet. But his dejection gradually wore away; he soon resumed his old habits and his wonted look, and rested all his thoughts and all his hopes upon his absent son.

At the age of sixteen Bernard returned to his father—his education completed. He was now a young man of striking, not to say handsome, presence—tall, slender, and graceful, with a buoyant heart and a brilliant eye, and full of the characteristic ardor of his time of life, which the military tendencies of an age proud of its glory and its combats, were little calculated to repress. During his absence everything had assumed a new aspect. He was comparatively a stranger to the facts of the past; he had only a vague recollection of the family of La Seiglière, and a very imperfect apprehension of the manner by which his father had acquired his wealth; he could therefore enjoy it without anxiety and without remorse. He was young, and possessed the tastes, and was animated by the instincts of youth. He hunted, supported the richest equipage, and drove the best horses of any one in the neighborhood. In short, he discovered a wonderful aptitude at spending money, and relieved the threatened apoplexy of the paternal treasury by a skillful and rapid depletion, much to the satisfaction of his worthy father, who fancied that he thus recognized in his son the manners of a grand seignior. All was going on smoothly when, one morning, Bernard sought his father, and addressed him as follows: "Father, you are dear to me, and I ought

to esteem myself happy to pass my life with you; but I am tired of this place, and wish to leave it. Look at it; I am eighteen years old, and is it not a shame for me to waste your powder here in hunting rabbits, when I might burn it gloriously in the service of France? The life which I am leading here is intolerable. Every night I dream that I see the Emperor mounted on his charger at the head of his battalions, and start in my sleep, as if at the thunders of his cannon. The time is come when my dream must be realized. Would you prefer that I waste my youth in vain pleasures? If you love me, you must desire that you may have good cause to feel proud of the object of your affection. Do not weep. Think of the joy I shall give you on my return. What joy! What delight! I will return a colonel; I will hang my cross in your chamber, and I will beguile your evenings with the story of my battles."

And the cruel boy departed. Neither remonstrances, nor prayers, nor tears, could retain him. At that time the young men were all so. Soon letters began to arrive from him, like so many bulletins of glory and triumph—all redolent of powder, and written the day after conflict. At first a simple private in a regiment of cavalry; promoted after the battle of Essling, and again, a short time after, for his conduct in the battle of Wagram, where his gallantry had attracted the notice of the Emperor, his career to distinction was rapid and without interruption. Animated by the love of glory, he proved the wisdom of the observation of Puisaye, "that a year of practice is worth all the manœuvres and all the drillings of the esplanade. Each of his letters was a hymn to war and to the hero, its god. At the commencement of the year 1811, his regiment being then at Paris, Bernard availed himself of a furlough of a few days to visit his old father. The old man was delighted. How handsome was the young officer in the uniform of a lieutenant of hussars! How charmingly did his blue cloak, trimmed with silver, set off the eloquent gracefulness of his form—slender and pliant as the young poplar! How gallantly did he wear upon his shoulders the fur-trimmed cape! How charmingly did his brown moustache relieve his thin

and rosy lip! How proudly hung his sword, and how the floor echoed to his sounding step! Stamply could hardly contain himself. He seized the young soldier by the hand, covered it with kisses, and almost doubted if he was his son.

Like the sun at its setting, the imperial star was now beaming with its most beautiful light, when a mortal chill struck the heart of France. An army of five hundred thousand men, among which the mother country reckoned two hundred and seventy thousand of her bravest and most valiant sons, had just crossed the Niemen to strike a blow at England in the icy bosom of Russia. The regiment to which Bernard belonged constituted a portion of the cavalry reserve corps, under the command of Murat. A letter was received at the castle, dated at Wilna; then another, in which Bernard mentioned that he had been appointed commander of a squadron after the affair of Volontina; then a third; then—no more. Days, weeks, months rolled away, but no tidings of Bernard! It was only known that a battle, the most terrible of modern times, had been fought on the plains of Moscow, and that the victory had cost the French army twenty thousand men. Twenty thousand men slain, and no letters! The Emperor is at Moscow, but no letters from Bernard! But still Stamply hoped. It is a great distance, he mused, from the castle of La Seiglière to the Kremlin, and between these two places communication, especially in time of war, cannot be very regular or safe. But sinister rumors began to circulate; soon these vague reports changed into a cry of fear, and mourning France counted with consternation the remnants of her shattered legions. And what was now passing at the castle? That, alas! which was passing in many other desolate hearts who were seeking a son in the ranks now decimated by the iron hail of war and the terrible frosts of Russia. Stamply decided to address himself to the minister of war for information as to the fate of Bernard. The response came quickly back. Bernard had fallen at Moscow.

Stamply withstood the shock; his grief did not entirely overcome him, though in the short space of as many months he seemed, to those who knew him, to have

added as many years to his life, and on some occasions might be seen plunged in a sort of listlessness which bordered on imbecility. On these occasions he would wander up and down through the fields, in sunshine or in storm, bare-headed, and with a smile upon his lips; but a vague and inconstant smile, sadder and more affecting than tears. When he had recovered from his despondency, the good man, by degrees, began to remark a fact of which he had never before thought; it was that he had around him neither friends nor relations of any kind or degree, and that he was absolutely alone. He even thought he perceived that he was the object of the general contempt and reprobation of the neighborhood. And this had been true for some time. So long as the reign of terror had endured, and Master Stamply had remained modestly on his farm, his neighbors had troubled themselves but little about his fortune, or his successive acquisitions; but when a period of calm had succeeded to that frightful storm, and the farmer had publicly installed himself in the seigniorial castle, they began to open their eyes. And when, finally, escutcheons and titles began to reappear, like the fragments of a wreck after the tempest, a fearful concert of oburgations and calumnies assailed the unfortunate farmer from every direction. What did they say? Rather, what did they not say? Some, that he had robbed, spoiled, ruined, and driven away his master; others, that he had been appointed the secret agent of the marquis, and that, abusing their confidence, he refused to give up the domains and the castle which he had purchased with the money of the La Seiglières. The amiable persons who, in '93, would have been enchanted with the decapitation of the marquis, now took to singing his virtues and deploring his exile. Fools and knaves were filled with joy at Stamply's troubles; and even in the eyes of some honest people, the probity of their neighbor was not entirely unequivocal. The sad end of the good old dame, and the remorse with which she was tormented in her last moments, gave color to the most unfavorable suspicions, and the life which Bernard led during his short stay at home, after his return from school, had carried envy to its

highest pitch of exasperation. He had been, at Poitiers and its vicinity, the universal theme of indignant and hostile remark; and even his death, losing no opportunity for insult, they insisted was a providential visitation, a merited expiation of his own and his father's iniquities. Instead of sympathy, Stamply received only reproach; and instead of offering him consolation in his misfortune, they threw in his face the dead body of his son.

While Bernard was alive, Stamply, occupied with his parental joy and pride, not only did not remark the feeling of hatred which was entertained towards him, but did not even suspect that calumny could make him its victim. Thus it is too often. The world is full of prejudice, excitement, restlessness and noise, while the object of its indignation is generally resting happy and tranquil in some quiet corner, entirely unconscious of the honor which the world is doing him. But when, after the death of his son who had been his universe, the old man threw here and there a look of desolation, and encountered no friendly hand, no affectionate heart, no benignant recognition, he at length perceived that he was hedged in as it were by a sanitary cordon; that he was shut up from intercourse with the world like an infected city. His subordinates hated him because he had arisen from their ranks; the more opulent and cultivated of his neighborhood turned aside when they met him without a recognition. Even in process of time the village boys would insult him, and stone him as he passed through the streets. "See!" they shouted, "there goes that old miser of a Stamply, who has made his money by robbing his benefactors." He passed on his way with a downcast look and a tearful eye. His courage, which had so long supported him under the double weight of age and chagrin, gave way under the feeling of public hatred; his conscience, which had never been entirely at ease, now began to afflict him anew. In short, in his castle, in the midst of plenty, and surrounded by his vast domains, he lived alone, wretched and despised.

CHAPTER II.

Let us now return to the other castle, which we mentioned at the commence-

ment of this history as half concealed behind a cluster of oaks, and eyeing with a somewhat dissatisfied air, the proud façade of its neighbor, which, with its domain, occupied both banks of the Clain. The castle of Vaubert had not always borne the humble appearance which it presented at the time of which we are now speaking. Before the Revolution had laid its hand upon it, it was a vast structure with its towers and bastions, its drawbridges and its fosses, its battlements and terraces—a true strong-hold, whose imposing massiveness stood forth in striking contrast to the elegant and richly ornamented architecture of its aspiring and graceful competitor. The domains which belonged to it, and had constituted from time immemorial the barony of Vaubert, yielded in no respect, whether in extent or value, to those of La Seiglière. In short, La Seiglière and Vaubert enjoyed an undisputed pre-eminence, and saving some little rivalries, inevitable between neighbors of such high and generally concurrent pretensions, the two houses had lived for centuries in almost uninterrupted intimacy, which latterly the common sentiment of danger had only tended to increase. Both emigrated the same day, followed the same route, selected the same corner of a foreign land, and lived together in their adversity, even more intimately than in their prosperity. They even joined such of their effects as they had been able to realize from their former possessions, and established themselves under the same roof in the most unrestricted community of goods, of hopes and regrets—but with fewer hopes than regrets, and with less of goods than either. Like the Marquis, M. de Vaubert had a wife, and, moreover, a son, yet an infant, who was destined to grow up in exile.

The nobility of that period, so much calumniated when malignity and falsehood were suffered to go almost without molestation, showed at least, in the hour of trial, that they knew as well how to bear their evil fortune, as if they had never enjoyed a better.

Among those who had been reared in luxurious effeminacy, and who were for the most part distinguished for their giddiness, frivolity, and dissipation, there were found in the day of misfortune abundant displays of energy, courage and

resignation. Thus our little colony cheerfully settled down in its new habitation, and yielded to the inconveniences and discomforts of its new life, with an amiable philosophy. They occupied a house at the outer extremity of one of the main avenues of the city, which consisted of a main building flanked by two wings, called respectively the castles of Vaubert and La Seiglière. In the morning, never forgetting the requirements of etiquette, they interchanged calls, and in the evening met together in the common parlor for conversation and amusement, each bringing to these little parties their exquisite politeness and refinement of manners. The marchioness and the baroness added the cheer of their grace and beauty—the one, lovely from that pensive disinterestedness and quiet unconcern peculiar to those who are destined to a premature death; the other, a nature less poetic, but active, energetic, adventurous, worthy to shine on a more extended theatre or to mingle in the intrigues which were then transpiring in the salons of Vienna and Coblenz. They sometimes consoled themselves in a bon-mot, and occasionally indulged in a little sarcasm, with regard to the new rulers of France, but never suffered themselves to be betrayed into reproaches or vituperation. Nevertheless, it must be confessed that so much philosophy rested upon a foundation of delusion and almost entire inappreciation of passing events. This, in fact, is the true secret of that display of courage, energy and resignation, of which we have just spoken. They persisted in the belief that the great work then going on at home was only a bloody parade, played off by a band of assassins; and expected month after month, to see France chastised, and brought back to obedience. But the ruin of their hopes operated singularly upon their minds, and forced them to a more just and rational appreciation of the nature of the changes then going on around them. Like heedless children, they had at first enjoyed their expatriation; but when they began to comprehend that the game was in earnest, when they found that exile was taking them at their word, many began seriously to think of returning to France;—some to join in the intrigues of the royalists, who

now began to show signs of life in certain sections of Paris; others, to attempt to gather up, so far as possible, the meagre remains of their dissipated fortunes. The Baron de Vaubert was of this latter class. Never, in truth, had he been much prepossessed with the idea of exile; but his wife had drawn him thither in spite of himself, while he was continually impressed with the conviction, that, with a little management, he might have saved both his property and his head. The marquis, however, whether from firmness, or obstinacy, or resentment, persisted in declaring that he would never return to France unless with his legitimate masters. The baron, therefore, departed alone, leaving to the result of his movement and the turn of events to decide whether he should send for his wife and son, or return to them.

M. de Vaubert found his castle dilapidated, his battlements demolished, his fosses filled up, his escutcheons defaced, his lands parcelled out, his entire property sold. But his was a positive, energetic character, and he had no idea of sacrificing himself to the romantic notions of chivalry. He had returned under an assumed name, and made it his first purpose to procure his name to be stricken from the list of emigrants. Resuming his title of baron, as soon as the higher classes of society began to resume their former position, his next purpose was to recover his barony; and to this he devoted all his energies.

There is nothing like adversity to develop in a man the industrious instincts which, as a whole, constitute what we call a turn for business. The moment, moreover, was well chosen. It was a period of change—of ruin and reconstruction. If old fortunes crumbled like paper castles, new ones sprung up from their ruins like toadstools the day after a shower. Every ambition has its allurements; every effort its promised reward. Parvenus encumbered the land. Men grew rich in a day from hazardous speculations, and in the midst of individual prosperity the state alone seemed to suffer from extreme destitution. M. de Vaubert plunged into business with the adventurous audacity of a man who has nothing to lose. He quailed before the

magnitude of no enterprise, and boldly resolved to regain and rebuild the heritage he had received from his fathers, and which it was his dearest wish to transmit to his offspring. Nevertheless, years rolled away before success crowned his efforts, and it was not till 1810 that he was able to repurchase what remained of his manor, with the grounds immediately surrounding it. Thus far had he succeeded in his purpose when death surprised him soon after he had written for his wife and son, whom he had not seen for now nearly fifteen years.

Meanwhile, what had passed among the exiles? The marquis had grown old; the baroness was no longer young; her son Raoul was eighteen; and ten years since the marchioness had died in giving birth to a daughter, who was called Helen, and promised to rival the beauty of her mother. The letter of M. de Vaubert decided his wife to start at once. The separation was a sad one. Long acquaintance and a common misfortune had bound the Marquis and Madame de Vaubert by ties not easily sundered, while the children, notwithstanding the disparity in their ages loved each other tenderly. Their enemies have maliciously insinuated that their mutual bereavement was a mutual consolation; but all such insinuations are without foundation. The truth is that they had been friends for years, and when they were about to separate they felt the separation keenly. The baroness had pressed the marquis and his daughter go with her, offering them freely the hospitality of her husband's castle, and not entirely concealing the hope that Helen and Raoul might one day be united. The marquis did not desire to conceal that such a connection would be in accordance with his most cherished wishes; indeed, he had secretly entertained the hope for a long time, that such might the case eventually. He took the baroness at her word, and from that moment the young representatives of two apparently falling houses were affianced to each other. As to the proposition to return to France and make his home at the mansion of M. de Vaubert, M. de La Seiglière, though not without the greatest reluctance thus to separate from his companions in misfortune, gave her to understand with sufficient distinct-

ness that it could not be accepted. Twenty years had been added to his life, but his ideas remained stationary. He could not pardon M. de Vaubert for having compromised his name by condescending to furnish supplies to the republican armies, and was not the man to share in the benefits of a fortune purchased at such a price. For no consideration whatever would he consent, by such proximity, even impliedly to countenance the usurpation of the throne of France, or to see the domains of La Seiglière in the hands of one of his servants. In his estimation Bonaparte and Stamply were only a couple of spoliators whom he ranked in the same line; the one was the Stamply of the Bourbons, the other, the Napoleon of La Seiglière. It was amusing to hear him, who, in many respects, was a most amiable person, converse upon this subject. Impatient, abrupt, full of confidence in a future which should restore the monarchy and its faithful servants to their former possessions, rights and privileges, he obstinately persisted in his refusal to set his foot upon the soil of France until, by the cane or the cannon, it should be purged of Stamply of every sort.

The re-entry of Madame de Vaubert was a poem of poignant deceptions and bitter disenchantments. From the letter of her husband, who did not enter much into detail, and who had previously exaggerated the success of his enterprise, the baroness had fondly imagined that she should find the castle, with all its dependencies, just as she had left it. She was, therefore, not a little surprised, on arriving at Poitiers, that her husband, whom she had taken the precaution to advertise of the probable day of her arrival, did not meet her there with a carriage emblazoned with the baronial escutcheon. But there was a good reason why M. de Vaubert did not meet her at the appointed rendezvous, which, however, the baroness did not suspect. Being in haste to tread again upon her own lands, she took the arm of her son, and, having gained the banks of the Clain, followed the winding path which leads thence to the castle. One must have passed twenty years in exile, in order to comprehend and appreciate the emotions which stirred the heart of that woman, as she again breathed the

perfume of those fields where she had passed the delightful years of her youth. Her bosom heaved, and her eyes were moistened with tears. Nor was it, to her praise be it spoken, the sentiment of recovered possessions that moved her thus. She had experienced the same emotions on touching the soil of France; and now there was added to this love of the common country, the happy recollections, the sweet intoxication of a recovered home—of her own domain within that of her native land, of her paternal fields, and her hereditary roof. It is not the mind of a woman that can withstand such memories as these; and though thus to limit one's country to the boundaries of our patrimonial fields be a kind of selfishness, yet it is a selfishness natural to the race, and never to be obliterated, save in the general wreck of the best affections of our nature.

Raoul, however, had no recollection of the places he was approaching, and did not share in the emotions of his mother. Still, his young heart leaped with pride and joy as he saw that the castle, the woods, the fields, and the meadows, which he had so many times dreamed of, as of some fabulous shores, were so near at hand, and that he had at length reached that seigniorial opulence of which he had so often heard, and to which he so ardently aspired. As they advanced, his mother pointed out to him the ocean of verdure which lay spread out before them, and said, with proud satisfaction: "All this, my son, is for you." She was overjoyed at the transports of the young man, and at the speedy prospect of introducing him to the Gothic manor of his ancestors—a true fortress without, but within a palace resplendent with the luxury of ten generations. Meanwhile no one came out to meet her; neither M. de Vaubert, nor a deputation of the farmers and their wives and daughters, with flowers in their hands and joy in their countenances, to welcome her return. Raoul himself, who, though he had grown up in the midst of privations, had been, at an early age, by the care and conversation of his mother and the marquis, thoroughly imbued with the high expectations permissible to the only son and heir of a wealthy and noble family, wondered not a little at the apparent indifference with which their coming was

regarded; but the astonishment of the baroness almost approached stupefaction when, upon turning up the path, she came upon what remained of her warren and castle, while Raoul, observing her sad and silent gaze, asked her what old house that was she was looking at. At first she could hardly believe her own eyes, and, as the sun was just setting, was half persuaded that it was the effect of the twilight, and that she was the sport of some new mirage. Nevertheless, she continued to advance; but with a step less firm, and a heart less joyous. Alas! it was too true; the warren was gone, and only a cluster of oaks remained. The castle was only a mangled corpse, with its wounds concealed beneath a shroud of ivy. The fosses were transformed into a cabbage garden; the chapel was torn down, the turrets had disappeared; the façade was in ruins. Not a servant awaited them at the door; not a gun-shot awakened the echoes of the old domain; not a bouquet, nor a shout of gratulation, welcomed them back. Not a sound was heard, save the twitterings of the swallows as they circled about in the evening twilight; in all else there was the solitude and silence of the tomb. But still the baroness advanced, and still Raoul questioned—

"Where are we going? Where are you leading me, mother?"

His mother proceeded without making any reply, and soon found herself within the walls of the castle; but here her strength and her courage failed. The interior was even more gloomy and dilapidated than the exterior had promised. The floors were decayed; the panelling was torn off; the rich Holland and damask hangings were torn down; the paintings were gone. There was no trace of the old Gothic furniture, nor of that of the Renaissance. Empty halls, deserted apartments and denuded walls, with here and there on the ceiling some vestiges of half obliterated gilding, or in the windows some neglected curtains, discolored by the moisture and gnawed by the rats, were all that met the eye.

"Where are we, mother?" again asked Raoul, with a look of surprise.

Madame de Vaubert went on from chamber to chamber, but made no reply. Finally, after having vainly sought for a

living soul in the midst of this solitude, she found an old servant in the kitchen sound asleep, under the mantle-piece. She seized him by the arm, roused him by a somewhat violent shake, and sharply and imperatively demanded several times in quick succession—

"Where is M. de Vaubert?"

"M. de Vaubert, madam?" rejoined the old man, rubbing his eyes; "he is in the grave-yard."

"No jesting, sir," quickly returned the baroness, who was almost beside herself. "What has he gone there after?"

"Madam," replied the old servant, "he is doing there what I was just doing here; he is sound asleep."

"Dead!" cried the baroness.

"And buried a month ago," tranquilly added the old man.

The cry of Madame de Vaubert started the servant, and he soon recognized his former mistress, for he had a long while been in the service of the family, and was the only servant who survived. Age and infirmity had rendered him almost helpless. He informed the baroness how her husband, just after he had purchased the castle and the two small enclosures immediately attached, the whole of his new barony, had sickened and died without having had time to make such repairs and improvements as would place the manor in a fit condition to receive her and her son. Madame de Vaubert was overwhelmed, while Raoul paid no attention to what was passing. Worn out with the fatigue of the journey and the excitement of the return, the young baron had fallen asleep in a chair which served as his couch till morning, and his mother retired to the only bed—a very humble one, which the mansion could boast.

The next morning, as she came from her chamber, Madame de Vaubert encountered Raoul walking with a thoughtful and somewhat dejected air, to and fro through the empty hall. They exchanged recognitions, but not a word was said. Meanwhile the baroness was reluctant to undeceive herself; she still hoped that her prospects were brighter than the surrounding ruins and the old man's story seemed to forebode. But when the will was opened and its contents were known,

whether M. de Vaubert had, during his life squandered with one hand what he had earned with the other, or whether he had himself been deceived as to the extent of his acquisitions, it was but too apparent to both the mother and the son, that their only inheritance was this dilapidated manor, and the two small adjoining enclosures, as they have been described, with about fifty thousand francs which the baron had deposited with his notary a few days before his death. This was the extent of their property. They made their domestic arrangements accordingly, and lived in the castle in a style but little differing from that of their exile.

But still more grievous disappointments were in reserve for Madame de Vaubert. The longer she lived upon the soil which the revolutionary shock had moved from its foundations, and divided almost without limit; the more she observed what now was passing in France, great, prosperous, and covered with glory; the more she investigated the territorial laws of the new government, and saw that the rights of the new proprietors were already consecrated by years of quiet, undisturbed possession, and guarantied by the common law, the more keenly did she feel the utter nothingness and folly of the illusions of the emigrants. She now saw that, at best, the return of the Bourbons to the throne would not necessarily restore the Marquis de La Seiglière to his property; that Napoleon was much less firmly seated upon the throne than John Stamply upon the brow of the opposite hill; and that however much the former might be in danger from cannon, the latter had no reasonable cause to fear for canes. These considerations somewhat cooled the ardor of the baroness touching the matter of Raoul's union with the daughter of the marquis. On quitting him and the young Helen, she had been betrayed by the excitement of the separation; but at this distance cold reason had resumed its empire. Raoul was fair, handsome, finely formed, and poor; but of a noble family, which could boast of a pedigree running back to the first Christian baron. At an epoch of fusion and reconstruction, when—the pleasure of the Emperor giving new force to a very natural predisposition—parvenus of yesterday sought to emblazon

their escutcheon with armorial bearings, and to brighten their louis-d'ors by the salutary friction of some old parchment, Raoul might evidently pretend to a connection which should restore the fortune of his family. These ideas developed themselves gradually, and from day to day took a firm and more definite hold upon the mind of the baroness. She loved her son tenderly; and her love no less than her pride was wounded at the prospect that he was to rust in idleness or to be weighed down by poverty. She was herself comparatively young, but still of an age when the love of gain and the desire to provide for future contingencies—when the calculations of selfishness begin to take the place of the more generous instincts of the soul—and it was very easy for a mother to persuade herself that her own ambition was nothing else than a sincere solicitude for the welfare of her son. Accordingly she who had hitherto held herself apart, mingling only with that fraction of the noblesse which persisted in their exclusiveness, now began to think seriously of uniting herself to the fortunes of the empire, and of seeking for her son some lucrative alliance, when they were startled by the news that the imperial eagle, struck with a deadly blow on the plains of Russia, held the thunderbolts only in her half-broken talons. Madame de Vaubert thought it prudent to wait and see, before taking any further steps, where the storm would break which was now muttering at every point of the horizon. This was the time, it will be recollected, when Stamply also received the news of the death of his son. The rumor came to the ears of the baroness, who charitably set it down as a just retribution, and occupied herself no further about it. She hated Stamply both on her own account and on account of the marquis; she never spoke of him save with contempt, and her exaggerated accounts of the position and privations of M. de La Seiglière and his daughter had contributed not a little to let loose upon the head of the poor man the enmity and persecution of which he was the unhappy object. Matters stood thus, when suddenly everything boded a change.

Madame de Vaubert was seated near an open window, and seemed in profound

meditation. It was neither the harmonies nor the images of a fine summer's evening, that held her thus dreamy and collected. She was gazing sadly and covetously upon the opposite castle of La Seiglière, whose windows were gilded by the last rays of the setting sun; and which, with its festoons, its arabesques, its cupolas, and its belfries, was radiant with glory, while the clustered foliage of the park beneath waved gently to the caressing breeze. She saw at the same time the rich farms grouped around it, and, in the bitterness of her heart, remembered that that castle, that park, and those lands were the property of a boor and a clown. Raoul surprised her in the midst of these reflections. He seated himself by her side and remained silent, like her, gazing wearily up and down the landscape commanded by the open window. His usual vivacity had given way to a sombre melancholy. Having no taste for study, which alone could have beguiled his poverty, he wasted his energies in useless regrets and fruitless desires. That evening, during a solitary walk through the fields, he had encountered a jovial troop of young cavaliers, on their return from the chase, in full hunting equipage, to the sound of horns, and escorted by their hounds and their huntsmen. But he had neither horse, nor hound, nor huntsmen, by which to drive away his heavy hours, and returned to the house sadder and more dejected than usual. He dropped into his chair, leaned his forehead upon his hand, and the tears rolled down his already pale and somewhat wasted cheeks.

"My son! my child! my Raoul!" exclaimed his mother, drawing him to her bosom.

"Ah! mother," cried the young man, bitterly, "why have you deceived me? Why have you deluded me with a foolish and vain hope? Why have you nourished me from my earliest years in such senseless dreams? Why did you point out to me from the bosom of poverty those enchanted shores which I was never to reach? Why did you not train me up to be contented with a moderate competence? to limit my wants and ambitions, and to bear myself with that humility and resignation which comports with our destiny? All this would have been very easy."

To these merited reproaches his mother made no reply, but hung her head in silence. At this moment a noise without attracted their attention. She rose from her chair, went out into the balcony, and recognized Stamply at the end of the bridge which leads across the Clain, pursued by a crowd of boys, who were pelting him with pieces of turf. The old man, without offering them any resistance, was flying as fast as his age and his heavy shoes would permit. Madame de Vaubert kept her eyes upon him till he passed out of sight, and then fell again into a reverie. She soon came out of it, however, with a countenance radiant and smiling. What had passed? What had happened? Less than nothing—an idea. But an idea suffices to change the face of the world.

(*To be continued.*)

POLITICAL MISCELLANY.

OUR FOREIGN POLICY.

THE following being the first document which has emanated from our present Administration, and in which are laid down the principles of neutrality it means to adopt with regard to the governments now engaged in war in Europe; we think it advisable to record it in our Review, in which it can be more readily referred to than in the crowded and miscellaneous columns of a newspaper. There can be no doubt that it is essential to the welfare of this great commercial country, so to steer its course, as not to compromise its first great element of power, the shipping interest.

DEPARTMENT OF STATE, }
Washington, April 10, 1849. }

BARON VON ROENNE,

Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary of the German Empire:

The undersigned, Secretary of State, has been directed by the President of the United States to make to the Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary of the German Empire, the following communication:

On entering upon the Executive office, the President's attention was called to the fact that a large steamer, named the *United States*, was fitting out at New York, destined, as was generally believed and known, for the naval service of the German empire. An exact inquiry into the fact, which he at once caused to be instituted, resulted in abundant evidence and irrefragable proof, to satisfy his mind that this war vessel was really designed to be employed by the central government of Germany in the unfortunate contest now existing between Germany and Denmark.

The United States at this moment remain in peace with all the world; they contemplate with profound interest the movements of other nations, in struggles to advance their true happiness, and to reform and improve the systems of government under which they live. In the progress and development of the great events which are daily transpiring in Europe, a conflict has unhappily sprung up between Germany and Denmark, that has not failed to awaken a new and lively solicitude on our part, as the common friend of the belligerent parties. It is precisely in this condition of affairs between these contending nations, that

the high and imperative duty has been devolved upon the Executive to take care that there shall be no violation or infringement of the laws of the United States, enacted expressly for the purpose of enabling us to preserve our cherished relations of amity and good understanding with all foreign powers, and to fulfil with strict impartiality the duties of neutrality, and all the obligations of our treaties with those powers. This grave duty is enjoined by the Constitution of the United States, which by solemn oath the Executive is bound to "preserve, protect and defend."

The enlightened minister of Germany cannot be ignorant of the existence of the act of Congress of the 20th April, 1818, entitled, "An act in addition to the act for the punishment of certain crimes against the United States, and to repeal the acts therein mentioned." To the stringent provisions of that statute, the undersigned is now instructed by the President to invite your Excellency's special attention. Its 11th section requires the forcible detention of vessels of the character described, (and within its purview comes, unquestionably, the steamer *United States*,) when about to depart under circumstances which render it probable that they are intended to commit hostilities against a friendly power. Another section, the 3d, imposes a fine and imprisonment on all persons engaged in such enterprises, and also the forfeiture of said vessels. And its 10th section makes it obligatory to the owners, &c. of such vessels to enter into a bond to the United States not to commit hostilities against any nation with which the United States are in peace. By the 8th section of the act, the President is fully empowered and required to execute the law by carrying all its provisions into effect.

Moreover, you are aware that the government of Denmark has entered a formal protest against the fitting out of this vessel for the objects alleged. In answer to the protest, the Danish minister has received from the President the most satisfactory assurances in reference to the views and feelings of the American government, and in regard to the course which the latter, under the circumstances, believe it to be a duty to pursue. Independently, however, of the consideration just adverted to, it is due to your Excellency to state that the President, guided by a sense of justice and good faith, had already, before the protest of Den-

mark was laid before him, determined that it was his bounden duty to respect the rights of a friendly power, and, if absolutely necessary, even to enforce, to the very letter, all the provisions of our laws which were passed and intended to protect these rights.

But, whilst thus firmly resolved to discharge a duty which was due to Denmark, the President is equally desirous, nay, anxious, to convince the German government and people of his sincere wishes to cultivate the most cordial relations of amity and good-will with them, and to evince most clearly the friendly spirit which animates him by exhibiting a signal mark of the confidence he reposes in the honor and integrity of the distinguished individual who worthily represents the German empire and people near this government. To this end the undersigned is now authorized by the President to say to your excellency, in all frankness, that the moment you shall be prepared to communicate to the undersigned, in writing, the solemn assurance that the vessel in question now fitting out in the harbor of New York is not designed and intended to be, and will not be employed by your government against any power with which the United States are now at peace, such assurance on your part will be deemed and taken by the President as a sufficient pledge and security to remove all doubts from his mind, and to justify him in suffering the steamer to quit the port of New York, and to proceed without interruption or hinderance to her destination, whatever that destination may be; it being distinctly understood that the said steamer, whilst the property of the German government or of her agent, shall thus proceed in her true character of a German vessel.

The undersigned, in making this communication, which he trusts your excellency will receive and impart to your government in the spirit in which it originated and has been made, most gladly avails himself of the opportunity which it affords to reiterate to your excellency the assurances given by his predecessor, in the name of the government and people of the United States, that the President will ever be ready and studious to foster the friendship now so happily subsisting between our respective countries, and to promote, as far as may consist with his public duty, the prosperity of the German Confederation, and the accomplishment of the great objects which the German people have in view.

The undersigned has the honor to renew to your excellency the assurance of his distinguished consideration.

JOHN M. CLAYTON.

In consequence of the foregoing, the Baron de Roenne entered into engagements that the steamer United States should not be employed in any warlike operation until she

should have been completely denationalized. The steamer accordingly left New York for Southampton, and having taken on board some eight or ten Paixhan guns of large calibre appeared certainly one of the most magnificent and most warlike steamships that ever sailed from the shores of America. She was commanded by Captain Palmer, who resigns on her changing her flag at Southampton. Several passed midshipmen who had been compelled to leave the United States Navy in consequence of having been engaged in duels, have taken passage in this steamer with the intention, it is said, of offering their services to the German government. They are understood to be

“Such lawless enterprise set off their heads,”
officers of great merit and ability.

CALIFORNIA.

It does not appear that the inhabitants of the new territory have made any very sensible progress towards the formation of a provisional government, although great dissatisfaction prevails there in consequence of Congress not having provided the country with a territorial government.

The Alta Californian of the 9th April, asserts that the military government now in operation there, represented by Colonel Mason and General Smith is wrong, and contrary to the spirit and letter of the Constitution, and argues that in the neglect of Congress they have a right to form a government for themselves. It denies the right of the United States to tax the people, when they give them neither government nor representation and therefore protests against the collection of revenue at their ports.

In a letter published in the Alta Californian, dated Sacramento City, 28th March, it is stated that everybody was preparing to begin gold-hunting. New parties were constantly arriving. Gold-washing had been carried on during the winter with but partial success. On the Middle Fork an average of two ounces of gold a day for each man had been gathered. On the Yerba river, a large party of Oregonians had made out about the same. There was some talk of diverting the rivers from their present channels to get at the gold at the bottom. A place called Stanislaus appeared to be the favorite resort for the gold hunters. A millwright had made a diving bell, to pick up gold in deep water. A piece of gold had been found in Stanislaus river by Mr. Webber of Stockton weighing seventy-eight ounces—value \$1284.

Meetings had been held at Monterey and other places to choose delegates to a convention to form a territorial constitution.

In a letter from a correspondent of the *Boston Atlas*, dated San Francisco, 8th April, we find the following :

"We are as full of people as the place can hold; and if any one can tell where the coming crowd are to stow themselves, I, for one, would like to know. Everything in the shape of a house is completely crammed. Tents are pitched in all directions; in fact, the place looks more like a military encampment than anything else. People are flocking to the gold regions by hundreds, as this is the beginning of the season, the rainy weather being over. Nothing but launches laden with goods and passengers, can be seen in the bay, all bound for the gold regions, with the full intention of making their eternal fortunes.

"In the coming season nothing but continual rows of all sorts will be the consequence of the assemblage of so many of different nations at the diggings. A circular has this day been issued by General Smith, prohibiting all foreigners going to the mines. What the result will be I can hardly say, but would venture an opinion this much, to say, that it would take all the armed force of America to prevent the people, whether they be Americans or foreigners.

"In the way of merchandize, there are so many goods coming and arriving here that before long they will be cheaper here than in the United States."

By the arrival of the *Crescent City* from Chagres at New Orleans, we learn that Colonel Mason, late Governor of California, had returned in that steamer.

General Smith appears to be somewhat in an uncertain position as to the collection of duties in San Francisco, and has issued a circular, which we suppose from the concluding clause, to be addressed to the various governments on the Pacific.

"Head Quarters, Pacific Division,
San Francisco, Upper California,
April 1st, 1849.

"The treaty concluded with Mexico, on the 20th of May last, brought Upper California within the United States, and of course within the operation of all its laws, but the means of enforcing some of these laws have not been provided by Congress. Thus, as the Secretary of the Treasury, in his circular of the 30th of October last, observes: 'Although Congress have recognized California as part of the Union, and legislated for it as such; yet it is not brought by law within the limits of any collection district, nor has Congress authorized the appointment of any officers to collect the revenue.' The laws of the United States are in force here, and consequently the revenue and navigation laws are; though at this moment some part of the machinery necessary to their complete action, is wanting.

"Now, the law declares that certain goods shall only enter upon having paid the duties prescribed by the tariff; and when the Secretary says that the department is unable to col-

lect duties on such, the proper inference is not, as many seem to think, that the goods can enter without paying duties, but that, being unable to pay the duties here, as required by law, they cannot be admitted at all.

"As many cargoes have been shipped under the wrong impression, that they could enter, and there was no American port of entry in the Pacific to which they could resort, to comply with the law, a case of extreme hardship was presented, which appeared to authorize such a modification as would allow the cargoes to be entered, on depositing the duties to await the action of Congress upon the subject; and so far from the want of American vessels on the coast, and from the unwillingness of the few in this ocean to frequent these ports, where the men desert to the gold mines, an absolute necessity of some means of transportation existed, which could only be supplied by using foreign vessels that came from the neighboring coasts.

"But both of these modifications of the law can be but temporary. There can be no hardship in enforcing the law on those who are fully aware of all its provisions and their effect, and time will doubtless do away with the scarcity of American vessels of small class here. There will then be no reason for indulgence, and the suspension of the strict enforcement of the law will cease. Even before that time, the government at Washington, thinking itself not empowered to allow of any such suspension, may revoke the indulgence granted, and require a strict adherence to the law, whatever may be the inconvenience to individuals. I think it would be proper, then, to notify all persons designing to come here from your port or its neighborhood, that they can have no right to count upon any other than the strictest construction of the law, as in all other ports of the United States, both as regards cargoes and vessels, and particularly, that dutiable goods cannot be entered here at all, unless Congress shall have made provision for appointing the necessary officers.

"It would be well, also, to inform all adventurers coming here to search for gold, that trespassing upon the public lands is punishable by fine and imprisonment; that although the position of affairs here, incident to the change of government, has hitherto prevented action under these laws, yet they will be enforced as soon as the means are organized.

"I should like to be informed of the date of your receipt of this communication, to be enabled to judge of the degree of indulgence proper to award to those claiming it."

(Signed) PERSIFER F. SMITH,
Brevet Major-General
Commanding Division.

By the *Lexington* store-ship, which vessel arrived here a few days ago, three hundred and fifty thousand dollars worth of California gold

dust was received in this port, and from the Crescent City arrived at New Orleans, we have a telegraphic despatch announcing that she has a million of dollars in gold on board also, destined for this city. These arrivals will no doubt give a fresh impetus to emigration to the Pacific, and this is beginning to be apparent in the increased number of vessels advertised during the last week. Still we think that far the greater number of emigrants will proceed by way of the Isthmus of Panama, now that Messrs. Howland and Aspinwall's line of steamers appear to be regularly organized, and that there will no longer be any apprehension of a recurrence of the ruinous delays which have taken place at Panama. The system of sending ships round Cape Horn to San Francisco, to lie rolling in that harbor without any chance of their return, cannot be long pursued, and it will be months, perhaps years, before a system of government can be organized in California which shall effectually prevent the desertion of ships' crews on their arrival at San Francisco. We readily comprehend that from the enormous rate of freight and passage-money ship-owners have realized, they could easily afford to abandon their vessels at the voyage end, and by so doing have made a profitable sale of them; but these freights will no longer be attainable; California must at the moment we are writing be overstocked with almost every description of merchandise, and there will soon be a dead pause with regard to shipments. With corn and the more immediate necessities of life, California will, until the gold-fever is allayed and her population shall turn to agricultural pursuits, always look to Chili, the granary of the Pacific.

HUNGARY.

The affairs of Hungary have assumed such vast importance in the politics of Europe, particularly since the armed intervention of Russia in aid of the Austrians, that we think it necessary to devote some space to a relation of the affairs which have taken place in that country. There is full confirmation of the reports lately received of their having obtained a decisive victory over the Russians, and of their having taken the city of Buda, and it appears certain that their gallant exertions have met with no decided check.

It appears that on the 14th April last the Representatives of Hungary assembled in the Protestant church at Debreczin, when the illustrious Dictator Kossuth, after reporting the glorious victories obtained by the Hungarian army, submitted the following resolutions:

"1st. That Hungary with all its provinces and counties should be proclaimed as a free, independent, and self-subsistent State, whose integrity and unity can never be attacked.

"2d. That the dynasty of Hapsburg-Lorraine, whose treachery and perfidy took up arms against the Hungarian nation, which tried to divide the country, to annihilate the holy constitution, to produce hatred between the different races, and which was even so shameless as to make use of a foreign power (Russia,) to butcher a whole nation, which in this way has torn in pieces the Pragmatic sanction, which has violated every treaty, this faithless dynasty of Hapsburg-Lorraine should be deposed forever as ruler in Hungary and all its legal provinces and countries; should be exiled and banished forever from all the territories of Hungary, and should never be allowed the privilege of Hungarian citizenship. This banishment should be proclaimed in the name of the whole Hungarian nation.

"3d. The Hungarian nation being by a holy unalienable right self-subsistent, free and independent, may proclaim its decided will to keep peace and friendship with all nations of the world for so long as its rights are not violated; to maintain peace and friendship particularly with those people who were before united with Hungary, under the same ruler, then with the neighboring Turkish and Italian countries, and to make treaties and alliances with them, founded on mutual interests.

"4th. The future system of government, with its particularities, shall be deliberated and decided by the National Assembly. Until the new principles of government are deliberated upon and accepted, a President, with responsible ministers, should be elected and invested with the executive power.

"5th. A committee of three members should be authorized to publish a manifest of these resolutions and their principles."

The representatives of the people unanimously adopted the propositions of the Dictator and gave them their sanction, and the church resounded with enthusiastic shouts; tears of joy gleamed in the eyes of thousands and thousands.

When the fourth proposition came under discussion, all the representatives, with unanimous feelings and decision, proclaimed Louis Kossuth President, in consequence of his unshaken patriotism, and the undivided confidence of the whole Hungarian nation. He was then entrusted with the formation of a ministry.

On the same day, the (Magnatenbefehl) Senate, on the proposition of their President, Poreny, unananimously and solemnly accepted the above resolutions of the House of Representatives, without farther discussion.

An administration was subsequently formed, consisting of the following persons:

Louis Kossuth, President.
Casimir Batthany, Minister of War.
Szemere, Minister of the Interior.

S. Poreny, Minister of Justice.
 Duschek, Minister of Finance.
 Heyneck, Minister of Religion and Police.

The whole government of Hungary is so little understood in this country, for years past, there has been so little known of its position with regard to Austria, that we shall, we trust, be excused for giving a slight outline of the history of that country, the nursery of nations, which tried the skill of the most active German Emperors, and more than once made the Imperial city tremble.

The fundamental laws are, the golden bull of King Andras II., of the year 1222, the magna charta of the Magyars; the privileges of the nobility as acknowledged by law in 1741; the treaty of Vienna in 1606, and that of Linz in 1647, by which the free exercise of religion is guaranteed to the Protestants; the act of the Diet at Presburg in 1687, and the inaugural diplomas of 1790 and 1791. The king has very extensive powers. He exercises the whole of the executive power; he nominates the Bishops and Prelates, independent of the Pope's confirmation, which only regards their spiritual functions; he confers all civil and military dignities, except that of the Palatine and the two keepers of the crown; he is the President of all the tribunals of justice, and can order the *Insurrection*, as it is called, or general levy of the nation. But in the legislation and taxation the States have an important vote, and laws and taxes can only be imposed with the consent of the Diet. The king must swear to the constitution in the presence of the people in the open air, when he receives from the hand of the primate the crown of St. Stephen. The Diet, or *comitia regni*, is, according to law, summoned every three years. Three months after the summons is issued, they appear in two chambers; the first consisting of the Magnates and Prelates, under the Presidency of the Palatine; the second consisting of the deputies of the nobility. The king appears in person, or is represented by a commissioner. He announces, after the opening of the Diet, his *postulata* to the States. When the king and States have agreed upon a *postulatum* it becomes a law, or *decretum regni*. The king assembles and prorogues the Diet at pleasure. The whole Hungarian constitution is imprinted with the stamp of the middle ages. The administration of Hungary differs from that of the other Austrian States. The person of the king is represented by the Palatine, who is assisted by a Council of State, of which the members are named by the king. But the whole is subordinate to the Hungarian Chancery at Vienna, through which the king decides every matter constitutionally depending on his will. Each *comitatus* is governed by a special council, of which the first officer is the *comes* or *Wergespacin*, of whom thirteen are hereditary,

the rest are named by the king; below the *comes* is the *vicecomes ordinarius*, and the *vicecomes substitutus*, and two or four *judices nobilium*, besides several other officers. These administrative councils are also tribunals of justice, from which the last appeal is to the *sepmexviral board*. Hungary has its own code of civil and criminal law. It was finally delivered from the Turkish yoke about the beginning of the eighteenth century; but though united to Austria, it still considers itself as an independent kingdom, having a constitution which the Hungarians regard with jealous attachment, and laws and privileges, the operation of which has been and still continues, a source of great trouble and offense to the Austrian court.

When the revolution drove away the Emperor Ferdinand from Vienna, the partisans of the monarchy turned to Hungary and sought to find amongst the Magyars a bulwark against popular fury and outrage. Kossuth was then courted and encouraged, and when the Viennese extorted from the Emperor a democratic constitution, the Magyars were induced to declare themselves beyond its control, or to rest on the legal basis of the pragmatic sanction. Thus the Magyars were pitted against the Germans, in order that, in due time, advantage might be taken of both. Meanwhile, the third national element in Austria, the Czechish, had risen and been put down again at Prague; and the fourth national element, the Croatian, was held in leashes to act as executioner on the rest. And when reaction commenced at Vienna, and democracy fell to a discount; when Ferdinand had abdicated, and his nephew was set up in his place; when all uneasiness on the side of Bohemia ceased; when Germany was taken up with the Danish war and its own affairs; when Russia had given assurances of armed support, which have now been fulfilled, then the mask was thrown off, Kossuth was denounced as a traitor, Jellachich (who had narrowly escaped the same fate,) was ordered to advance upon Pesth, and the ancient Hungarian constitution was declared to be suspended. Thus the present struggle began; how it will end is another affair. The Austrians have gone upon the principle of "*Divide et Impera*." They have succeeded remarkably well with the "*Divide*;" with the "*Impera*" they have not been quite so successful.

In Moldavia there are 60,000 Magyar families who will join heart and hand with their Hungarian brethren to relieve them from Austrian oppression. The word Magyar implies wanderer from the early nomad tribes of the Hungarians, who wandered from the shores of the Adriatic to the Turkish provinces, and back again, as the seasons suited.

Accounts received by the Cambria, since the foregoing article was written, repeat the assertion that the Magyars have taken Buda

by assault, and that the Croats who formed its garrison were put to the sword. It is also stated that the Magyars have taken possession of Fiume, the principal Hungarian port on the Adriatic.

The emperors of Russia and Austria had an interview at Warsaw, which lasted twelve hours, but the determination which they came to, has not transpired.

FRANCE AND ROME.

A singular state of circumstances has arisen between these two republics. It having been represented that the armies of Austria and Naples were about to enter the Roman territory for the purpose of overthrowing the republic, the French government determined upon sending a large force under General Oudinot, to prevent these powers from dictating a form of government to the Romans, as France herself wished to take the initiative in such a measure, and the National Assembly voted the supplies necessary for the undertaking of the expedition.

Accordingly a large fleet of war steamers was dispatched from the South of France to convey the expedition, which arrived off Civita Vecchia, and the troops were allowed to land without resistance, when General Oudinot published the following order of the day :

Civita Vecchia, 25th April, 1849.

Soldiers! the French flag floats on the forts of Civita Vecchia. We had expected that we should be compelled to effect a landing by force, and every measure had been adopted to insure its success; but we were inspired with the idea of our government, which, associated with the generous feelings of Pius IX., wished to avoid, as much as possible, the effusion of blood. The authorities of Civita Vecchia, yielding to the wishes of the inhabitants, opened the gates of the town to us at the first summons. This reception, you will feel, adds to our duties. It would aggravate any breach of discipline; it commands us, not only to respect the people, but to keep up the most friendly relations with them. The fleet will, in a few days, bring us considerable reinforcements. Soldiers of the land forces, I am your organ in thanking our brethren in arms of the navy. It is to their powerful co-operation that we owe our first success.

UDINOT DE REGGIO.

On the same day he published the following proclamation to the Romans :

Inhabitants of the Roman States! In presence of the events which agitate Italy, the French republic resolved to send a *corps d'armées* on your territory, not to defend the present government, which it has not recognized, but to avert great misfortunes from your country. France does not arrogate to her-

self the right to regulate interests which are, before all, those of the Roman people, and which extend themselves to the whole of Europe, and to all the Christian world: she has only considered that, by her position, she was particularly called on to interfere to facilitate the establishment of a *regime*, equally removed from the abuses which have been forever destroyed by the generosity of the illustrious Pius IX., and from the anarchy of late days. The flag which I have just hoisted on your shores is that of peace, of order, of conciliation, and of true liberty. Round it rally all those who wish to co-operate in the accomplishment of the patriotic and sacred work.

UDINOT DE REGGIO.

The members of the government at Rome having been apprised of these proclamations, which clearly proved to them that it was the intention of the French to reinstate the Pope in his temporal power, convoked the Assembly on the 26th, when the following decree was adopted :

"The Assembly, after seeing the communication made by their committee, confides to the Triumviri the care of saving the republic; and of repelling force by force."

On the 27th of March General Oudinot commenced his march for Rome, after having sent a deputation of three officers to the Triumviri to declare to them that the occupation of Civita Vecchia, by the French forces, had a double purpose: first, to secure the Roman States from the invasion of the Austrians, who were preparing to enter them, and secondly, to ascertain precisely what were the feelings of the population as to the form of government, and to assist in a reconciliation between Pope Pius IX. and the Roman people.

As soon as the Romans had resolved to defend themselves, they with ardor prepared to prevent the entrance of the French troops into the city. Barricades were raised on the roads and in the streets leading to Civita Vecchia, and the walls were countermined. To procure materials for the barricades the subterranean gallery built by Pope Borgia, and leading from the Vatican to the castle of Saint Angelo, was blown up.

At the same time a deputation was sent to General Oudinot, to protest against the invasion, and to warn the commander of the French troops that Rome was prepared to resist, and that if necessary the Quirinal, the Vatican, and Saint Peter's, which had already been mined, would be blown up. The General replied that his instructions were imperative, and that he would enter Rome by force, should he not be received willingly.

After such a reply there was no receding, and soon the attack commenced. An eye-witness gives the following details :

"A company of the first battalion of sharp-

shooters was led towards the gates of Rome ; it was received by discharges of musketry, and retreated in good order. Soon afterwards a portion of the division advanced, and without much difficulty got within the walls of the city, the streets of which were barricaded ; but there it was received by a well-sustained fire of musketry, and by showers of missiles of every description hurled from the windows and the roofs of houses. The 20th regiment of the line, which had opened the march, suffered greatly ; one of the light companies was almost entirely destroyed. The General, perceiving the impossibility of continuing a struggle so fatal to his troops, gave orders for a retreat, and the French army took up a strong position at some short distance from the city.

It is said that the French lost 1,200 men, killed and wounded and prisoners. Among the former was M. Harris, an aide-de-camp of General Oudinot, and in the latter Captain Oudinot, his relation. The General himself was surrounded, and would have been taken prisoner for the gallant exertions of his troops.

A Neapolitan army, said to consist of from 15,000 to 20,000 troops, had invaded the Roman territory, and was advancing towards the capital. Garibaldi, the Roman general, went out to meet them, and on the 3d of May, in the neighborhood of La Torre di Mezza Via, about eight miles from Rome, he met a detachment of 1,200 of this new enemy, and defeated them, taking one hundred and fifty prisoners, and two pieces of cannon. Having received orders from the government to act only for the defense of the city, Garibaldi returned to Rome on the 8th of May.

On the 7th the Triumviri, wishing to give a convincing proof that there was no feeling of enmity towards the French nation, issued the following decree, and sent back the prisoners they had made to the camp at Palo :

In the name of God and the people :

Considering that between the French people and Rome, the state of war does not and can not exist :

That Rome defends, by right and duty, its own inviolability, but deprecates as an offense against the common creed every collision between the two republics :

That the Roman people does not hold responsible for the acts of a misguided government the soldiers who obey its orders by fighting :

The Triumvirate decrees :

Art. 1. The Frenchmen taken prisoners on the day of the 30th of April are free, and will be sent to the French camp.

Art. 2. The Roman people will salute with applause and fraternal demonstrations at mid-

day the brave soldiers of the sister republic.

The Triumvirs, CARLO ARMELLINI,
GIUSEPPE MAZZINI,
AURELIO SAFFI.

Rome, May 7, 1849.

General Oudinot, not wishing to be outdone in generosity, ordered the release of a battalion of light troops which had until then been detained by his order at Civita Vecchia.

It is stated that the French prisoners were treated with the greatest hospitality during their stay at Rome. The citizens vied with each other in paying them attention, conducting them to see the monuments and galleries of art of the Eternal City. They were saluted everywhere with cries of *Vive les Français*, and on their release conducted them in triumph to the camp at Palo. One account says, that on the prisoners passing by Saint Peter's they rushed into the cathedral and unanimously vowed not again to draw their swords against the inhabitants of Rome.

The government being informed that it was the intention of the French general again to attack Rome, issued the following proclamation, which was placarded on all the walls and gates of Rome :

Soldiers of the French Republic ! For the second time you are forced to appear as enemies under the walls of Rome, of the republican city which was once the cradle of liberty and military glory. It is an act of fratricide, which is imposed upon you ; and this fratricide, if ever it could be consummated, would strike a mortal blow against the liberty of France. The two people are bound by mutual ties. The republic extinguished amongst us, would be an eternal stain on your flag, one ally the less for France in Europe, one step the more on the road to monarchical restoration, towards which a deceitful and deceived government impels your beautiful and great country.

Rome, therefore, will combat as she has already combated. She knows that she fights for her own liberty and for yours. Soldiers of the French Republic ! Whilst you are marching against our tri-colored flag, the Russians, the men of 1815, are marching into Hungary, and dreaming of a march into France. At some miles distance from you, a Neapolitan corps, which we have attacked, holds the banner of despotism and intolerance unfurled. At some leagues from you on your left, a republican city, Leghorn, resists at this moment an Austrian invasion. There is your place. Tell your leaders to keep their word. Remind them that at Marseilles and at Toulon they promised you a battle against the Croats. Remind them that the French soldier holds at the end of his bayonet the honor and liberty of

France. French soldiers ! Soldiers of liberty ! march not against your brethren. Our battles are yours. Let the two tri-colored flags ally themselves, and march together to the liberation of nations and the destruction of tyrants. God, France and Italy will bless your arms. Long live the French republic ! Long live the Roman republic !

The Triumvirs,

ARMELLINI,
SAFFI,
MAZZINI.

Rome, May 10, 1849.

And the following address to the Romans was issued by Avezzana :

"Romans ! With inexpressible joy I have received and published the bulletin of General Garibaldi relative to the brilliant feat of arms at Palestrina, performed yesterday. Citizens ! Modern Rome is like the ancient city, surrounded with enemies in the infancy of its republican life. But if the first came forth armed and powerful in war from being so often assailed, the second, innocent, pure from blood, cleansed from ambition, and aspiring only to the exercise of human rights, will be encouraged in her glorious mission by the sanctity of her cause, and protected by the justice of God. Persevere, therefore, Romans, with all courage. We will overcome our enemies ; we will guard our rights ; we will be the corner-stone of the rebuilding of Italy.

"The French threaten yet once more to return to the assault ; we will chase them back again in the tracks they have left from the 30th of April. At the first discharge of cannon, let all the citizens run gallantly to arms, and fly to defend the walls and barricades. God is with us. The eternal right of the people shall not perish

"JOSEPH AVEZZANA, the General-in-Chief,
Minister of War and Marine.

"Rome, 10th May, 1849."

The effect of this reverse was sensibly felt by the Parisians, and throughout France. They were wounded in the tenderest point—in their military glory, and that too in fields where they had always been accustomed to victory. The administration of Louis Napoleon was discredited ; upon it fell the greater share of the disgrace incurred. For it had not been imagined by the French people that their soldiers had been sent to Italy for the sole purpose of reinstating the Pope. They had been told it was to combat Austrian and Neapolitan influence, and their mortification and disappointment were unbounded.

On this intelligence reaching Paris, the President addressed the following letter to General Oudinot, which was immediately published in the *Moniteur* :

"Elysee National, May 8, 1849.

"My dear General—The telegraphic news announcing the unforeseen resistance which you have met under the walls of Rome, has greatly grieved me. I had hoped that the inhabitants of Rome, opening their eyes to evidence, would receive with eagerness an army which had arrived to accomplish a friendly and disinterested mission. This has not been the case. Our soldiers have been received as enemies. Our military honor is injured. I will not suffer it to be assailed, for reinforcements shall not be wanting to you. Tell your soldiers I appreciate their bravery, and take part in what they endure, and that they may always rely upon my support and my gratitude. My dear General, receive the assurance of my sentiments of high esteem.

"LOUIS NAPOLEON BONAPARTE."

This letter has been severely discussed in the Legislative Assembly ; but the ministers declared that it was merely a private letter of the President's, expressing his regret to the General, and was not in any way official—that they had no participation in it. It has been highly reprobated, as being an insult upon the Assembly, promising to send reinforcements without taking the opinion of the representatives of the nation on the subject.

No important event has since occurred in Italy up to the date of the last advices, excepting that the Spaniards have landed a small force, about 4000 men, at Fiunacini, to assist the Pope. It will be seen that the Romans have altogether acted the most noble part in these affairs, and that they are determined to resist to the uttermost. The next advices will be highly important. With regard to the sudden change of opinion which has taken place in France, and which, from a small minority of 85, has raised the number of Montagnards and Socialists in the National Assembly to 250, or perhaps 300, in the new Legislative Assembly, which is to consist of 750 members, we cannot do better than give our readers some extracts from the letters of Mr. F. Gaillardet, the former editor, and now the correspondent, of the *Courrier des Etats Unis*. Mr. Gaillardet was a candidate for the Department of l'Yonne, comprising the whole of the former province of Burgundy, and which, in the election of the first Legislative Assembly, had shown an almost unanimous distaste for Socialist principles. Mr. Gaillardet obtained 27,158 votes, but was defeated by the Socialists, who obtained upwards of 28,000. This Department, which was considered the very incarnation of Bonapartism, has sent three Socialist members, out of eight, to represent them in the Assembly

M. Gaillardet says, in a letter dated 24th May—

"Now let us trace at what period and from

what cause originated this opposition which the country people wished to evince towards the government? It scarcely dates from a month back. Yes, only a month ago the result of the elections would have been altogether different. But in that short space of time the administration, and the President himself, have accumulated fault upon fault, imprudence on imprudence. The most serious of all was the expedition to Italy, and the check received at the gates of Rome which was its consequence. That mad attempt, which has metamorphosed our soldiers into soldiers of the Pope, has been altogether unpopular in the eyes of our agricultural population, who are naturally grumblers with regard to everything relating to Church affairs. The President's letter, (to General Oudinot,) General Changarnier's order of the day, which announced the intention of persevering in the intervention, added to the feeling of discontent already sufficiently vivid, and when a telegraphic dispatch, sent into the departments by M. Leon Faucher, denouncing as abettors of anarchy those representatives who had condemned the expedition, its arrival did good service to some whom it was intended to injure. In many places the President has become unpopular because he has deceived the expectations of those who wished for nothing more than that he should make himself emperor. Their disappointment threw them into the opposite excess, and socialism has to them all the charm of revenge, the temptation of novelty and of forbidden fruit. They wish more from curiosity than conviction to make a trial of it; if they felt its effects for three months they would reject with pitchforks those whom they have elevated. But this which gives weight to socialist doctrines is precisely that they are in the class of theoretical promises, and the trial of them would be too costly to permit it to be attempted. Fire is not to be played with. All that is now to be done is to extinguish it, or at all events to stop its farther progress.

"To accomplish this, the most opposite projects have been proposed. Every statesman has his own. Some demand merely that an end should be at once put to the republic, and that we should return to the empire by a coup d'état. This advice, which has been offered to the President by more than one party, is the most fatal of all. It would plunge us at once into all the horrors of a civil war, and would lead Louis Bonaparte to Vincennes or to the scaffold. There was a moment when such an attempt did not appear to be impossible. It was the day on which Louis Bonaparte assumed power, backed by the fascination of his six millions of votes; but at the present moment that fascination has vanished. The country people, who then entertained a feeling of worship towards the nephew of their emperor, have begun to pull down their idol.

The army, of which the obedience appeared in nowise doubtful, is at the present moment divided, the poison of socialism has infused itself into its veins, and has borne with it a spirit of disaffection and disorder; nevertheless, these evils are not so widely spread as the party of anarchy had hoped. Of this we had a proof last Monday. The President reviewed the whole of the garrison of Paris, amounting to 50,000 men, in order to sound their feeling. This feeling was excellent. Louis Napoleon was received with real and sincere enthusiasm by the regiments of every branch of the service, with the exception, perhaps, of the artillery and the engineer corps, who remained silent. Paris, therefore, has resumed its confidence, and the exchange which, in the course of three days, had seen the public funds fall in value thirteen francs, witnessed a rise of six in a single hour. It is probable that these enormous and ruinous fluctuations may recur, and more than once. We are unfortunately thrown again into an era of alarms and uncertainties, which but a few months since appeared to have ceased. So numerous have been the emigrations that have taken place, that gold has risen to a premium of 33 francs per 1000. Since the review, a great number of removals, which had commenced, have been countermanded. So changeable a people are we, so readily do we pass from apprehension to security.

"The advent of the Montagnards to a formidable state of constitutional opposition will place France in a position more clearly defined than heretofore. But yesterday, many persons were dreaming of the possible return of institutions fallen into decay, whether in favor of the empire, an Orleans regency, or of legitimacy, all these visions are about to be dispelled, and there will be but one solid spot of ground on which an asylum and security can be found; that spot will be the Republic and the Constitution. It is there that all men, lovers of order, must meet to abjure their resentments, and enter into an alliance to counterpoise the fusion which is taking place in the ranks of their adversaries. For some time past Socialism has seen the Montagnards advancing towards it, whom they had formerly anathematized; they have been followed by the *National*, which has fraternally extended its hand to the *Peuple* of M. Proudhon. Every question having now but two visible aims, France will thus find herself divided into two camps, the one having Property for its banner, the other, Socialism, which is but one of the premises of Communism. The future being thus defined, it would be a manifest error to allow such men as Cavaignac, Lamoricière and M. Dufaure to remain without the pale of the camp of order, as on their part it would be a great crime should they refuse to enter it. If this holy alliance of all men of heart and of pro-

gress can be brought about, the following should be its mission. It ought resolutely to take the initiative in all possible reforms, in every necessary reform. It will be necessary to combat the Socialists with their own weapons; by giving to the people what *they* have promised them within the limits of possibility; by wresting from them the exclusive title of defenders of the popular classes, which they have been imprudently permitted to assume."

MR. BENTON ON SLAVERY IN THE NEW TERRITORIES.

We much regret that our want of space precludes us at this moment from recording so fully as we could desire, Mr. Benton's arguments against the admission of slaves into our new territories. He has made a noble stand, and his reasoning will doubtless have a most beneficial effect. Unfortunately we were not able to obtain a complete copy of the speech until nearly the whole of our number was in the press. We shall most probably revert to it on a future occasion.

Mr. Benton, by this speech, which was delivered at Jefferson, Missouri, on the 26th of May, has completely turned the tables on Mr. Calhoun, for he proves that as long ago as the presidency of Mr. Monroe, Mr. Calhoun, as cabinet minister, supported an act of Congress, couched in the very language of the Wilmot proviso, by which slavery was prohibited in that portion of Louisiana ceded by France to the United States, lying north of 36 degrees 30 min. north latitude, an area of nearly a million square miles.

Mr. Benton, speaking of the powers of Congress, says—"Yes, citizens, Congress has the power to legislate upon slavery in territories, and to admit or prohibit its existence; in fact, to compromise it. She has the constitutional power, but can never hereafter exercise it. The new dogma of no power in Congress to legislate on the subject, has killed all compromise. Those who deny the power, cannot vote for it; it would be a breach of their oath. Those who want no slavery in the new territories, will not vote for compromise; and thus extremes meet, combine against the middle, and defeat all compromise. The resolutions of Mr. Calhoun have done this; and to talk about compromise now, is to propose to call Methuselah from his tomb. The effect, if not the design, of his new dogma was to kill compromise, and dead it is. The constitution will not permit him and his followers to vote for any compromise line. Opposition to the extension of slavery will not permit northern men to do it, and thus there is no chance for any line.

Principle cannot be compromised. . . . Congress has the power to prohibit or admit slavery, and no one else. It is not in the territories; for their governments are the creatures of Congress, and its deputies, so far as any legislative power is concerned. It is not in the States separately; and this leads to one of the grossest delusions which has grown out of the political metaphysics of Mr. Calhoun. He claims a right for the citizens of the slave States to remove to New Mexico and California with their slave property. This is a profound error. The property is in the law which creates it, and the law cannot be carried an inch beyond the limits of the State which enacts it. No citizen of any State can carry property, derived from a law of that State, an inch beyond the boundary law of the State which creates it. The instant he passes that boundary, to settle with his property, it becomes subject to another law, if there is one, and is without law, if there is not. This is the case with all; with the northern man with his corporation and franchises, with the southern man and his slaves. This is the law of the land, and let any one try it that disputes it."

Mr. Benton afterwards cites the difference of the Mexican government abolishing slavery throughout that republic, and goes on to say—"Thus there is no slavery now in Mexico and California, and consequently none in any territory belonging to the United States; and, therefore, nothing practical or real in the whole slavery question for the people of the United States to quarrel about. There is no slavery now by law in any territory, and it cannot get there by law, except by act of Congress; and no such act will be passed, or even asked for. The dogma of no power in Congress to legislate upon slavery in territories, kills that pretension. No legal establishment of slavery in California and New Mexico is then to be looked for. That is certain. Equally certain, it will never be established in either of them in point of fact. The people of both territories, the old inhabitants, are unanimous against it."

NAVIGATION LAWS.

We had prepared an abstract of the bill which has lately passed both houses of Parliament in Great Britain, changing the whole system of its navigation laws, but it has been crowded out of the present number, and we shall therefore give it in our next.

The same has occurred with regard to information lately received from Europe, as to the state of the war in Schleswig Holstein, the affairs of the German empire, Spain, Holland, &c.

CRITICAL NOTICES.

A Book of the Hudson.—Collected from the various works of Diedrich Knickerbocker. Edited by GEOFFREY CRAYON. New York: G. P. Putnam, 155 Broadway. 1849.

This is an agreeable and instructive handbook to all intelligent and inquiring travellers about to explore the wonders and beauties of the Hudson. Mr. Irving writes, "I thank God that I was born on the banks of the Hudson. I fancy I can trace much of what is good and pleasant in my own heterogeneous compound to my early companionship with this glorious river. In the warmth of youthful enthusiasm, I used to clothe it with moral attributes, and, as it were, give it a soul. I delighted in its frank, bold, honest character; its noble sincerity, and perfect truth. Here was no specious smiling surface, covering the shifting sand-bar and perfidious rock, but a stream deep as it was broad, and bearing with honorable faith the bark that trusted to its waves. I gloried in its simple, quiet, majestic, epic flow, ever straightforward, or, if forced aside for once by opposing mountains, struggling bravely through them, and resuming its onward march. Behold, thought I, an emblem of a good man's course through life, ever simple, open, and direct, or if, overpowered by adverse circumstances, he deviate into error, it is but momentary; he soon resumes his onward and honorable career, and continues it to the end of his pilgrimage." This volume contains *Communipaw*, *Guests from Gibbet Island*, *Peter Stuyvesant's Voyage up the Hudson*, the *Chronicle of Bear Island*, the *Legend of Sleepy Hollow*, *Dolph Heyliger*. *Rip Van-Winkle*, *Wolfert Webber*.

Republican Christianity: or true Liberty, as exhibited in the Life, Precepts, and early disciples of The Great Redeemer. By E. L. MAGOON. Boston: Gould, Kendall & Lincoln. 1849.

This book is dedicated in these emphatic and noble words: "To all who hate tyranny, revere humanity, believe in progress, and follow Christ." The creed of the author is as follows: *First*, he believes in Jesus Christ. *Second*, he believes in no one else, as having the slightest authority over the personal freedom and religious rights of mankind. Christ came into the world to redeem it, by the power of a beneficent life and vicarious death. He was born at the

base of the pyramid of society, where the masses are densest, widest, and most oppressed; mingled with every class; endured every wrong; mitigated every form of suffering; sympathized with the most abused; denounced political and spiritual tyranny in the strongest terms; and, finally, fell a victim, mangled by that malignant pride and power which in the persons of high-priests, crafty scribes, and official Pharisees ever stand ready to inflame the popular mind with cruel prejudice, leading the multitudes to spare a robber and murder their greatest benefactor, so that oppression may yet flourish and their own ungodly immunities remain secure. The author believes that Jesus Christ, eighteen centuries ago, gave our race a perfect model of republicanism; and that this was not only exemplified in his life, and confirmed by his death as the highest gift to all men, but that it was strikingly imbedded in the original formation of the Christian Church. With prayerful solitude, and he thinks true conservatism, he has written under the influence of no sectarian feeling or sectional prejudice, expressing as plainly as possible what he sincerely believes, and fawning for no favors. Herein are thoughts and emotions which have haunted the author for years; and they are now sent forth to stir in other bosoms, and thence to produce, according to the soil of their growth, a blessing or a curse.

Outlines on a New Theory of Disease, applied to Hydropathy, showing that Water is the only true Remedy. With observations on the errors committed in the practice of Hydropathy; notes on the cure of Cholera by cold water; and a critique on Preissnitz's mode of treatment. Intended for popular use. By the late H. FRANCKE, Director of the Hydropathic Institution at Alexandersbad, Bavaria. Translated from the German by ROBERT BAIKIE, M.D., late of the Madras Medical Establishment. New York: John Wiley, 161 Broadway.

It is astonishing that among persons of even ordinary understanding there should be so much prejudice in favor of the old system of practice in medicine—the eternal dosing with poisonous drugs. Any unprejudiced person, reading these volumes carefully, will glean much information from them; and if the advice given in them is followed, the reader will be saved from much sickness and the expense of doctors' bills.

Kaloolah, or Journeyings to the Djebel Kumri ; an Autobiography of Jonathan Romer.
 Edited by W. S. MAYO, M. D. New York :
 George P. Putnam, 155 Broadway ; Lon-
 don : David Bogue, 86 Fleet street.

This book is full of spirit, life and excitement, and its interest never for a moment flags. The author is at home on the ocean, in the wilderness, on the vast desert. Kaloolah is an exquisite patriot, and the account of her growing love for Romer is delightfully and truly told. Every one will read it, but we cannot refrain from giving one specimen of our author's happy style. While Romer is at school a "revival of religion" takes place in the village, and the temporary madness extends itself to the teachers in the seminary ; the school-room is deserted. Romer says, "At this time most of my hours were spent in the woods, either fishing, reading, or perchance dreaming. Often stretched at length upon the sunny bank of the most beautiful trout-stream in the world, or seated upon some prostrate giant of the forest, I have turned with shuddering and loathing from the sight and sounds of the distant village, and have felt borne to my innermost soul the conviction that cant and rant are utterly inconsistent with the true worship of God. How soft, and low, and calm, yet deep and full of meaning and power, are the hymns sung to His praise in the great temple of Nature. How varied too ! How infinitely expressive ! Listen to the hot sunbeams striking upon the thick pendent foliage, to the soft sighing of the million leaves, as, disturbed by the fitful breeze, they twist and wriggle themselves back to stillness and rest. Listen to the low hum of the lazy insects ; to the hesitating twitter of the sleepy birds, or to the occasional sullen, sluggish plash of some trout, who has been lured from his siesta by the temptation of a careless fly. The blended whole makes music—low, melancholy music—the most saddening music—it speaks of life, health, vigor ; but of life, health, vigor, doomed to decay. It is prophetic in its tones ; the deepest well-springs of the soul are stirred, gently, sadly, but not unpleasantly, as the foreboding notes rise, and swell, and fall. Anon the tempest comes, the majestic clouds speak to each other and to earth in the deep voices of the pealing thunder ; the sturdy woods re-echo, and prolong the crashing sounds ; the wind sweeps through the foliage with a hollow rushing, as if a myriad viewless spirits were flapping their pinions and careering before it—the big drops fall with leaden sound upon the leaves. Does not the whole make the wildest, sublimest harmony ? There is nothing dismal or gloomy in it ; it is sternly joyous ; it speaks of power, of might ; but it speaks too in solemn and majestic tones—no ranting or canting—of a power above, and beyond mere

drooping and decaying Nature. Stand forth, and enjoy it ! Quail not ! Bare your brow to the storm—look with a steady eye upon the lightning's flash—listen to the awful chorus, and feel alike the infinity of God and the greatness of the soul. The storm has passed—the moistened foliage rustles in the breeze, but with a different tone—a tone of pure gladness ; the insects beat the air with their tiny wings to a more joyful measure ; the birds sing freely, blithely ; the trout springs actively from the placid lake, and dashes the sparkling circles with a sound of merriment and glee. The harmony is of Nature revived, restored. It speaks of hope and confidence—it presages immortality. But how easy, natural and quiet ! Ah, in all that infinite variety of praise, and prayer, and thanksgiving, you can discover nothing like rant or cant !"

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Leonard Scott & Co., 79 Fulton street, New York, have reprinted the London Quarterly, the Edinburgh and Westminster Reviews, and Blackwood's Magazine. They contain much interesting and instructive reading, and are published at exceedingly low rates. The London Quarterly has some excellent remarks on Macaulay's History of England, written in a fair tone and spirit. The reviewer thinks, "There is hardly a page that does not contain something objectionable either in substance or in color ; and the whole of the brilliant and at first captivating narrative is perceived on examination to be impregnated to a really marvellous degree with bad taste, bad feeling, and, we are under the painful necessity of adding, bad faith. . . . It makes the facts of English history as fabulous as his Lays do those of Roman tradition ; and it is written with as captious, as dogmatical, and as cynical a spirit as the bitterest of his reviews. . . . He does not take the slightest notice of Mackintosh's history, no more than if it had never existed. . . . Mr. Macaulay deals with history, evidently, as we think, in imitation of the novelists—his first object being always picturesque effect—his constant endeavor to give from all the repositories of gossip that have reached us a kind of circumstantial reality to his incidents, and a sort of dramatic life to his personages. . . . He paints every thing that looks like a Tory in the blackest colors. . . . Mr. Macaulay has almost realized the work that Alexander Chalmers' playful imagination had fancied, a *Biographia Flagitiosa*, or, *The Lives of Eminent Scoundrels*. . . . We protest against this species of carnival history ; no more like the reality than the Eglintoun Tournament or the Costume Quadrilles of Buckingham Palace ; and we deplore the squandering of so much melo-dramatic talent on a subject which we have

hitherto revered as the figure of Truth arrayed in the simple garments of philosophy. We are ready to admit an hundred times over Mr. Macaulay's literary powers—brilliant even under the affection with which he too frequently disfigures them. He is a great painter, but a suspicious narrator; a grand proficient in the picturesque, but a very poor professor of the historic. These volumes have been, and his future volumes as they appear will be devoured with the same eagerness that *Oliver Twist* or *Vanity Fair* excite—with the same quality of zest, though perhaps with a higher degree of it; but his pages will seldom, we think, receive a second perusal; and the work, we apprehend, will hardly find a permanent place on the historic shelf—nor ever assuredly, if continued in the spirit of the first two volumes, be quoted as authority on any question or point of the History of England."

The Hill Difficulty, and some Experiences of Life in the Plains of Ease, with other Miscellanies. By GEORGE B. CHEEVER, D.D. New York: John Wiley, 161 Broadway.

There appears to us to be much affection in the title of this volume. In an article on the life and writings of John Foster, Mr. Cheever praises and admires Foster for his child-like simplicity, Christian humility, nobleness of feeling, and intense hatred of oppression, but notwithstanding these glorious virtues, because Foster did not believe in the doctrine of eternal punishment, he is called by Mr. Cheever an intellectual, but half-enlightened pagan. Did Mr. Foster believe in infant damnation? Certainly not; yet this one of the doctrines of Calvinism. But what minister dare preach it now? Every mother, especially any of them who had lost children, could they for a moment think that the little cherubs whose rosy mouths they had kissed, whose heads had reposed on their bosom, whose little confiding hands had been pressed in theirs, whose first artless words they had listened to—could they for a moment think that such angelic natures had descended to the "bottomless pit," such a doctrine would fall powerless on their ears; with faces turned heavenward, and eyes filled with tears, they would rejoice that of such is the kingdom of heaven. With Mr. Cheever the thought of eternal punishment seems to be delightful, it nestles in his brain and heart, he turns over the words in his mouth as a sweet morsel, it is with him "the silken string running through the pearl chain of all virtues," and religion likewise.

Some of the descriptive and meditative pieces in this volume are pleasantly written. Beau-

tifully does Mr. Cheever exclaim, "What would not the world give for a collection of Milton's private correspondence! The only letters we have are letters of state, grand letters, letters written with the eye of the world over the shoulder of the writer. But of epistolary correspondence, of that which is a careless, hasty record of a man's familiar thoughts and feelings, as they come and go in the current of every day's existence, we have nothing—"

"Thy soul was like a star, and dwelt apart;
Thou hadst a voice whose sound was like the sea;
Pure as the naked heavens, majestic, free.
So didst thou travel on life's common way."

We hear the roar of the sea; the voice, in English literature, is as that of Niagara among waters. We behold, too, the perpetual shining of the star, but there is a sense of *apartness*, a majesty of loneliness about it. The roar of the ocean is grand, but it is pleasant sometimes to hear the gurgle of the running brooks among forest leaves, when "inland far we be." And such a music is in the minor poems of Milton, but we have no familiar letters.

The Personal History and Experience of David Copperfield the younger. By CHARLES DICKENS. Illustrated by H. K. Browne. No. 1. New York: John Wiley, 161 Broadway.

This edition is reprinted from proof-sheets received by special arrangement from the London publishers. This work bids fair to be as interesting as any that has as yet issued from the fertile brain of Mr. Dickens. The illustrations are excellent, and the book is handsomely printed. There is an old woman in the work whose favorite word is "*meandering*." She boasts that she has never been out on the water, and expresses her indignation at the impiety of mariners and others who had the presumption to go "*meandering*" about the world. It was in vain to represent to her that some conveniences, tea perhaps included, resulted from this objectionable practice. She always returned with greater emphasis, and with an instinctive knowledge of the strength of her objection, "*Let us have no meandering*." There is another lady who, when speaking of the kindness of her departed husband, and that they had always lived happily together, says: "I am sure we never had a word of difference except when Mr. Copperfield objected to my threes and fives being too much like each other, or to my putting curly tails to my sevens and nines."





JOHN W. BENTLEY

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THE PRESIDENTIAL VETO.*

THIS work appears to have been written with an honest intention, and bears evident marks of talent and serious study. It contains many first views on the constitution of the United States, clearly, though not vividly expressed, but appears to us to err in its general theory of government, by overlooking the fact, that the necessity of government does not grow wholly out of the depravity of human nature, and that government is not restricted in its functions merely to the repression of violence, or the unjust encroachments of one man upon the rights of another. The maintenance of justice, or the repression and redress of wrongs, is, no doubt, a chief function of government; but government has, beyond this, a positive mission to perform, positive benefits to confer, or secure, which in no sense grow out of the wickedness of men, and which would be the same whatever the intelligence and virtue of individuals. Man is by his essential nature a social being, and demands society; and society demands social as well as individual labors. These labors have for their end not merely the negative, but the positive benefit of the entire community, and cannot be performed without government, or an organization by which society is made a cor-

poration, capable of acting as an individual person.

But our present purpose is not to criticise this little work itself; we have introduced it simply as an occasion for offering some remarks on the subject of the presidential or executive veto—a subject we should be happy to see discussed more generally than it has been, in a calm philosophic spirit, from the point of view of the statesman, rather than from that of the demagogue or the partisan.

There is, and as long as human nature remains as it is there will be, under popular governments, a strong tendency in the party that comes into power to exaggerate the intrinsic importance of the constitutional provisions to which it owes its success, and also, in the party frequently unsuccessful, to depreciate or unreasonably oppose those provisions which have thwarted its wishes. We like that which aids us; we are hostile to that which defeats us. The men who can look beyond the passions of the moment and judge of the merits of an institution by its average results, are always and everywhere comparatively few; the great majority look neither before nor after: they fix their eyes on the present; what favors that is for them

* *The Plan of the American Union, and the Structure of its Government Explained and Defended.* By JAMES WILLIAMS. Baltimore: Sherwood & Co. 1848. 12mo. pp. 168.

good—good in all times and places, and under all circumstances; what here and now impedes or thwarts them is bad—can never be of service to them, must always work against them, and should nowhere and under no circumstances be tolerated for a moment. Constitutions are designed to maintain a fixed and permanent rule, and, if they answer their purpose, must not unfrequently control popular wishes and tendencies, and often restrain the majority, preventing them, for a time at least, from adopting measures which they are persuaded are for the interests of the country. Hence we must always expect under popular governments a party that will be dissatisfied with the Constitution, now with this provision, and now with that, and ready to agitate for its amendment, alteration, or total suppression.

It can hardly as yet be forgotten, that, under the administration of General Jackson, the constitution of the Senate of the United States was the object of virulent attacks from the Democratic party of the time. That party denounced the Senate as the aristocratic branch of the government, as repugnant to the genius of free institutions, and demanded its essential modification, because, just then, it happened not to be for them. Yet that party to-day find the Senate a purely democratic institution, and their chief reliance to prevent the administration from adopting a policy to which they are opposed; for they happen to have a majority of Senators on their side. They no longer denounce it as aristocratic, and no longer demand that its constitution be modified. On the other hand, it is remembered that, in consequence of the use and abuse of the executive veto by General Jackson and some of his successors to defeat important measures which had received the sanction of a majority of Congress, many in the Whig party who were strongly in favor of these measures, believing them to be really demanded by the industry and business of the country, took up the opinion that the veto power was anti-republican, exceedingly liable to be abused, and in its abuse throwing such undue influence into the hands of the Executive as to endanger our free institutions, and therefore a constitutional provision that should be either abolished or essentially

modified. Yet who is prepared to say that the time may not even soon come when they will find the executive veto their best, perhaps their only, safeguard against measures which in their judgment would be ruinous to the country?

The tendency, when we are disappointed or defeated by some constitutional provision, to complain of the Constitution itself, and to propose an amendment which suits our wishes for the moment, is strengthened and apparently justified by certain false notions as to the origin of constitutions and as to the rights of majorities, which have become, or are becoming, quite prevalent in our country as well as in some others. It was pretended by some men in the last century, who then passed for philosophers, that to make a constitution is the easiest thing in the world, that nothing is simpler or more feasible than for a people without a government, or as if in a state of nature, to come together in person or by delegates and give themselves any constitution they please, and provide for its wise and beneficent practical operation. They put forth the most extravagant follies on the excellence and perfectibility of human nature, and virtually deified the people. They disdained, indeed, to believe in God, blasphemously alleging that they "had never seen him at the end of their telescopes;" but they did not hesitate to transfer to the people all the essential attributes of Deity, and to fall down and worship them as a divinity. The people could remedy all evils; the people could make no mistakes; the people could do no wrong; and we had only to clear the way for the free, full and immediate expression of the popular will, in order to have a perfect civil constitution, and a wise and just administration. Hence, there need be no hesitancy before overthrowing existing institutions, breaking up established order, or in trusting to the unchecked will of the people for a wise remodelling of the State, or the reconstruction of society.

In consequence of the prevalence of such a pleasant theory, all power of change was removed, all prudence in experimenting or innovating rendered superfluous; all attachment to old institutions or to a long-established order appeared foolish, if not wicked; nothing in heaven or on

earth was to be henceforth sacred or inviolable but the will of the multitude—that is, the will of the demagogues who could manage the multitude—and we were to surrender ourselves to that will with as much confidence, and with as little reserve, as the saint reposes on the will of God.

Into this silly and impious doctrine the fathers of our republic did not fall. They were no vague theorizers, no mad visionaries; they were plain, practical men, who looked at realities, and dealt with things as they found them. But this doctrine, which has for the last sixty years convulsed all Europe, overturned thrones, displaced dynasties, and left few things standing, except despotism on one side and the mob on the other, has found its way amongst us also, and spread its subtle poison through our own community. Our people, in large numbers, forget that constitutions are *generated*, not made, and that no constitution can draw up and impose a constitution which shall be really a constitution, unless its essential principles are already, through Providence, established in the wants, the habits, the usages, the manners and customs of the people for whom it is intended; that the constitution can never be arbitrarily imposed, but must always grow out of the pre-existing elements of the national life; and that when once formed it is to be henceforth modified only according to its own internal law, through the most urgent necessity, with the greatest delicacy, and the most consummate wisdom and prudence. Hence they cease to regard the Constitution as sacred, and look upon it as a thing that may be changed with as much facility, and almost for as slight reasons, as a gentleman changes the fashion of his coat, or a lady the make of her bonnet. To change it, is not only the easiest but the safest thing in the world. Consequently, the idea of submitting to a present inconvenience, of suffering a constitutional provision which restrains their will or thwarts their present wishes, rarely occurs to them; and whenever things do not go to their mind they clamor for a change in the Constitution. The danger of this state of the public mind needs not to be pointed out to the statesman. It is in-

compatible with everything like established order, with everything permanent or stable in government, and keeps everything unsettled and fluctuating.

From the fact that, under our political order, the greater number of questions are determined by the will of the majority, a large class of our politicians, seldom accustomed to look beneath the surface, or to trace facts to their principles, conclude that the majority have a *natural* right to govern, and that whatever tends to hinder the free and full expression of their will is contrary to natural law, and smells of usurpation. They are scandalized when they find the Constitution opposing a barrier to the will of the majority, and call out with all their force, from the very top of their lungs, for its amendment. Is it not the essential principle of all republicanism, say they, that the majority must govern? What then can be more anti-republican, more really undemocratic, than to uphold a constitution that hinders the majority from doing whatever they please? But these sage politicians would do well to remember, that the right of the majority to rule is a *civil*, not a *natural* right, and exists only by virtue of positive law. Anterior to civil society, or under the law of nature, all men are equal, respectively independent, and no one has any authority over another. Each is independent of all, and all of each; and both majorities and minorities are inconceivable. Civil society must be constituted before you can even conceive the existence of a political majority or minority, and when it is constituted, neither has any rights but those the law confers. Deriving their existence and their rights from the civil constitution, it is absurd to pretend that the majority are, or can be, deprived of any of their *natural rights* by any constitutional provision. If then a given constitutional provision should restrain the majority, prevent them from making their will prevail, that is no just cause of complaint, for no law is broken, no right is violated; and when no law is broken and no right violated, no injustice is done.

It is necessary to set aside these false notions, or pretensions, of modern Radicals and Socialists, which are revolutionary in

principle, and incompatible not only with all stable government, but with the very existence of the State [*status*,] of legal order itself. We must approach every established constitution with the presumption, as the lawyers say, in its favor, and as bound to accept and sustain it as it is, unless good and sufficient reasons are forthcoming for alteration or amendment. On no other condition can we be distinguished, in principle, from Radicals and Destructives, and consistently profess to be conservatives, and friends of liberty, because friends of order. The presumption is universally in favor of authority—that the constitution, as it is, is right—that the law is just; and before we can have the right even to entertain a proposition to alter it, we must be able to prove beyond a reasonable doubt that it is wrong, that it is unjust. The fact that the veto power exists in the Constitution is to us, therefore, a presumption, at least, that it ought to be there; it is, indeed, a sufficient motive for retaining it, until a valid and sufficient reason is shown for abolishing it. We insist on this view of the case, because we are anxious that the principle we indicate should be well considered. The opposite principle is rapidly gaining ground amongst us, if indeed it has not already become predominant. The fashion is now to presume every man guilty till proved innocent—to hold every charge true till it is proved to be false—all government, all law, all authority in the wrong, till the contrary is established. The popular tendency is to arraign government before the bar of anarchy, and compel it to vindicate its own innocence, thus reversing all the maxims of law, of justice, and of logic, hitherto devised and held in respect by the common sense of mankind. It is well, therefore, to remind the public, occasionally, that the presumption is always on the side of the Constitution and of the authorities holding under it.

The value of the veto power is not, however, left to be merely presumed. It is a vital element in our general system of government, which is not so much an original system, as an original and peculiar modification of the English system, well known to be a government of estates, as distinguished from what has received the name of *centralism*. The characteristic features

of the English constitution are the separation, on the one hand, of the bodies represented in the government; and on the other, of the powers of government itself, each with a veto on the others. It is solely in this separation of the constituent bodies, and of the several departments of government, each with its veto, that consists the beauty and excellence of the English system; and it is this alone that constitutes the safeguard of English liberty. These divisions, and the veto power attaching to each, are not in themselves, it is true, favorable to the efficiency of administration, nor are they intended to be so; they are intended to serve as checks or restraints on power, to prevent it from becoming despotic, or hostile to the liberty of the subject; and the peculiar merit of this constitutional system is, that they serve this purpose without impairing, in too great a degree, the unity and force of authority.

This system we inherited with the common law from our English ancestors, and have retained it with simply such modifications as the circumstances of our country and the elements of our society rendered necessary or expedient. In interpreting our institutions, we are always to seek our principle of interpretation in this system, and are never to resort to any of the ancient republican or to any of the modern democratic theories. Our government is republican, in the sense that it is not monarchical; it is democratic in the sense that it recognizes no political aristocracy, and treats all men as equal before the law; but in no other sense is it, or was it ever intended to be, either republican or democratic; save as all governments that are instituted for the public weal, instead of the private benefit of the governors, are republican, whatever their form. The people with us are the *motive* power, but not the *directive* or governing power; the government vests in the Constitution rather than in them; for outside of it they have no political existence, and no political authority, except from it, and in and through it. The government, in principle, is the government of law, not the government of mere will, whether of the one, the few, or the many. The Constitution governs the State, or the people in their collective and associated capacity;

the ordinary laws govern the people as individuals.

It is well to bear this fact in mind, especially in these times, when the rage is to abolish law, and introduce, everywhere, governments of mere will. Law is the will of the sovereign regulated by reason, the expression of power united with justice; will without reason is power disjointed from justice, and therefore the essential or the distinctive principle of despotism. Every government which is a government of mere will is despotic, and incompatible with freedom, whether the will be that of the king, of the nobility, or of the democracy; of the minority, or of the majority. Strange as it may seem, there is not the least conceivable difference in principle between Russian autocracy, or oriental despotism, and the pure absolute democracy which is just now the fashion in Italy, in France, in parts of Germany, and, we are sorry to add, in our own country. In each the sovereign authority is absolute, unlimited; and under both the law, or what is to be regarded as law, is the expression of mere arbitrary will. Practically, we should prefer the Russian or oriental despotism to that which our fashionable democrats are laboring to establish here, both in the several States and in the nation, and which the National Assembly have done their best, in the ridiculous constitution they have first promulgated, to fasten upon France; for we would much rather be subject to a single despot, than to a mob of despots. In consequence of mistaking the real character of our government, of overlooking the fact that what its framers most sedulously guarded against was that of making it, or having it to become, a government of mere will, and of seeking to naturalize amongst us a wild and destructive democracy imported from abroad, from the Radicals of Europe, most of whom are born despots, and have not the least imaginable conception either of the nation, or of the constitution of true liberty, our democratic politicians have created, or suffered to be formed in our community, a public opinion which already hinders the regular working of our political system, and threatens, at no distant day, if not soon corrected, its very existence.

The separation of the constituent bod-

ies into Kings, Lords and Commons, adopted in England, we have not adopted, and could not have adopted, if we had wished, because there was nothing in our society which rendered it either necessary or practicable. We had no King and no Lords; for, as Mr. Bancroft has well remarked, royalty and nobility did not emigrate. Only the third estate emigrated. Of the three estates represented in the English government, we had only one, the Commons, and, of course, could not represent what we had not. Having but one estate, we necessarily approached nearer to centralism in representation than the English, and their Constitution has an advantage over ours. Nevertheless, in consequence of the division of the country into separate States, we have in some degree been able to escape centralism in the Constitution of the national Senate, and we have also done it to some extent, though not as far as we might and ought to have done, in the several States, by dividing the representatives into two chambers, each with a different electoral basis. But in regard to the separation of the powers of government into legislative, executive, and judiciary departments, we have in the general government, and in most of the State governments, conformed to the English model.

This separation of the powers of government into distinct and mutually independent departments, by which we escape the worst form of centralism, is fundamental in our political system, and to change it would destroy the essential character of the system itself, and, by centralizing all the powers of government in one and the same department, would render freedom wholly impracticable. To the maintenance of this separation, and of each department in its independence, the executive veto is indispensable, as every statesman—we say not every politician—must readily perceive and admit. It was given by the Constitution mainly, though not exclusively, to enable the Executive to maintain its independence in face of legislative encroachments. Without it, there would be no independent, no efficient, and no responsible Executive. All the powers of government would be absorbed by Congress, and the President would cease

to be the President of the United States, responsible to the public for his acts, and become merely an officer of Congress, with no functions but to execute blindly its mandates. The balance intended between the several powers could not be preserved, and the government would, in principle, and very soon in practice, degenerate into a parliamentary despotism, like that of the Long Parliament in England, that of the Convention in France, and that which the latest French Constitution contemplates, and will secure, if it lasts, without essential alterations.

We are as strongly opposed to the "one-man power" as any of our contemporaries, and as anxious to guard against every tendency towards monarchy as any body can be; but there is no less to be apprehended from legislative than executive encroachment. Perhaps under our peculiar system the danger of legislative usurpation is even more imminent than any other, and executive usurpations themselves are chiefly stimulated by them. Against legislative usurpations the people are seldom on their guard; they are always usurpations which receive the support of the majority, and opposition to them is never raised, except from the minority. Experience proves that legislative bodies always seek to absorb in themselves all the powers of government. The failure of the French, during sixty years of experimenting, to establish a free and stable government has been due to their mad attempts to concentrate all the powers of government in the legislature; to their blind confidence in the wisdom and integrity of legislators, and their insane distrust of an efficient executive. In all their efforts we see them aiming to make the legislature omnipotent, and the executive a nullity. Aside from his patronage and means, through that of exerting an indirect and corrupting influence, the present executive of France has as little power as a Virginia governor. No government can be stable or efficient without a strong and independent executive. A weak executive, especially in a large State, is a great curse, alike impotent to do good or to prevent evil. An administration that wants power to protect itself, that trembles every moment for its own existence, that has no discretion, no responsibility, is as mischiev-

ous as it is contemptible; for its resort is always to low cunning, to corruption. The history of the English Parliament proves to a moral demonstration the tendency of all legislative bodies, and the most serious danger to which the English constitution is now exposed is from the omnipotence of the legislature. The executive lies even now at the mercy of Parliament, and were it not for its patronage and means of influence, by appeals to interest, cupidity, the love of place and emolument, it would have scarcely the shadow of power. Of all despotisms, the legislative is the most intolerable, when the legislature is the tool of an odious oligarchy.

So deeply impressed were the Convention of 1787 with the tendency of legislative bodies to absorb all the powers of the State, many of them were for giving the Executive even an absolute regulation over all the acts of Congress; and some, fearing lest the Executive might want the firmness to interpose its negative as often as might be necessary, were for strengthening and encouraging it, by joining with it in a council of revision the Supreme Judges themselves. Though it be well they did not, their proposition to do so is at least instructive, by showing how much the Convention distrusted legislative bodies, and how much importance they attached to the veto power, as enabling the President to maintain his independence and respectability, and save himself from becoming the mere tool of Congress, no subsequent experience proves them to have judged hastily or unwisely. We need no argument to prove the importance of maintaining the independence and respectability of the Executive. If he should cease to be independent, if his functions should be reduced from those of President of the United States to those of a mere executive officer of Congress, he would feel himself relieved of all responsibility of government; he would take no oversight of affairs, would make no efforts to maintain a wise and efficient administration; but would throw all responsibility upon Congress, and either enjoy his ease as a *roi fainéant*, or exert all his craft, cunning, and opportunities to abuse power to his own purposes. And how without the veto power he is to main-

tain his independence, and Congress to be prevented from assuming to itself both the legislative and the executive or administrative powers of government, is more than we are able to comprehend.

But the executive veto is necessary, not only to prevent the centralization of the powers of government, and to preserve the independence and respectability of the executive department, but also as a check on hasty and unjust legislation. There is, perhaps, far more need of such a check than the mass of our people now-a-days suspect; at least, the framers of the Constitution believed it to be highly necessary. They were, in the modern sense, no democrats, and had not the slightest tendency to radicalism. They were practical statesmen, who sought not to carry out a theory, but to establish a wise, strong, and durable government, which in its practical operations should secure the blessings of union, liberty, and internal peace—maintain justice, and promote the common weal. They held in horror all absolute governments, whether royal, noble, or popular; and, aware that power, in whatever hands it is lodged, may be abused, if there is an opportunity to abuse it, they sought to guard against the tyranny of the sovereign, at the same time that they secured the obedience of the subject. They had not learned to reject all the lessons of experience, and were far from accepting the doctrine of the impeccability of man, or of the divinity of the people. They believed that the people could err and do wrong, as well as kings and nobles, in their collective as well as in their individual capacity, and that tyranny and oppression are tyranny and oppression when proceeding from a popular, no less than when proceeding from a royal or noble source. They believed, strange as it may sound to the unfledged politicians of the day, that majorities can err and oppress, as well as minorities, and that although the rule that the majority must govern is adopted, it is necessary to subject the majority to such restraints, that to be able to govern at all, it must govern justly. Here we may see their practical wisdom. They did not seek merely to enable the majority to govern, or to organize the government so that no will but the will of the majority should ever prevail, but they went further, and

sought to establish limits to that will itself.

A government in which the will of the majority is unlimited, in which it can always prevail, is just as much an absolute government, and just as despotic in principle, as the most absolute monarchy that ever existed. There is under it no guaranty of the liberty of the subject in the face of power—the essential element in all free governments. Modern democrats are aware of this, and seek to blunt the force of the objection by assuming that the will of the majority is the will of the people, and that the people are always just, and never will abuse their power. But we might as well say that the absolute monarch is always just, and will never abuse his power. If it comes to deifying, we may as well deify the king as the people. Experience no more proves that the people can do no wrong, than it does that the king can do no wrong. There is never any guaranty for liberty, where there is nothing that limits or restrains the exercise of arbitrary will, or sets bounds to the sovereign power; and even if the people were not themselves capable of abusing their power, we know perfectly well that demagogues can usurp and abuse it for them. The Convention properly understood this, and throughout, they were as anxious to provide for a limitation of authority as they were to provide for the supremacy of the law itself; for governing, (if we may so speak,) the government, as for governing the subject. The majority, indeed, must govern, directly or indirectly; but it must govern only under certain conditions, according to certain rules, and within certain bounds.

But the convention did not consider it enough to mark these bounds, and to prescribe those rules and conditions on paper. "Experience," said Mr. Madison, "has taught us a distrust of that security, and that it is necessary to introduce such a balance of powers and interests as will guarantee the provisions on paper."* Paper constitutions are mere cobwebs, unless the organization of powers under them is such as to render it impossible for any power to violate them. Power will be sure to violate them, if able, whenever it

* Madison Papers, p. 1167.

has a sufficient motive to do so. If power is lodged in the majority, impose on it what paper restraints you please, you are no better off than if you had no constitution at all, unless you have somewhere in the state a force that guaranties them—that rises up and effectually resists the attempted violation. The Convention, therefore, which drafted the Constitution on parchment, took care to establish it in the effectual organization of the several powers of government. The separation of the powers of government into distinct departments, each provided with means of self-defense, the separation of the legislature into two houses, the peculiar constitution of the Senate, the senatorial term for the long period of six years, and the necessity of the concurrent vote of both houses to an act of Congress, were all designed to operate as so many checks on the will of the majority, and to prevent, by restraining its action, hasty and unjust legislation. It was not enough to write on paper that Congress shall pass no laws hastily, or without a due regard to justice; it was necessary to go farther, and to subject the enacting of laws to such conditions, to so many forms and processes, that it would be difficult, if not impossible, to get a law hastily enacted, or enacted at all, if contrary to justice.

The executive veto is integral in the system of checks on the will of the majority, of restraints imposed on the exercise of sovereign power, which the Convention saw proper to establish. The Convention installed the majority as sovereign, but as a limited, not as an absolute sovereign; and the executive veto is an integral part of the limitation which they imposed. They wished to make legislation not easy, but difficult; and were far more anxious that the laws should be wise and just, than that they should be numerous. Their study was to subject every measure to the most rigid scrutiny, and to render it impossible for any measure to become a law till after it had been thoroughly sifted, and had received the approbation of the best minds and the highest wisdom of the country. To this end they required for the enactment of a law the concurrence of all the branches of the government. They gave to each house a negative on the other, and to the executive and judiciary departments each

a negative—at least a qualified or conditional negative—on both. The negative of the judiciary answers its purpose as far as it goes; but it is insufficient, because the judiciary cannot take cognizance of the policy of a measure, and can interpose its negative only on the ground that the measure is unconstitutional. The system of checks would, therefore, have been incomplete, without the executive veto, which can negative an act not only for its unconstitutionality, but also for its impolicy.

That the system of checks established is too effectual, that it has rendered legislation too difficult, no statesman can pretend. Our danger lies, as experience amply proves, in too much legislation—not in too little. The tendency to over-legislate is quite too strong, and we make quite too little of wise and efficient administration. Nothing more distinguishes modern times from antiquity, than our excessive legislation, and our tendency to make legislating, instead of administering, the chief business of government. The facility with which old laws are repealed or modified, and new statutes are enacted, and not in our country only, is really frightful; and what the end thereof will be, men of stronger nerves than we may well tremble to think. The utmost contempt for law, and the wildest disorder would prevail even now, if it did not happen that our courts preserve the common law, the *lex non scripta*, which, happily for us, serves as a public conscience, and regulates the greater part of the relations between man and man. If the party among us opposed to the common law should succeed in abolishing it, and in reducing the entire law of the land to the *lex scripta*, or statute law, we should find ourselves as ill off as if we had no law at all. No man could tell for six months what the law would be. We scarcely, in the State or the nation, enact a law before we modify or repeal it, especially if it is a law likely to prove of some utility in its practical operation. We have no settled policy; we are disputing about the simplest elements of both civil and criminal law, and multiply statutes by steam; a procedure which would throw everything into confusion, if the courts did not now and then go the full length of their prerogative in inter-

preting them, so as to get an innocent meaning when the legislature had either no meaning, or a meaning subversive of all the legitimate ends of legislation. Surely, no statesman, especially no lawyer worthy of the name, can wish for greater facility of legislation than we now have, or regard the actual Constitution as rendering it too difficult.

It is strange, we remark by the way, that at this late period of the world's history, this rage for legislating should so prevail, and entire communities should act as if law had now for the first time to be created. Has nothing been settled, and have we existed as a civilized people for these two hundred years without law, or without law adequate to the wants of a free and thriving people? Do we need to be told that law, as a science, was projected even centuries before we were born, and that the modifications necessary to adapt it to what there may be novel or peculiar in our condition and circumstances are very few? Can we answer how many of the evils we are compelled to suffer, spring from the rejection of old law science, and from experimenting in legislation as if we had the whole science to build up anew? Do we need to be told that our foolish legislative experiments are the principal cause of the constant convulsions of our business world, and that had it not been for the youth and vigor of our community, our experimental legislation would long ere this, by the insecurity to property it causes, and the frequency with which it makes it pass from its owners to others, have proved our total ruin? Surely, if we trace the history of our legislation for the last twenty years, we shall not doubt that checks on sovereign power are needed, and all the checks, and more than all the checks which the Constitution provides.

The Convention felt that there would be a tendency to hasty, unnecessary, and ruinous legislation, but that tendency has proved to be stronger, even than they apprehended. They had no great confidence in majorities, but they did not foresee how majorities would be manufactured, nor anticipate the introduction of that perfect party discipline and party machinery which have since been introduced, and which render the people either a nullity,

or the blind tools of irresponsible party managers. This discipline and machinery, when adopted by one party, has to be adopted by the other in self-defense, and we have now arrived at the point when all the affairs of government are managed by party; and a power, through party, unknown to the Constitution, is installed as sovereign. This power is vested nobody can say where or precisely in whom; it is wielded by no public law, by no responsible chiefs, and though all-controlling, you can nowhere lay your finger on it. It is at once the slave and the master of everybody. This power, acting without public recognition, without public responsibility, dictates the policy of the government, and selects the candidates for office. The officers when chosen find themselves subject to it, hemmed in by it; obliged, they can hardly tell why or wherefore, to obey it; and having no employment for their own judgments, they give themselves up to it, and merge their own responsibility in its irresponsibility, and never trouble themselves to ascertain whether what they do is for the good of the country or not; it is enough for them that it receives the sanction of their party. The consequence is, that in our acts of government we do not get an expression of the popular reason, nor of the personal convictions or conscientious judgments of even the men who are nominally clothed with authority; we get only the wishes or interests of party, or rather of the unnamable and irresponsible managers of party one-sided and selfish, and rarely compatible with the interests of the country at large. Nothing is or can be more important, then, than an organization of restraints which render legislation difficult, and prevent the possessors of power from rushing, in their madness and irresponsibility, into measures ruinous to the country. You have some moral value of a man as long as there is nothing between him and the public, as long as he feels that he must answer directly to the public for his acts; but when a party stands between him and the public, and his reliance is on his party and not on his country, you have none at all. If he does the will of his party, that will uphold him, and vindicate his acts; and that is all that his interests or his reputa-

tion require; consequently, the more predominant the partyism, the more necessary are the constitutional checks on power.

It is true that the very reasons which render the Executive veto the more necessary, tend also to render it less adequate; because the same doctrine of party operates on the executive with hardly less force than on the members of Congress themselves, and tends to withhold the President from employing it against a favorite measure of his own party. This is an evil, a great evil, but not an objection to the veto power in itself considered. It is an objection only to its sufficiency, and proves, not that is injurious, but that it does not do all the good or prevent all the mischief it should. The Executive that refuses to employ it when he constitutionally ought, is as an Executive that has it not; and his refusing to employ it when its employment is demanded, is, as far as it goes, an argument for it, not against it. This evil which we admit, will, no doubt, subsist, as long as parties continue their present policy of selecting as candidates for chief magistracy of the Republic, not their greatest and best men—men well known to be fully qualified for the office, and able to stand of themselves without being held up by party discipline and machinery—but their most available men—men who will run the best, because they carry the least weight. This is a bad policy, even for the party itself, as well as for the country, though sometimes, perhaps, necessary to avoid the greater evil. When one party adopts it, such is the fickleness, short-sightedness, and silliness of the mass of every party, that the other is often obliged to do the same. But the consequence is always bad. The Executive wants self-reliance; conscious of his own inexperience, perhaps of his own inability to discharge properly the duties of his high office, he is afraid to act independently, from his own convictions, on his own responsibility, and therefore throws himself back on his party, merges his individuality in it, yields blindly to its dictation, and throws upon it the entire responsibility of his acts, which it must assume, or else go out of power, and let the opposition come in. The consequence is that he surrenders his independence to his party in Congress, and, if that party

is in the majority in both houses, brings about that amalgamation of the executive and legislative functions of government, which the Convention hoped by means of the executive veto to prevent. This terrible evil will be remedied only when we have an executive who adopts and acts on the sound principles proclaimed by our present worthy chief magistrate in his letters before his election, and in his noble inaugural address. But it is not easy in the present state of public opinion to act on those high and independent principles, and will not be, till the public mind, by means of the press, shall be brought more into harmony with those great conservative principles of government, which have been so generally neglected for the last twenty years, but without which our liberties exist only in name, and wise and just government is but a dream.

It may be objected to the veto power, that it is seldom likely to be employed, except against such measures as secure a majority in Congress only by a union of some members of the party to which the Executive belongs with the opposition, and which, since they combine, in some degree, the support of both parties, are the least likely to be hasty or unjust. That is, the negative will not be employed when it should be, and will be when it should not. Experience does not fully bear out this objection, but we grant that it has some force. In several instances the veto has been applied in the manner here supposed, and it is this fact that has led some of our Whig friends, contrary, as we must believe, to their general principles, to propose its abolition or modification. But we are Conservatives, and we are loath to lay a rude hand on the Constitution. Experiments in amending constitutions, State or national, have not thus far proved very successful, and, in general, we find the *amended* constitution more in need of amendment than the original constitution itself. In almost every instance that has come under our knowledge, the so-called amendments adopted have proved a serious injury to the Constitution—have impaired its symmetry, rendered it less efficient, and made new alterations necessary; besides wakening in the public conscience that sacredness which should always attach to the constitution of the

State. Obvious anomalies which tend to defeat in practice the general design or intent of the Constitution, or clauses originally good, but rendered injurious by social changes or revolutions which have subsequently occurred, we would, of course, have removed; but beyond that, we believe it never prudent to venture. Nothing is more unwise or unstatesman-like than to alter a constitution, for the sake of harmonizing it with changes which may have taken place in mere public opinion, or of conforming it to the demands of some newly invented or newly revived political theory. No constitution, constructed in accordance with a political theory, ever worked or ever did work well, for the simple reason that every theory is despotic, and no man, much less the mass of men, ever did or ever will act throughout life in accordance with a theory. Every man's life is full of anomalies; and it is far more with the anomalies in life and society, than with the normal, or what comes within the rule, that government must deal. A constitution that preserves a systematic consistency throughout, is necessarily either impracticable or despotic. Governments are founded in practical reason, not in speculative reason; and good sense, aided by large experience, must determine their constitution, not speculation. The English, who have much good sense, but very little speculative genius, and who care little for systematic consistency, maintain a comparatively free government. The French and Germans, who are far their superiors in speculative science, and who draw out constitutions perfectly satisfactory to speculative reason, forever alternate in practice between anarchy and despotism. No constitution will avert all evil, and wisdom requires us to submit to many evils; for what works evil to-day may work good to-morrow. By attempting to remove the evils which we occasionally suffer, we not seldom lose the good we are in possession of, and open the door to greater evils from which we are as yet free.

The exercise of his negative is, on the part of the Executive, an act of great personal responsibility. The easiest way for him is to throw the responsibility on Congress, and approve whatever act Con-

gress may choose to pass, without inquiry as to its constitutionality, and he will always do so, unless he has some motive to do otherwise. If he does otherwise, it must be either from a sense of duty, or for the hope of gaining public applause or support.

It should be borne in mind that the veto power is purely negative; that when constitutionally employed, it gives to the Executive no positive power of legislation, enables him to fasten no objectionable policy on the country, but merely arms him with a conservative power to preserve to some extent laws already in force, and to prevent or delay the adoption of new measures and of a new line of policy. It is a power perfectly in accordance with the principles of our government, and is repugnant to radical but not to Whig doctrines. Opposition to it could come consistently enough from the democratic party; but from the Whig party, it strikes us, not without some inconsistency. True, it has been used to defeat favorite measures of the Whig party, but it is no Whig doctrine to seek to carry measures in spite of the Constitution, or to attack the Constitution when it operates against us. We are sworn to the Constitution for "better or for worse," and we trust we are prepared to forego every public good not to be attained under it, and in accordance with its provisions.

It is said by some that the executive veto cannot be legitimately employed except on the ground of the unconstitutionality of the measure negatived. This we apprehend is a mistake, no restriction of this sort, or of any sort, is to be found in the Constitution itself.*

* "Every bill which shall have passed the House of Representatives and the Senate, shall, before it becomes a law, be presented to the President of the United States; if he approves, he shall sign it, but if not, he shall return it, with his objections, to that house in which it shall have originated, who shall enter the objections at large on their journal, and proceed to reconsider it. If after such consideration two-thirds of that house shall agree to pass the bill, it shall be sent, together with the objections, to the other house, by which it shall likewise be reconsidered, and if approved by two thirds of that house, it shall become a law."—"If any bill shall not be returned by the President within ten days, (Sundays excepted,) after it shall have been presented to him, the

The power to negative extends to all acts of Congress, and nothing is said as to the grounds on which it is to be applied. The Executive is left sole arbiter of his reasons for applying his negative, only he is to communicate them to Congress. Congress may judge of their sufficiency, and if by a majority of two-thirds they judge them insufficient, they count for nothing, and the measure becomes a law in spite of them. It is clear from the debates of the Convention, that the Convention did not intend to restrict the power to the simple constitutionality of the acts of Congress; that power is in the judiciary, and the executive veto, if so restricted, would be superfluous. The Convention believed that acts might be passed not absolutely unconstitutional, which nevertheless would tend to impair the independence of the Executive, or would be impolitic or unjust, and it was to provide a negative on such acts which the judiciary could not reach, that they gave the Executive

same shall be a law, in like manner as if he had signed it, unless the Congress by their adjournment prevent its return, in which case it shall not be a law."—*Const. of the U. S., Art. I, Sec. 7.*

"All legislative powers herein granted shall be vested in a Congress of the United States, which shall consist of a Senate and House of Representatives."—*Const. of U. S., Art. I, Sec. 1.*

The object of this provision of the Constitution appears clearly in the form of the executive oath, "I do solemnly swear," &c. "that I will," &c. "preserve, protect, and defend the Constitution of the United States."

In the above essay the careless or prejudiced reader may perhaps seem, or affect, to discover an inclination in our author to defend the employment of the veto power, as it has been freely employed during the last twenty years, for private or party purposes. Nothing, however, could be farther from the design of the author, than to admit so loose a construction of the Constitution. We conceive the veto power, like the separate powers of the two houses of Congress, to be conferred upon the Executive as a means of self-preservation and defense, as a means of preventing direct violations of the Constitution, and as a check upon the violence and impetuosity, the so-called "hasty legislation" of an excited legislature. Under circumstances of peculiar excitement, when parties are equally divided, a most iniquitous measure might become a law, were it not for the conservative barrier erected against it in the presidential veto. We therefore regard the veto as our defender against the great mischiefs that may happen from the hasty and ill-considered action of a small and virulent majority.—*Ed.*

his qualified negative. Other objections than the mere unconstitutionality of acts of Congress are then, we must believe, proper subjects for the Executive to consider; and, since to confine him to the simple question of constitutionality would deprive him of the power to maintain the independence of the executive department of government, we must hold that he not only is not, but ought not, to be so confined in the employment of his negative.

Our readers will perceive that we have given ourselves a considerable latitude of discussion. Our object has, indeed, been to defend the veto power, but at the same time to draw attention to those general principles of our Constitution and government which in the democratic excitement of the times, and the bustle and confusion created by party struggles, we are in danger of forgetting. We have wished to point out the place of the executive veto in our plan of government, and incidentally to lay open and defend that plan itself. The writer of this is no political theorist, he is an American, and an American conservative both from principle and from inclination, and is opposed alike to innovations in the system of government established, and to the experimental legislation which has become so much the rage. He believes that the Constitution is too little studied, and that the real character of our institutions is too little understood and appreciated. If what he has said shall excite any of our gifted and learned young men to a more diligent study of the American constitution, his purpose will have been answered, and he will not have written in vain.

NOTE BY THE EDITOR.—The doctrine in regard to the veto power, hitherto maintained by the Review, has been, that that power should never be employed excepting in cases of extreme emergency, when the action of Congress has been either clearly unconstitutional, the executive oath in such cases demanding an employment of the veto power, or when the President may be compelled to employ it for the defense of his own prerogative, or the prerogative of other branches of the government.

The Whig opposition to the too frequent employment of the veto power, is founded, not so much upon a general apprehension of the

too rapid increase of executive influence, as upon the conviction that a President elected under a pledge to use it without scruple for the ends of his own party, would effectually check all legislation during the term of his continuance in office, and so defeat the most salutary measures, passed by large and constant majorities, and evidently necessary for the defense and welfare of the country, but odious to the minority merely because they emanated from the opposition. If the Constitution intended to concentrate in the President the three functions of judicial, legislative, and executive authority, then it also intended that the veto power should be employed by the President as a means of controlling the entire legislation of the country. By simply announcing that he will veto every public measure originating with the majority, the President is able to throw the entire legislative power of the nation into the hands of his friends in the minority—a condition of things which, in this country, would end in a civil war. An unscrupulous President is able, by the use of his patronage, by threats, and by personal influence, to maintain a pretty strong minority, even in the height of his unpopularity. The means of doing this are almost always at his disposal. Our author has shown that this government is constitutionally so adjusted as to favor the majority, and to throw the weight of power into the hands of the greater number. It will not be denied by either party that in general it is right for a well-ascertained and constant majority to have the greatest weight in legislation; but to admit at the same time that the President may constitutionally exercise his veto power as a steady and constant stumbling-block to a fair majority in both houses of Congress, is to admit a power totally subversive of the ends of government, and hostile to the spirit of a republican constitution.

The Whigs, therefore, have elected a President pledged, not to carry their measures against a natural majority, but pledged only not to interpose his negative against a *clear and constant majority* in Congress. It is the doc-

trine of the Whigs, that the President is not invested with a judicial or a legislative power, and that, therefore, the less he meddles in legislation the better. If we look merely at the *letter*, there is, indeed, nothing written in the Constitution which directly forbids the constant partisan employment of the executive veto; but in this, as in other instances, we are obliged to study, not merely the letter, but the spirit of that document. It would have been impossible to trace the exact limits within which the veto should be employed. In all governments the employment of such a power must be left in great part to discretion, and its use be regulated by the custom of ages. Custom and usage have limited the employment of the negative of the crown in England upon acts of Parliament. The election of Whig Presidents will in the same manner fix and limit the veto power, with the sanction of public opinion in America. The entire argument is but one of many which go together to convince us that the safety and dignity of the nation depends in great measure upon the election to the executive office of great and conscientious men. "During the administration of Washington, the executive branch of the federal government, great as was its influence, never overstepped its lawful limits. So far was Washington from improperly interfering with the action of the co-ordinate branches of government, that, for example, while Congress was engaged in discussing the measures of the proposed system of finance, he strictly abstained from any expression of opinion respecting them. Wherever precedents may be found for buying congressional votes with executive promises, or making the support of executive measures by legislators the ground for rewarding them with lucrative and honorable offices, or for bringing any sort of illegitimate influence into the halls of legislation, the first President, no less pure in mind than firm in authority, set none of them."—*See Article on Washington's Administration, American Review, July, 1849, pages 13-14.*

S O R R O W .

I saw thee beautiful, when health and joy
To youth's quick pulse gave ever sweet employ ;
When in thy fresh simplicity was seen
A grace, the woman's and the child's between,
And golden fingered Hope's awakening glow
Lit the fair heaven of thy unclouded brow.

I saw thee beautiful, ere yet had care
With faintest outline left her tracery there ;
When life, subservient to thy spirit free,
Lay, all in sunlight, like a summer sea,
Reflecting back thy hope's serenest hue,
As crystal lakes reflect the aerial blue.

I saw thee beautiful ; nor guessed I then
How grief should change thee ere we met again,
And weigh with tears that beauty to its doom,
As dews that gem the rose destroy its bloom.

The charm of youth, form, feature, graceful ease—
Beauty there is more eloquent than these.
And still I see thee beautiful ; for now
Sits, born of Heaven, meek Peace upon thy brow.
No more impulsive, Passion, calmed and still,
Obeys the influence of the tempered will.

And now to starry eyes and golden tress,
I recognize superior loveliness ;
And feel how Sorrow hath been wronged by such,
As deem frail beauty withered by her touch ;
Since for each bloom she steals, and every grace,
She leaves a seraph brightness in their place—
As rainbows softly tint the humid air—
Lights the pale brow, and stamps the angel there.

A. M. W.

THE DROVER'S CARPET-BAG.

"Man is fearfully and wonderfully made."—KING DAVID.

A YOUTH and a maiden—a comely, well-suited pair—were walking in a forest. It was a forest of pines. Minute fragments of leaves, the deposite of many years, covered the ground with a carpet softer than ever was woven in loom. The tall, columnar trunks, supporting the dense canopy that intercepted the rays of the sun, had long since cast off the lower branches, which might have obstructed the ramble of the lovers. The western gale, which was frolicking without, and spreading the newly made hay a second time over the meadows, could only murmur among the tree-tops of the forest, without power to penetrate its recesses. It was a lonely, and it might seem to some a melancholy spot, yet we envy not the man who is unable to find a pleasure in the high and solemn thought which such a scene tends to excite.

Thomas Austin and Jessie Rosse had grown up together; and each succeeding day seemed but to have increased their attachment. Austin's father, though a man of integrity and respectability, was both poor and ill-educated. Mr. Rosse, on the other hand, was by no means wealthy; yet he possessed a competence, and by personal qualities was fitted to adorn any society. With too much discernment to be unaware of the direction which the growing affections of his daughter were taking, he did not attempt to change it.

Within a twelvemonth past the relative situation of the parties had become quite different. Thomas had inherited a large estate. Jessie, too noble to suspect that this accession of property had altered his sentiments towards her, could not however but observe in him at times a coldness of manner which seemed not more contrary to his long-cherished affection than to his very nature, for by tempera-

ment he was ardent and excitable. She thought too that he avoided her society. When they did meet, his greetings wanted cordiality, and he often turned suddenly away, as if he experienced relief in separating from her. She was pained at all this, but felt nothing like resentment. Had she indeed believed that he was really as much estranged as appearances indicated, she would have suffered her heart to break rather than have humbled herself to reproach him for the desertion. But although a girl in years and in loveliness of character and person, she possessed the traits of a strong-minded woman, and, far from giving way to pensive tears, was determined first to ascertain the true nature and extent of the calamity which seemed to impend over her.

They had strolled more than a mile into the depths of the pines, and hitherto scarcely a dozen sentences had been exchanged between them.

"Thomas," she said, with an effort, "have I offended you?"

"No," was his reply, "how can you imagine such a thing? So far from it, you love me more than I deserve—I would that you loved me less."

"It is true, then," she said, turning her eyes upon him sorrowfully, "it is true, then, that the rich Thomas Austin despises the lowly Jessie Rosse."

"Oh, Jessie, Jessie, you torture me. I ought indeed to allow you to adopt any impression that might serve to wean your heart from me—I ought to suffer you to believe me the contemptible, purse-proud thing you suppose. I ought to bear even this, miserable wretch that I am—but I cannot. No, Jessie, all that estate does not equal, in my estimation, one hair of your head. Hate and despise me, for I would have you both to hate and to despise me; but not on this account."

"Dear Thomas, tell me"—

He interrupted her—"Ask nothing, for you must not share that fearful burden which is crushing me to the earth; come, let us hurry home."

"Have you so little confidence in me, Thomas? What use is it for human beings to love, if they cannot share each other's sorrows? Many a grief, Thomas, which, if retained in the bosom, will gnaw through one's heart, may be banished by the counsel of a faithful friend."

"But it is for your sake, Jessie, that I do not tell you—your happiness must not be ruined."

"Oh, I care not for happiness," replied the animated girl, with flashing eyes—"tell me—hesitate not—tell me all!"

"You do not know what you ask, Jessie."

"And for that very reason it is that I ask it," she gaily rejoined.

He smiled at her eagerness, but it was a melancholy smile, and he remained silent after it. She renewed her solicitations, and so earnestly, that his reserve at length gave way.

The pair walked on almost unconsciously, as Austin delivered the following narrative:

"I had come to see my uncle. I reached home again the evening of the eighth of June, excessively tired. It was long after dusk, yet as I passed the windows I perceived from the appearance of the table, that supper had not been taken. I was not surprised at this, inferring at once that there were no strangers in the house, and that my sisters, as might be expected in the mistresses of a small country inn, had little appetite for a lonely meal. Disappointed and heart-sick as well as weary, I went at once to my chamber, and placing the carpet-bag behind my large chest, threw myself upon the bed. I could not sleep. Though the door communicating with the common sitting-room was wide open, the sultry heat of the evening probably had something to do with my restlessness, for I had not taken time to remove any part of my clothing. Mental distraction, however, contributed far more to render me wakeful. That day had seen the annihilation of a hope which I had cherished from infancy; a hope which had grown with my growth

and strengthened with my strength. I had leaned upon that assured trust as the vine leans upon the oak, and the moment which tore it away might well resemble the commencement of the agonies of dissolution. Something else was not wanting to add a pang even to such sufferings. My own headlong passions, my own more than brutish folly, had caused all the ruin! I must at length have dropped into some sort of slumber, for the sound of voices in the adjoining room was the first intimation I received of the arrival of guests. I overheard their conversation as a man listens in a dream. Every word fell upon my ear with the utmost distinctness, yet it excited no emotion. A matter was discussed which might have startled the innocence of childhood, or the apathy of old age, yet I—I—so vitally interested, heard, but felt not. I recognized the persons talking. One was our nearest neighbor, that excellent and respected man, Mr. Rosse—your father, Jessie. He asked a question:

"'You have said the body was taken to Mrs. Walker; how did you get it there?'"

"'I'll tell you all about it.' This speaker was Richard Smith, a very steady young fellow who manages his mother's farm on the edge of the next county—'Well,' said he, 'when Trott and I found the corpse as we've told you, we at once began to think what to do. We saw plain enough that Walker had been struck on the head as well as stabbed, and we couldn't be certain that he was not rather stunned than mortally hurt. Trott spoke about the coroner; but for my part I felt no notion to be waiting for any coroner, when perhaps the poor man might be brought to. It's a very lonely place there, no dwelling-house within three miles; so when I heard the rumbling of a wagon ahead, off I starts down the road for it.'

"'And you were gone a great while,' interposed Trott, 'and I felt real peculiar too, staying by that bloody corpse.'

"'I believe Smith laughed slightly as he continued: 'It want so long as you in your scariness supposed, but I *was* kept back some little time. After a couple of miles or more I came up with a person in a two-horse wagon. It was Coward the marketman—Wat Coward, who goes huckstering all over the country. When

I told him about Walker, he showed no mind to go back. He said he reckoned Walker was dead, and 'twas no use for him to go way up the ridge again with his tired beasts. I told him then that I'd help him to remove the things from his wagon, so that he might return empty. He spoke out, very quick and short, that he would not do that, and said it was hard for him to lose his market for the sake of a dead man. At last I told him he *must* go back, and accordingly he did go, but after a very sulky fashion. So we put the corpse in on top of the marketing, and brought it down to Mrs. Walker, his wife—the house is right on the roadside you know.'

"Mr. Rosse then spoke, and though he lowered his voice almost to a whisper, I heard every syllable—'How did it happen that Coward failed to notice the body when he came by at first? Is it possible that he could have committed the murder?'

"After a pause Smith answered, 'He is a dark, ugly-looking fellow to be sure, and acted strangely about returning for Walker's corpse, yet I must say I don't think we have cause enough to charge him with doing the deed. The corpse lay behind Carter's old stable—the Carter dwelling-house, you know, was burnt down some twenty years ago, and all the hill has long been out in common. But, since the body was behind the stable, no one of course could see it in passing along the road. Trott and I thought we'd get off the stones of the wagon-track by riding around the stable over the old field, which we could easily do, being on horseback.'

"Where is Coward now?" inquired Mr. Rosse.

"Oh, he'll be along before midnight I reckon; he said he was going to put up here.'

"I have no distinct recollection of what followed of the conversation, until Mr. Rosse put some query in relation to the *baggage* of the murdered drover. 'He was travelling on foot,' replied Smith, 'and his wife told us he was in the habit of carrying a carpet-bag. Now, what is curious enough, when we found him, he had a small piece of worsted stuff like carpeting, griped so tight in his hand that it was as much as both Trott and I could do to get it loose. Mrs. Walker, as

soon as she saw it, declared it to be a piece of his carpet-bag. No doubt the fellow who attacked him tried to pull the bag out of his hand, thinking there was money in it, and Walker then held on so tight that the cloth gave way and the piece was left in his hand.'

"But there *was* no money,' suggested some one.'

"No," said Smith, 'he had put the money he got for his cattle in bank, instead of bringing it home with him. So the villain who killed him got nothing by it.'

"Of all that ensued after this, I was unconscious. Fatigue, that powerful anodyne, gained the mastery of everything else. I must have slept very soundly, but my slumber was not the slumber that refreshes. When I awoke, the sun was shining into my chamber. I got up instantly; but my head swam—I reeled, and would have fallen prostrate, but for the old chest in the recess. As I sank down upon it, my hand, dropping behind, touched the carpet-bag; I drew it forth suddenly. A rent stared me in the face. A piece was gone; where was it? Thought flew at once to the rigid fist of the dead man. The lining was not torn, and retained the contents of the bag, but there was no money in it; the words of Smith rang in my ears, 'The villain who killed him got nothing by it!' How easily that fearful witness of guilt might have been discovered by any one happening to come into the room! Suppose somebody should now enter—the reflection nerved me at once. I sprang up, buttoned my loose frock-coat over the carpet-bag, and stepped rapidly out of the room.

"In going from the house, I heard the clatter of knives and forks; all were eating breakfast, and the way was clear. I had not been summoned to the meal, because my return was not yet known. Behind the cedar hedge of the orchard was a deep and never-failing well, but the water is so brackish that my father, at considerable expense, conducted to the house some years ago the stream of a distant spring. The well, in consequence, has been quite disused. I approached it, raised the cover, and was about to drop my burden; but a thought occurred to me. The little bag seemed very light—might it not float? I unlaced it—a soiled shirt was disclosed.

The sight carried me in imagination to the widow's house on the road. But the picture which my heated fancy conjured up, affected me with nothing like contrition or remorse. I thought not of the desolate woman, weeping over the gory body of her husband. I thought only of that miserable fragment of carpet which might bring me to the gallows. I uttered no exclamation. I did not even gnash my teeth, but, with the calmness of a man engaged in his daily labor, I took up a stone of several pounds weight, and deposited it in the bag, which, when it was again securely laced, I dropped out of sight in the gloomy pit before me. To close the lid and stride back to the house was little more than an instant's work. I sought my chamber, but how dreadfully I was startled on entering it, to perceive the form of a man peering behind the chest! My footfall aroused him. He turned, and showed the countenance of the marketman Coward. He was agitated, but bent on me a firm and searching glance. As for myself, I trembled, but desperation gave me vigor to glare back so fiercely that his eye sank beneath mine.

"'So you've got back, Mr. Austin,' he said.

"'Yes,' was the reply which I gasped rather than articulated.

"He seemed about to make some other observation, but checked himself and hurried out of the room, merely saying, as if by way of apology for his sudden departure, 'My horses and wagon are down the road, I am afraid to be away from them any longer.'

"He was gone; did he carry my secret with him? I knew not, but feared. I heard my father's voice at the outer door. He was addressing Coward, and a restless curiosity drew me to the window of the adjoining room.

"'I thought I left a bundle behind,' the marketman answered.

"'You have got it now, I suppose,' said my father, glancing at the breast of the fellow's great-coat, which seemed to enclose something more than his lank person.

"'Oh, yes; I have it,' returned Coward, 'but it has caused me a long trudge. Good morning, sir.'

"'I don't like that man,' muttered my

father. So easily may the best persons be deceived! Turning away from Coward he met his son. Which of the two seemed to him to bear the appearance of a murderer—the smooth-faced youth of twenty, or that dark, scowling man, upon whose features nature herself had stamped the impress of villany? My father expressed much surprise at learning that I had been in the house all night; and my sisters having joined us, I was subjected to a volley of interrogatories.

"The three days' absence—for so long had I been away from home—had been spent in a visit to an uncle who lived forty miles off. This old man, my only wealthy relative, had no family, and lived in great seclusion. People called him eccentric. He had been but once in my father's house, though I never heard that anything had been done to displease him. At the time of that single visit I was about ten years old, and was considered by my parents at least more lively and intelligent than children of that age usually are. How this may have been I know not, but it is certain that my uncle appeared to take a great fancy for me, and on leaving the house charged my father by all means to give me a good education, adding that if this were done, he would himself take care of my establishment in a profession. Since that time he had more than once inquired with an appearance of interest, how I was progressing in study. These marks of concern, which might have been disregarded, if manifested by any one else, coming from him were thought to constitute sufficient foundation for many an ambitious scheme. My father used far more of his narrow means than he could afford, in endeavoring to make me equal to the expectations of my uncle. I had done what I could, devoting the time and labor which, if applied to agriculture or trade, would have given me the power to lighten the declining steps of my self-sacrificing parent, to the acquisition of knowledge, which after all could be of little avail unless such pecuniary assistance were now given as would enable me to add to it still more. But you know this already, Jessie, let me return to what you do not know.

"It had taken me two days to walk to my uncle's. If I had gone on horseback the journey must have occupied me still

longer, for I took a direct course through piney forests, which are impassable to any but foot-travellers. I spent the night at his house. In the morning a trivial circumstance unfortunately aroused my temper, which I have never subjected to good governance. During that instant of irritability, I made a remark at which my uncle conceived deep, and as it seemed, irreconcilable offense. He commanded me to leave his house, and even with a bitterness of tone and manner which I shall never forget, cursed my departing steps. Words cannot describe what I then felt. I, myself, though the events of that terrible period are indelibly imprinted upon my memory—I, myself, cannot now, as I recall that scene, recall also the convulsion of soul and body which attended it. I bounded from the house. That space which had occupied me two tedious days was now traversed in one—and so traversed that it seemed that the whole journey had filled no longer time than one throb of my pulse might have measured. Yet in that day what a deed was committed! My uncle denied me what he had promised, the means which alone I believed were needed to open for me the road to wealth, and fame, and power. Money—money, I wanted! Could not money be obtained otherwise than from my uncle? No good angel whispered that suggestion.

"Some months passed away. Your father, Jessie, who was a frequent visitor at our house, happened one evening to be standing alone with me on the porch. He said to me, 'I am quite uneasy, Thomas, about my son Frederick. He went up the country a week ago to collect some money which was due me, and ought surely to have been back by this time. That road passes over a dreary region, and Walker's fate shows how easily murder may be perpetrated.'

"'Oh, sir,' I replied, 'you have little cause for alarm. Depend upon it, the man who has committed one murder never can have the daring to commit another!'

"He seemed to pay no attention to my remark, but continued, 'I wish I could send word to him not to travel alone on his way down.'

"We were on the porch at this time as I have told you, and casting my eye down the road I saw a blue-topped two-horse

wagon with which I was too well acquainted. 'There is Coward,' I said, 'on his way up; you can send word by him to Frederick.'

"'Never,' exclaimed Mr. Rosse, 'I would sooner trust the lamb to the keeping of the wolf, than confide the safety of my son to that man. If Fred now only had with him a devoted friend like you'—These words were daggers; what else he said I knew not.

"Coward had fed his horses by the stable, and was walking restlessly around the house. I watched him closely, for it was too probable that my fate was in his hand. He walked into the orchard, and the cedar hedge concealed him from my view. I snatched a plate out of the kitchen and also went into the orchard to gather apples for supper! I saw him step over the well, indifferently, and without giving it any glance of recognition. This was a great relief. It was possible that, although he must have discovered the carpet-bag behind the chest while I slept, he might not have observed me hiding it afterwards. Coward had nearly reached the other side of the orchard before he noticed that I was following him. When he did so, he turned immediately and proceeded towards me. I was not prepared for this, and stupidly awaited him, without knowing what to do or say.

"He approached, and, after casting a stealthy glance around to be certain that no one else was within hearing, inquired what I thought of Walker's murder.

"I was dreadfully startled, but had sufficient composure to answer, 'What should I think of it?'

"He repeated the words after me, 'Yes, what should you think of it? The man's dead now, and so thousands of other folks have died. No man dies till his time comes, and I don't see what great odds it makes then whether he gets his death by knife or by fever.'

"You have seen this man Coward, Jessie, and I need not tell you that, with his tangled, snaky, jet-black hair, and his glowing eye, and hideous roughness of feature, he looks like a fiend. Most people dislike him—you no doubt dislike him; but I tell you that if hating him were a sign of *innocence*, no seraph in heaven would be purer than I. He was spread-

ing his toils around me, and I had no power to escape. Drops of sweat burst from my forehead as I answered him; had I been at the bar of justice, I could not have suffered more terrible agony.

"Coward sank his voice to a whisper as he said—'Do you know what became of Walker's carpet-bag?'"

"He doubtless understood the agitation of my countenance as an affirmative answer, for he continued, 'It had no money in it.'"

"'Ay, it had no money it,' I echoed.

"There was a pause; Coward broke it, 'I know something about the man who killed him.'"

"'Do you?' said I.

"'Yes,' he rejoined, 'I know who did it; but it would not be right to tell on the poor fellow, would it?'"

"'No,' said I, 'it would not be right.'"

"'Besides,' added Coward, 'if betrayed, who knows but he might be able to pay the person back who should do it; he who has used a knife once can use it again, can't he?'"

"'Yes, that he can,' I exclaimed, in a loud, fierce tone. He was a little startled at this, and proposed that we should separate and go to the house. I assented. As he turned away, he said significantly—'Mum's the word, you know.'"

"'Yes,' I answered, 'Mum's the word.'"

"The account of this conversation, Jessie, must seem to you very incoherent, but the conversation itself was no less so. Indeed, I believe I have given it to you word for word.

"When I returned to the house, whom do you think I met there? Your brother. And not only had he returned, but he brought intelligence that my uncle had been taken very ill, and had expressed an urgent desire to see my father and me.

"The whole family were at once thrown into the bustle of preparation. My father's age and feebleness required that we should go on horseback, even though it was thus rendered necessary to take the more circuitous route.

"Our first stopping-place was twenty-five miles distant, and notwithstanding we set out quite early in the day, we rode so slowly that sunset caught us when we had still some four miles to travel. We had reached a high ridge of red earth. Below,

a magnificent prospect was extended before us, and westwardly we could see the farm-houses dotting the mountain side. Since the fatal eighth of June, I have never enjoyed anything like tranquillity of mind except at that moment. The stillness of the dusky twilight, the vast expanse to the eastward, and the dreary yet solemn desolation that reigned immediately around, affected me with indescribable emotions. At that instant, I believe, I could even have prayed.

"My father spoke: 'So this is the place where Walker was murdered.'"

"I started, and a chill of horror struck through my breast. It was even so. There, to my left hand, was an old ruinous stable. Behind that stable the bloody corpse had been found, and yet the whole place seemed strange—so completely had passion blinded me when I last gazed upon that scene.

"'In your other journey to your uncle's, you did not cross the ridge here, did you?' The inquiry was made by my father.

"'No, sir,' I answered; 'I went up yonder, by the valley of the Coldstone Creek, which must be at least a mile south of this.' I did not tell what course I pursued on my return. Could I indeed, if I had tried, have traced out the path which I followed in that delirious flight? My faithless memory was able to recognize *this* spot, for a deed had been done which marked it too well, but what circumstance could recall any other spot? There was one such circumstance which I should have mentioned before; but it is not wonderful that I am unable to give a well-connected account. I brought home (as I told you) the torn carpet-bag of Walker's, but I brought *only* that one, what then became of mine? I had tormented myself vainly in the effort to remember. There was a fine spring some miles west of the red ridge, immediately in the course which I pursued in going on foot to my uncle's; and out of it I then drunk. It is not impossible that I also took a draught from it on my return. In that case I might have omitted to take up my carpet-wallet again. After much reflection I concluded to let things take their course. If the bag were found and recognized as mine, I could say that I had lost it, but

deemed it of too little value to merit inquiry. How easy it is, after committing a great crime, to reconcile one's conscience to smaller crimes! How easy to lie after doing murder! If I did *not* leave the bag at the spring, Coward must have picked it up on the road by the old Carter stable, and, doubtless, retains it in his hands, so as to preserve an overwhelming mass of evidence against me.

"It took us two days more to reach my uncle's, and when we got there the house was no longer his, but mine. The old man was dead and had made me his heir.

"Since that time I have possessed riches; whether I have taken pleasure in them or not, you may judge. Metaphysicians and preachers, Jessie, have labored to show that the damned may be punished with no corporeal suffering, and yet may endure exquisite torment. I believe it. Any error that we commit, if found to be irreparable, may for an instant inflict upon us mental anguish more excruciating than the worst bodily pain. Instead of an error, suppose a crime like that by which I am now oppressed, and you have the intolerable anguish, not of a moment, but of eternity. To sever the thread of a human life is, in truth, to commit a mistake beyond repair! There is a circumstance, however, about this matter, Jessie, which I have yet reason enough left to perceive and wonder at. I have been religiously educated, Jessie; from childhood I have listened with reverential attention to the preaching of the gospel; and more than all, I have had before me the daily example of a pious parent. Would you not suppose that, whatever may have been the impulse under which I committed the act I did, my strongest feeling now would be remorse on account of the dreadful sin? Yet, strange as it may appear, the fact is not so. I am ready to tear away my hair, or to pluck out my eyes; not, however, because I have violated the commands of my Maker, but merely because I reproach myself with a blunder. I stand in dread of the penalty of human law, not of divine; my *conscience* is silent, while my rational faculties are loud in rebuke."

After Thomas Austin thus concluded his narrative, his companion and he continued their walk in silence. About ten

minutes had elapsed, when Austin said—"So, you cannot wonder now, Jessie, that I desired to relieve you of my presence and my love. Imagine that I had deceived you, and we had been wedded. I know too well that, some time or other, a murderer must be discovered and dragged to an ignominious death; what would then become of his wife? Oh, the blow must kill her, it must kill her! That would be a murder indeed; then I should have had cause for remorse. But what may I not have done already in giving you this frightful account?"

Austin turned suddenly and gazed for the first time in her face, to read the impression which his words had made. He found her countenance very grave and thoughtful, yet it did not exhibit the overwhelming grief which he expected to see.

Jessie spoke, but not for the purpose of uttering vain exclamations. "You think this huckster, Coward, knows all about the killing of Walker, do you not?"

"Certainly, I cannot doubt it."

"Have you met him since the day when that conversation in the orchard took place, and especially since your possession of your uncle's property?"

"Oh, yes, many times."

"Has he ever shown any disposition to extort money from you?"

"So far from it, that I think he rather assumes an air of timidity and obsequiousness."

"You have said, Thomas, that you killed the drover; how did you do it?"

"Why, have you never heard, Jessie, that he was stabbed?"

"What weapon did you do it with?"

Austin seemed astounded at the composure with which she put these interrogatories, and it was some seconds before he answered: "The man was stabbed with his own knife. Dick Smith found it lying by him, and his wife recognized it."

"On what part of his person did you find his knife?"

"Oh, in the breast-pocket of his coat, to be sure; who ever carried a dirk any where else?"

"But how did you get it from there whilst he was walking along?"

"I could not have done it while he was walking; he was knocked down before he was stabbed."

"What did you knock him down with?"

"I do not know."

"You do not know?"

"I mean, I do not remember. I really believe I was half-delirious all that day."

Again they walked on in silence, though now they were proceeding in a homeward direction.

Austin at last became impatient. "Tell me, Jessie, what you think about it all? Spare me not, for you cannot speak worse of me than I deserve."

"Well, Thomas, I think the drover was killed by this man Coward."

"How can that be?" cried Austin; "did not I kill Walker?"

"Circumstances certainly have led you to imagine that you killed him—but I believe it was Coward who really committed the act."

"But, Jessie, can you disbelieve my assertion; and is this such an excellent deed that I should seek to bear off the credit of it undeservedly? Or do you think I have been giving you a madman's rhapsody?"

"Dear Thomas, listen to me—you have yourself said that you returned from your uncle's in almost the unconsciousness of delirium. You cannot give any connected account of the events of that day; when you afterwards visited the spot where the man was killed, the whole scene appeared unfamiliar; you cannot tell me a single circumstance of the murder which is not also known to the coroner, to his jury, and to the whole county. On the other hand, Coward, who undoubtedly passed by the spot about the time of the murder, and who is a man of suspicious habits and bad reputation, exhibits the demeanor of a culprit who believes you to be acquainted with his guilt."

"Can you tell me, though," said Austin, "how I came to bring home Walker's carpet-bag instead of mine?"

"There is indeed a mystery here," replied Jessie, "which I cannot as yet penetrate—but this is what I will do, Thomas. In some way or other I will manage to see this Walter Coward when no third person is by, and if I charge him with the murder, I have not the least doubt that he will confess having done it."

Austin at the mention of this plan

evinced great consternation. So intense was the affright exhibited in his face that even the firm nerves of his companion were shaken by the spectacle. The figure of the horror-stricken Sir Trevisan, after he had escaped from the den of Despair with a halter round his neck, is hardly an exaggerated representation of Austin's appearance at this moment. His cheeks were hollow and ghastly pale; his lip was pinched, and his chin sharpened, as of one in mortal sickness; his eyes were fixed and glaring; and his whole shrunken body leaned forward in the agony of supplication.

"Oh, say nothing to him, Jessie!—provoke him not or I am lost. Remember that my life hangs on the breath of his mouth. Oh, dear Jessie, dear Jessie, do have pity on me!"

Was this, thought Jessie, the stalwart, stout-hearted youth of a year ago? How great the change!

His nervous entreaties, many times reiterated, compelled her to promise the relinquishment of her scheme. They walked homewards. She was able to say little on the way, and would have yielded to the feeling which prompted her to say nothing, had not her loving heart forbade silence when it was possible that words might administer comfort and support.

Some weeks passed away—weeks of despondency and dread to Austin, of sad and anxious perplexity to Jessie. During that painful walk in the pines, a labyrinth seemed to spring up around her as if by magic. Her trusting nature had seized upon what she thought might be a clue to the fresh air without, but now as she each day revolved the narrative of Austin in her mind, doubts arose which she could not quell. If in truth the drover had been slain by his hand, (which she still hoped was only the dream of an excited fancy) she was confident that his head and heart had never assented to the act—that it was done in a delirium which took away both consciousness and responsibility. Yet placing the matter even in this light, it was horrible to reflect that he, upon whom her heart rested all its affections, was stained with the blood of homicide.

The scene received still another change. Mike Burrows, a free black lad of sixteen,

had been detected with a pocket-book which was known to have belonged to Walker. This boy had very frequently been employed by the drover to assist him in driving his beesves. He accompanied him on his last, fatal trip, but in returning home had started in advance of his master. Mike accounted for his possession of the pocket-book by saying that Mr. Walker gave it to him before they separated to come back. The boy admitted that he had kept it concealed for more than a year, but earnestly protested that he did so only from an apprehension of being suspected of theft. His story was not believed. No storekeeper could be found in the town who recollected having sold Walker a pocket-book about that time, and it was very improbable that he would have given away his old one without suppling its place with another. Many more suspicious facts were discovered, which together made up a strong chain of circumstantial evidence. He was arrested; the grand jury found a true bill against him; and so generally was the community satisfied of his guilt, that there was little doubt what the issue of his trial must be.

This intelligence made Austin in some measure himself again. The unmanly dread which for a time had stifled every generous sentiment, was now shaken off. He could not see the penalty of his own act visited upon another. His resolution was formed; he would deliver himself up to justice and confess his crime. Jessie Rosse in vain remonstrated. His determination, he said, restored him the tranquillity of which he had long been deprived, and his purpose was fixed to adhere to it. She urged the possibility that the murder was not committed by him.

He listened for a while with an air of incredulity, and then replied—"Well, dear Jessie, suppose that I am innocent; legal investigation cannot fail to make the fact evident."

"Does it," said she, "make poor Mike Burrows' innocence evident? No, Thomas, your own confession will be regarded as establishing your guilt. You think it sinful that any other person should be put to death unjustly;—can you be justifiable in causing your own execution for a crime which you have not committed?"

Austin was staggered for an instant, but his answer was firm and decided—"This poor boy is certainly innocent; it is too probable that I am not: hence it is just and right to save his life at the expense of my own."

"At all events," said his companion, "you can now have no objection to my seeing Walter Coward."

"It will be useless," replied Austin, "but I care not for your seeing him. Yet stay, if he should possibly be guilty of Walker's death, his desperation at being discovered might provoke him to further bloodshed—your life may be taken by the ruffian. The thought is horrible. Jessie, you must not see him."

"But, Thomas, you are confident that you yourself slew the man."

Austin here nodded assent.

She continued: "May it not be that if he saw you do it, he could give important testimony to establish the fact that you did it in the frenzy of delirium? Do not, I pray you, forbid me to see him—I will guard against any such consequence as you apprehend."

Austin gave a reluctant consent, promising besides not to deliver himself up without further consultation with her.

Some days of great distress for the poor girl now ensued. The marketman made his usual trips up and down the road, but she felt an extreme reluctance to have the interview which she had so long meditated. On that interview her last hope depended. If it failed to answer her expectations (and her confidence that it would daily diminished) the fate of Thomas Austin was sealed. The man was probably a hardened, wary villain. The conscience upon which she sought to operate might have been seared into callousness by a long succession of crimes, and what chance was there that she, a weak timid girl, would be able to subdue the iron energies of such a soul? Of Austin, it was possible that Coward might stand in dread, but how could *she* make him tremble?

A plan occurred to her. She alternately adopted and rejected it a hundred times: finally, her mind was fully made up to try it. It was attended with much difficulty, and by many circumstances which might well daunt a delicately nurtured female more than the dif-

ficulty. Danger, too, there was in it—but upon this she did not bestow a thought, and all other considerations gave way before the earnest zeal of love.

Coward was to stop overnight in the neighborhood. It was not now his custom indeed to put up at the public house of old Mr. Austin, but the less respectable wagon stand which he preferred, was only a mile distant. Jessie, having arranged her plan, sought out her lover.

"Thomas," she said, "I want you to give a note to Coward for me. Slip it into his hand quietly, and say not a word to him. Will you do all this?"

"Cheerfully," replied Austin, "I am glad to see you choose anything in preference to meeting him personally yourself."

The note was sealed, and addressed to "Mr. Walter Coward." It was delivered by Austin safely and in silence, and the marketman, hastily burying it in his pocket, proceeded on his way. No sooner had he gone over the hill which took him out of sight of the house, than he drew forth the note and perused it eagerly. It was written in a large, bold hand, which might easily have been mistaken for Thomas Austin's, and ran thus:

"I want you to meet me alone at twelve o'clock to-night, near the old charcoal-pit above the Willow Spring. T. A."

Mr. Rosse was accustomed to retire early in the evening, and by eleven the whole family was sunk in repose. It was Jessie's aim to appear to the marketman as Thomas Austin. There was some difference in height and great difference in breadth of figure, but the darkness of the night, she trusted, would effect much. Clad in a suit of her brother Frederick's, and wearing his hat, she stopped before her glass to observe the transformation. Her appearance startled her. Having extinguished the light, she glided softly through the house. As she groped her way along the hall, her hand touched her father's cane; she raised it and carried it with her, a far weaker defense however than her own courageous innocence.

The watch-dog, thanks to her precaution, was chained on the opposite side of the building, and she crept into the woods in a stillness unbroken even by the cry of the whip-poor-will or the owl. An unexpected obstacle met her. The spot which

had been designated for the meeting was only half a mile distant, and by daylight every foot of the intervening space was familiar to her. She would even have undertaken to find her way thither blindfold. But now she was frightened to find how completely the gloom of the night disguised the most familiar objects. It was her intention to have struck directly through a thick belt of chesnut and pine. There was no road at all in that direction, and no path that was discernible.

She hesitated. The danger of getting lost was obvious; even the possibility of such a thing was to be guarded against. She could easily find her way to Mr. Austin's orchard, and from there a plain path led directly to the Willow Spring. The route was circuitous, but she resolved to follow it.

The spring was at length reached, and then, after ascending a pretty steep bank, she stood by the old coal-pit.

In no loud voice, yet firmly, she called: "Wat Coward!"

"Here."

The answer came from behind her. She turned with a natural agitation, and beheld the tall, gaunt form of the marketman. He spoke:

"I've tracked you from the orchard fence. I was determined there should be no snap game played. If you want more witnesses agin me they don't hide their ears around this pit."

Jessie shuddered at the thought that this ruffian had been dogging her footsteps for half a mile. She answered with composure, however, using care to speak as nearly like Austin as possible.

"Well, you see I am unaccompanied, and may know from this that I am free from any desire for your hurt. We have no listeners, I trust, but as some one might come along, 'tis as well for us to alter our voices as much as we can."

"The notion's good enough," said Coward, "but let's talk about business. What have you brought me out here for?"

The few words that had dropped from the man satisfied her that her supposition of his guilt was well-founded, but there was a hardness in the tones of his voice which made her fear that he would prove insensible to the influences which she designed bringing to bear. It was an article of her

faith, however, that every human being has a conscience, and she turned herself resolutely to her work. In answer to Coward's question she said :

"Do you know that that poor boy, Burrows, is likely to be hanged?"

"I reckon I ought to," was his gruff reply; "everybody else knows it."

"And are you pleased at it?"

"No, I aint. To be sure I may be the safer, but I don't like the thoughts of it."

"Mike is altogether innocent, then?" she inquired.

"Yes, to be sure he is, and it is wicked to hang a body for what he didn't do."

"Well, Coward, who will be to blame if he is hung?"

"Why, the stupid jury to be sure. *They* can save him, and no one else."

"What, is there no one else that can save him?"

Coward paused, and though the darkness prevented Jessie from discerning the working of his features, she doubted not that he was engaged in busy reflection. After the interval of a few seconds, he answered in a slow, unimpassioned manner :

"How? I don't understand you."

Jessie varied the interrogatory. "Do you suppose that the jury would bring in a verdict against Burrows, if they knew that another person killed the drover?"

"In course not."

"But *you* know, Coward, what the jury do not know; that the boy is guiltless."

"I do know that certain. I wish to Heaven I didn't!"

"Then," said Jessie, gently, "will not you be the cause of Burrows' death? For you could save him if you would."

"Only by putting my own head in the halter, and no man's bound to do the like of that; I'd see the nigger swing first."

"Ay, but Walter Coward," replied Jessie, whose spirit was now thoroughly roused up, "there is another witness besides you who can save the boy's life; shall he too be silent, and join in murdering Burrows?"

The marketman's agitation was evident; he answered, supplicatingly: "You aint going to tell on me, Mr. Austin, are you?"

"Think for yourself," said our disguised heroine, "can you expect or ask that *I* should take on my conscience the death of the poor lad?"

Coward suddenly changed his manner. "I tell you what, I'm not going to be fooled with. You've opened your lips too wide this time. I judge they ought to be shet for good. I'm beholden to you for coming out to this lonesome place, for how easy it is to put that in you which will make you quiet till doomsday."

"Man!" cried Jessie, in an undaunted and almost contemptuous tone. "You cannot do it!"

"I'll show you," said Coward, extending his arm towards her; "now say what's to keep me from pulling this little trigger."

"The murder which you have already committed."

"How does that hinder?" he inquired, in a tone of interest."

"You already know," said she, "better than I can tell you; have you felt very happy since you killed Walker? Would it make your mind easier to take away another life?"

The man slowly returned the pistol to his bosom, saying in a solemn tone, "How is it, Austin, that you know what's going on in my heart? Since that eighth day of June, I've had no peace of my life."

"But, Walter Coward, something comes after life."

"You needn't tell me that," he said; "the dead has come back to let me know there's a judgment."

"If you feel so now, wont you feel worse after Mike Burrows is hanged?"

"I can't feel worse."

"But if, instead, you should save the wretched boy's life, would you not feel better?"

"I would, I would—it is true, sir—I know I would. God bless you, Mr. Austin, for talking so to me—give me your hand before I go."

So saying, and without allowing her time for thought, he seized her right hand in his. He dropped it instantly however, exclaiming in an agitated tone, "This is not Tom Austin's hand, nor his voice. Good heaven! has that ghost again—or is it an angel come to warn me?"

While he was speaking, Jessie glided away amongst the thick pines. He stared in the direction which she had taken, but showed no inclination for pursuit. Her thoughts were all occupied with the scen-

through which she had just passed, but instinct was the best guide she could have had, and she reached home by the shortest route as safely as she left it.

The next day, Jessie learned at the dinner-table that Coward had delivered himself up to a magistrate, and had confessed having been the unassisted murderer of the drover. Not long after, Thomas Austin called and took her out to walk with him. After they had gone a little distance, he told her that Coward, while on his way to the magistrate's, had called by and put into his hands a small bundle and a letter. This letter he now showed her. It read as follows—copying the spelling and syntax :

“MR. THOMAS AUSTEN:

SIR—Whether it was you that talked with me last night, or an unearthly being, is too much for me to say. However, it is right Mike Burrows should not die, and I would rather tell on myself than you should. May be God Almighty may have mercy if I confess; but how can I look for mercy when I showed none to Walker? I don't mean to tell the law-people any more than will save Mike, that is, that I did the cruel act, but you, Mr. Austen, I want to let know what makes me tell anything.

“When I was driving my waggon down the road by the stable on Carter's old field, I seed Walker going on slow ahead of me. I knew he had sold a large drove, and the devil put it into my heart to take one out of a lot of axhelves which were for market. Walker turned his head to look what waggon was coming, and then went on unsuspecting. As soon as I got close I fetched him a knock on the skull at which he dropped senseless. I then carried him around the stable and stuck him with his own knife. But it seems the drawing of blood kind of brought him to, and he rises half up. I took hold of the carpet bag, but as I snatched hard the old rotten carpet gives way, and a piece was left in his hand. He fell back right off, and after giving another stab to make him safe I rummaged his pockets, but found nothing of account. The carpet bag I put in the waggon to serch on the road. Afterward Dick Smith scart me by saying Walker might come to life if I took him along to

his home, and specially when he propositioned to unload the waggon, which would have shown the carpet valeese plain. Again I was frightened at your house. I didn't know what to do. I was afeared Smith was suspecting, and might serch the waggon in the night so I took the travling bag in the big room rapped in my bed. But I judged (for I was all in an agony of fears) that they might look about me while I slept. Your room was next I knew, and they said you wouldnt be home till the day after. So when no folks were in the big room I crept into yours, and stuck the carpet bag behind a chist. In the mornin' I woke before day. My horses had little rest, but I didn't care for that, so I steps into your room, and felt behind the chist till I got hold of a carpet-bag. It was all dark, and there were other waggoners sleeping, like I had been, round the fireplace. Therefore I was in a hurry, and rolling the bed clothes round the bag, toated them off to my waggon.

“I hitched up, and was a couple of miles on my way when I thought to look at the carpet-bag, and was dumfounded to see that I'd got the wrong one, for it had no tear in it. I thinks a little, and then ties my critters to a tree and sets off back on foot. My coat was big and covered the valeese well, so that nobody could tell what it was. Folks were at breakfast when I got to the house, so I slipped right into your room. I looks behind the chist—no bag was there. I was ready to drop down. Just then you came in, and I could see by your eye you knew all about it. I hardly thought what I was doing, but I darsn't leave your carpet-bag, (for I knew then it was yours,) and hurried back with it to the waggon. Sence then I have never had an instant when I could shet my eyes in peace. I was certain you could hang me with a word, for I wasn't otherwise liked by the people. If I cleared off, something told me they'd be sure to follow and catch me. I felt altogether broken up. Every child that spoke to me made me tremble. This was not all. Every time I crossed that old field on the ridge by night or by day, I met Walker just as he looked alive, except that the blood was running out of his breast. He would frown, and make as if

to push me away with his hand. At last I had to take the other road when I went up so high, which wasn't often. But staying away did no good. Everywhere I heard death-bells ringing in my ears, and voices whispering about the day of judgment, and torments that will never end. God have pity on me. I can hardly write, but as you, or, if not you, the ghost told me last night—that poor boy mustn't die for nothing.

"I herewith return your carpet-bag. Nothing is taken out, but that's no credit to me. If I hadn't learnt to steal first I mightn't ever have done what is so much worse. I heard a preacher say once that no one is so bad but can be saved providing he repents; but how can a cruel murderer like me be forgiven?"

"I am greatly beholden for your goodness in not giving me up right away to the gallows. I go there now myself, but I know it's best. WALTER COWARD."

Jessie, as she returned the crumpled sheet of foolscap to Austin, observed, "All is now clear, dear Thomas, and I was right."

"Yes," replied he, "I thank God that in his mercy he has kept my hands clear of blood. May the same awful Being give me strength to restrain hereafter that wild swell of passion which is so capable of drowning both conscience and reason! Yet, Jessie, does it not seem incredible that I should have labored under such a delusion?"

"No, Thomas—the fact is indeed strange, but it is not inexplicable. You got home that night in a state of violent mental agitation; you were awakened out of a troubled slumber by a conversation in the adjoining apartment; oppressed though you were by bodily exhaustion, as well as by the stupor which succeeds violent emotion, your *senses* were still active; what you heard was of such a nature that it could not but leave a strong impression on the mind; when you afterwards fell asleep it was probably the subject of your dreams; and these dreams were in the morning connected with actual light by the discovery of the drover's carpet-bag in the place where you laid your own. Every circumstance conspired against you. No time was allowed for calm reflection. Hur-

ried away by the horror of the situation, you immediately went about actions which were indisputably real, and which yet it seemed impossible that any not guilty of murder would have thought of performing."

"Your head is clear, dear Jessie," answered Austin, "and the explanation you give must be correct. The whole of that day, after I left my uncle's, was passed in such distraction that when I tried to recall its occurrences it seemed but a blank. It is not surprising therefore that the bloody picture of the murder, whether made vivid by a dream, or only the natural impression left on memory by the conversation between your father and Smith, appeared to my disordered mind an event in which I had been personally engaged. But how was it that you were able to detect so readily the real state of the case?"

"I cannot recollect," said Jessie, "all the minute circumstances in your account which struck me; but I had one great first principle which led unerringly to the truth. I *knew* you, Thomas, and that knowledge made me confident that you could not have committed such a deed."

Austin mused for a while and then said: "There was only one thing that affected me with any doubt, and that was the absence of those feelings of remorse which I supposed must always follow the shedding of human blood."

"And now," returned Jessie, "you can see from this letter of poor Coward's, the difference between the murderer in imagination and the murderer in reality. Your excited fancy made you almost as sensible of mere affright as he was, but it is the conscience that inflicts the keenest torture."

This reference to the paper which he had in his hand reminded Austin to point out to Jessie some passages in it which he did not comprehend—particularly the first sentence. Was the interview there mentioned a mere illusion, like the visions which the marketman thought he had seen of the murdered drover?

Jessie found herself compelled to give an account of her midnight conversation at the coal-pit.

Austin listened with admiration, and felt that no love nor kindness on his part could ever be an equivalent for the devoted service of that intrepid girl. Yet he could

not but chide her gently for exposing herself to so great a danger.

They walked homeward in silence, though not sadly. Austin especially had gone through that which might well make him grave and thoughtful. He had received a fearful lesson in the mystery of the human soul.

The marketman, at his own request, received the frequent visits of a venerable clergyman, and, as that good man thought, evinced marks of genuine penitence and faith. That something of superstition was intermingled with his best sentiments, though certainly to be regretted, is scarcely a subject for surprise. He underwent the sentence of the law with meekness and contrition.

Thomas Austin and Jessie have been blessed since their marriage with many happy years. He has at times thrown off some poetical fragments of high and unusual promise, but if a friend urge a more entire surrender to his genius, he is accustomed to say that experience has taught him that happiness is more surely attained by the laborious exercises of the reason, than by giving the reins to a fervid imagination and an impulsive temperament. It is observable that Jessie always joins in the praise of moderation and tranquillity. The very few who are acquainted with the events of the memorable eighth of June are able to perceive that Austin has peculiar reason for his caution.

PLAGIARISM:

AN APOLOGY FOR THE LAST COMER.

THERE are those who affirm that all poetry is comprehended in Homer, and all philosophy in Aristotle. We might submit to the dogma, and yet maintain that later writers may deserve both pardon and commendation. Sunshine is doubtless better in itself than any substitute, but if the vision of this twilight age have become too feeble to endure the blazing splendors of the luminary of day, "weary travellers" like us may surely hail without displeasure "the borrowed beams of moon and stars." Though it be great folly in men not to avail themselves of the best light, we should bear in mind that it would be still greater folly to choose total darkness.

The older poets, it is said, are neglected; we admit the sad truth; but what then? Will the multitude throw aside the *Cor-sair* and take up *Comus* at our suggestion? The critic who places himself directly counter to popular opinion, will spend his breath in vain. He may be able, indeed, now and then to cleave down a young sprout of authorship, and so accomplish a little by way of prevention, for it is in human nature to obey prohibitions less reluctantly than positive precepts, probably because experience teaches us from infancy that we are much more likely to meet evil things in this world than good ones. Assure a man that there is poison in the platter and he will cast it from his table; but though figs freshly plucked from the tree be both luscious and wholesome, no persuasion can produce a relish for them in a person with whose taste they do not agree. He who tells men what they ought *not* to read, may possibly receive attention, whilst he who tells them what it is their duty to read, effects nothing. The few remaining true lovers of olden song seem therefore to have no better resource than to sit down under the willows, and weep and sigh for the degeneracy

of the times. If they look abroad, it is only to be grieved to the heart by the reflection that a dreary dearth is spreading over the land. The grass and evergreen appear to be withering, and those living streams that might irrigate and refreshen the face of nature, and cause even the sand to shoot forth bud and blossom, flow along in obscure channels unregarded, if not unknown. Let us suppose that such a sincere worshipper of real poetry chances in some desponding hour to take into his hand a volume of popular poems. It is easy to imagine him languidly turning over the leaves and sweeping whole stanzas at each careless glance. Let it be that he now strikes upon a passage which he recognizes as drawn from some favorite master, perhaps from Milton, or Spenser, or Chaucer. He at once gives it the greeting of an old and cherished friend; the vacant expression flies from his countenance, and sparkling eye and animated gesture testify to the pleasure which thrills through the whole man. With awakened interest, he is tempted to read further, and if he find more noble borrowed thoughts, each additional instance increases his gratification. Does he think of chiding the writer of the book as a plagiarist? Not at all, but instead would heap thanks upon him for his efficient service in the cause of the Muses. The volume, we have said, is a *popular* one. That term which grated harshly on his ear before the perusal and the discovery, sounds now like sweetest music. The world, become childish in its love of novelty, will not look at the *Odyssey* or the *Fairy Queen*; but poetry has not lost its charm, and those very things which excited the highest admiration in the first readers of any of the great works of genius, are found to be even yet the surest elements of popularity. Good taste did not forsake

the earth with Astræa. Even the original portions of the book receive a share of the favorable notice of our enthusiast, for he cannot believe the setting unworthy of the gems. The fragments of "Poesy's most precious ore," from the first the objects of his reverential affection, seem, as now arranged, to possess a new brilliancy—they shine "like apples of gold in a picture of silver."

A reviewer cannot, of course, look quite so mildly upon a poem containing borrowed treasures. If he have predetermined to impale it for the entertainment of his readers, his joy at the detection of the theft is no doubt equal to that of our kindly friend under the willow. It proceeds, however, from a different motive. Plagiarist is a term of dishonor, and every body who has felt resentment, knows how great is the pleasure of being able to give an ill-name to the dog that one wishes to hang. Yet the reviewer is not without the feelings of a man. He cannot with complacency see the world growing worse, nor can he altogether refuse his good will to any judicious effort to arrest such a tendency. In a surly mood, he may care little for the mental health of the grown-up men who obstinately reject invaluable medicine after it has been a thousand times shown them; but does not the welfare of innocent, unthinking, helpless childhood deserve a thought? The volumes which are daily purchased and placed on the centre-table or the family book-shelf, are the objects of hearty, though unconscious study, to myriads of young minds, who, at an age far more curious and susceptible than any other, are attracted to them by leaded print and the dazzling whiteness of modern paper. It is incumbent on us, therefore, to hesitate before endeavoring to destroy books which, under the guise of novelty, instill into a public that refuses to look at aught but what is new, those strains of ancient song—

"that raised
To height of noblest temper, heroes old;
Nor want the power to mitigate and sauge
Anguish, and doubt, and fear, and sorrow, and
pain."

Call the men who have nourished our own or our ancestors' infancy with such food by what names we may—imitator

and plagiarist of the nineteenth century, or of the age of Anne, or of the age of Augustus—we must nevertheless acknowledge them benefactors of their race. Possibly we may class them as vassals in the literary host; as dim-sighted spirits, who cannot look upon mountain or sea, or starry firmament, except in the pictures drawn by other men. Yet it should be remembered that the value of the service is not always proportioned to the quality of him who renders it; the alms of the publican may save from starvation, and the Samaritan's ointment heal the bruised limb.

Let it not be said that a universal and unsparing prosecution of the charge of plagiarism is demanded by any regard for the honor of the original writers whose works have been drawn upon without acknowledgment. Very few modern authors, an almost inappreciable proportion of the whole number, can be expected to attain to a "life beyond life," and the names that do hereafter win a place on "fame's eternal beadroll" must be inscribed lower on the column than those of the giants of old. In despite of reform, innovation and progress, the right of the first-born stands. The great poets are lifted beyond rivalry. The world may cease to read their works, but it will never cease to esteem them worthy of being read.

There are other considerations which should not be overlooked. The stigma of plagiarism, besides being followed by more obloquy than any other, is capable of being fastened on the most innocent. Nature is the same that it was ages ago, and is suggestive of the same emotions. The noble beech which throws its drapery over the summer stream is to us, as to all who preceded us, an image of quiet beauty and refreshment. The oak that still rears its rugged trunk to heaven, though the desolating tempest has torn away the branches which were its ornament and pride, represents as naturally now as heretofore, a strong, heroic spirit, enduring the nearest and most afflictive calamities immovable and unbent. Man and the world were adapted to each other at the beginning, and century after century has rolled by without altering the relation. When we behold the majestic march of the storm-

cloud, when our eyes are dazzled by the lightnings which play around it, and our ears deafened by the thunder whose reverberations shake the steadfast hills, our breasts, like the breasts of the first descendants of Noah, fail not to swell with awe. When at another time we look forth just as the last beams of the placid sun shed a softened glow over the landscape, and watch the increasing shadows of the stately beeves that graze at the bottom of the vale,* or follow the ewes and skipping lambs as by many a path they seek the less humid atmosphere of the summit; at such a sight gentle thoughts steal upon the mind, passion subsides, the cares and labors of the day are forgotten, and we too turn to repose, grateful, tranquil, trusting. It is the poet's office to seize these fleeting lessons of nature, and to fix and perpetuate them in verse. But he must catch them as they spontaneously arise, not having recourse to research nor to painful deduction. He can touch the hearts of other men only by that wherewith his own heart has been touched. He paints nature, and he paints the soul. Both nature and the soul are what they were when the old Chian chanted his rhapsodies, and when an Athenian audience listened breathless to the Prometheus Desmotes or the *Œdipus Tyrannus*. Using as they must the same materials, and appealing to the same passions and emotions, it is not wonderful that coincidences should be found in poets of every age. Were the case otherwise poetry would not be what is—the common blessing of all mankind.

The charge of plagiarism is a charge of theft. Our venerable Anglo-Saxon law presumes every man who is brought before its tribunals to be innocent until convicted. The critic ought not to be less humane, nor less just. If then an accused author be allowed the benefit of such a presumption, he will have a better chance of escape than we are in many instances apt to suppose. Any resemblance to another work may obviously be attributed to either one of three causes. Two out of this trio would justify the seeming plagiarist. First, the resemblance may be

owing merely to a faithful adherence to nature on the part of both writers. If several painters represent on canvas the same landscape or cathedral, or make portraits of the same person, no one is surprised to perceive a similarity in their productions. Things that resemble the same thing cannot but resemble one another. Secondly, there may be an imitation which is undesigned, and of which the author is unconscious and of course innocent; for the writings of the poets contribute like other objects of the external world to fill up the blank mind of infancy. Many a man every day calls the opening which admits light into the room a window, who yet could not tell for his life whether it was nurse Jane or his mother who taught him to designate that object by that sound. A poetical mind receives impressions as readily from the poetry of description as from the poetry of nature.

If neither of these enumerated causes be adequate to account for the likeness under consideration—and only in this event—we may rightfully refer it to the last, which is a downright intention to imitate.

Discarding therefore, as contradictory to all justice, the notion that every passage must be copied from any previous one which it may happen to resemble, let us proceed a step further in the path of judicial decorum. Instead of distracting our judgment by a vague and transient glance at a large number of passages which we suspect to be stolen, let us confine our attention for a while to some one particular image or sentiment, and decide, if possible, upon the ownership of that. It happens that many persons in describing moral firmness have used the same illustration. So far there is nothing by which we can determine very positively which of the three possible causes this correspondence is owing to. Let us now seek some untutored settler of the backwoods who never read a sentence in his life, and ask him to describe an individual of known inflexibility of character. There are ten chances to one that the answer will be, "He's stiff as a *rock*." Hence, there is evidently no occasion to go back to Homer for this comparison. Next, what is the most natural illustration of the rush of an army in battle? Almost every

*—"in reducta valle mugientium
Prospectat errantes greges."

one's mind flies instinctively to the movement of great waters. The soliloquy of Henry the Sixth, in Shakspeare, is well known. Scott, who is as good a representative as can be found of the inartificial, unfettered, manly spirit, never, perhaps, in his metrical romances, describes a battle without an allusion to some of the forms of water. Now it is the torrent dashing down the linn, now the vast flood of Orinoco contending with the ocean itself. The steadfast man, it has been seen, is most like a rock. Place him in battle, what is he then? Obviously a rock beaten by the surge. But water is not the only element which can furnish a fitting image of a vehement assault. The wind is equally furious and impetuous, and presents itself still oftener to our notice.

These are certainly very obvious materials for a comparison, yet Goldsmith in using them has subjected himself to the rebuke of a critic of much acuteness as well as extensive reading; who, however, quite impartially involves Dryden and Virgil in the same accusation. No small number of other poets, as a very slight investigation may show, stand in equally suspicious circumstances.

The passage in the *Iliad* to which so many succeeding writers are thought to be indebted, is thus put in English by Pope:

"As some tall rock o'erhangs the hoary main,
By winds assailed, by billows beat in vain;
Unmoved it hears above the tempest blow,
And sees the watery mountains break below."

As this is a matter in which we cannot be too accurate, let us attend to another interpreter, Cowper:

"As some vast rock beside the hoary deep,
The stress endures of many a hollow wind,
And the huge billows tumbling at his base."

Now for the culprits. The bard of Mantua first steps forth with all the ease of an accomplished courtier:

"Ille velut rupes, vastum quæ prodit in æquor
Obvia ventorum furiis, expōstaque ponto,
Vim cunctam atque minas perfert cœlique
marisque,
Ipsa immota manens."

A resemblance certainly; what have you to say for yourself, Virgilius Maro? The poet, gracefully wrapping his toga about him, replies in a tone more deferential than might be expected from Roman lips: "It is rather hard, my friends, to bring me into court for lines which were given to the world against my will. All over the inhabited earth it is known that my last six books were not!"—

"Ah, but," interrupts the judge, who, for the nonce, may be Minos or Rhadamanthus, or, perhaps, Chief-justice Jeffries—"Ah, but, sir," says the judge, "have you the assurance to declare that you intended to blot out *that* passage?"

"The '*Ipsa immota manens*,'" murmurs Virgil, half aloud, "does come in very well, I must say. It seems to stand up boldly when one reads the passage, like the rock itself I meant it to represent. I don't think I would have touched that figure."

The judge, not seizing the point of his remark, continued: "In those books which have received your final approval are there not many gross imitations? That descent into Hades now, where?"—

"But," says Virgil, quickly, "I am not indicted for anything in that half of my poem, nor do I conceive that it can be exactly proper."

"How sir!" exclaims the judge, now unmistakably Jeffries, "am I to learn my duty from you; you a vile heathen, brought up to know nothing of law but the babble of your wretched prætors; you, who never read Bracton, nor Glanvil, nor Sir Edward Coke? Learn manners, sir, before you presume to open your lips at the bar of criticism!"

Our honey-lipped Virgil plucks up spirit enough to answer, that he does not deny the fact of the imitation in the lines cited, but would justify it. "Imitation, so far from being a cause for reproach, is, if properly managed, a proof of the highest excellence." At this word he was about to release his right arm for a gesture, but the justice cut him short.

"Enough, sir; out of your own mouth you stand condemned. Seek a remedy in the Court of Equity if you choose; but for the present, at least, this passage is expunged from the *Æneid* and from the minds of all mankind."

The next personage that appears defies description. He is a Proteus and a chameleon, all in one. Sometimes we are certain we behold a robust, red-kneed Gael; again he seems no less clearly a dapper Lowland Scotchman, with cunning enough to fool a world, but with too little sense to write a sonnet.

"As roll a thousand waves to the rock, so Swaran's host came on; as meets a rock a thousand waves, so Inisfail met Swaran."

"Plain plagiarism!" shouts Jeffries; "Homer to the life i' faith—only the Ionian has a Grecian phalanx in the place of Inisfail, and for Swaran, the whole host of Trojans with Hector at their head."

The figure attempts reply, but he utters such a deafening jumble of English, Gaelic, and what not, that one might as well listen to a bricklayer of Babel. Even Jeffries claps his hands to his ears, and motions to the Ossianic bard to leave the court.

To arraign all the poets who have given us passages more or less resembling that in Homer, would be a wearisome, if not an endless task. We shall refer only to a few. Shakspeare has:

"May'st thou stick in the wars
Like a great sea-mark standing every flaw,
And saving those that eye thee!"

Also:

"Armed to the proof; as mountains are for winds,
That shake not though they blow perpetually."

And:

"The worthy fellow is our general;
He is the rock, the oak not to be wind-shaken."

Critics do not usually suspect Shakspeare of poverty of imagination, but is not the evidence irresistible, that in this case he has pulled Homer's simile to pieces, and made each limb pass for a whole one?

The following is from Falconer's Shipwreck:

"Like some strong watchtower nodding o'er the deep,

Whose rocky base the foaming waters sweep,
Untamed he stood."

Of all in our list the sailor-poet may most easily be pardoned for the use of an illustration taken from his own element, and suggested to his mind at every coast which he approached. We presume he had never read the 10th book of the *Æneid* in the Latin, yet his concluding clause, "Untamed he stood," is remarkably similar, not merely in sense, but in the fine rhythmic effect which it produces, to the concluding clause of Virgil.

Let us now turn to Telemachus, the only French epic:

"Je le voyois semblable à un rocher, qui sur le sommet d'une montagne se joue de la fureur des vents, et laisse épuiser leur rage pendant qu'il demeure immobile."

We must not forget Goldsmith:

"As some tall cliff that lifts its awful form,
Swells from the vale and midway leaves the storm,
Though round its breast the rolling clouds are spread,
Eternal sunshine settles on its head."

Cowper, in his Ode on Indifference, gives us:

"Some Alpine mountain wrapt in snow
Thus braves the whirling blast;
Eternal winter doomed to know,
No genial spring to taste.
In vain warm suns their influence shed,
The zephyrs sport in vain;
He rears unchanged his barren head,
Whilst beauty decks the plain."

The meditative remark which Scott puts in the mouth of Robert Bruce is not very dissimilar:

"These mighty cliffs, that heave on high
Their naked brows to middle sky,
Indifferent to the sun or snow,
Where naught can fade and naught can blow,
May they not mark a monarch's fate,
Raised high 'mid storms of strife and state,
Beyond life's lowlier pleasures placed,
His soul a rock, his heart a waste?"

In the Task, which, like the Ode on Indifference, was written before the author's translation of the *Iliad*, we have:

—“The savage rock, whose hoary head
Conspicuous many a league, the mariner
Bound homeward, and in hope already there,
Greets with three cheers exulting. At his
waist
A girdle of half-withered shrubs he shows,
And at his feet the baffled billows die.”

As this is no image, but a description of one of the most striking and poetical features in nature, the critic would be captious indeed who should call it plagiaristic. Yet is it not still more unreasonable to allow this and condemn the other? Can it be wrong to *use* materials which it is lawful to collect?

Campbell too, as well as the rest of the versifying tribe, could see rocks—whether the rocks of the *Iliad* or those which frown along the coast of Scotland, we presume not to decide:

“Types of a race who shall the invader scorn,
As rocks resist the billows round their shore.”

“Be strong as the rock of the ocean that stems
A thousand wild waves on the sea.”

But we must not weary with quotations. A sufficient number, for our purpose, of quasi-parallel passages has been given, and if more should be demanded we probably need not look further than to the authors already referred to; some of them at any rate, as Virgil, Goldsmith, and Scott, might easily furnish an additional quota. Who is now able to tell us which of these passages is the most original—or the least?

At the end of this string of verses we cannot help adding a sentence from a prose writer, who for the exuberance and unaffected beauty of his imagery will bear comparison with any poet that ever lived, be he ancient or modern.

“The duty of a Christian is easy in a persecution, it is clear under a tyranny, it is evident in despite of heresy, it is one in the midst of schism, it is determined amongst infinite disputes; being like a *rock in the sea*, which is beaten with the tide, and washed with retiring waters, and encompassed with mists, and appears in several figures, but it always dips its foot in the same bottom, and remains the same in calms and storms, and survives the revolution of ten thousand tides, and there shall dwell till time and tide shall be no more.”

Jeremy Taylor was familiar with the

classics, as few poets have been familiar with them, yet to suppose that he was indebted for this illustration either to the Greek or to the Latin epic, would be an absurdity scarcely less monstrous than to believe that he derived his conception of the gospel-hero whom he pictures by it; from the bull-headed Ajax, or the heaven-defying blasphemer Mezentius.

Still another personage, however, remains to be introduced. He enters as an old man, once tall, but now much bent, and assists his hesitating steps with a staff. There are many things about him different from the common. His garb is antique, his features stand out rugged and bold, and

“His snowy locks adown his shoulders spread,
As hoary frost with spangles doth attire
The mossy branches of an oak half dead.”

Even the judge seemed struck with his venerable appearance, and in a tone which is almost mild inquires—“How would you describe an army of your countrymen receiving the fierce attack of the enemy? But take care to tell us in English, that all may understand.”

The old man falters and stammers, as if our speech were not familiar to him. Finally his answer, which if uttered in the language in which it was conceived would doubtless have been verse, comes forth in prose:

“They stood like a huge and lofty rock, which, on the border of the hoary sea, awaits alike the quick assault of whistling winds and—tardier onset—the full-fed billows that belch against it.”

There is silence in court. The awful lips of the judge at length open—“Humph! Plagiarism is, to be sure, a crying sin and shame, but you have proved that it is capable of aggravation. Fie, Greybeard! So you must attempt to hide your stolen rocks under the sputter of—ah, ’tis too coarse for me to foul my lips with it. Beleh, indeed! Pray where did you get your education! Perhaps you are another Ossianic impostor, like that hideous fellow of M’Pherson’s who was in here this morning. How far-fetched and unnatural too, as well as gross, is your image! You tried to conceal your theft by adding a thought which could not but be original

because so unseemly; but we critics here have eyes I can tell you—and sharp ones too—ha!—ha! We don't let everything pass current, be assured. But I cannot help thinking of that nonsense of yours. Do you really mean to represent the waves as having taken too hearty a meal, and then stepping to the big stone to throw up their doggish vomit against its side?"

The figure nods, as if to say, "Exactly so."

"What is your name?" cries the judge.

"I have been called Homeros."

"How? Is it possible? Beg pardon—but it can't be. Homer's blind—you don't appear so."

"My eyes," the bard answers gently, throwing back the silvery hair from his countenance, "were no better at infancy than at the time when I wandered over the isles of the Ægean Sea. The gods, if they deny me the vision of ordinary men, have not at least deprived me of the appearance of one who possesses sight."

"But if you were born blind, how, in the name of common sense, could you know anything about rocks, and waves, and all that sort of thing. Pallas didn't tell you, I suppose."

The Father of Poetry speaks once more, "Perhaps I am only dim-sighted: men have called me blind. Adopt any opinion you please—what matters it?" And the stately phantom vanished from the hall.

Any one who may take the trouble to turn to the fifteenth book of the *Iliad*, will find that neither of the translators has in this passage approached much nearer to Homer than to Ossian. That they have not strayed still further from the path, we ought it seems to thank Virgil, who, though aiming only at an imitation, fortunately comes tolerably close to the spirit of the Greek. Pope when he wrote evidently had Dryden's translation of *Virgil* before him, and Cowper, untrammelled by rhyme and of such vaunted fidelity, follows after Pope. Logicians have a term for the fallacy of arguing in a circle, but what name shall we give to a circular translation? Ogilby is no better than Cowper, and Clarke's Latin version, which professes to be *literal*, retains neither the soul nor the body of the pas-

sage. It is a truth that has been proclaimed before, but which yet will bear repetition, that a large proportion of the metaphors of Homer, in which lie his great strength and beauty, have been, by all translators, perversely diluted into the vague generality of abstract terms. Even the dictionaries are not to be trusted when they tell us what the signification of a particular expression is as it occurs in one or another book of the *Iliad* or the *Odyssey*. It is necessary for each person who would not lose the greater part of his reward for learning Greek, to analyze each compound word for himself and go back as near as possible to the primary meaning. The reader has observed that nearly all of the writers whom we have cited, translators and those that are not, bear at least as much resemblance to each other as the translators do to Homer. If we determine to pass a sweeping sentence against them all, it will be necessary first to discover what author it is whose rights have been infringed. Whatever plagiarism may have been committed, Homer at all events does not appear to be the sufferer.

How hard is the lot of the modern poet! Genius, which never leaves its subjects at rest, is urging him onward; but as he looks around, each niche in the temple of Fame seems to be filled, each laurel chaplet won. A maiden knight, he gallops into the lists when the tournament is over, and meets but the greeting bestowed on the laggard. Every giant has been quelled, and every dragon slain; and the festive round-table, spread only for heroes, affords him no place.

Now is the time for the art of criticism to show what good it can accomplish. The high spirit of the bard—a thing in former days so ungovernable and imperious—is effectually tamed. In despairing sadness, he surveys the scene and is ready to accept teaching and guidance from any quarter. Shall he be directed to go over the whole field of literature, and examine every spot in order that he may avoid all pre-occupied ground? Is it insisted that his purity must be free from even the appearance of imitation? Are his first and best exertions to be spent—not in seeking what to say—but in learning what he must not say? Such a discipline would cramp and enfeeble the most

vigorous genius. Instead of cherishing nervous apprehensions, the young poet should start on his way with courageous self-confidence. Instead of bending his eyes to the earth, whether for the purpose of following, or of shunning the foot-prints of others—he should keep his glance fixed on the far-off, resplendent peak which he is striving to attain. To hold before him the caution “beware lest you trespass” is to aggravate the heaviest of the difficulties under which he is laboring. In place of being eager to show him what this book contains and that book contains, we should perceive that it is his misfortune to have too much of this kind of knowledge already. The poets have been his school exercises, and at home they have furnished his most delightful relaxation. That very germ of enthusiasm which at length prompts him to be himself a “maker,” induced first an admiration of the gorgeous works of others. Much that is thus devoured to appease an ardent and instinctive appetite for the beautiful, becomes incorporated into his system. At a later day he feels a ceaseless current of thoughts gushing up in his soul, and it is impossible for him (as some one has expressed it) to distinguish those waters which come from external cisterns from those of which his own genius is the fountain-head. If he go now to writing impulsively and fearlessly, it is quite certain that he will write much that has seen the light before; yet, supposing him to be quickened with the true poetic inspiration, it is no less certain that his production will be homogeneous and worthy of high esteem. On the other hand, if he set to work on the principle of scrupulously avoiding all imitation, his poem will not only be tame, but it will be unoriginal.

Each succeeding year is lessening the probability of any great poetical effort, and this result may be predicted without having recourse to such causes as the increase of civilization, the prevalence of luxury, or the progress of science. Time and the Press sufficiently account for the whole, for they have made it impossible that any one can now write, without having first read a great deal too much. Must we then conclude that originality is not hereafter to be hoped for? Fortunately

so gloomy an inference has only a misapprehension of terms to support it.

Every human countenance is made up of like features, arranged in the same order. Brow, nostrils, chin, and cheek, are possessed by all. Yet each man has his own face, which does not find its copy in a million. To preserve his identity no one need wish for a head growing beneath his shoulder, or even for the unarched brow of the Wandering Jew. That each man should be distinguished from the rest, does not make it necessary for any to be monsters. All human *minds* likewise have a common resemblance. All have the same faculties, and receive, through the same external organs, the same sensations. Finite numbers are inadequate to represent the countless host of thoughts, yet there is no single thought which a man can appropriate and call his own. There is no sentiment in Homer, however tender or heroic, there is none in Æschylus, however sublime and grand, which has not been felt by merchants who have cast up ledgers in Wall Street, and by savages who have hunted game over an American or a Tartarean desert. Tyrtæus animating the valor of the Spartan soldier, and those Cambrian bards who impelled their countrymen to dash so furiously against the lances of the Plantagenets, could do nothing more in their most fiery lyrics than appeal to emotions which already existed in the breasts of those who heard them. There is no principle therefore upon which we can deny the possibility of originality in any subsequent author, that does not equally exclude Hesiod and Homer. Let us suppose that the first poet, before venturing to chant a line, had set his wits to work to conceive thoughts and sentiments which should appear as uncommon and singular as possible. Suppose he had represented the sea that surged and boiled and hurled its billows upon the beach with deafening roar, as a spectacle apt to give rise to feelings the most soft and gentle and pitiful. Suppose he had thought proper to select the moon, floating in the stillness of a summer midnight sky, as the best image of a man whom fierce passions were goading up to the commission of a deed of horror. In short, suppose he had understood it to be his duty, in everything to contra-

diet nature. Could such a poet, with all the advantage of priority, ever have won his way to the hearts of mankind? That there should be more than one great school of poetry, and that there should be no poetry at all, are impossibilities equally inconceivable. If the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey* had not been written, we should have had no *Æneid*, nor *Thebaid*, nor *Jerusalem Delivered*, yet our poetical literature, taking it as a whole, would probably have been neither very inferior, nor very unlike, to that which we now possess.

Originality does not depend on particular passages any more than the distinctive peculiarity of a countenance depends upon its containing a Roman nose or a hazel eye. In either case it is the "tout ensemble," the general expression of the whole, which is the essential thing. Every man who writes with simplicity and earnestness will communicate to his work an indefinable air which must distinguish it from the productions of all others. If he have genius, that genius will throw its whole might into the characteristic peculiarity which makes the individual man. To seize this aura, or idea, or essence, or general characteristic, is the great business of criticism. The other course, that of picking out and examining the shreds of the book is, to pursue our homely illustration, like judging of the expression of a gigantic statue, by climbing up a ladder, and investigating the state of the teeth, laying a ten-foot rod across the brow, and applying a quadrant to measure the curvature of the nose.

Poets, like the rest of the human family, live for the good which they can accomplish. He whom Nature has endowed with distinguished inventive power, does wrong not to put his talent to its most extensive and fitting use. In him it is sinful to borrow. Some have recommended to the poet who feels within him a disposition to enter into rivalry with the greatest, to "kindle his imagination," just before composing, by the perusal of choice scraps from the best of his predecessors. No worse advice, it seems to us, could possibly be urged; and they who give it, are as unfortunate in the examples which are proposed of the successful execution of the plan, as in the plan itself.

The usual reference is to *Paradise Lost*. Now the real fact is, that the few portions of that wonderful poem which are liable to serious and unanswerable objection, are the very ones in which the author has most evidently adopted the spirit and manner of another. Whatever may be the relative station allowed to Milton in view of his general merits, no critic probably but a French one will deny that in the faculty which we try to express by the term *grandeur of soul*, he has never been equalled. He chose for his subject one which, judging *à priori*, we should have thought beyond any human capacity. That his undertaking was performed gloriously, we all know. Yet there was a part of his work to which even Milton's strength was not adequate. In the delineation of the seraphs of heaven, and of the "mighty spirits damn'd," he exhibits a sublimity of conception, which, though doubtless inferior to the unseen reality, is yet far too lofty for the reach of earthly criticism. Again, he so spreads out before us the vast realms of chaos, that we cannot imagine a prospect more dreary and impressive. But his scheme comprehended an account not only of the mightiest created beings, and of the scenes in which they acted, but also of the immediate operations of Deity. It is here that Milton staggers under his burden. One safe course might have been chosen—silence. He should have understood the falterings of his genius as an admonition that some topics are too great for words. If he deemed it beneath him to yield to such a prompting, he might have listened to that more decided monitor, conscience, which would have taught him how perilous must be the attempt to penetrate into the "secret pavilion" of Jehovah; or, at least, he ought to have believed, on the testimony of the apostle, that the words to be heard there are such as it is not lawful for man to utter. Yet it is unjust to accuse Milton of irreverence. He was of opinion that the plan of his poem did not admit of any hiatus, even in those places where reference was to be made to divine agency. He may have erred in that opinion—according to our judgment, he did err—yet in carrying it out, we see not how it was possible for man to do better. Whether Arianism be justly imputed to

him, may be a question; we are confident, however, that the most orthodox of Christians could not have gone through the same task, without giving at least equal room for offense. He himself was so painfully conscious of overtaking his powers, that Addison—with all of whose views we by no means agree—cannot but take notice of it. To the sacred writings he of course looked first for assistance. In them, the power of the Almighty is represented by many striking images drawn from the material world, and it is not the weakest of the internal evidences of their inspiration, that they contain so much boldness of language without the admixture of anything which can shock the most refined and spiritual philosophy. Indeed, the poetry of the Bible, if it were possible, would as far exceed in loftiness and beauty the poetry of Homer, as the idea of Deity conceived by enlightened reason, and declared in the universe, exceeds that of the hero-gods of ancient mythology. How incompetent the highest abilities are to supply the want of inspiration is forcibly exhibited in the use which such a mind as Milton has made of the sublime imagery of the prophets. They endeavor to explain to us things which in themselves are beyond our faculties, by comparing them to objects and phenomena with which we are familiar. But what they thus utter by way of metaphor, Milton re-delivers as a narrative of actual events. The golden compass which traces out the limits of the universe does indeed present a grand picture to the mind, but how derogatory it is to the majesty of the Creator, to think of him as needing any of the devices of human science to enable him to perform his wondrous works! Is it this that he has represented in that chapter of Genesis, which extorted the admiration of Longinus?

Milton, as we have already remarked, possessed loftiness of conception in its utmost extent; he had the benefit of the Bible, full as it is of most vivid pictures of the workings of Divine power; yet all this he found insufficient to support him the instant he went one step beyond the path marked out by Inspiration. Reduced to this strait, he cast his eyes about him for additional aid. The staff which he found to lean upon was Hesiod. And what is the result? It is such as

would have ensued if the unshorn son of Manoa had relied for victory upon shield and spear taken out of the armory of Gaza. That the rout of the rebellious angels by the Messiah, rushing forth in his chariot and hurling ten thousand thunderbolts, is described with unsurpassed magnificence of language, does not prevent it from appearing to us the greatest blemish in the poem. There is no reader we think but must have been more deeply impressed if the poet had substituted for the splendid lines which he has given us, the bare declaration that God willed, and the accomplishment followed. All Milton's mastery of language might then have had ample scope in painting the instantaneous change of scene. He might have told us, as no poet else could tell us, how, *without visible coercion*, every arm in the fiendish host became palsied, every heart chilled with horror, how space was annihilated, and how those impious spirits who just now had cast defiance against the gates of heaven, found themselves in the twinkling of an eye plunged downward, and writhing at the bottom of the lowest hell.

But the critic does not write for the benefit of Miltons, or Homers, or Shakespeares. If he did, it would be proper enough to keep a vigilant watch against every tendency to imitation. We are limited to a far humbler province. Our office is not to remove the spots of the sun, but to trim the evening tapers. We have, however, the same great maxim to guide us. All men are sent into the world to be useful. The splendid abilities of the master-poets were not their own, but were lent to them to be employed in benefiting mankind; nor can they have any better right of property in the works which are the fruit of those abilities. The world is entitled to all that can be effected in its service. If for instance the Homeric poems may be made productive of more good by being clothed in a different dress, or undergoing entire transformation, he does a beneficial act who so adapts or transforms them. The important matter in regard to any work is whether it is likely to exert a favorable or an unfavorable influence. Is the book intrinsically good? *Then, conscientious critic, you are bound to let it pass unmolested, though its contents be the plunder of twenty libraries.*

The author and the reviewer stand in

very different relations to the question of the morality of plagiarism. It is not difficult to conceive a case in which one sin may be committed in writing a book, and another and equal sin in condemning the same book.

No man, who is not a disgrace to humanity, ever desires to glitter in stolen robes, and though his mind be incapable of furnishing him with innate thoughts, mere self-respect must restrain him from filching those of others. An ingenuous and sensitive spirit is much more likely to err in the opposite extreme. Hence arises one of the injurious consequences of pronouncing unsparing sentence against apparent imitations. Other critical charges an author is capable of estimating and even successfully resisting; this attacks him on his undefended side. Let him have finished his composition—be it essay, oration, or poem—and then suggest to him the doubt whether he be not indebted to recollection for most of that which he has written, and how helpless is he! The thought of being an unintentional plagiarist unnerves him—to be suspected as a willful one, is insupportable. He subjects himself to days and weeks of torture; he endeavors to analyze his mind and resolve it into its separate elements; anon he turns over the leaves of the favorite volumes on his shelf, and trembles lest some passage shall burst forth like an apparition, to convict him to his face. All his nervous struggles prove fruitless, and he sinks back disheartened, exhausted, and almost stupefied. The final result probably is disgust for his innocent offspring. Perhaps he throws it into the flames, and looks for other subjects and other words. But originality is never gained by search, and the second work, it is not impossible, will be found liable in reality to the objection which was only fancied against the other. The injustice of treating such a writer as a criminal, requires no demonstration. Unless the man's own conscience be the accuser, it is presumptuous in us to set ourselves up for his judges. It has become a truism, that no one is capable of estimating the merits of his own book. Genius and honest mediocrity differ not a whit either in the enjoyment of composition or in firm assurance of the worthiness and excellence of their

several productions. And kindly has it been so ordered by that Providence which regards the happiness of the feeble and lowly, as well as of the elevated and strong. Who would wish to be the evil spirit to interfere with this harmless, unobtrusive complacency?

It is not, however, a regard for the rights or a sympathy for the sufferings of individuals that moves us most forcibly to these observations. We are disposed to treat imitation tenderly, merely because we love originality. Any system of criticism which lays the author under restraint must cramp and check invention. That system which we have been deprecating, as it is eminently fitted to embarrass the writer, is eminently destructive of all freedom and originating vigor.

We should not forget to notice that there is a species of beauty peculiar to imitation, and some poets are chiefly admirable for the happy manner with which they have availed themselves of previous examples. Pope and Thomson are clearly within this class—both of them men of strength and reputation—and the case of Virgil shows that it is capable of containing still higher excellence. But while we would bring to mind the fact that there have been great imitators, we are far from asserting that it is possible for any, the best of them, to gain a place in the small band of those who have performed the noblest achievements solely by their own native force. All that we urge is the impropriety of condemning any book upon a principle which would apply in an equal degree to the finest Latin poems, and to many of the brightest names in modern literature.

There is something quite ludicrous in the despondency occasionally exhibited on account of the alleged intellectual unproductiveness of the age. The world already contains a very good stock of original poetry; much more, surely, than the busiest man of a hundred is able to make a profitable use of. Why then such bitter lamentations, even though we were in truth doomed to receive no additions to our store? If Time should now really turn around like the husbandman's year, and retrace its steps, we might easily be comforted; for it would give us the repetition of many a genial shower and glad-

dening sunbeam, of much downy verdure and refreshing shade; above all, it would present us anew with a glorious opportunity for the gathering of solid grain to support the most robust, and golden fruit to cheer the gentlest, and flowers in endless profusion to delight us all. Let those who are thrown into ill-humor by the poverty of modern invention, consider whether their wants are equal to the exuberant supply which literature has already furnished. With every disposition to be charitable, it is not easy when one sees a person exceedingly shocked and displeased at meeting a fine ancient thought in a modern book, to refrain from suspecting that his admiration of it in the original author does not flow altogether from an appreciation of its beauty.

It is no slur on criticism to say that its efforts cannot bring about ideal perfection; and, since it is unable to build a new world, it does well not to make that worse which already exists. That those whom nature has constituted plagiarists will purloin, is just as certain as that the child born with lungs will inhale air. The propensity must have its course, and we are indeed fortunate so long as literary thievery, like that of Prometheus of old, is manifested in bringing down to earth the fire of heaven. We should then beware lest, in the exercise of a "zeal not according to knowledge," we drive off the plagiarist from good books which are known, to bad books which are unknown.

A. M. W.

ZEPHYR'S FANCY.

PART III.

"Alas! she's cold;
Life and these lips have long been separated;
Death lies on her, like an untimely frost
Upon the sweetest flower of all the field."

SHAKESPEARE.

THREE months of alternate hope and fear had elapsed since the date of the last chapter; the day to which I had looked forward with a fervor and impatience rivalling that of holy Simeon was drawing near. I was in my office alone—as will easily be credited by the incipient portion of a profession in which I was once enrolled—when Robin entered with a note from Emily, expressing an earnest desire to see me as early as possible; four o'clock in the afternoon was named as the most desirable hour. I returned by the bearer, who received it with the dignity of an ambassador, an intimation of the pleasure it would give me to comply with her request.

I read the finely drawn lines again and again, until I became feverish with excitement. What can this mean?—was my repeated and unsatisfied inquiry. Conjecture after conjecture came and was dismissed; the only solution left me was too horrible to entertain. When the brief, but anxious interval had passed, dejected and wretched as apprehension can make us, I mounted my horse. In spite of a disposition naturally sanguine and buoyant, I could not shake off the despondency which had settled upon me: I felt that my destiny hung upon this interview, and my prophetic soul interpreted the words of fate that blazed before it.

Emily was alone in the parlor: it was in vain that I endeavored to assume the joyous tones befitting an interview with one so beautiful; that I studied to disguise my emotions—the attempt was beyond my power. The sickly smile on my lips vanished when I saw her turn away with a heaving bosom, as I entered the

room—and yielding to the impulses I could no longer restrain, I sprung towards her, seized her hand, and gazing into her still averted face, exclaimed, in a voice betraying the intensity of my excitement:

"Emily, in the name of Heaven, what is this?" My extreme agitation seemed to inspire her with composure; she disengaged her hand from my somewhat nervous grasp, and after a moment spent in arranging her harp, motioned to the sofa and sat down beside me. I now had an opportunity of examining her face; there was something in it that staggered me; not its pallor, for her cheek was rather flushed than pale; nor its wanness, though the mild blue vein seemed more distinctly told upon a temple smooth and white as "monumental alabaster;" it was the melancholy struggle of fortitude with agony. Her arm resting upon the side of the sofa supported her head, a stray lock of her long dark hair hung gracefully about her neck, her eye rested mournfully upon the floor; and I can compare the mingled sensations with which I regarded her grief and her beauty, to nothing but the feelings of the traitor where Moore has placed him—

"Full in the sight of Paradise,
Beholding heaven, yet feeling hell!"

After a brief interval of silence, during which she seemed employed in collecting herself, she said in a voice tremulous at first, yet becoming firmer as she proceeded:

"I did not think to have yielded thus; I ought to practice the resignation I expect in You, not indulge in unavailing regret; but it is over now. Lay your hand

here"—she placed my passive hand over her heart, it was beating at a fearful rate—"can this last much longer? Fancy or fact, William, my days are numbered. Nay, start not, weep not, tremble not so; it is unkind, it is unmanly. Yesterday I saw Dr. R——; you must have confidence in his experience. Our interview was long, and I need not say, painful: in one word then, he told me that my situation was dangerous in the extreme, that I might expect death at any moment—in bed, at my harp, at the table—here! He said that recovery was *possible*, that solitude and repose might accomplish much, yet his eye forbade the hope his language promised. My father knows it all. Oh! may Heaven strengthen him. His agony afflicts me more than even my own melancholy fate. It has afforded me many a moment of pleasure, to picture to myself the unvarying attention with which I might partially requite his goodness, when his fuller years required my constant devotion; but another hand must guard his grey hairs, and smooth his path to the grave. It is hard to be snatched from life when all our dawning hopes are untasted; to live but to cherish wishes never to be fulfilled: but I am resigned, I can smile even now. And since it must be so, since all our vows are fruitless now, I must return this token of our plighted faith, this memorial of the sweetest hours of a brief existence! Take it! Forget not Emily, but the tie thus severed! And when this little ring shall shine upon another and more enduring finger, believe that if my soul can witness, it will bless your union."

"Keep it! keep it!" I muttered, as she held out to me the ring she had taken from her hand. It was a mother's legacy, enriched with a stone of rare value.

"No! William! Your heart, much as I coveted it in life, cannot avail me in the tomb; nor would I have it pursue me there. You are young, rich, handsome; gifted with a warm heart and a sound head, and there are many, more worthy of your love than I, who will gladly reward it, and supply the place I might have occupied, more fitly—though not so fondly!"

These last words aroused in me, amidst other feelings, something of indignation, and enabled me to reply:

"Emily, this is cruel jesting! You *must* know that I cannot love another; that I cannot forget you as a child does its nurse, soon to sport in the arms of a new one! But keep the ring!—in life or in death it is yours." I could say no more—I felt the thorn of sorrow in my throat, and buried my face in my hands.

"Is this your manliness—this your generosity?" she said; "are you not sensible that each of these selfish sighs and tears inflicts a pang on me?"

"And can you expect me to resign, without a struggle, all that makes life valuable?"

"No! not without a struggle, nor yet without anguish, but let not me be a witness to your agony!"

"I will try—I will try," I said, "to bear calmly a blow sufficient to produce madness. But I have loved you with a woman's love, and this is a woman's weakness."

"Woman's love is never felt by man. The essence of love is dependence, and man recognizes no superior on earth. But compose yourself, or I must leave you! Time, if he warps and decays the monuments of human pride and folly, blunts the tooth of sorrow. There is many a pleasure in reserve, many ennobling duties for you to perform. I commit my father to your charge, confident that you will discharge faithfully the holy trust. You must consecrate some of your leisure hours to him, divert his mind from my misfortune, and engage with him in those studies which he delights so much to pursue. Then, even if you are deprived of the rapture which Heaven in its infinite goodness sometimes bestows, however little we deserve it, you will experience the merited happiness that always attends the fulfilment of a high and sacred duty."

"But you will live to share this sacred duty with me, Emily! I cannot believe that you are to be cut off in the bloom of youth, so soon, so suddenly. Abandon these fears, excited by the disclosures of that old witch! Remember that much may be accomplished by solitude and repose."

"My solitude will be the grave, and my repose the sleep of death. No! I have left hope behind. But to insure the repose which I well know cannot be attain-

ed, it is decreed that our meetings must be seldom and brief. To remain here longer would be but to prolong our wretchedness. Remember, I cannot often see you; our dream is over; the golden band is severed. Farewell! I will keep this ring; it has lost its power, but not its value."

A few moments of speechless agony flitted by, and she rushed abruptly from the room. Little did I then think never to see her again alive!—never to see the motion of a form all grace and beauty!—never to behold again that eye of fathomless light kindle with feelings pure and powerful, that dear lip tremble, and that soft cheek glow!—nor to hear the tones of a voice all eloquence and melody!

Two days after this, I received from Fanny this brief but awful announcement: "Emily is dead!" In spite of her own assurances and the melancholy confirmation I had received from Dr. R——, I was unprepared for this. "It cannot be," I said, "it is but a trance—I have heard of these things—she lives, I feel that she lives!" Yes! she lives *still*, but not beneath the stars.

Delirious with anguish, I staggered into the fatal room; oh God, what a sight! Calm even in death, I saw those beautiful features bathed in the gloomy light of the flickering taper that burned at her head. I bent over her, watching with straining eye her transparent nostril, half hoping to see it expand under the influence of returning respiration. I could trace the outline of the ring that wedded me to the tomb, beneath the glove that encased her slender finger. Fanny was kneeling beside the corpse weeping, as if the torrent of her grief would wear away her delicate eyelids; how I envied her those tears! Robin had disappeared as I entered the chamber; the doctor, in whose aspect professional calmness was blended with human sympathy, leaned against the corner of the window. Still, under the vain delusion that animation was only suspended, I laid my hand upon her heart, and found it *warm*. I remember protesting against her interment, imploring her to move, and calling her loudly by name. I remember Fanny's startled look as she sprung to her feet, and the pity, not unmixed with displeasure, with which the physician regard-

ed me. My frame, nervous and exhausted with apprehension, sank beneath this last stroke; miserable and powerless, I fell to the floor. Call me weak and unmanly, ye, whose stoicism is proof to pain! I care not for your sneers. And ye who possess a heart, reflect that the object ye dote on, may not be so worthy your love, or your love not equal to the excellence of the object! And ye whose hearts are putting on the Icarian wings of love, may ye never be able to determine from experience whether my weakness merits compassion or contempt!

For three days I lay in bed, unconscious of the misery around me, and woke on the fourth to a reality more dreadful than even the fearful images of my delirium. The first object I recognized was Fanny, seated at my bedside, her face pale and haggard, her eyes swollen from excess of weeping. The next was Robin, fast asleep in a chair; he, too, seemed pale and careworn, sorrowing even in his slumbers. He had watched me day and night during my illness, and though relieved of his chagrin by Fanny's kindness, had refused to quit my chamber.

It was some time before I became fully awake to my bereavement.

"Where is Emily?" I inquired of the beautiful girl at my side.

"She was buried yesterday!" was the almost inaudible response.

"But her heart was warm," I said, raising myself upon the arm that scarcely supported me, as a more vivid perception of the past flashed upon me.

"It was cold enough before we laid her in the ground! Dr. R—— said that violent palpitation always produced a similar effect, collecting a large quantity of blood about the region of the heart, which retained warmth after life was extinct."

"And her father—how is he?"

"But too miserable, I fear. He rarely permits us to see him, and it is a mercy to me that he does so."

I turned from the sobbing speaker, and then at last the long-imprisoned drops began to start. Long and bitterly I wept, but my overloaded heart was relieved. When I attempted to renew the conversation, my fair companion was gone, and instead of her tearful glance, I encountered Robin's full, thoughtful eye fixed steadily

upon me. His arms were folded upon his breast, and I was at a loss to interpret the language of his meaning gaze. But I stopped not to discuss it; my thoughts were still running upon the desolate father—"Robin! Robin! tell me how is M——?" "His fortitude equals his grief"—was the oracular reply, and I felt the reproach it conveyed. A step or two brought Robin to my side, and I again witnessed the eloquence of this singular man.

"You have asked me," he said, "a question, which *you* should best know how to answer. If you are able to see him, go at once! Emily's father demands all your care. I do not mean to chide you for the past, but for the future let not grief stand in the way of duty. Excuse me, if I wound, but I speak with the kindest purpose."

I remembered Emily's last fond charge, and how was I fulfilling it? Instead of standing by that bereaved parent, I was indulging a selfish sorrow, an object of solicitude to one who was to look to me for support; a burden in the crisis where I should have been a stay. A sense of shame brought the blood to my cheek and checked the tears that were flowing freely. I grasped Robin's hand, pressed it warmly, and rose from the bed; for a moment my head swam, and obliged me to take the chair which Fanny had occupied. But this passed off, and I proceeded to prepare myself for an interview, which I hoped to have strength enough to sustain.

"What! you are not going to see him now!" said Robin, surveying with astonishment my sudden action. "I did not mean *now*; but as soon as you were able. Reflect, you are not equal to this!"

"I am, my good friend—I am no longer an invalid."

Honor—I will not call it duty, for *pride* had its share—had braced my nerves; I was soon at M——'s door; with a fluttering heart I heard him answer my undecided knock—another moment placed me in his arms.

Of all those sweet, endearing ties which Heaven has so wisely appointed for the promotion of harmony and happiness on earth, there is none more delicate and beautiful, more pure and fervent than that

subsisting between a father and his only daughter. In the relationship of sire and son that "nice dependency" is wanting; each is self-sufficient and too frequently impelled by separate interests and ambition. The mutual love of brother and sister wants the feature of patriarchal dignity and reverence: even the loftier union of mother with son does not possess its indescribable tenderness. And yet to witness this fondest tie, so rudely, so suddenly severed! I seemed like an intruder upon a grief sacred to privacy, for I felt the impotence of words to heal a wound so recent and so dreadful.

I will not attempt to describe the first moments of a meeting so exquisitely painful. But when M—— was able to speak coherently, and I to listen, I learned the sad particulars of Emily's death. She had not left her room since we parted, and a few hours before the fatal moment was obliged from exhaustion to keep her bed. The lamp of life will sometimes quicken its fading flame before it expires forever, and Emily, smiling to her father, said she felt much better, and desired him to leave the room that she might rise. Alas! she never rose again! As Fanny held out the garment, Emily's outstretched arm fell powerless to her side, and she sunk back upon her pillow—a corpse. The assassin had struck in a moment of fancied security—the heart, so rudely shaken, was still at last.

M——'s first words related to my health. He said that my indisposition had given him great uneasiness, but that inasmuch as it had served to divide his sorrow, his grief was perhaps rather lightened than increased.

After the passage of a few long, melancholy days my health was restored; M—— recovered his serenity, though the gaiety that was wont to light his fine features with a kind of playful inspiration was lost forever. We were almost constantly together, and the frequent intercourse contributed to our mutual consolation.

"Where is the man," he said, "who will dare affirm that Emily is lost to me forever? You are at that period of life, my son, when the eye leans forward to the future, which, to the earth-limited vision of youth, rarely extends beyond

the grave. Gratified vanity, the triumphs of ambition, new friendships, and new scenes, all glisten before the eager glance of hope. But when our days are 'in the sere and yellow leaf;' when memory, the privilege of age and often sweet exchange of hope, is pregnant with hemlock and gall; when there is no future in our mortal pilgrimage susceptible of enjoyment—no fiend must deprive us of the prospect of a hereafter, the only anchor that remains, which will restore the lost and holiest treasures of our existence, endued with tenfold beauty. My aim shall henceforth be, to deserve this return. Emily was all that bound me to earth. Doubtless the magnificent world is as splendid now as ever, and the fields waving with the necessary grain or teeming with the wanton flower, present the same attraction still; but I am no longer awake to their loveliness. Even the sweet song of the bird fails to interest me now; all that was once so grateful and refreshing, jars harshly upon me; just as the merry breezes give to the green leaves a delicious skyward motion, yet send the brown and sapless foliage to the ground. This is selfish I well know, for the essence of grief is selfishness. We weep because we are deprived of a source of pleasure or ease, and do not deplore in a peaceful and happy death any misfortune to those we love; thus our regret rises in proportion to the worth and dearness of the object. Yet it is natural as well as selfish; for the ties planted and fostered by nature cannot be broken without doing violence to nature. I cannot be more than a man—and yet"—he added in a low tone of reverential despondency, "I would not be less than a Christian!"

In words like these, but far more eloquent, would M—— indulge, and at the same time control his sorrow. His whole deportment, breathing a dignified and resigned dejection, was such, we fancy, as Abraham's might have been, had the sacrifice of Isaac been accomplished.

Time wore on—old Fairheath and his crutch had parted at last—the door of the little cottage was closed, for Fanny now occupied a room in the mansion. I cannot do justice to the never-sleeping yet unobtrusive devotion of this sweet girl to her aged friend. She knew far better

than I how to lighten the gloom on his brow, how to draw livelier beams from his drooping eye. Woman was given to man to console him in affliction, and amid darkness and woe she appears a "ministering angel," fulfilling her high vocation. Well may it be said, better earth as it is, with woman to soften the thorn, than the garden of Eden without her.

I happened to enter the parlor one afternoon, and there was Fanny bending over the harp, touching it so lightly that the sounds were almost inaudible. She started up as I entered, much confused; and seeing my face own an agitation I vainly endeavored to repress, she said—

"I am sorry to have pained you, sir; this is a consolation to me; but I feared that you and one other might be differently affected; and never sounded a note which I thought could reach your ears. Miss Emily taught me the instrument well enough to make me love its music: to be sure, this indulgence reminds me of her, and her goodness to one so much beneath her; but I would rather remember than forget her."

"And I too, Fanny, would rather remember than forget her; do not think you have pained me; to hear the sounds I have heard from Emily, may move, but cannot pain me."

And this noble girl, so young, so beautiful, so accomplished in mind and body, gifted with such refined feelings—what was to become of her? Possessing a beauty scarce inferior to Emily's, yet of an entirely different order, such elevation of thought, and a temperament perhaps too ardent, she might invite the love of any one, however high his station; yet the first fond impulses of her heart had recoiled upon her like the stone of Sisyphus. What was to become of her upon the death of her *only* protector, for I was too young to act as such? If a union between her and Robin could be effected? But Robin was more than double her age—far better qualified to engage the esteem and affection, than the love of such a woman. M——, too, was solicitous on Fanny's account, and frequently adverted to the subject with evident uneasiness. But there was a pleasure in store for us we little expected.

The summer after Emily's death

brought round for us this hardly anticipated pleasure. M—— was leaning upon my arm, and we were straying among the trees in front of the house, when we saw a young man, extremely handsome, fashionably and even richly dressed, advancing toward us at a rapid pace, directly from the cottage. His face was pale, and working under strong excitement. He addressed himself to my companion—"Can you tell me, sir, what has become of a young lady who lived in that cottage?"

"Do you mean Fanny Fairheath?"

"Yes, the same."

"And you?"

"Am a wretch whom you must despise." He pressed his hand to his brow, as if in torture. "Is she alive? Oh, say so, if you would preserve me from despair!"

"She is alive, and in health," was the calm reply. "But I am at a loss to account for your extravagant interest in her regard."

"Thank God!" ejaculated the stranger, in a voice of genuine gratitude.

"Alfred H——!" said M——, deliberately and sternly, "that young girl is under my roof and under my protection; you have wronged her once, but you shall not again, whilst I live to prevent it. You shall not see her, until I am assured that your intentions are such as alone can remove a stain from your character, which must else remain there for ever."

"You have a right, sir," replied the young man, "you have a right, sir, to question my motives. God only knows how bitterly I have lamented the foulest error of my life. You cannot condemn it, sir, you cannot despise it as I have done and still do; but if Heaven accept the atonement I have made, I care little for what man may say. Not that I am indifferent to your esteem, sir; but I am prepared only for your censure. Since I left this country, I have seen all of beauty and fascination that most of the capitals of Europe afford; I say it with my hand on my heart, that I have not mingled in their dissipation, and I have returned to redeem the faith I once plighted to your ward, and sue her hand at her feet—and at yours too, if you will permit me!"

He knelt down before the aged man at

my side; but M—— immediately raised him, saying, "Believe me, that I am the last to withhold forgiveness from an error of youth, so nobly repaired; for I have marked you closely, and confide in your honor. You have only to kneel to your God and to her who well deserves any reparation you can make. If she forgives you, expect no obstacle to your union from me. You will find Fanny in the parlor; she is worthy your constancy and your pains."

Alfred darted from us like an arrow, and M—— turned to me with the brightest expression I had seen him assume since Emily's death, saying, "This is more than I expected; there never was sincerity and repentance more real than that."

It may be needless to say that the reconciliation between Fanny and her lover was soon effected. A woman whose purity has been able to convert the illicit flame into a holy love, will not always disdain to reward the elevated passion she has inspired. I found much to admire in Alfred. M—— became quite attached to him, and listened with pleasure to the incidents of his tour.

The wedding-day was fixed and soon arrived. No sumptuous banquet, no curious attendance, marked the ceremony. The minister of God and Miss H——, Alfred's sister, with the inmates of the house, were the only witnesses to their union. After the solemn words had been pronounced, M—— advanced to Fanny, and kissed tenderly her polished forehead, then extending his hands over the silent couple, he exclaimed, "Receive *my* blessing, too, my children! I did not expect earth to afford me a pleasure after my daughter's death, but you have made my bosom experience a joy greater than I thought it capable of feeling. And you, Alfred, receive a bride poor in all save virtue and beauty."

"The only dowry I ask," said Alfred.

"And one more valuable than the mine of Golconda," continued M——. "Your ample fortune is more than sufficient for both. Yet I am about to impose one restriction upon your free will, one that you must comply with, however disagreeable, for I have set my heart upon it. It is this, that when I shall soon be laid beside my child, you continue to

occupy the abode which has been the scene of the beginning and the consummation of your love; for then, Fanny, this house and those fields shall be yours."

The tearful eye and impressive manner of the venerable speaker; the eloquent silence of the listening pair, as they stood hand in hand; Fanny's exquisite face, in which was mingled grief, happiness, and wonder, formed a picture not easily forgotten. Erect as a column, and as motionless, Robin stood at a little distance from me, with his arms, as was usual, crossed upon his breast. At first, I could not see his face, which was partially turned from me; but when I did, I read something there that startled me. Can it be? Is it possible? I was not deceived; I had read aright. Poor Robin! More can be written upon the small surface of the eye, than upon the largest sheet of parchment that ever tasked an indefatigable monk.

M—— was evidently failing fast; the ruddy tinge had left his cheek, his eye became heavy and languid; his step, slow and feeble, no longer possessed its elasticity; his head was no longer erect; only a few scattered grey hairs fringed his wrinkled but majestic forehead; yet his matchless eloquence remained with him to the last. His heart was in the grave, and his body could not remain long away. At times he would exclaim, in accents truly heart-rending—"My daughter, I shall soon be with you!" But I will not dwell over the rapid decline of this most gifted and excellent man. His death was worthy of his life; he seemed to contemplate his approaching dissolution with calmness, and even joy. Can there be a spectacle more beautiful and ennobling than that of the good man surrendering with unpresuming hope his soul to the Omnipotent hand that placed it awhile in the midst of temptation and misery?

When next I visited Emily's grave, there was another beside it, and the sod was fresh upon it. There were eyes that long wept the loss of those who were buried there, and there is a heart that still remembers their worth, which will outweigh, in the scales of eternity, much that is styled immortal here.

But few of those who knew M—— intimately have retained to this day their

mortal coil; perchance one or two, with hair as silvery as my own, may recognize in this rude sketch the man who once commanded their admiration and love. *They*, at least, will admit, that this imperfect memorial of their venerated friend falls far below their recollection of his many perfections. It is easy to enumerate the virtues and charities of those who studiously submit them to the imitation of an admiring world; but extremely difficult to record the loftier benevolence of such as diligently conceal the evidences of their title to applause. I only knew the nature and extent of M——'s disinterested goodness, from the beaming eye, the blessing lip, and fervent prayer of many who had guessed the name of their benefactor. His epitaph was a frail one; it was written upon the hearts of those who knew him; no foreign chisel is needed to preserve it, for the impression will endure as long as the tablet whereon it is graved.

The even course of Fanny's and Alfred's love after their union, made ample amends for its troubled beginning. They, too, are where no word of mine can reach them.

Shortly after M——'s death, I sailed for Europe. Robin accompanied me at his own request, in spite of the earnest and sincere opposition of Fanny and her husband. Poor Robin! He never returned; he sleeps in a land across the wave, beneath the sunny skies of Florence, and with him sleeps "*the General's shilling*." One other token is mingling with his ashes—an embroidered handkerchief—a present from Fanny. During his last illness, he wore it next to his heart. As I sat by his bedside, and held his emaciated hand in mine, he revealed to me the story of his love, which I had discovered before. He loved Fanny, deeply as a man can love, but he never spoke to her of his passion.

"I feared she might laugh at me," he said—"exchange indifference for contempt—avoid a presence otherwise unheeded; this had been madness! Once indeed I thought she might be mine; you know the vanity of that expectation. Remember me to her, and tell her to remember me! Tell her that though far, far distant, her face beamed before me bright and beautiful. No! say not that; though I could not

witness her happiness, I would not diminish it for twenty years of life and health. But say all you can without awakening a suspicion of my love to give her one moment's uneasiness. Give her this, and bid her wear it for my sake."

He handed me a bracelet of exquisite workmanship. It was purchased in Paris, with part of the legacy M—— had left him.

"It will fit her," he continued, "my thumb and forefinger exactly measure her wrist."

When Fanny received this token from my hand, I read in her eye a knowledge of Robin's secret. Her starting tears paid a silent tribute to his worth and his love.

I never had occasion for the ring interred with Emily — I envy those whose elastic love can bound from object to object, but I could not imitate their buoyancy. Once—it was not long ago—I saw a young

girl just inhaling the first sweet odors of society—sweet before they pall—who reminded me of Emily. With a breast agitated by a thousand emotions I watched her varying cheek, her fathomless eye, her thoughtful brow, her light and graceful step. Little did that fair creature think of the old man, whose hair was white, and whose cheek was furrowed, as he gazed upon her beauty, or dream of what was passing in his bosom. The rudeness of my protracted gaze was unperceived, for I was unnoticed. Sweet A. T., may the choicest blessings of life attend thee, long after this trembling hand has lost the little power it retains.

The ploughshare now claims the spot where Fairheath's cottage stood, and the pruning-knife of improvement, often as fatal as the scythe of time, has changed the face of ZEPHYR'S FANCY.

EUROPEAN LIFE AND MANNERS.*

THE object of Mr. Colman's journey to Europe appears to have been entirely agricultural, and not with a view to writing a book upon European life and manners. His home correspondence, preserved by his friends, has however, in a not unusual course of events, brought about the production of the present volume. It consists of a series of letters which have all the simple, natural, conversational tone which is the peculiar charm of private correspondence, and not a doubt arises that they were, as the preface declares, not designed for publication.

Notwithstanding Mr. Colman's declaration that if his work gives pleasure to his friends he shall be fully satisfied, we will venture to hope he may not reject a more extended approbation. He has given, he says, "what may be called *proof* impressions" of the scenes, objects, persons, and places he has visited, and we have no intention to assume the office of corrector. We take the book, and we think the public will do likewise, as an acceptable gift, that should not, according to the adage be looked into with too close an inspection. Mr. Colman's wisdom teeth were evidently cut long ago—but for our own part we have enjoyed many a pleasant jaunt with a crib-biter, amid beautiful scenes which a more spirited animal would scarcely have given us a chance to notice.

We consider it an idle and ill-natured proceeding to sit at one's window, secure from annoyance, and make impertinent observations upon those who are about their business in the toilsome and dusty public way; and especially would we avoid such a proceeding when, as in the present instance, we may, overlooking occasional accidents and peculiarities, gather therefrom much that is curious and interesting.

Not travelling for pleasure expressly,

Mr. Colman seems, nevertheless, to have found it in abundance: illustrating the old moral of the Search after Happiness. Full of faith in humanity, and with the eager desire of a social disposition to communicate to others what has strongly affected himself, he gives his experience with such open-hearted truthfulness that he cannot fail to call out the sympathies of his readers. Charmed with the frank and earnest way in which he abandons himself to his enthusiastic nature, we find ourselves travelling as familiarly in his company as if we had known him all our days; and aided by his own autographic sketches we can even bring him to our mind's eye in proper person. We see him in his French *deshabille* of grey frock-coat, plaid waistcoat, grey trowsers, silk neckcloth, and varnished black slippers, looking grave and wise, with his spectacles dropped on the end of his nose, combing "the few straggling grey locks" with his fingers. Or in his more elegant English dining costume—straight coat, black satin vest, silk stockings, and pumps—but it is not dress that makes the man; and we know him better by imagining a pair of keen, half laughing, half scrutinizing eyes, taking in at a glance everything worthy of notice; the high, bare forehead of the intellectual, the affable smile of the amiable man; the bland manners and the agreeable voice—the body slightly bowed and the hair thinned and silvered by the touch of time, heightening, not abating the interest of the picture.

In Mr. Colman's humorous and occasionally pathetic delineations, and still more in the spirit of universal benevolence which diffuses itself over every thought and expression, we are not unfrequently reminded of the Sentimental Journey of Sterne. His style is light and easy; he sometimes makes too much of his subject,

* European Life and Manners; in Familiar Letters to Friends. By HENRY COLMAN. Boston: Charles C. Little and James Brown. London: John Petherham, 94 High Holborn. 1849.

but is acute, discriminating, and often eloquent.

Mr. Colman's travels are not calculated to induce another to go over the same ground, for who, truly, would go to the mountain when the mountain can be brought home? In reading these details of life in Europe, as if under the influence of mesmerism, one feels actually transferred by the author's will to the presence of the scenes and persons described.

The principal fault of the book, and one which might easily have been avoided in arranging the correspondence for publication, is that the author so frequently repeats himself, that portions of almost every letter might as well, if not better, have been omitted: for instance,

"P. S. Tell Miss D., Dr. Outram has been very polite to me."

With his warm heart and genial manner, our cheerful traveller goes from city to city, and from one great house to another, and with the simplest, unsophisticated admiration of the unaccustomed splendor that surrounds him—with a keen but good-natured appreciation of the ridiculous, and an earnest thoughtfulness at the bottom of all, inspires confidence and esteem, and thus acquiring advantages which fall to the lot of few travellers in a strange country, is enabled to present new views of European society and manners. His letters, addressed to a wide circle of friends, were consequently adapted to various tastes, and afford abundant detail for the curious and the intelligent. The agriculturist, the political and domestic economist, the lover of nature and of the fine arts, the admirers of equipage and style, of dress and fashion; the philanthropist interested in the details of misery and want—each and all may find wherewith to engage attention.

Mr. C. leaves America for Liverpool, and proceeds thence to London, where, as soon as his agricultural mission is declared, he receives every possible civility and aid, and has opened to him the best sources of information. Facilities in the pursuit of his observations are offered on every side. Earl Spencer proposes to mark out a route for him. At one of the meetings of the London Agricultural So-

ciety he is created an honorary member, and, called up by Lord Spencer, he acknowledges the honor conferred in being thus enrolled, and states the objects of his mission, which immediately procures him invitations from noblemen and gentlemen interested in the subject; from the Earl of Hardwicke and the Marquis of Devonshire in Ireland; from Mr. Bates, the great cattle breeder and "greatest talker in England;" from the Bishop of Exeter, and from Lord Morpeth, who shows him every possible attention.

Mr. Pusey, M. P., a gentleman who in point of practical science is represented as standing at the head of the agricultural community in England, proposes to go with him on an excursion through the farming districts. Earl Talbot invites him into the fine agricultural district of Staffordshire, the Duke of Richmond to a sheep-shearing, and the Duke of Devonshire to visit Chatsworth, "that museum of what is most beautiful in art and nature—one of the wonders of England if not of the world."

These civilities are followed by visits to cattle-shows, corn-markets and horticultural establishments, by introductions to farms and farmers, and by sojourns, on the most intimate footing, in the families of noblemen and gentlemen where everything in the way of family economy, within and without, is freely exhibited, even in some cases to the extent of giving written lists and rules of domestic management, with liberty to use them according to his pleasure; advantages which he seems fully to appreciate and enjoy.

"The publication of my book,"* he says, "will give me great advantages in visiting the country, as several gentlemen, now seeing what I want, say they shall be most happy to assist me; and especially, I am persuaded, feeling that I do not come as a *spy*, and shall not deal in miserable personalities, they will assist me so much the more readily."

Mr. Colman's first impressions of London are confused, as is apt to be the case with a stranger, taking for the first time a part in "the stir of the great Babel." Every traveller gives his own description of the city. Mr. Colman's varies but little

* European Agriculture.

from the rest in outline, but is filled up with a vividness of coloring peculiarly his own. The people seem to him very imperfectly to appreciate the difficulties of a stranger, and he finds himself frequently bewildered in his peregrinations amid the narrow streets, stretching through long ranges of shops and stalls; the broad and magnificent avenues, running for miles through the city, with their splendid stores; the crowded thoroughfares, the main arteries of this mighty body beating continually with tremendous pulsations; the palaces and public buildings, the monuments, bridges, and parks; the carriages and the people almost piled upon each other; the wilderness of houses, streets, lanes, courts, and kennels. He describes his first alighting from a close carriage in the very centre of the city.

“‘And this,’ said I to myself, ‘this is London, is it? Well, this is not much.’ But, how wofully was I mistaken! I recollect the same kind of impression when I first saw Niagara. ‘Very beautiful,’ said I, ‘very beautiful.’ What conceit—what insolence on my part! Soon, however, I came to my senses; soon I saw the depth of the flood and the height of the cataract; soon I saw the vast inland oceans of the unexplored West pouring down their mighty volumes of water in one immense and irresistible torrent; soon I saw the tumultuous waves, miles beyond me, contending for supremacy and hurrying on in broken and foaming masses to make the fearful plunge; soon I considered the Almighty Power, which could take up this torrent in the palm of his hand, and had fashioned every drop which formed this commingled mass, and smoothed every glittering orb which poured itself along without jostling its neighbor, and painted every beautiful beam of glory reflected from this mighty aggregate of jewels; and soon I gathered strange ideas of the duration of its flood, and my bosom swelled more and more with convictions, too vast for utterance, of God’s eternity, of which I here saw an humble emblem.

“Not at all unlike have been my impressions of London; they have grown larger and larger every day and hour. I had been absent from it four months, and I came back with new wonder at its extent. I have just returned to it again, after a fortnight’s absence, and it seemed to me, on my way to my lodgings, as if the population had quadrupled in that time. Here are two millions of human beings—to say nothing of other living things—crowded into one place, from one extremity of which to the other a man may ride in two hours. Go through the Strand and Fleet Street at noon-

day, and Threadneedle Street and Bishopsgate Street, and there seems to be an uninterrupted interlockage of carriages and vehicles of every description, and the sidewalks are thronged with people as if they had just rushed out of some crowded assembly. Mount the top of an omnibus, and look down the whole length of Fleet Street and the Strand, and nothing can bear any likeness to the view but the breaking up of one of our great rivers in the spring by some sudden flood, when the ice comes down in fearful and tumbling masses, bringing with it trees and uprooted stumps, and logs, and boards, and broken fences, and remnants of cottages, here moving in a swift torrent, there circling in some rapid eddy, and presenting only a picture of indescribable confusion, and yet all hastening on with a steady and certain progress to their destination, save only, that in the streets of London there are counter-streams, passing each other without obstruction and without interference.

“Then again the vastness of London. Go into what quarter you will, and you will find something, some place, some square you have not seen before. Turn into any by-passage, court-yard, close, or wynd, where scarcely a wheelbarrow can be driven, and you will find every place occupied, from the cellar to the attic. The subterranean apartments of the houses are as much tenanted as the celestial; and you may literally find many a humble tailor and cobbler occupying portions of cellar-doorways or halves of shop windows, where the cobbler cannot stand erect, and where the tailor, if he did not sit cross-legged, could not sit at all. The squares, the streets, the rows and blocks of buildings, the terraces, the crescents, the public edifices, the monuments, the private palaces, above all, the parks and pleasure-grounds, are numerous and extensive beyond description. I thought I had seen all the markets some time ago; to-day I stumbled upon one covering several acres, of which I had never heard, filled with fruits, and vegetables, and meats. One’s astonishment is increased, when you observe the perfect order prevailing in this vast multitude. By day or night, you may walk as securely in most of the streets of London as in your own yard. I have strolled into all parts of the city—into the most public and the most profligate—and I have seldom seen a quarrel; and I have seen carriages, again and again, by hundreds, passing each other in the narrowest passages, and oftentimes hindered when they were evidently most impatient to get on, and yet I have seen no passion displayed, and heard no harsh language uttered; but I have heard more profane swearing in one hour among the boatmen on the New York Canal, than I have heard during my seven months’ residence in England.

“A man here believes what he pleases; says what he has to say; does what he chooses to

do; and has all the liberty, without censure, without surveillance, which a rational man can desire, provided he keeps out of the hands of the police. Here nobody is of any importance; and the proudest man only floats upon society like a cork upon the rapids of Niagara, sure to be hurried along; sure, presently, to go over, and as sure not to be thought of or cared for after he has gone over. Every man is for himself, and if he does not take care of himself, there is nobody will take care of him. It is not that persons here are more selfish than others; but, really, no one has any time to spend upon the affairs of other men. In the busy season the streets of London present a sort of Waterloo rout—"save himself who can;"—saunter, and you'll be run down; fall down, and you'll be run over. Sometimes I have thought that a man might walk from the Exchange to Charing Cross, two miles, through the busiest and most crowded part of London, and at the busiest time of day, with nothing else on than Adam's cast-off paradisaical suit, and he would not be noticed farther than that some hasty passenger might venture to remark, *en passant*, 'that is a queer fellow; what tailor made his dress?' So, too, the Queen might die to-morrow; her body would not be cold before her successor must be found; and a few tolling bells, a few muffled drums, and a few glittering swords and nodding plumes, and the world would go on precisely as it was going before. This is a humiliating but an instructive lesson, and a most wholesome extinguisher of all pride, if pride in man can be extinguished unless the candle of life be snuffed out at the same time. What comes of all this? What composes this mighty, moving mass? Many aching limbs; many heated and burning brains; many agonized hearts; wealth beyond the dreams of the Arabian Nights; luxury as brilliant as gold and silver and diamonds, and human art and labor can make it; indulgence without restraint; destitution complete; poverty extreme; wretchedness, vice, and suffering unmitigated, and absolutely hopeless. What a picture of life! Who can unravel this web and draw the threads straight? What shall settle this turbid cauldron, and cause the waters to become clear? Alas! no human power or sagacity can even approach the task; and man, standing upon the shore of the mighty ocean, may think as well to assuage its tempests by his breath, and stay its rising tides at his command, and smooth its broken surface with the palm of his hand. Yet what is to come of this great city? It is growing at this very hour much faster than ever. Thousands and thousands of houses are in the process of erection, and thousands and thousands are being born to fill them. Rome had her six millions of inhabitants; London has as yet but two. What is to prevent her having twenty, unless, as it was the last feather that broke the

camel's back, so, presently, it would seem, that she must be crushed by her own weight."

Mr. Colman gives an amusing account of the admiration excited at a block of ice exhibited at a shop in London, which many of the passers by felt themselves compelled to go in and examine, that by the test of touch they might satisfy themselves it was not glass;—looking upon it as a standing miracle, never melting, but always there, and entirely unsuspecting that the cunning Connecticut yankee, who exhibited it, could take a fresh piece from his refrigerator every morning. Mr. Colman overhears one wise head gravely informing another, that the ice was imported from the West Indies!

Our author enters sufficiently into the excitements of London life to get a pretty clear understanding of its clubs, societies, places of amusement, meetings, schools, hospitals, &c. &c. He describes particularly "the Blue" Coat School at Christ's Hospital, where he attended one of the public Lent suppers, and saw eight hundred and fifty boys, consisting of noblemen's and gentlemen's sons, as well as charity scholars, taking their frugal meal, of bread and butter, "with a drink of beer from a wooden piggin, and nothing more and nothing else." They are said to dine on mutton five days out of seven, which our author, with professional acuteness, considers advantageous to sheep-raising, but is doubtful regarding its tendency to make "mutton heads." "The board and education of the boys," he says, "is wholly gratuitous. Why the sons of noblemen and men of wealth should be found in an establishment purely charitable is a question"—not easily solved.

One of the most interesting sights is the meeting, in St. Paul's Church, of the charity children, amounting in number to nearly ten thousand, dressed in different uniforms according to the school to which they belonged.

"During the service I went into the whispering gallery, which is at the bottom of the dome, extending all round it, and directly over their heads, about two hundred feet from them. We could hear them distinctly, and saw them to the greatest advantage. They resembled a beautiful bed of variegated flowers, and indeed it seems to me nothing on this earth ever

appeared one half so beautiful. I was greatly excited, and was half tempted, in a state of delirium, to throw myself over the railing. After the service, the schools went out in different processions and directions, it requiring a long time to clear the chapel; and I went up to the cupola of the church, from which we could see them winding off in different directions, and threading the different streets like so many beautiful ribands."

Mr. Colman attends the sessions at Old Bailey, and takes his seat on the bench of justice, where he sees hundreds of prisoners arraigned, tried, and sentenced, "with as much sang froid," on the part of the judge, "as a butcher in Cincinnati would get into his pen of swine and knock down his victims by the dozen." This judge, whose sole dignity must surely have lain in either his title or his wig, is represented as following up his heart-rending sentences upon some wretched boy, or poor, miserable, affrighted woman, with jokes and laughter. There could scarcely be a stronger comment upon the extreme moral and physical degradation of the lower classes in London, than the fact of its being reported as a common case that parents entrap their children to crime, in order to throw them upon the state, and thus rid themselves of the cost and care of their bringing up.

Among the various objects of interest which have attracted his attention, our author does not omit the Queen, whom he describes as "a very small person, not very handsome, but pleasing, with a bright-blue eye, and dressed quite modestly," and of whom one might say, meeting her without recognition, "there is a pretty, genteel, little woman." With her Majesty, at the prorogation of Parliament, he seems, however, much more deeply impressed. He is not willing to speak of this great assemblage of the princes, peers, and peeresses, and great officers of state, in the light and trivial tone which is assumed by many. This same pretty, genteel-looking little woman, rises into the most dignified importance, when he considers her as holding the sovereignty of one hundred and fifty millions of human beings, and her power extending into all parts of the civilized globe. This little lady, embodying in her own person "a dominion perhaps more extensive and

brilliant than was ever swayed before by human hands," with grave judges, peers and nobles kneeling before her in token of obedience, becomes lifted at once into the "personification of political grandeur and power."

One smiles at the freshness with which our open-hearted countryman marvels at the manners of English high life. Again and again he returns to the theme, and never tires of expressing his admiration.

Prepared to meet with English coldness and hauteur, he is most agreeably surprised by a politeness accessible and communicative, and is particularly impressed by the universal attention to good manners; he remarks that good manners are not put on by ladies for the occasion, but grow up with them as matters of course, and adds that even in the freest conversation in parties of gentlemen he has never heard an obscene story or indecent allusion; nor even a *double entendre*. He is fond of enumerating petty, yet not uninteresting details, and naively informs us that introductions to the company are not usual unless the party is small; but that it is not improper to enter into conversation with your neighbors. He comments admiringly upon dinner services of silver and gold, and cups and saucers of Sevres china, every one differing in pattern from another; "that is" he explains, "one cup and saucer was different from another cup and saucer." He remarks that a gentleman is expected to sit next the lady he hands in to dinner; and that, at the tables of the nobility, cigars and pipes are not presented; that invitations to parties specify in general half-past eight to nine, but that half-past nine to ten is the hour to go; and that the dresses of the ladies are often almost wholly of silk. Dr. Primrose himself could not have related these facts with a graver simplicity.

Many a man, nevertheless, far more habitually observant of the forms of etiquette, better conversant with luxury and elegance, and withal less incautious of betraying his inexperience, might be surprised into expressions of admiration at the almost eastern magnificence and sumptuous style in the palaces to which Mr. Colman had the fortunate admittance.

His first visit at the house of a nobleman is at Althorpe, where he goes by

invitation of Lord Spencer, chiefly for the purpose of attending a cattle-show in its neighborhood. This noble place, consisting of ten thousand acres, "all lying together in woods, meadows, pasture, gardens and parks," is described at length. The size of the mansion may be inferred from its furnishing sleeping-rooms for seventy guests, a gallery of pictures one hundred feet in length, and a library covering the sides of eight large rooms and halls, and comprising more than fifty thousand volumes. This is the well-known great "Spencer library," made immortal by its catalogue through the laborious compilations of the indefatigable bibliographer, Dibden, who passed nine years turning over its volumes, imbedded in its classical tomes; extracting line by line from their contents, and, according to his own testimony, "counting lines, leaves, and signatures with scrupulous exactness—comparing whole phalanxes of bibliographical writers—detecting errors, confirming fidelity, expanding what was meagre, and compressing what was unnecessarily diffuse." If our author had the slightest taste for bibliophilism, such a private library as this, equal in size to our largest public collections, might well have astonished and delighted him. The very stables at Althorpe are described as being elegant and neat even as a private dwelling, and the greenhouse, conservatories, dairy-house, and farm-houses—the hundreds of sheep and cattle grazing round the house and park, were objects, of all others, to arouse the interest of our traveller.

While at Lord Spencer's he was invited to Goodwood by the Duke of Richmond, to see his farms and farmers, and attend a sheep-shearing. The "home farm," as he calls it, of the Duke, is said to consist of 23,000 acres, and the whole estate to comprise 40,000. This wealthy nobleman is the owner of various other farms; and of Gordon Castle, an estate of 300,000 acres in Scotland. At Goodwood our author fairly gives up all attempt at description, and declares it impossible to give an adequate idea of the magnificence and beauty he has witnessed—of the pictures, statues, and rooms hung with tapestry of the most exquisite workmanship; of the parks through which he rides

"miles and miles," and especially of an enclosed aviary of six acres, containing for the feathered gentry conveniences so appropriate and elegant, and making with its grottoes, groves, parrots, canaries, gold and silver fish, peacocks, and gold and silver pheasants, so delightful and romantic a scene, that he imagines himself, as well he might, to be in fairy-land, and is half inclined, he says, should there be a vacancy, "to apply for the office of keeper."

The dinner at Goodwood was given in the tennis-court; and here Mr. Colman takes occasion to repeat a toast given by a gentleman present, in reference to a party of ladies who had assembled to hear the speeches, behind a wooden grating which separated one end of the apartment. The toast was, "*The hens in the Coop*," "and was received with no little cheering."

Next comes Chatsworth, the far-famed palace of the Duke of Devonshire, exceeding all others for its splendor within and its beauty without. This well-known show-place, it has been stated in a petition to Parliament, is visited in the course of a year, by not less than 80,000 persons. The Duke is represented as living in a style of splendor quite in accordance with his princely income of two hundred thousand pounds sterling per annum. Fourteen hundred deer and four hundred head of cattle stock the open park around the house. The kitchen garden, with its perfect and abundant produce, covers twelve acres; the conservatory, covered by seventy-six thousand square feet of glass, contains a passage large enough for a carriage to drive through; there is an aquarium, an arboretum of many acres, thousands of rare and beautiful plants and fountains, one of which, "considered the highest jet d'eau in the world," throws water 276 feet. An agriculturist and man of taste like Mr. Colman might well have revelled in the enjoyment of such scenes.

After describing the interior of this splendid establishment, we have thrown in a little sketch of Haddon Hall in ruins, presenting a strong contrast, moral as well as artistical.

"I went after this to see Haddon Hall, an ancient castle, once the seat of elegance and

luxury, of revelry and banqueting, now in ruins, its halls empty, its tapestry defaced and hanging in shreds, its turrets overhung with ivy, its paved courts overgrown with weeds, and all its magnificence and glory departed, a most striking contrast to the other scene. So human pride rises and sets, and the fashion of the world passes away."

At each new exhibition our author's wonder seems to increase, still finding something more remarkable than all that had preceded. "I have seen nothing in England on such a scale of magnificence," is his exclamation on visiting Blenheim, the celebrated show-place, built by the nation as a present to the great Duke of Marlborough. Beneath this noble pile, conceived by the genius of Vanbrugh, lie the remains of the great warrior, in whose honor it was erected. It stands a monument of a nation's gratitude, and it is forgotten how many attempts were made, by delay of payments from the treasury, to throw the cost of completing it upon the hero's own hands.

Welbeck Abbey, the seat of the Duke of Portland, is minutely described. He supposed that he had seen several times before the summit of luxurious and elegant living, but this again went beyond all the rest. He is astonished at the method and quiet order prevailing in so large an establishment, and understands not how it is that where there are so many parts, wheel within wheel, and one spring depending for its tension and its movements upon another, there should not be the slightest jarring or creaking. "Although," he says, "there were not less than one hundred house servants, yet from any noise, either by night or day, it would not be supposed there was one within a mile." At another house he speaks of ringing in his own room for a servant, who always appears as instantaneously as if he had been concealed in the wainscot. Such readiness might have reminded him of the story of the Yankee "help" who, after being rung for repeatedly, called up from the bottom of the stairs, "The more you ring the more I sha'n't come."

Mr. Colman remarks that English servants generally are proverbially clean, and, in their dress, gentlemen and ladies; distinguished, the women especially, for

good looks and good manners; and quite as tenacious and observant of their rank as their superiors. "At Welbeck," he says, "there were six of us at dinner daily, and eleven servants, most of them in livery; the Welbeck livery consists of light-yellow shorts and waistcoat, with white stockings and pumps, a long blue coat trimmed with silver lace and buttons, and silver epaulets and white cravats. If you meet the female servants of the upper class, you must take care not to mistake them for the ladies of the house, as there is little to distinguish them in point of elegance of dress." The latter part of this remark is, perhaps, as applicable here as in England, but our own countrywomen are not so individualized with their outward attire, as to render caution necessary in regard to separating, even at a glance, the lady from the servant.

Sir Charles Morgan's house at Tredegar is an enormous pile, more than two hundred feet square, standing in a park of thirteen hundred acres. Sir Charles is designated as the largest farmer in Wales; he has five hundred tenants on his different farms, and displays, to the edification of his guest, his slaughter-house, dry-meat house, beer and wine cellars, and his herds of deer, &c. "One hundred and eleven servants were dined daily in the servant's hall, with large additions when there were visitors; a lady seldom going without her maid, or a gentleman without his valet, coachman and postillion. When an invited guest, who was coming to Tredegar with his family, sent word he must bring eight horses, Sir Charles wrote him to bring as many as he pleased. Such things show at once the opulence and the hospitality of the host.

Our author's sense of the ridiculous is gratified by an exhibition of the battue. This sport, in which the game being beat from covert by the servants, their masters have only to await their appearance to shoot them down, he thinks admits but of one improvement, which would be to have an arm-chair placed in the poultry-yard, and the hens and chickens tied by the legs, and shot at leisure.

Woburn Abbey, "the place of all others best worth visiting," contains 20,000 acres in one body, and is the seat of the Duke of Bedford, next to the Duke of

Portland the largest improver in England.

This extensive agriculturist is said to pay more than 400 laborers weekly, through the year, and in his home park, which, to be sure, is thirteen miles in circumference, he has laid pipe drains for several years past, to the extent of fifty miles each year, and upon his other estates he makes about two hundred miles of drains every year—drains dug three feet deep, and laid with pipe tiles. In this house they make up one hundred beds constantly for the regular family.

"The house is very large, consisting of four sides, three stories high on three sides, and two stories on the other, each of the sides more than two hundred feet long, enclosing a court-yard of great extent, and having three long galleries, the length of the whole sides, full of pictures and works of art. At the dinner bell, I found the usher of the hall, with the appearance of a gentleman, dressed in a suit of black, with black shorts and knee-buckles, silk stockings and shoe-buckles, waiting in the entry, to show me into the drawing-room, where the Duke met me, and where I found a very large party of *élegantès*. At half-past seven, we went into dinner. I have never seen anything so splendid. The service was all of gold and silver, except the dessert plates, which were of Sevres porcelain, and presented to one of the former Dukes by Louis the Fifteenth. I observed many large, massive pieces of gold plate in the centre of the table, and a silver waiter or tray, to support them, more than eight feet long and nearly two wide. There were two large gold tureens, one at each end of the table. Besides the gold service on the table, there were, among other plate, two large gold waiters on the side-board, presented to the former Duke, as agricultural premiums. The arms of the family are a deer; and there were four salts in my sight, being a deer, about five inches high, of silver, with antlers, and two panniers slung over his back, one containing coarse, and the other fine salt. The servants, in livery and out of livery, were numerous, and the dinner, of course, comprising every possible delicacy and luxury in meats, wines, fruits, &c., &c. The evening was passed in the drawing-room, some of the party at cards, some at billiards, some reading the papers, some at work, until eleven o'clock, when the party take their wine and water, or seltzer, or soda water, and their candles, and retire. The dress of the ladies was more splendid than I can describe, and the jewels and diamonds on the head, and neck, and wrists, and fingers, as brilliant as their own bright eyes. At ten, we met for breakfast,

sans ceremonie, and every one ordered what he wanted.

"At one elegant mansion, in which I stayed several days, each guest, at breakfast, was furnished with his own silver urn, with boiling water, and a spirit lamp under it, with his own silver coffee-pot, if he preferred coffee; or, if tea, with a separate tea-caddy, with two kinds of tea, a separate tea-pot, cream-pot, and sugar-bowl, all of silver; his cup, saucer, and plate, of course—making a complete and most elegant establishment for this purpose. At breakfast the arrangements were made for the day. The first day the rain was considerable, and the Duchess undertook to show us the house. It is full of everything magnificent in the way of pictures, and works of art, and furniture, and the apartments occupied by the Queen and Prince, on their visit here, were extremely splendid. The library contained twenty-one thousand volumes. The gallery for statuary, which is a separate building, was full of works of art of the chief masters, which almost compelled my adoration. The original group of "The Three Graces," in marble, by Canova himself, is here, and is surpassingly beautiful. Then I was shown the theatre, for private theatricals; the aviary, full of birds and three black swans; the grassarium, where grasses alone are cultivated for experiment; the Chinese dairy, full of everything exquisite; the heathery, containing heaths only; the house for tropical plants; the pinetum, for pines only; the lakes; the shrubberies; the statues in the open grounds; the kitchen and fruit garden, a wonder in itself; the Temple of Liberty, containing the busts and statues of some of the most distinguished friends of the Duke's father; then the horses and stables, which were, in fact, almost palaces in their way; then the saddle-room, where there were certainly fifty saddles, all in order for use; then the carriage-house, where were twenty-seven four-wheeled carriages; then the tennis-court; then the riding-school. The women, too, in this place, at the different lodges, who opened and shut the gates of the park, were in livery, being dressed in bright scarlet gowns, with white caps and aprons, presenting a gay and pleasing costume."

This is splendor quite sufficient to stir the nerves of our simple republican, and gives, perhaps, a fair sample of the style of living among the higher nobility. Mr. Colman adds however, recollectively, that some of the arrangements at Woburn Abbey are not universal; such as an usher of the hall, and groom of the chambers; the elegance of the housekeeper's room, equal in its furniture to that of most drawing-rooms; a professional musician

employed every evening for the piano, and the Duchess's page constantly in attendance on her, dressed in green and gold lace, and epaulets, with a sword by his side.

That Mr. Colman does not forget the object of his mission, under the excitement of these splendid entertainments, is manifest from the zest with which he describes the results of his agricultural observations, fully testifying that he is refreshed, not enervated, by the fascination of high life, and ready on the spur of occasion, "To scorn delights and live laborious days," and eager for "fresh fields and pastures new."

At the farms and agricultural shows, Mr. Colman finds exercise for his organ of wonder. Lord Yarborough's 60,000 acres of plantation and 600 tenants—eighteen thousand bushels of wheat raised in one year by one man—stacks of grain containing 800 bushels, and barley stacks, one, fifty-four yards long, and others, forty-eight in height, with width proportional. "This," cries our agriculturist, "is farming with a witness." He represents the farmers' wives and daughters, as well as the noblesse, at the fairs and shows, as not only taking interest in all these matters, but actually inspecting the implements and the cattle; and showing the remarkable points of the animals like experienced breeders of live stock. "Some of them are really such, and also competitors for the premium." Many ladies of the highest rank, he says, take a deep interest both in agriculture and politics; and one lady of rank is represented to have introduced him in person to the farm offices on her husband's estate; the stables, cow-houses, pig-sties and barnyards, explaining all the modes of management with the most perfect understanding. At Ayre, in Scotland, Mr. Colman was shown some of the best farming he had ever seen. At Falkirk Tryst, the largest market in the world, he reports having seen "between sixty and seventy thousand sheep, and from forty to fifty thousand head of cattle, with horses innumerable." The farmers generally are represented as extremely rich and intelligent.

Mr. Colman defends the custom, so widely censured, of exacting fees for visit-

ing "show-places" as they are termed, the seats of the nobility. He never feels that he has purchased dearly the benefit and pleasure he receives, and is altogether too good-humored to quarrel with anything short of immorality. He has a nice sense of the beautiful, and discerns it not only in the objects connected with his mission, —in fields, dairies, and cattle—but also, with considerable gusto, in such animal specimens as are the more refined and delicate product of nature's handiwork. English women, Scotch, Irish, Dutch, and French; their characters, manners and costumes, are observed with a discriminating eye. Accustomed to the keen, quiet humor, so common to the women of America, he remarks that "fun" is a rare quality among those of England. The English ladies impress him agreeably.

"I do not think they are better informed than the same class of people among ourselves, but if I may use an Hibernianism, which I think you will understand, they seem to me much more *manly* than most of our women, and far more independent. They have quite as much delicacy and modesty, but no affectation or fastidiousness."

He finds a surpassing elegance, though not always the best taste, in the style of dress of ladies in the higher classes, but the dress and appearance of the middle-classes, with many exceptions, appears to him much inferior to ours. "I am free to say that my respect for the English ladies has been constantly increasing; they seem to be well educated, with great self-respect, without any painful reserve." He gives, by the way, a little anecdote, showing how a slight trait of selfishness, insinuating itself like disunion among the graces, can put the manners of a court quite on a level with the less studied etiquettes and elegancies of a republic. The Queen is described reading her speech in the House of Lords. "The House, excepting the seats occupied by the peers, was filled with ladies of rank and distinction." He goes on to describe the dress and appearance of the Queen and her attendants, the splendid array of crown and coronets, jewels and diamonds, and the formulas of office and etiquette. Some of the peeresses and ladies in front of the bar stood upon benches, so as to interrupt the view of the

gentlemen behind, who accordingly took the liberty of forwarding a piece of paper to them, on which they had written, not in the most complimentary style, "Ladies, you are not transparent," upon which hint the ladies had the grace to get down.

Our close observer is struck by the neatness of the better class of women in the streets; "the majority of whom," he says, "wear white stockings, without those dirty pantalettes which you see bobbing about the ankles of our women; they have too much good sense, under an affected modesty, to let their clothes draggle in the mud; but raising their skirts a little, you may see them walking through and crossing the muddiest streets in the rain, and not a speck upon their shoes or stockings." From Paris he writes to the same effect. He hopes to be excused for speaking of a lady's stockings; but in Paris new revelations burst upon his mind, and "the most modest man," he says, "cannot help discovering that the French women generally wear high clocks to their hose, and snaps instead of quality binding or red tape." At the great agricultural dinner at Northampton, England, our friend displayed his gallantry with considerable effect.

"I sat at the high table, directly under the gallery, which was filled with ladies, to hear the speeches. After the cloth was removed, several beautiful bunches of flowers, which had been placed as ornaments on the table, remained. I said to Dr. Buckland, who sat near me, that I had a mind to hand one of them to the ladies. Said he, "It will not do;" and in rather a cynical manner, which disturbed me a little, added, "such things may do in your country, but they won't do here." Mr. C——, a distinguished member of Parliament, who heard the remarks, said at once, "It will do—" and I immediately took two of the finest bunches, and stood up in a chair and presented them to the ladies who were nearest to me. Nothing could be more gracious than the manner in which they received the compliment, and the whole building rang with applause from all who witnessed the action. Immediately, several other gentlemen sprang upon their feet and followed my example, in presenting the bouquets near them, and there was a tremendous clapping of hands and cheering above and below. Lady Easthope says that she and Lady Palmerston were those who received the bouquets from me."

In the streets of Genoa, accompanied

by a grave clergyman, we find the two venerable gentlemen with their "heads turned," perhaps in more senses than one, observing the beautiful gait of the Genoese girl, walking on tiptoe, with one hand on her hip, and the other holding, under the chin, the folds of her muslin veil. "We both agreed, that we never saw more grace and beauty in person and movement. Whether two such old fellows are any judges of grace and beauty, I do not pretend to say. Our wives, some years ago, thought we were." He thinks the Irish women would be uncommonly beautiful if they had the advantage of dress, but the beauty of the Dutch women, above all others, seems to have awakened his admiration, and he wishes from the bottom of his heart, that he had known a few soft words in their language.

"I think some of them the fairest and handsomest creatures I ever looked upon, and made of the finest unmixed porcelain clay. Before I left England, I thought the English women the fairest I had ever seen—I now consider them as belonging to the colored races. The Dutch women much exceed them. Take the fairest rose that was ever plucked, with the glittering dew-drops hanging among its petals; take the fairest peach that ever hung upon the tree, with its charming, blended tints of red and white, and they are eclipsed by the transparency and beauty of complexion of the fairest of the Dutch women, as I saw them at Broeck and at Saardam. If their minds are as fair, and their manners as winning as their faces, then I can easily understand the history of Adam's fall. It was impossible, poor fellow, that he should resist. Then their costume is so pretty and elegant. A sort of thin, gold helmet, fitting close to the head, leaving enough of the hair to part gracefully over the brows; a thin, but wide band of highly wrought and burnished gold, extending across the forehead; at the ends of this, some most rich and elegantly wrought filagree ornaments of gold, with splendid ear-drops of gold or of diamonds set in gold, with a beautiful cap of the finest Brussels lace, covering, but not concealing, the whole head; and all the rest of the dress of vestal purity; white, tasteful, transparent, with short coats, shoes as bright as mirrors, and stockings of the purest white, and fitting the ankle as if they were knit upon the limb; with no drabbling train to sweep the pavement, and no oversized shawl, and loose and ill-fitted sleeves and skirts, hanging about the person, like clothes upon an old tree on a washing-day, and you'll have some faint notion of what one of these beautiful creatures is."

The courteous hospitality of the English nobility, the method and exact order of their domestic arrangements, the grand scale upon which their estates are improved, the beauty, affability, and elegance of the ladies, the magnificence of their palaces and their princely style of living, Mr. Colman never tires of eulogizing; but the splendor with which, at times, his fancy is dazzled, blinds him not to the abuses of power, nor to the misery which groans in their midst. The philanthropic heart of our traveller bleeds at the destitution and misery which present the opposite extreme. "The state of the poor in England, and the state of crime," he says, "are the most distressing features."

"In the midst of the most extraordinary abundance, here are men, women, and children dying of starvation; and running along side of the splendid chariot, with its gilded equipages, its silken linings, and its liveried footmen, are poor, forlorn, friendless, almost naked wretches, looking like the mere fragments of humanity. Is there any remedy for this evil? I know of no panacea. You must not think, because this misery exists, that all men's hearts are steeled against it. I do not believe there exists a country fuller than this of kind hearts or of charitable establishments for the relief of the distressed. A great problem is to be solved, and the heart of humanity is everywhere burning with an intense and aching desire for its solution.

"I am often asked, if I like England? Yes, much, very much; but the inhabitants of New England, I fear, very imperfectly appreciate their own blessings."

"London abounds with an incalculable amount of misery, which scarcely sees the light. The wretchedness of the poor Irish is beyond all description; that of many parts of Scotland is quite equal." From Manchester, in England, he writes thus:

"I have seen enough already in Edinburgh to chill one's blood, and make one's hair stand on end. Manchester is said to be as bad as Edinburgh, and Liverpool still worse. Wretched, defrauded, oppressed, crushed human nature, lying in bleeding fragments all over the face of society. Every day I live I thank Heaven that I am not a poor man with a family in England."

In Edinburgh, he finds such a population as he had never seen before, and a lower degree of human degradation. His

heart sickens at the horrible condition of streets and yards, families piled one above another, in houses from seven to eleven stories high, without windows in the passages, or any light except that which comes through the opening at the foot where door is never hung;—the barefooted and bareheaded people who crowd the streets, starving, drunken, ignorant, dissolute, forlorn. At Dundee he finds the condition of the inhabitants more frightful still. "Hardly one woman or child," he says, "in twenty—I might perhaps more properly say one in fifty—has either shoe, stocking, bonnet or shawl; and I have some doubts whether petticoat either, and probably are not washed once in a month. The offensiveness of the place is beyond endurance."

Indeed, the "land of purple mountains and purple faces," seems on the whole, to be no great favorite with our author; not in its scenery, or its farms and agricultural interest, but rather in regard to its cities, and the Scotch generally, as a people. The Scotch farms are described as extensive, and the farmers wealthy beyond comparison; their tables frequently covered with silver, and furnished with wines of the most costly character.

"The farmers here never do the slightest work, of any kind, themselves, but then, they are thoroughly acquainted with their business, and make it as much a matter of study and calculation as any professional man or merchant does his business. They have none of their laborers in their houses, and, in most cases, the laborers provide for themselves. You would be surprised to find how poorly they live; at least, we should think it so. They have oatmeal porridge and skim-milk for breakfast, bread and potatoes for dinner, with beer, and porridge again at night. They cook their porridge for themselves, and I was going to add, do their own washing, but I am inclined to believe that a Scotch laborer never sees any washing, either for his person or his clothes. The degree of dirt in which they live in a Scotch bothie is unsurpassed. I have forgotten to tell you how fine the small fruits are here—gooseberries, currants, strawberries and raspberries. Strawberries were in the market when I arrived, or rather in May, and are still to be had. They are sold now for about twelve and a half cents a pint, and the best raspberries for less. I saw strawberries in Dundee of which ten weighed a pound, and one I measured, was nearly as long as my little finger."

"On Friday, I went to a farm where the farmer pays about \$10,000 a year rent, or about £2000, and he and his two brothers, in the immediate neighborhood of each other, had more than four hundred people engaged in harvesting and threshing. I went into a cottage, where one of the laborers told me he had lived on the farm more than fifty years, and another said he had been there sixty years. I wonder what our laborers would say to such keeping as the Scotch laborers have—oat porridge and skim-milk, or buttermilk, for breakfast, a pound of bread and a bottle of small beer at noon, and supper like breakfast, at night, without lunch, or anything else of any kind, and a shilling per day for their labor."

Edinburgh does not equal Mr. Colman's expectations. The new town he describes as elegant, but the old city, "perfectly odious—a compound of degradation and nastiness." He hears, while there, a good deal of the church secession, and thinks that instead of venting passion upon that subject, it would be a far more noble act of religion to spend their zeal and their money in providing for their poor. In understanding and intelligence, he considers the Scotch men and women superior to the English, but without beauty and without humor. We imagine he will scarcely find himself borne out in the latter assertion. Where shall we look for humor, if not in the country of Scott, of Burns, and Hogg?

The Scotch snuff-takers are said to practise a most charming refinement in the custom of wearing a small ivory spoon, with which to facilitate the insertion of the snuff up the olfactories; and at the hotels an ox-horn is found hanging, filled with snuff, elegantly mounted with silver, having a brush attached for general use, though some persons carry a small brush in their pockets to wipe their noses and upper lips at the close of the ceremony.

The beautiful country of Ireland is robbed of half its charm to our feeling traveller, by the presence on every side of squalid want and beggary. "I never met," he says, "with a more hospitable, generous and witty people; but the wretchedness of the great mass of the population, is utterly beyond description." It is not hundreds, nor thousands, but millions, whom he has seen living in cabins dug out of the bog, without chimney, window, door or floor, bed, chair or table,

sitting on the ground, like Hottentots, round their basket of potatoes, eating this, their only food, with their fingers; whole families huddled together at night, naked, in the straw, with the pig, the the ass or horse, and sometimes the cow in the same room. In one cabin he found a woman and six young children and a sow with nine pigs, a flock of poultry and a jackass, all living together in "*one small parlor*." "And this," he exclaims, "is a country belonging to the richest and most refined people on the globe, not forty-eight hours journey from London; a country not one-fourth part of which is cultivated, and containing millions of untilled acres of as rich land as the sun shines upon." "Yet, strange as it may seem," in another place he remarks, "the common people—the men, I mean—are, in some respects, well educated." In a school of one hundred and twenty scholars, he finds, in regard to improvement, everything going on extremely well, and relates the circumstance of an inn-keeper at Killarney calling in a ragged boy from the street, who bore a good examination in Greek, and recited well in Virgil; also of another whom he met going to school to recite Homer in Greek.

England and Scotland, in every part, among the lower classes, are described in respect of dissoluteness, as "rotten at the core," but Ireland, in this respect, is made an exception.

At Killarney, our independent friend received an amusing check to his self-sufficiency. He was going to visit the lakes, and he wished to satisfy himself that he could do so without a guide, or any other aid than a horse and his own wit. It was in one of the most public streets, crowded with market-women, pony-letters, importunate guides, beggars, &c., &c.—a woman, armed with a large, sharp-pointed shillelah, brought to him a most forlorn-looking red pony, so low that he had only to throw one leg over, and with his feet dangling within an inch of the ground commenced, or would have commenced his journey; but though two ragged boys pulled at the bridle, and two barefooted wenches, with only the semblance of a petticoat, beat and punched behind, the pony refused to stir; so without swearing, but with looks that he is certain must

have indicated a terrible ferocity, he was compelled to throw the reins over the creature's head, and sneak into his lodgings, amid a tumultuous shout of derision, of which he says, "I still fancy I hear the shrill and guttural notes."

Contrasted with such scenes, Mr. Colman is particularly observant of the cleanliness, the regulation, industry and sobriety, gaiety and happiness of the French. We now find him up one hundred and thirteen stairs, La Rue Chaussee D'Antin, looking down upon the moving world of Paris. The gay and social disposition, the readiness to be pleased with trifles, the laughing philosophy of the French, are especially congenial to his own cheerful temperament. The French appear to think the world made for enjoyment, and our author thinks "they are right." The reports he has had of their treachery and hypocrisy, their frivolity and profligacy, their abandonment to sensual pleasures, he considers as gross slanders. In all his intercourse, private and public, he professes never to have met with a single act of incivility. At the fetes and fairs, in the thickest crowds of the common people of Paris, he finds every individual clean, well-dressed, well-behaved, and not a single instance of intoxication, rudeness or incivility. "The peasantry, in this respect, contrast strongly with the English and Scotch."

"I seldom went among a field of laborers in England or Scotland, especially if they were women, without some coarse joke, or some indecent leer; at least, it has happened to me many times; and seldom without being solicited for something, "to drink your honor's health;" and never, especially in Scotland, without finding them sallow, haggard, barefooted, ragged and dirty. In France, it is the reverse; they are well clad, with caps as white as snow, or neat handkerchiefs tied around their heads; the men with neat blouses or frocks, and good hats; I have scarcely ever seen a barefooted or bare-legged woman in France; let them be doing what they will, they are always tidy; the address even of the poorest (I do not exaggerate) is as polite as that of the best people you find in a city; and so far from ever soliciting money, they have refused it in repeated instances, when for some little service, I have offered some compensation; Count de Gourcy told me again and again, that even the most humble of them would consider it as an offense to have it offered to them.

I do not believe there ever was a happier peasantry than the French; drunkenness is entirely unknown among them; and they are preëminent for their industry and economy. I went into one field, with a large farmer, where there were nearly a hundred, principally women and children, gathering grapes, and I did not see one among them, whom I should not have been perfectly willing to have met at table, or in any other situation."

"I never knew a people where there is so much charity to the poor; and as to church-going, so far as that constitutes religion, no people go before them; and in no places of religious worship have I ever seen more attention, more decorum, or more apparent devotion. I should as soon think of seeing a dead man sitting erect in a chair at church, as seeing an individual in the congregation asleep. The churches, too, are all free. You may make some contribution at the door, if you choose, but nothing is demanded."

"A very well-informed and most respectable American of my acquaintance, who has resided in France twenty-five years, in Paris and in the country, says, he does not believe that there is in any country more conjugal fidelity, or stronger domestic affections; and that in this respect, the best French society is a picture of what is most charming in domestic life. I have another friend who has been intimate in French society for seven years, and he emphatically confirms this statement."

In short, he characterizes the French, in general, as the best behaved, best dressed and most economical, most industrious and most sober people, and at the same time the happiest he has met with.

Their notions of economy and domestic expense appear to differ widely from ours. Mr Colman says, "The English and the Americans spend lavishly; the people on the continent never." He represents fuel as being twice as dear in France as in England or America, and yet using fire only when absolutely necessary, it costs a French family not more than half as much. This habitual endurance of cold is, no doubt, healthful, and is probably a cause of their freedom from catarrhs and colds.

Mr. Colman imagines that few Americans who go to France, see or know much of French society; especially if they go through England, and become prejudiced by preconceptions given there. His own French experiences have certainly been peculiarly happy. Few persons are so eminently fortunate as to have no advantage taken of them in dealing with trades-

people—as to have their alms refused in the streets, and to secure a seat at public places of amusement by leaving on it his gloves or pocket-handkerchief, recovering on his return, seat, gloves and handkerchief into the bargain.

In Paris Mr. Colman has never seen a drunken man, and at the theatres not the slightest irregularity, which he remarks is “very different from the state of things in London, New York, or Philadelphia.” Of the many descriptions of public places, edifices, monuments, chapels, &c., we have room to notice but few. Of Fontainebleau he writes to a friend, “If you have not been there, come back to Paris at once, and go, or never say you have seen the glories of France.” We extract the description of the Chapel Expiatoire, not only as being less commonly noticed, but as having connected with it an interest apart from the beauty of its structure.

“The Chapel Expiatoire, near the end of the Rue Madeleine, is well deserving of a visit. In my opinion it is a perfect gem of art, and cannot be too much admired for the simplicity both of its exterior and interior. It is entered by a considerable flight of steps, through a long passage and a vestibule or portico detached from the church, and presenting, with the church, a beautiful specimen of architectural taste and skill. The chapel itself would scarcely contain more than two hundred people, and may be considered rather as a funeral monument than as a place of religious worship. It is lighted entirely from above; and the altar within is remarkable for its plainness, and is ornamented with the usual furniture of Catholic worship. On the right side of the church, upon entering, in a semicircular recess on a raised pedestal, is a figure of the king, Louis XVI. in marble, of the size of life, in his royal robes, and with his arms extended in the attitude of supplication, while a winged angel is supporting his head. On the other side, in a corresponding recess, is a statue of the queen, Marie Antoinette, in a kneeling posture, while a figure in robes, supposed to represent Faith, is presenting the cross to her, to which she seems to be looking with intense fervor. The angel supporting the king is pointing with its finger towards heaven; the queen’s flowing locks overspread her shoulders; and this, like every other statue which I have seen of her, is distinguished for its remarkable beauty of countenance and expression. Beneath the statue of the king, on the front of the pedestal, is a transcript of his will; and in front of that of the queen, a copy

of a letter written by her to the Princess Elizabeth.

“The chapel was erected in honor of these unfortunate victims of revolutionary madness, by Louis XVIII. The bodies of Louis XVI. and his beautiful queen were buried here. The ground was purchased by an eminent loyalist, who carefully marked the spot where this affecting deposit was made, and converted it into an orchard, that the graves might not be recognized and desecrated by a mob, whose vindictiveness knew no bounds. It is said that the loyal owner of the grounds sent every year a bouquet, gathered from the graves of her parents, to the Duchess d’Angouleme; an act most beautiful in its taste and sentiment. After the restoration of Louis XVIII. to the throne, this chapel was, by his authority, erected to commemorate this spot so full of affecting associations; but the remains of the king and queen were disinterred and removed to the royal vaults in the cathedral church of St. Denis, the common burying-place of a long line of French kings and princes.

“The grounds around the chapel, and the approaches to it, are lined with cypress trees, that everything may be in keeping with the painful recollections inevitably connected with it. In the vaults under the chapel are monuments which mark the spots where the bodies were interred. The chairs in the church are covered with crimson velvet, which seemed to indicate that it was frequented only by the higher classes. In the niches of the wall are several gilded candelabras, and the chapel, when lighted for an evening service, must be singularly beautiful, and the rays reflected from the statues of marble of purest white, must give them an extraordinary splendor.

Mr. Colman considers French preaching as one of the things immeasurably superior to the English, which he characterizes as dull, formal, cold, and uninteresting, especially in the Established Church, where it seems to him to have but two objects: “one, to fill up the fifteen or twenty minutes’ interval in the service; and the other to persuade the people that the church is *the* church, the whole church, and nothing but the church, and that they must stand at their posts to keep it up and defend it against heretics, and what they call infidels.” Our author is of opinion that all this trouble is quite in vain, and that the church is quite likely to tumble about their ears in spite of it. “A few more quarrels,” he says, “among the bishops, and a few more prosecutions in courts of law, and their fabric will be shaken.” The French, on the other hand,

he represents as full of life, preaching practical as well as doctrinal sermons, and throwing themselves entirely into their subject.

Mr. Colman it appears is, or has been, a clergyman himself; of what particular sect does not appear. He is quite free and independent in his observations upon religious subjects, and certainly speaks not too reverentially of the clergy of any denomination. It is no small affair, he says, to get through a Scotch service, the prayer being more than three-fourths of an hour long, and the sermon two hours. In the Highlands, it is carried still farther, the length of the first service being that of two ordinary services, and the second being in Gaelic, which, he says, is accompanied with the greatest vehemence of gesticulation, and seemed to him "the most extraordinary splutter one could listen to." The congregation, however, sitting quietly, and many of them going to sleep under all this "hurricane of thunder and lightning," satisfied him that it was mere "powder without balls."

Upon the divines of Ireland he is still more severe. In his opinion, one of the greatest curses of that country is its clergy, "all parties of which," he says, "are full of hate to each other, and uniting to oppress and crush all systems of education and improvement, which do not involve the direct extension of their peculiar tenets." After giving an extract from probates of fortunes left by Irish bishops, laid before the House of Commons in 1832, the amount of which, within a period of forty or fifty years, the number of bishops being eleven, presents a total of £1,875,000, Mr. Colman, in his usual vein of quiet humor, suggests that the use of these bishops and the value of their services should be left for those who enjoy such luxuries to calculate; adding, "Perhaps it is only just, as Dr. Jortin says, that *they who feed the sheep should fleece the sheep*." Mr. Colman professes to hold to no Jewish Sabbath, or peculiar sacredness of one day over another, approving the institution as conducive to good morals, and preserving a sense of religion by external forms. He has no complacency with what are commonly called religious people, especially in extravagance of profession. "That form," he says, "is best for any one man which best calls out, expresses,

strengthens, and renders active the great principles of duty, reverence to the Supreme Being, and love to fellow men." Orthodoxy or heresy are only things for metaphysical theologians to quarrel about, and not, to any sensible man, worth the snap of your finger."

"I hear," he writes, on another occasion, "that there is a great noise among the clergy of Boston and its vicinity, and that the *infallible* Unitarian body is divided." He describes the same contest to be going on in London, where he holds himself as a *looker-on*, sometimes with *amusement*, sometimes with disgust; and winds up with this remark, "With all their quarrels, I only wonder the clergy have not long since thoroughly extinguished all religion."

After leaving France, Mr. Colman travels over various parts of the continent. We find him at the field of Waterloo, at the Lake of Geneva, and on the mountains of Switzerland; on the verdant plains of Lombardy and among the palaces of Venice; treading the silent streets of Herculaneum and Pompeii; in the crowd before St. Peter's, waving his hat and shouting *viva* to the Pope—not, to be sure, in his pontifical relation, but in compliment to the greatness and worth of his private character; and in a fit of enthusiasm actually falling down and worshipping at the foot of Mont Blanc. At Rome he witnesses the Pope's celebration of the Feast of the Assumption, and at Florence a *Te Deum*, celebrated, together with an illumination, in honor of the accouchment of the Archduchess, to whom, on this occasion, as well as to his Holiness on the former, supposing both events to have transpired out of kind regard to his own curiosity, our author expresses his sense of obligation. In addition to these civilities of the Pope and the Archduchess, Vesuvius accommodates him with one of her most brilliant eruptions, and his gratitude and amiability become at length so wrought upon, that we find him at Naples, when almost ejected from his bed by the fleas, cherishing the satisfactory reflection that, either in the way of subsistence or enjoyment, he can, to the meanest of the animal creation become valuable, and "keep up that bright chain of mutual dependence and subserviency which prevails as

a universal law among all animal existences." He is amused to find the statue of St. Peter, whose foot the Catholics so devoutly kiss, to be an old statue of Jupiter, with a new head put on to make a Christian of him; while the beautiful Cumæan Sibyl, with some slight alteration of costume, appears as St. Anna, "but not, on that account, one jot less good a saint than if she had been made expressly for the purpose." "If they had Lot's wife," he says, "I have no doubt they would make a saint of her, unless possibly they might prefer to use her for culinary purposes."

Mr. Colman is well satisfied with his visit to Holland. The Belgian husbandry he considers far in advance of the English husbandry. "Such crops," he says, "and such beautiful cultivation never met my eyes before." "I have heard from my youth," he continues, "of the *stupid Dutchman*, but it seems to me no people ever accomplished such magnificent enterprises, defying the Ocean and robbing him, under his very teeth, of a territory large and fertile beyond calculation." Our author has not been alone in his early impressions regarding the almost proverbial stupidity of this remarkable people. Even their admiring historian, Schiller, speaks of them as originally "less capable than their neighbors of that heroic spirit which imparts a higher character to the most insignificant actions;" and refers to the "pressure of circumstances" alone, the great struggle by which, in the time of Phillip II., the "rising republic of the waters" wrested their liberties from despotism.

Mr. Colman admires the neatness, "even to a fault," of the Dutch towns, especially Broeck, a village of about one thousand inhabitants, who are so remarkably nice that no carriage but a wheelbarrow is permitted to travel the streets, which are "often scoured with soap and sand." He describes the Dutch as rude and vulgar, without grace and without civility, but acknowledges that, having no letters of introduction, he had no other opportunity of judging than is afforded at public places, hotels, &c. He says the Dutch are free from the American custom of spitting everywhere, but that they smoke everywhere excepting in church,

where they sit with their hats on. "This morning," he says, "three *gentlemen* were smoking at breakfast-table, where, besides myself, were two ladies. I do not know how to reconcile this intolerable smoking with the neatness that generally prevails." The Dutch language is a great trouble to him; he cannot purchase a pair of shoe-strings, but by displaying his foot upon the shop-counter; and makes no approach even to its sound but by gargling water in his throat. The knowledge of one word, however, accidentally remembered, became, on occasion, an "open sesame" that saved him no little trouble:

"I went on Sunday from Leyden to Haarlem by railroad to attend service and hear the great organ. After service, I strolled into another part of the city, and attended another service. I was to go back to Leyden at night, where I had left my friend. Unfortunately, I lost my way, and find the railroad station I could not. I tried English, that would not do—everybody looked grave and shook their heads; but whether there was anything in them or not I could not tell. I tried French, but with the same ill success. I made all sorts of gesticulations; and I dare say, by their laughing heartily, made myself quite ridiculous; but nothing would do. I believe at one time they thought I was begging for cold victuals, for some of the women seemed piteously disposed towards me, and would have taken me by the hand and carried me in to the second table, if their husbands had not been by. At last, to my great delight, I recollected seeing, over the railroad station, the word "*Spoorweg*," which I concluded was the Dutch for railroad station—a blessed revelation it was to me—I exclaimed, like the Greek mathematician, 'Eureka! Eureka!' I tried the word, still fearing that I might fail in the pronunciation; but, to my great joy, the key fitted the lock. I said *spoorweg* to every man, woman, and child I met; and by means of this single word I at last found my way back to the station, just as the whistle for the last train was sounding. But for this, I do not know that I should not have been in the streets of Haarlem until this time, and I shall bless the word *spoorweg*, as a talisman, all the rest of my life."

The churches at Antwerp, Brussels, and Mechlin excite especial admiration, and especially the pictures in those churches, and in other galleries and museums. Those of Venice, however, he finds, with the exception of the cathedral at Milan, surpassing all others.

Having at length completed his tour of

the continent ; having visited farms, plantations, manufactories, schools, prisons, churches, palaces, galleries, cemeteries, markets, monuments, living cities, and buried cities, Mr. Colman revisits England, and after an absence of more than four years returns to America with the declaration that his head and his heart have been full—that his journey has been crowded to excess with objects of agricultural, moral, political, literary and social interest ; that if asked what city he would prefer to live in, he would say London, on account of the friends there, but that “Paris, in beauty, adornment, all the luxuries of life, all the gaieties of life, and all the splendors of life, is before it.”

Of England he says : “As the time of my departure draws near she appears to me more grand and beautiful than ever.”

“She has great faults ; she has many dreadful stains upon her escutcheon ; I believe there is more crime, and more misery, and more vice existing in her, than can possibly consist with her prosperity, or the permanency of her present institutions ; but, with all this, there is such a vast amount of honor and truth, of love of decency and order, of virtuous ambition, and just appreciation of all that is excellent in every department ; there is such an amount of kindness and philanthropy, of personal, domestic, and private virtue, that not to love and honor her, would only prove one destitute of all elevated moral taste and sentiment.”

THREE LEAVES FROM AN ARTIST'S JOURNAL.

[FROM THE GERMAN OF RELLSTAB.]

No. I.

Milan, May 4, 1811.

Have I been dreaming? Am I still a sojourner upon earth, or have I made acquaintance with another world? Scarcely two days have elapsed, and I have lived through events that might suffice to fill the circle of a year. I arrived here at 8 o'clock in the evening of the 2d of May. My first walk led me to that wonderful building, the Cathedral. The tremulous crescent of the new moon, which was still floating among the last violet clouds and mists of the departed sunset, threw a faint silvery gleam through the obscurity of the twilight; a dull, reddish light fell from the lamps above, and from the evening sky, upon the lower portion of the stately fabric. The heavens were clear above, but obscured below. The edifice, with its innumerable spires, thus strangely illumined, pierced the clear, dark-blue ether. In front of the dome, the multitude was pressing toward the theatre, the world-renowned Scala; the pointed Gothic spires of the gable and steeple seemed surrounded by a holy, solemn calm, to which the bustling crowd beneath were strangers. I stood for a long time, lost in contemplation. Presently, two figures emerged from the shadow of the vast pillars; they were evidently, as their dress indicated, travellers, like myself. As they are passing, I recognize voices well known to me; how delightful! They are Hermann and Adolph, the friends of my youth, whom I have not seen for many years. What a meeting!

We repair to the nearest café. Here, with the warm mists of evening around us, we took our seats at a retired table near the door. The lamps flickered; a flask of foaming asti, the champagne of Lombardy, stood before us; we recounted our experiences, since the rough storms of time had severed the ties that united us in

boyhood. It was sad to think that all which we esteemed as most precious, was snatched from us by the power of that strange, gigantic, but as regards Germany, fiend-like spirit, Napoleon. We seemed to ourselves, our fatherland seemed to us, utterly lost. My friends had just come from the Tyrol; they had there visited the bloody but ever-memorable theatre of the sacred warfare which Hofer, that true son of the mountains, appealing to human and divine justice, had waged with the overpowering armies of France. Our conversation naturally turned at once, in a warmer strain than was prudent under the circumstances, on a subject which filled our hearts with patriotic yearnings. "We visited Hofer's dwelling, too; the true hero!" said Adolph, as he drew forth his tablets. "Allow me," said he, "to read these verses, which the consecrated spot, as I might almost call it, dictated to my soul." He read as follows:

With rev'rent steps this dwelling enter,
That by the wayside humbly stands;
Look at the cheerful household table,
The pictures, hung by pious hands.

Here deeds of great emprise designing,
Oft sat the hero of our day,
With friends in council grave consulting,
Who, like himself, gave life away.

Seated around, in earnest converse,
What lofty sorrow pierced each soul,
Yet pealed forth—'twas their fathers' custom—
The glad song o'er the flowing bowl.

"Brave comrades! let our monarch hear you;
Weep on, ye need not blush to weep;
We fight as men in God confiding—
Our faith in him alone we keep."

We, too, a goblet here will empty
In mem'ry of our Hofer's name;
And though our eyes with tear-drops glisten,
Our brows need feel no blush of shame.

I immediately copied the lines. We remained conversing in words of heartfelt sorrow until midnight. The crowd was

then returning from the theatre; we departed on our respective paths. I had scarcely proceeded a hundred steps, when I remarked with astonishment, but without apprehension, that I was followed by the ringing step of a French gendarme. I conjectured his design, and in order to satisfy myself, I suddenly crossed the street in the direction of a by-path. He followed. I immediately resolved on a plan of action. The poem might condemn me to death; I would at once tear the paper in pieces—but before this could be accomplished, he seized my arm: "Monsieur, votre porte-feuille?" I gave it up. "Vous me suivrez." It was all over; I was completely baffled. I was taken to a large, antiquated building, with which I was entirely unacquainted; a lofty door, closed with heavy bolts, was opened. French sentinels were pacing to and fro. My conductor spoke a few words in a familiar manner to the officer. I was taken in charge by two soldiers and a jailer, who carried a lamp. We ascended some steps through dark, intricate passages. The jailer at last came to a halt, opened a door fast-bound with iron, and I found myself in a gloomy dungeon, the grated windows of which scarcely admitted a gleam of sunshine. The gendarme followed. I was subjected to a rigorous search, and all my papers were taken from me; but I was treated courteously, and allowed to retain my money and my watch. The jailer inquired if I wanted anything. I could not suppress a bitter smile. "Well, early to-morrow," said he, and departed. I remained alone in the darkness. Sleep! Rest! Dreams of a soul that has never suffered! For an hour, perhaps, I lay on my pallet of straw, and depicted at leisure the cruel destiny that awaited me. But one-and-twenty! high hopes in my breast! and what were these? To assist in obtaining freedom for my fatherland! to aid in the accomplishment of noble deeds! In what dreams does youth indulge! More than these, there was a far-off loved one. Who does not love at this period? A sister! parents! and now a prison! Perhaps early to-morrow I should kneel on the sand-hill, a defenseless victim, awaiting the bullet decreed by the will of a foreign power as my sentence, for the crime of loving my native land. Now came a

strange interruption to my thoughts. Tones so sad, so soft, so touching, pealed through the silence of the night that tears rushed unbidden to my eyes. Is it a song? No, and yes! No song of an earthly voice, but of an Orpheus, who witches forth tones such as were never heard till now. I know it will excite a smile, when I say that I had been listening to a violin player.

How shall I describe those tones, which, while in the space of a few hours, I saw chains, death, the galleys before my eyes, suddenly raised me from the depths of despair to the hopes of freedom and deliverance, and which, as I deem their occurrence the most remarkable event of my life, have left the deepest impression behind? The dread stillness of night prevailed, and a light breeze, which blew in the direction of my grated window, wafted toward me the wonderful sounds. Clear as a bell, rising gradually, like the tone of a manly voice, longing and lamenting like the prayers and sorrows of love, gently confiding, like the modest, timid bride, so fell these sounds on the grief-awakened spirit. The performer, as it seemed, indulged in a free phantasy on his instrument; sometimes interrupting the long-sustained tones by his light fantastic passages; now strangely powerful, now artistically graceful, but always pure as a string of unblemished pearls. After having wandered long in this fine, free rhapsody, he suddenly fell, by a strange, but beautiful transition, into a melody of wonderful pathos. Never can I forget the inexpressible feeling with which he gave effect to that sweet, but mournful melody. A fullness, a golden clearness of tone, a blending, a rising and falling, and then the dying cadence. It was the noble, sorrowful lament of a captive monarch. There was encouragement in the thought, as it flashed upon my mind, that better men than I had often been surrounded by worse evils, and I experienced, while lying on my dismal couch, a degree of hope and consolation, which no anticipation of the future could have given me. The beautiful theme was followed by variations. Not the old, thousand times repeated play of wasted trills and quavers, but such strange, peculiar passages, such wonderful combinations of notes, in which the

theme, notwithstanding the garb in which it was veiled, always preserved its distinctness and individuality so completely, that I knew not which to admire most, the performer or the composer. Now he seemed as if suddenly possessed by some strange spirit; the passages rolled forth with such fire and facility that I began to doubt the correctness of my ear. From the lowest deep the player sprang to the loftiest height, and there displayed the magical flute-tones of his instrument, interrupting them immediately after with the rolling passages of the full bass, and thus scorning all difficulties, he performed incredible achievements. You will disbelieve, and say that to the hopeless prisoner's melancholy mood, at the hour of night, the common assumed the importance of the supernatural. No, my friend, I have myself played the violin, (though I shall certainly never do so again,) and I was quite capable of judging of what I heard. An *adagio*, under such circumstances might well have made a deeper impression than usual upon me, but it is incredible that these wild, despairing passages, these grotesque, bold flights from the lowest to the highest notes, and back again, should have had such an effect on one who, like me, believed himself standing at death's door, had they not been so surpassingly beautiful. The strains ceased—but in memory's ear they are ringing yet; yes, my desire to hear them again was even greater than my wish to regain my liberty.

Day broke. We heard the beat of a drum. I climbed up to my grated window. A company of soldiers was marched out in the court-yard; three prisoners stood before them. The officer motioned, and they marched away. The fate of these men excited in me the most sorrowful interest. The jailer presently opened my door. I inquired of him respecting them. "In one hour," said he, "they are no more; they are suspected of treason; Germans and Tyrolese, they are believed to have aided the rebels." These words were my death-doom. I heard them with a shudder, though I maintained my composure. "It is now the hour when the prisoners are allowed to take the air in the court-yard," said the jailer, "will you go down?" We went. I was

horror-struck. I saw several bands of desperate robbers, who had been rooted out of Lombardy, and confined here, under the energetic sway of the French government.

Leaning against one of the pillars of the wall, his eye directed toward the sun, which had not yet ascended above the high roof, stood a young man, apparently about twenty-five, who looked the very picture of wretchedness. He was pale and haggard; his eyes were deep sunk in his head; a prominent aquiline nose, a high forehead, raven hair in wild disorder, and a long neglected beard, gave him a ghastly aspect. Yet the expression of deep sorrow, depicted so visibly in the fine, though sharp lines about his soft mouth and hollow, emaciated cheeks, imparted a singular interest to his countenance. I gazed long at this strange, attractive man; he seemed not to observe me, but still kept looking upward, as if he were longing for the sun. Suddenly observing the jailer, he rose, and advanced hastily towards him. "I beg of you earnestly, old man," said he, in Italian, "to be more lenient." "Not at all," replied the old man harshly—" 'tis no use. And if you do not keep quiet at nights, I will tear your last string in two." So he is the performer, thought I, and advanced toward him. Suddenly I heard my name pronounced behind me. It was the gendarme of yesterday. "*Suivez moi*," said he firmly. There was nothing left for me but to obey. Before the door a coach was standing, in which we seated ourselves, and soon arrived in front of a splendid house. My companion was as silent as the grave. We quitted the carriage and ascended the steps. We waited a long time in an elegant ante-room. At last the door of a side apartment was opened, and a voice exclaimed, "*Entrez!*" What a pleasant surprise! I was standing before General K., who four years before lay severely wounded at my father's house in Berlin, where, though an enemy, he had experienced the most generous treatment. "My young friend," said he, "what a folly you have committed! Were it not that I happen to command this station, you would not be liberated. You are free!" And my friends?" "Are free also." "A thousand thanks." "Hush, hush, I am still

your debtor. Yourself and your friends will be my guests to-day. But to-morrow you must leave, as I resume my march, and your longer stay might yet produce serious results. Your passports to Holland are prepared."

In an hour, my two friends and myself were seated together in a carriage.

No. II.

Paris, April 13, 1814.

M. to-day wrote me the following note: "Your adventures with the virtuoso in prison, and your eager desire to meet him again, are romantic affairs; but, like all romance, only a distempered dream. I was speaking on the subject to Lafont; he laughed and said, 'I hope to be able to cure this hallucination, and to quench this unsatisfied desire, by playing at a violin concert in his presence.' I took him at his word. This evening he will fulfil his promise; and to ensure the result which he anticipates, I have also invited Baillot, Kreuzer, and Rode. Can you desire anything more? It is needless to add, that I expect you to be present."

You may imagine how much this invitation interested me. For four years I had been to hear the violinists of every city, in which our troops had been quartered, yet without finding even the shadow of my ideal. Now, when the memorable but stormy time of the campaign was past, I was to listen to the four most celebrated masters in the world. I was almost sad for the fate of my ideal. With a beating heart, I entered the gorgeous saloon. But the elegant costumes of the gentlemen, the brilliant toilettes of the ladies, were soon forgotten; my dungeon in Milan rose clearly before me, as I thought of one tone that seemed to emanate from another world. The concert began. Lafont was the first performer. The most finished execution—a clear, silvery tone—in andante as in allegro; grace itself; still only a beautiful miniature compared with the inexpressible charm of that romantic, strangely illumined picture which was present to my soul. Next Kreuzer played. Sparkling were his passages, like a wreath of diamonds; bold strength, full, clear

tone, perfect mastery of his instrument; still, only a metallic brilliancy, not the flash of a soul-revealing eye. Now Baillot commenced. The full, energetic sounds which he evoked, recalled my recollection powerfully to the past. A noble enthusiasm gave life to his execution. He swayed the tones like a monarch, but my captive ruled them like a god. At last Rode appeared. His fine, spiritual features, his delicate but noble countenance, prepossessed me strongly in his favor. He began. Yes, there is an affinity between them; he bears within his breast a presentiment of my former companion, which deeply moved me. His expression seemed, to my thoughts, like a noble marble statue, combining dignity and grace. Ardor and pathos; that subdued by the restraining measure, this strengthened and increased by the strong hold of power. At the moment when I first heard him, he seemed to me to surpass my mysterious friend, but my longing for the latter soon returned, and I felt the most eager desire that he could only be permitted to know all that I was now hearing from Rode. But his chainless spirit winged its flight to loftier heights, and penetrated to lower depths; he scorned the sway of earthly powers. He soared aloft to other spheres, and the wondrous melodies which there penetrated his deeply agitated soul, he gave back in tones everlastingly impressive.

Such were my feelings during the concert. After its conclusion, M. introduced me to the celebrated performers. Common politeness required that I should praise their performances, and who could have forbore to do so? I was silent respecting my captive companion. But Lafont, to whom M. had related the circumstance, began himself to interrogate me on the subject. I wished to evade and cut short his inquiries, but in vain. I therefore told the story, and they all, with the exception of Rode, at once began to smile; but when I narrated and described some technical difficulties of execution which I had heard, Lafont exclaimed, "Oh! you're jesting at us." In fine, they would not believe me. I became offended, took my hat, and left. Just as I reached the threshold, I remarked that some one immediately fol-

lowed me. It was Rode. "Sir," said he, "is your narrative true, upon your honor?" I assured him that it was. "I believe you," said he. "I am convinced that there is but one man living who corresponds to the description of your captive. When I was a young man, dwelling in Genoa fifteen years ago, I was going home late one evening; I suddenly heard a violin, the enchanting tones of which filled me with astonishment. At first I could not tell whence this charming music proceeded, but I soon found that a young man, almost a boy indeed, who was standing on a low garden wall, with his face turned toward a dimly lighted window, was eliciting the heavenly melody from his instrument. I stood as if spell-bound to the spot. I well knew, at the time, that my own accomplishments as a musician were nothing, but here were mysteries unveiled, of which I had not before suspected the existence. Motionless, and concealed by the shadow of a willow, I listened to the prodigy. The moon just then emerged from the clouds that had obscured her, and shone full on the young violinist's form. The boy's features resembled those which you have described, only the milder graces of youth softened the expression of his remarkable countenance. His strains ceased; a female form appeared at the window, whence something was thrown down below. In an instant I heard a voice exclaim; "Traditore pol diavolo." At the sound of these words, the boy sprang quickly from the wall into the street, then darted down a by-path, and was out of sight before I could recover from my astonishment. Immediately afterwards, a head appeared above the wall, and long continued curses and imprecations followed. The light in the window was extinguished. That the whole was a love adventure, was too clear to admit of any doubt. After the lapse of a few minutes, I advanced from my hiding-place. As I was approaching the wall from which the boy had leaped so quickly, I trod upon something which I found to be the bow of a violin, that he must have lost in his descent. I have it yet; it is marked P. At that time I hoped, by means of it, to find out the young violinist; but on the very next day, the pressure of hostilities

compelled me to leave the city. Since that period, I have heard nothing of this wonderful genius. But I am much obliged to you; for the sensation was indescribable, and I had endeavored to improve my style by imitating that heavenly melody. Yes, I am indebted, for the greater part of my fame, to this unknown, vanished genius." I stood in astonishment before the great artist who had thus spoken so modestly and so justly. I could not forbear telling him, that I had found, in his performance, some touches of that magical beauty with which the unfortunate prisoner had captivated my heart. Only it seemed to me that Rode had but heard the commencement, the first forebodings of that strange spirit, while I had seen his wings in full development. We parted. I have a hope. Every genius must make his power felt in the world. Unless a cruel destiny has shattered the precious frame in which this intellect was lodged, it must yet, at some future day, fill every heart with rapture.

No. III.

Berlin, March 30th, 1829.

After a long sojourn in the North, I arrived here about half-past eight. "What is going on in the theatre to-night, waiter?" "Nothing of interest; but you should go to the concert, sir. A violinist"—"I am tired of violinists." "But this is really a prodigy. The critic Rellstab has worn out his pen in writing his praises. Look at the *Zeitung* newspaper." "Very good; what is the name of this prodigy?" "His name is—I shall remember it directly—an Italian"—"What? an Italian?" "Yes, it begins with P." "With P., I must go to the concert. Where can I obtain a ticket?" "Just go over the way; that is all you have to do." I went at once; the hall was so crowded that I found it impossible to enter; so, like many others, I was obliged to remain in the vestibule. The *tutti* of the last piece was ended; now commenced a solo, a Polacca. "It can be no other," I exclaimed. "How well do I remember those tones! They lie deep in my heart, beyond the power of oblivion."

But what a wonderful performance! Are there two—three—playing? Never before did I hear anything like it. I can scarcely believe my own ears. Oh! that I could but catch a glimpse of him. But 'tis useless, a dense crowd is besieging the doorway. I will at least lose not a single sound." He ended—thunders of applause echoed through the hall. But I was unable to see the performer, as the whole company rose from their seats for the purpose of catching a sight of him. Could I have done so, my eager curiosity would then have been gratified, while of the crowds around me, not a single hearer could possibly experience emotions similar to mine. No one, certainly, could know the nature of my reminiscences. I waited with impatience the second appearance of the wonderful performer. At last—

"Now he plays on the G string," said some one near me. He began. Good God! is it possible? That melody I have certainly once heard before. They are the self-same tones, which years ago, inspired, comforted, animated me, and, as if they descended from heaven, diffused a radiance through my darkened soul. As the company before me separated, I saw the pale, melancholy countenance, the deep sunken eyes, the long wild locks, the trembling, emaciated frame. It was he. Thus after the lapse of nineteen years, the man was enabled to solve the enigma which had filled the soul of the youth with strange, mysterious emotions, and which, like a shrouded figure, would have accompanied him forever, had he not been permitted to lift the veil. It was removed. I heard, I saw—*Paganini*.

MEMOIRS OF MY YOUTH.*

How frequently our taste in books changes! In boyhood, I was extremely fond of Byron, books of voyages and travels, Cook's, La Perouse, Riley's Narrative, Robinson Crusoe, The Arabian Nights; now, where I read one page of Byron, I read fifty of Cowper's; but I have not in many years met with a book so delightful, so suited to my taste as these recollections of my youth by Lamartine—the sweet style and eloquence of which remind me strongly of Rousseau. It has all the elegance, facility, fluency, and golden cadence of poetry. His theme is as “fluent as the sea,” and from his mother he imbibed the habit of

“Reviewing life's eventful page,
And noting ere they fade away,
The little lines of yesterday.”

After his mother's death it becomes necessary that *Milly*, the homestead of the family should be sold, and the proceeds divided into five shares. It was to pass into unknown hands, and here it was that Lamartine had hoped to end his day. He borrowed money and retained the property, but this was merely putting off the evil day, which came at last, when it was necessary to yield or sell. Lamartine says he attempted in vain to delay. “If time has wings, the interest of borrowed capital has the rapidity and weight of a locomotive.” “I was overwhelmed with grief. I looked around me in my anguish; I made my decision; then I altered the resolution I had taken. I gazed from afar with despair at that little, gray spire on the slope of the hill, the roof of the house, the clump of linden trees, which are seen from the road, peeping above the

tiled roofs of the village. I said to myself, ‘I can never again journey by this road; I can never again turn my eyes in this direction. This spire, this hill, this roof, these walls, will reproach me all my life with having bartered them away for a few bags of crown-pieces! And these worthy inhabitants! And these poor, but honest vine-dressers, who are my foster-brothers, and with whom I have passed my childhood, eating the same bread at the same table! What will they say? What will become of them when they are told that I have sold their vines, their meadows, their roof trees, their cows and their goats; and that a new proprietor, who knows them not, who loves them not, will perhaps change to-morrow their whole destiny, rooted like my own in this ungrateful but natal soil?’” Lamartine wishes to sell so much of the property as will produce an hundred thousand francs, and he sends for one of those persons who purchase property in the mass in order to sell it again in smaller lots, to see if it could be accomplished. The gentleman arrives at Milly, and they walk about the grounds to see what could be most conveniently detached from the rest, to be divided into lots within reach of the means of purchasers in the neighborhood. “Sir,” said he, extending his arm, and and cutting the air with a sweep, as a surveyor portions off the land, “there is a lot which might easily be sold together, and which will not greatly disfigure the remainder. “Yes,” replied I, “but that is the vineyard which my father planted in the year of my birth, and which he ever enjoined on us to retain in memory of him, as being the best portion of the domain, and as having been watered with the

* Memoirs of my Youth. By A. DE LAMARTINE. New York: Harper & Brothers, 82 Cliff St. 1849. Les Confidences. Raphaël, Pages de la Vingtième Année, par M. de Lamartine. New York: D. Appleton et Compagnie, 200 Broadway. Philadelphia: George S. Appleton. Les Confidences. Confidential Disclosures, by Alphonse de Lamartine. Translated from the French by Eugene Plunkett. New York: D. Appleton & Co, Philadelphia: George S. Appleton.

sweat of his brow." "Well," resumed the valuator, "there is another which would tempt purchasers of limited means, as being suited for grazing cattle." "Yes," returned I, but it cannot be. That is the river, the meadow, and the orchard, where our mother took us to play, and bathe, in our childhood, and where she reared with so much care those apple trees, those apricot trees, and those cherry trees for use. Let us look in some other direction."

"Well, that hill behind the house?" "But it is that which serves as a boundary to the garden, and is just opposite the window of the family saloon. How could we look on it now without tears rushing to our eyes?" "That group of detached houses, then, with those sloping vineyards which descend to the valley?" "Oh, those are the houses of the husband of my sister's nurse, and of the old woman who reared me with so much care and love. We might as well purchase them two graves in the church-yard at once; for their grief at seeing themselves driven from their roof trees and their vineyards would not be long in bringing them there."

"Well, the principal mansion with the out-buildings, the garden, and the surrounding inclosure?" "But I wish to die there, in my father's bed. It is impossible; it would be to commit suicide on all our family affections." "What have you to say against that hollow which is not seen from your windows?" "Nothing; except that it contains the old burying-ground, where, in my childhood, I saw my little brother laid, and a sister, whom I wept so bitterly after. Let us go elsewhere! We cannot stir here without mutilating some hallowed feeling or sentiment." We walked in vain; we found nothing that could be detached, without at the same time detaching a fragment of my heart. I returned home sorrowfully at evening. That night I never slept." The next day a packet of letters arrives, there is one from Paris, the address written in one of those clear, decided hands, announcing promptitude, precision, and firmness; it was from *M. de Girardin*, offering him whatever sum he wanted, provided he will furnish him with his early recollections. Lamartine refuses to publish the dusty relics of memory—without any interest for any one but himself, but *Girardin* in-

sists upon it, and gives him three years to familiarize himself with the idea. *Milly* is saved from sale. Lamartine's account of his childhood—his hard and simple fare—his pleasant life—his ancestors, his father and mother, are exquisitely described. He glories in the thought that he was born in one of those favored families which are as it were the sanctuaries of piety; a family not known to fame, but without a stain on their character, and placed in an intermediate rank of society—allied to nobility, but living among the peasantry, with the same habits, and enduring the same toils; not high enough to excite envy, nor low enough to excite contempt. His mother was an excellent and extraordinary woman and to her, Lamartine owes his mental and bodily culture. His mother laid but little stress on what is usually called instruction—she desired to make her son happy, with a healthy tone of mind, and a loving, confiding soul—a creature of God, and not a plaything for society. She mingled religion with all the pleasant events that occurred to her children during the day, who, when they awakened in the morning, and the sun shone in the windows, and the birds sang their

"Love-learned song
The dewy leaves among,"

their mother entered the room, her features "radiant with kindness, tenderness, and joy," she embraced them in their beds, assisted them to dress, listened to their artless prattle, and said to them, "To whom do we owe the happiness which we are about to enjoy together? It is to our Heavenly Father. Without him this lovely sun would not have arisen; these trees would have lost their leaves; these gay and happy birds would have died of hunger and cold on the naked ground; and you, my poor children, would have had neither bed, nor house, nor garden, nor mother, to shelter and nourish you, or to gladden your hearts during the season of life. It is most just, therefore, to thank Him for all that He gives us on this day, and to pray to Him, that He will give us many other such days. She then knelt beside their bed, joined their little hands, frequently kissing them, and then repeated slowly, and in an under voice, a short prayer,

which they repeated after her. And in the evening she also prayed with them, before their eyes were heavy with sleep, so that it was a pleasure instead of pain and discomfort. Whatever beautiful, lovely, or grand objects were met with in their walks—pine forests with the sunlight streaming through the branches—a fine sheet of water—cascades—a glorious sunset, with the tinted clouds grouped around the mountains,

“While, through the west, where sinks the crimson day,
Meek Twilight slowly sails, and waves her banners gray”—

she rarely failed to impress upon their minds that all this loveliness and goodness sprang from their Almighty Father. Larmatine gives an interesting and affecting account of his father reading Jerusalem Delivered.

“It is night. The doors of the little house of *Milly* are closed. A friendly dog utters from time to time a bark in the court-yard. The rain of autumn dashes against the panes of the two lower windows, and the wind, howling in gusts, produces, in its passage through the branches of one or two plane trees, and the crevices of the shutters, those melancholy and intermittent plaints which are heard on the margin of pine forests by the listening ear of the wayfarer. The apartment which I thus see in memory is large, but almost naked. At the farther extremity is a deep recess containing a bed. The curtains of the bed are of white serge with blue checks. It is my mother's bed. There are two cradles on wooden chairs at the foot of the bed, the one large, the other small. They are the cradles of my youngest sisters, who have long been sound asleep. A huge fire of vine branches blazes beneath a chimney-piece of white stone. * * * * In one corner there is a little harpsichord, open, with some sheets of the music of ‘*Le Devin de Village*,’ by J. J. Rousseau, scattered over the instrument; nearer the fire, in the centre of the apartment, there is a little card-table, with a green cloth all spotted with ink stains, and with holes in the stuff; on the table are two tallow candles burning in candlesticks of plated copper, and diffusing a feeble light around, while they cast huge shadows flickering in the breeze, on the white-washed walls of the apartments. Opposite the fire-place, his elbow resting on the table, a man is seated holding a book in his hand. His figure is tall, his limbs robust. He still retains the vigor of youth. His forehead is open, his eye blue, and his smile, at once firm and grace-

ful, displays to view a row of teeth like pearl. Some remains of his original costume, his hair especially, and a certain military stiffness of attitude, proclaim the retired officer. If any doubts are entertained on this point, they are speedily dissipated by the appearance of his sabre, his regulation pistols, his helmet, and the gilt plates of his horses' bridle, which shine suspended from a nail in the wall at the extremity of a little cabinet which opens off the apartment. This man is our father. On a couch of platted straw, occupying an angle formed by the fire-place and the wall of the recess, is seated a woman who appears still young, although she is already bordering on her thirty-fifth year. Her figure, tall also, has all the suppleness and all the elegance of that of a young girl. Her features are so delicately formed, her black eyes have a look so open and penetrating, her transparent skin permits the blue veins and the ever-changing color, called up by the slightest emotion, to be so clearly visible beneath its snowy surface; her jet black, but fine and glossy tresses fall in such wavy folds and graceful ringlets around her cheeks, and rest upon her shoulders, that it is impossible to say whether she is eighteen or thirty years of age. No one would wish to strike off from her age one of those years, which have only served to perfect her physiognomy and ripen her beauty. This beauty, although pure in every feature, if they are examined in detail, is peculiarly apparent in the ensemble, by its harmony, its grace, and above all by that radiance of inward tenderness, that true beauty of the soul, which lights up the body from within—a radiance of which the loveliest face is only the outward reflection. This young woman, half reclining on the cushions, holds a little girl asleep in her arms, her head resting on her shoulder. The child's fingers are still clasped around one of her mother's long ringlets, with which she was playing a few moments ago, before she fell asleep. Another little girl, rather older, is seated on a stool at the foot of the sofa; she is leaning her fair head on her mother's knees. This young woman is my mother; these two children are my two eldest sisters. Two others are in their respective cradles. My father, as I have said, holds a book in his hand. He reads aloud. I fancy I still hear the manly, full, nervous, and yet flexible sound of that voice, which pours forth in broad and sonorous streams, interrupted at times by the gusts of wind against the windows. My mother, her head a little inclined to one side, listens in a dreamy mood. I, my face turned toward my father and my arm resting on one of his knees, drink in every word, anticipate every story, devour with my eyes the book, whose pages unfold too slowly for my imagination. What is this book? This first book, whose perusal, thus heard at the entrance into life, teaches me

what a book really is, and opens to me, so to speak, the world of emotion, the world of love and reverie—this book was the *Jerusalem Delivered*; the *Jerusalem Delivered*, translated by Lebrun, with all the majestic harmony of the Italian stanza, but purified and refined by the exquisite taste of the translator from those glaring defects of affectation and false ornament, which sometimes sully the manly simplicity of Tasso, like gold dust which would tarnish a diamond, but which the Frenchman has blown away. Thus Tasso, read by my father, listened to by my mother with tears moistening her eyelids, is the first poet who has stirred the chords of my imagination and my heart. Thus does he form for me a part of that universal and immortal family, which each selects from every country and from all ages, to form the companions of his soul and the society of his thoughts. I have kept as precious relics the two volumes. I have rescued them from all the vicissitudes which change of residence, deaths, successions, and divisions bring upon family libraries. From time to time, at Milly, in the same apartment, when I return there alone, I open them with pious reverence. I sometimes read once more some of these same stanzas half aloud, endeavoring to feign to myself my father's voice, and imagining that I still see before me my mother with my two sisters, listening with closed eyes. I then feel again the same emotion at the verses of Tasso. I hear the same noises of the wind through the trees, the same cracklings of the vine branches on the hearth, but my father's voice is no longer there, my mother's form no longer presses the couch, the two cradles are transformed into two graves, over the mounds of which waves the grass of a foreign land. And all this ever ends by my dropping a few tears, which blot the leaves of the book as I close it."

At the age of sixteen Lamartine meets with a translation of Ossian, by Baour Lormian; the book was universally read. Women sang it—pocket editions found their way into all the libraries. The shadowy realm portrayed by Ossian, harmonized well with the scenes by which Lamartine was surrounded. He carried the volumes in his hunting excursions over the mountains, and while his dogs made the hills echo with their barking, he would read the pages seated beneath some overhanging rock; and on his raising his eyes from the pages, mists, black clouds, ice and snow surrounded him, similar to what he had been reading of. The first perusal of this wild romance by Lamartine was while the bitter blasts of November and Decem-

ber were sweeping over the hills and valleys. The earth was covered with snow, through which, here and there, appeared the dark trunks of the pines. Icy fogs, in eddying wreaths, encircled the peaks of the mountains. Lamartine thinks that Ossian is certainly one of those palettes from which his imagination has borrowed most of its colors, and which has imparted the greatest number of tints to his subsequent productions. He is the Æschylus of our misty climate. Curious scholars have pretended, and still pretend, that he never existed nor wrote, and that his poems are a forgery of Macpherson's. I should as soon believe that Salvator Rosa invented nature. In this dreaming mood he wanted some one to sympathize with him, to admire and weep over these magic pages—he finds a meek companion in the daughter of a neighboring landed proprietor, distinguished for her precocious talents and beauty, and possessed of that contagious languor of expression which communicates itself to the looks and thoughts of him who contemplates it. Light blue eyes, dark hair, a pensive mouth which seldom laughed, and which never opened but to let fall a few short and serious words; filled with a sense superior to her years; a slow step, a look which was frequently fixed in contemplation, and which was turned aside if surprised in so doing as if it wished to hide the reveries which filled it—such was this young girl. "She seemed to have a presentiment of a short and clouded life, like those lonely days of winter when I became acquainted with her. She has long slept beneath that snow which we marked with our earliest footsteps." "She was called Lucy." Lamartine's reading in his youth was varied and rich in information; he devoured books with an unsated appetite. Among those which he read when about sixteen, were Madame de Stael, Madame Cottin, Madame de Flahaut, Richardson, the Abbé Prévost, and the German romances of Augustus La Fontaine, Tasso, Dante, Petrarca, Milton, and Chateaubriand.

The most charming episode in these memoirs, is the story of Graziella—

"Sweet name! in thy each syllable
A thousand blest Arabias dwell."

Lamartine gives the following account of where he wrote this matchless story. In order to work at leisure on his History of the French Revolution, some few years ago, he took refuge in the little island of Ischia, situated in the centre of the Gulf of Gaëta, and separated from the mainland by a lovely sea. "One day then, in the year 1843, I was alone, reclining in the shade of a citron tree, on the terrace of the fisherman's cottage where I resided, occupied in gazing at the sea, listening to the surf which washed upward on the beach and carried back again the rustling shells of its shores, and inhaling the breeze which the rebound of each wave wafted to my cheek, like the humid fan which the poor negroes wave above the foreheads of their masters underneath our tropics. I had finished rummaging over, the evening before, the memoirs, the manuscripts, and the documents which I had brought with me for the History of the Girondists: I was deficient in materials.

"I had opened those which never fail us—our recollections. I was writing on my knees the story of *Graziella*, that sad but charming shadowing forth of love, whom I had met in former days in this same gulf, and I was writing it opposite to the island of *Procida*, in sight of the ruins of the little house amidst the vines, of the garden on the hill, which her finger seemed still to point out to me. While thus occupied, I saw gliding toward me, over the sea, a skiff in full sail, dashing aside the spray from her bows, which glittered in the dazzling sunlight. A young man and a young woman were seated in the stern, endeavoring to shelter their glowing foreheads beneath the shadow of the mast." This proves to be a friend of Lamartine's, Eugene Pellatan, and his wife. He had left his young and graceful wife in a cottage on the beach. "After conversing for a moment about France, and this island, to which he had learned by chance at Naples that I had retired, he saw the pages on my knees and a half-worn pencil in my hand. He asked me what I was doing. 'Do you wish to hear,' said I, 'while your young wife reposes after the fatigue of the passage, and while you recruit your strength by resting for a while

against the trunk of this orange tree? I will read it to you.'" And I read to him, while the sun darted its setting rays from behind the *Epomeo*, a lofty mountain of the island, a few pages of the story of *Graziella*. The place, the hour, the shade, the sky, the sea, the perfume of the trees, diffused their charm over the pages, in themselves without color or perfume, and lent them the enchantment of distance and surprise. He appeared touched: we closed the book, and we descended to the beach. In the evening we visited the island in company with his wife. I offered him hospitality for one night, and he departed on the morrow." This story of *Graziella* will, for the beauty of the narrative, and as a description of love in its depth, and purity, and for affecting interest, successfully bear competition with any thing of the kind ever written. Lamartine and a young friend, in strolling along the shore of the *Margellina*, which extends from the tomb of Virgil to Mount Pausilippo, meet with an old man placing his fishing tackle in his skiff, and a child of twelve years the sole rower. They apply to the old man to take them to sea as rowers, and to teach them the art and mystery of fishing; and they agree to pay him two *carlins* a day, for their apprenticeship and food. They spend days and moonlit nights out on the water, and their feelings are exquisitely described in eloquent language. A storm one night drives them to the island of *Procida*, and there they behold *Graziella*, beautiful as her name and

—"knowing nothing,
But trusting thoughts and innocent daily habits."

What first exhibits to her the depth and hidden affections of her heart is the story of Paul and Virginia, read to her by Lamartine. On the night of the storm when they were driven to the island, they had been compelled to throw everything overboard, and all that they had saved in the way of books were the *Letters of Jacopo Ortis*, a species of Werther half political, half romantic, written by Ugo Foscolo, a volume of Tacitus, and Paul and Virginia. The Tacitus and

Jacopo Ortis failed to interest the inhabitants of the fisherman's cabin in any way. Far different in effect was the beautiful story of St. Pierre's; only a few pages had been read when the old man, the young girl, the children all had changed their attitude. The fisherman forgot to inhale the smoke from his pipe. The old grandmother held her hands clasped beneath her chin, "in the attitude of the poor women who hear the word of God seated on the pavement of the temples." Graziella, who was usually seated a little apart, unconsciously approached, as if fascinated by some power of attraction, concealed in the book. With dilated eyes she looked at the book, at the lips of the reader, at the space between the lips and the book; her breathing became quickened, and before many pages had been read, Graziella's timid reserve had been forgotten. "I felt the warmth of her respiration on my hands. Her hair floated over my forehead; two or three burning tears fell from her cheeks, and stained the pages close to my fingers." "When I chanced to hesitate for a proper expression to render the French word, Graziella, who for some time had been holding the lamp, sheltered from the wind by her apron, approached with it close to the pages, and almost burned the book in her impatience, as if the flame could render the sense visible to my eye, and make the words flow more quickly from my lips. I smilingly pushed back the lamp with my hand, without turning my eyes from the page, and I felt my fingers warm with her tears." The farther reading of the book is deferred to another night—none can restrain their anxiety to hear the conclusion, and it is concluded amid sobs and tears. How truly the growth of Graziella's affection for her young lover is described—it grows up in the manner that Sterne says is the best method of courtship, "A course of small quiet attentions, not so pointed as to alarm, nor so vague as to be misunderstood—with now and then a look of kindness, and little or nothing said upon it; leave nature for your mistress, and she fashions it to her mind." When you wrote this, Laurence Sterne, you wrote the best receipt for *making love* ever written. Graziella, in declaring her love, does it in breath deep,

strong, and fervid. "I know very well that I am but a poor girl, unworthy to touch your feet even in thought. Therefore, I do not ask you to love me; I shall never ask if you love me. But *I love you, I love you, I love you*;" and she seemed to concentrate her whole soul in these three words. Her lover is recalled to France—he promises to return in four months; but though he thinks of Graziella, and intends to return, months flee by—at last he receives a letter and packet from Graziella, containing these words, "The doctor says that I shall die before three days. I wish to bid you adieu before I have lost my strength. *Oh, if you were here, I should still live!* but, it is the will of God. I shall speak to you soon, and always from the height of the skies. Love my spirit! it will be beside you all your life. I bequeath my locks, cut off one night for you. Consecrate them to God in some chapel of your country, that something that belongs to me may be ever near you." Twelve years later poor Graziella's lover returns to Naples—he sought traces of her, none were to be found. The little house on the steep shore of Procida had fallen into ruins, a heap of gray rubbish.

Time quickly effaces every object from the face of the earth; but time can never efface the traces of a first love from the heart which has experienced it. Lamartine writes that—

"One day in the year 1830, on entering a church in Paris, in the evening, I saw the coffin of a young girl carried in, covered with a white pall. The coffin recalled Graziella to my mind. I concealed myself in the shadow of a pillar. I thought of Procida, and I wept long and bitterly. * * * I returned in silence to my chamber; I wrote in a single breath, and moistening them with tears, the verses entitled the *First Regret*. They are the echo, weakened by the lapse of twenty years, of a feeling which awakened the first outpourings of my heart. In them is wanting only the name of Graziella. I would enshrine it in all the graces of poetry, if there existed here below a crystal pure enough to enclose that tear, that memory, that regret. It is thus that I expiated by my tears the hardness and ingratitude of my heart of nineteen. I can never read over these verses without adoring that fresh image, ever borne to my soul on the transparent and murmuring waves of the Gulf of Naples, and without hating myself. But souls pardon in a better

world. Hers has forgiven me. Forgive me, also, reader! I have wept."

Reader indulge me with one more extract from this genuine book, filled with flashes of genius, that go as directly to the heart, and remain as firmly buried in it, as the arrow of Tell in the heart of Gesler.

"[Written under a tree by the wayside, in the valley of Echelles, at Chambéry.]—I enter to-day on my twenty-first year. * * * * * I have been a madman. I met with happiness, and I did not recognize it! or rather, I only recognized it when it was beyond my reach. I dashed it from me, I despised it. Death has taken it to himself. Oh, Graziella! Graziella! why did I abandon you? The only delightful days of my life were those which I spent by your side in the poor cottage of your father, with your young brothers and your aged grandmother, like a child of the family! Why did I not remain there? Why did I not feel that you loved me? and when I did know it, why did I not sufficiently love you myself, to prefer you to all others, to cease to blush for you, to become a fisherman with your father, and to forget, in that humble station, and in your arms, my name, my country, my education, and all that net-work of fetters in which my soul is confined, and which entangles it at every step when it endeavors to return to nature? * * * * * At present it is too late. You can give nothing now but undying remorse for having left you! And I can give you nothing but these tears which start to my eyes when I think of you—tears of which I conceal the source and the object, for fear the world should say to me: he weeps for the daughter of a poor seller of fish, who did not even wear shoes every day; who dried the figs of her island on osier hurdles in the sun, without other head-dress than her hair; and who earned her bread by pressing the coral against the lathe, for two grains a day! What a mistress for a youth who has translated Tibullus, and has read Dorat and Parny! Vanity! vanity! thou destroyer of hearts! thou overturner of nature! My lips cannot utter forth enough execrations against thee. Nevertheless, my happiness, my love, was there. Oh! if a sigh sadder than the plaint of the waters in this abyss, more radiant than the rays reflected from this ruddy rock of fire upward to the heavens, could call you back to life again, I would kneel, I would wash your lovely naked feet with my tears. You should pardon me. I should be proud of my abasement in the eyes of the world for your sake. I see you again, as if four years of oblivion, and the barrier of the coffin, and the grassy covering of the tomb, did not separate us! You are before me! a gray robe of coarse wool, mingled with the harsh fibres of the goat's hair, binds your child-like waist, and falls in heavy folds to the round

swell of your uncovered limbs. It is fastened at the neck by a simple cord of black thread. Your hair, braided behind your head, is interlaced with two or three pinks, withered the evening before. You are seated on a terrace, paved with cement, on the margin of the sea, where the linen has been laid out to dry, where the fowls hatch their broods, where the lizards creep among two or three pots of rosemary and mignonette. The red dust of the coral which you have polished yesterday, litters the threshold of your door beside my own. A little unsteady table is before you—I am standing behind you. I hold your hand to guide your fingers upon the paper, and teach you to form the letters. You set to work with an earnestness of application and a charming awkwardness of attitude, which leans your cheek almost on the table. Then, all at once, you begin to weep with impatience and shame, on seeing that the letter you have formed is far from being like the copy. I scold you, I encourage you—you resume the pen. This time it is better. You turn round your face, blushing for joy, as if to seek your recompense in the satisfied look of your teacher! I roll, carelessly, a tress of your long black hair round my finger, like a living ring—the ivy which still clings to the branch!—you say to me: 'Are you pleased with me? shall I soon be able to write your name?' And, the lesson finished, you resume your work at your table in the shade. I again commence to read at your feet. And in the winter evenings, when the bright rosy flame of the olive husks lighted in the brazier, which you blow to give it strength, was reflected from your neck and from your countenance, it made you resemble the *Fornarina*. And in the lovely days of Procida, when you advanced with naked limbs into the surf, to gather sea-fruits! And when you dreamed, with your cheek resting on your hand, gazing at me, and when I fancied you were thinking of your mother's death, your whole countenance became so sad! And that night, when I left you on your bed, pale and lifeless as a statue of marble, and when I became aware at last that a thought had killed you—and that this thought was myself! Ah, I wish for no other image to be present before my eyes till death! There is a grave in my past life, there is a little cross erected in my heart! I shall never allow it to be torn thence, but I shall entwine around it the sweetest flowers of memory." * * * * *

These recollections of Lamartine's will become a favorite volume with those who are in the habit of studying their own nature, or the human heart in general. They contain a frank expression of thoughts and feelings, and give us an insight of the strength and frailties of a man of genius,

without the slightest approach to mock-modesty, or sentimentality. The work reminds me frequently of passages in Rousseau's Confessions, and in the New Heloise, not that I mean to say that Lamartine has copied in the slightest degree from Rousseau, but from the very nature of his subject it brings to mind that eloquent and impassioned writer. This work, like every other work of genius, will have sincere admirers, and others will sincerely dislike it. How few persons admire Milton or Sterne's writings! and I have never known an individual, who did not either relish them thoroughly, or not at all. How strongly Lamartine depicts the selfishness and vanity of youth! The story of Graziella is full of instruction. Every young man trifles with the feelings of woman, and after gaining her affections, he leaves her and flies to some other flower to rifle it of its sweetness. With such an one, the heart soon becomes petrified, the punishment arrives—the wheel comes full circle home—and the heart can neither love, nor is beloved. Ah! how delightful is the first dawn of love, when we meet with some fair young creature, whether flaxen-haired and blue-eyed—or with locks black as the raven and eyes dark as night; when our hearts throb at her approach, and the words stick in the throat—when she is our sole thought, and we think of her by day and dream of her by night; and as the love progresses and deepens, strolls are taken in quiet and out of the way places, by the side of woods where you hear the leaves murmuring praise—or in the city, her hand clasped in yours, and you so full of happiness, that it seems as if heaven had descended on the earth; or you go to her home, the hour of parting will come, (and how fondly it is delayed,) and then there

is the leave-taking at the door, your arm around her waist, and you feel her ringlets against your cheeks, and feel the throbbing of her heart, and the moon is pouring down its calm, sad light, or the streets are covered with snow and ice—it is all the same to a lover—and you press repeated kisses “on her rich red lip, until the color flies,” the door closes behind you; you are too full of happiness to go home and sleep; you wander around for a time, but your feet instinctively turn to her dwelling, and you look up at her window, to see her moving about the room, or to behold her shadow on the wall. Ah, the pity that man should be ashamed of such feelings, which ought to be his pride and delight! Ah, Graziella, would that I could have seen thee listening to the reading of Paul and Virginia, or polishing coral, to give thee some slender means of aiding thy little brothers; or see thee coming from church, and among the crowd singling out thy lover; or to have heard thee utter, “*I love you, I love you, I love you!*” or when you were fading away, “and the mild thread that held your heart was breaking”—to have beheld the expression of thy face, when writing thy last letter to him who was far away, “*Oh, if you were here, I should still live!*” If it should ever be my good fortune to visit Naples, to look on the isles of Ischia and Procida, thy form, Graziella, would beautify the scene, thy image would be present to me, thy voice sound like music in my ears, adding grace and loveliness to that divinest of climates. Farewell, Graziella! if no pilgrim can visit thy tomb, the genius of thy young lover is now wafting thy name with blessings from “Indus to the pole,”

“Waking the ready heaven in men's eyes.”

A WORD TO SOUTHERN DEMOCRATS.

BY A NORTHERN CONSERVATIVE.

GENTLEMEN OF THE SOUTH:—

The question which affects your present comfort, and your prosperity in future, more nearly than any other, has become, in a manner and with a suddenness wholly unexpected, the leading and organizing question, or test question, in the Northern section of the opposition. The movements of the leaders of the Northern and Western divisions of that party have been such as will give at last an unequivocal and decided majority of votes against the principles and the measures of Mr. Calhoun and his friends. The nature of the question at issue forbids the indulgence of a hope, in their minds, that the advocates of the extension and permanent establishment of slavery will ever rule as they have sometimes ruled, in the councils of the nation. Between them and radical democracy, the union was always a forced and unnatural union. They came together on a ground of mutual service, and a division of power and profit, and never upon a ground of principle. Their union is dissolved, and henceforth we must expect a new order of things. On that order depends your safety and your dignity in the coming times of the republic. It invites your wise and calm consideration. Your action in view of it decides your fate; it makes or mars you.

It is impossible to deny the fact that abolitionism in the North has leagued itself with radicalism for the destruction of your institutions. By the party so composed, of such fiery elements, unmitigated by humanity or by any consideration of reserved rights, taking their passions from fanatics, and their doctrines from theorists, a career of destruction begun will not be checked by any considerations of prudence, or of the good of the whole, or the sacredness of an established Constitution. They will go on, if they are permitted, from step to step, until they have wrested from you your dignity, your power, and your sovereignty.

Perhaps, estimating the future by the past, you will rely upon the continuance of those causes which bound the Southern and the Northern democracy together. But that were a grievous oversight; the causes no longer exist. The friendships are dissolved; the league of interest, maintained only by a common possession of power, is broken by the loss of that power. Northern radicalism allied itself with the Southern slave power only while it felt the need of that power.

Let us examine the real grounds of that alliance.

The anti-tariff opposition in the South arose from two causes: the reluctance of Southern proprietors to pay taxes for the maintenance of manufactures in New England, and their attendant jealousy of the fast increasing wealth and democratic equality of the Northern people. These were, and still continue to be, the grand reasons of the southern opposition to Mr. Clay's American system. I do not mean at present to enter upon any discussion of the justice of those grounds; enough that they existed, and still continue to exist, as a political element, and of value sufficient for the organization of a powerful party.

The grounds of the Southern opposition to banks and to the system of internal improvements, were founded in a similar jealousy and reluctance. The reluctance and the jealousy came first, the invention of arguments to sustain them followed as a matter of course, and of necessity; under a constitutional government the opposition will always invent or discover constitutional arguments.

The Northern democracy, on the other hand, with far different feelings, and with a truly democratic jealousy, arrayed themselves on the same side. In the South it was the body of the rich and powerful, the landed aristocracy; in the North it was jealous poverty, and the levelling, equalizing spirit which made the strength of

the opposing body. The elements of that body were simple. On the one side a mass of ignorance and struggling penury, the old fast-failing agricultural interest of the North, crushed by Western competition, and jealous of the rising prosperity and power of the myriads of manufacturers, springing up in villages, and by water-courses among their starved and weedy farms. Ascribing their own miseries to the happiness of those around them, instead of finding its cause in the competition of the great West, they took refuge in theory, and reasoned in the same vein, though in a more humble fashion, with the rich slaveholder; contending that it was an injustice to tax their poverty for the maintenance of a system which made other men rich, and never considering how much greater an injustice it would be to have kept an entire nation poor and dependent, and to have cut off the hope of posterity, by denying industry and enterprise their lawful protection.

On the other side stood the importers, with their arguments for free trade, and the rich farmers of the West, who dreamed of a foreign market, and saw no reason why they should pay highly for cloths and cutlery, to keep up the wealth and industry of the Eastern towns. If New England and Pennsylvania could not live by farming, why, God help them! *they* would not. Thus, in the natural order of men's thoughts, they adopted a theory of *free* trade, and by a word of four letters, the little word *free*, carried half the country with them. England, who by *free* trade would destroy or suppress the commerce, the agriculture, and the inventive industry of all the world, had the ear of the nation, and through her magazines and newspapers, put a weapon of theory in the hands of every opposer.

In the South it was capital and aristocracy that naturally opposed the American system; in the North it was poverty and numbers. And thus by a forced combination, political extremes met, and Tammany Hall shook hands with the Charleston aristocrats.

The poorer population of the South, unable to engage in commerce for want of capital, and prevented by a just and natural pride from mingling their labor with that of slaves in agriculture, remained

without employment. The enlightened and intelligent Whig statesmen of Georgia contended long with the prejudices of their fellow-citizens, for the establishment of manufactures, to give employment to these unfortunate people. They, indeed, were not sufficiently enlightened to know their own interests. They knew nothing, and could predict nothing. The powerful sympathy which binds together common employments and common interests, was not yet awakened in them to promote a feeling of community and brotherhood with the Northern operatives. They were a silent and an inefficient population, without power, and without hope, living almost a barbarous life. Like the broken farmers of New England, they needed, but had not the energy or the knowledge to provide, a new employment for themselves or their children. The cheap products of the West had impoverished the farmers of Connecticut and Massachusetts; the monopoly of farm labor by negroes had reduced the sand-hillers and poor countrymen of the South to a still more hopeless destitution. For the salvation of both, manufactures were established. In the South, indeed, they have but just begun, but the benefit of the new order of things is so sensibly felt in Georgia, and elsewhere—a great part of the manufactured cottons of that State being already supplied by the labor of her own citizens—it is certain that a strong Whig interest, a new political element, must soon be created there, as in New England, by the mere increase of the free working population, and the accumulation of wealth by artisans and those who employ them. That these classes will increase with great rapidity there can be no doubt. Villages composed entirely of operatives and their employers have already sprung up in Georgia and South Carolina. The prejudices among the poorer whites against this kind of labor are fast vanishing. It is not impossible that these States will by and by produce a larger quantity of cotton fabrics and at a lower cost than are now made in Massachusetts. By the Oregon railroad, now in contemplation, connected by branch roads, from Mobile to the foot of Lake Michigan, they will send cottons to Asia at a less cost than from Massachusetts. No man can deny the speedy possibility

of such an event, and the consequent creation in the Southern States of a counterbalancing population, opposed in prejudice and interest to the present political domination of the South.

With these facts, as with the disposition of parties in general, every Southerner is of course familiar. It is not so much to the facts themselves that I wish to call your attention, as to the manner in which they affect a disinterested observer. Is it to be doubted that this growing free population, and the powerful moneyed interest which sustains it, will be opposed in spirit to the institutions of slavery? Is it to be doubted that the vast body of Southern intellect and philanthropy desires an amelioration of those institutions? Does any Southerner, at all versed in the science of political economy, or who has seen with his own eyes the wealth of New England, the happiness and comfort of her people, doubt for a moment the desirableness of establishing a new order of things, a new and more creditable means of employing labor and capital. A free population not only produce, but they consume three times the amount, man for man, that is produced and consumed by a slave population. By creating a free population of white laborers in the South, a vast addition is made to the wealth of the South. Corn and cotton grow side by side in Georgia. You have but to build a mill, and invite a few miserable, half-starved sand-hillers to work in it, and you have provided a home-market for your corn and your cotton, and soon you have in addition the profits of a boundless foreign market for *cloth*, which is a product of corn and cotton, of laborer's food and laborer's material. This, surely, is better than sending corn and cotton to England, and paying English manufacturers for having it there converted into cloth!

Let us, then, regarding only the inevitable tendency of things, and relying upon right reason, dismiss, if possible, those hot and crooked prejudices, those personal piques and State jealousies which have so long obscured our vision and biassed our judgment. *Abolitionism in the North has leagued itself with radical democracy.* That is the great fact of the age. Radical democracy is probably stronger in consequence.

It needed to have a new life infused into it. At a recent meeting of abolitionists in Massachusetts, the American flag was intentionally excluded from the hustings. Abolitionists denounce and defy the Union and the Constitution, because they defend your sovereignty, and keep off the meddling fingers of national reformers from your institutions. And you, too, are democrats! Faith! your devotion to democracy is great. We commend your political insight.

Let the desperate and dying organs of the old party tell you what they may, it is radical democracy which means to crush you, and will do it, too, if you continue to support that faction.

Mr. Van Buren, the head and heart of the old faction, was the head also of the political anti-slavery movement. Since the last election, Mr. Van Buren has not changed his ground. The entire North, Whigs and democrats, are opposed to slavery extension; the Whigs have uniformly opposed it, and will continue to do so. It is certain, that the majority of Whigs in the North and West, as well as the majority of democrats, desire the abolition of slavery in the District of Columbia. I believe the South would reap a great benefit from that measure, and that her true policy will be to take the matter into her own hands, and be the first to propose the abolition.

The North and West are opposed, *en masse*, to the *extension* of slavery. The weight of American opinion, five to one, is against it. It is not a question of Whig or democrat, it is a grand national policy; a necessity of the times. It is idle to contend against it.

Observe the tendency of all popular measures of reform, especially when they have a religious and a moral sanction. That tendency is toward extremes, toward violent and arbitrary measures. Moral fanaticism, on a democratic basis, cannot stop short of a total destruction of all institutions that have grown out of the past. Professing to confer liberty, it subdues the very souls of men. The liberties of States are quite too abstract a fiction of law to be discerned by its gross and muddy vision. Esteeming constitutions to be things easily constructed, it has no

hesitation in destroying them. Its leaders identify the State with their own persons, and they therefore willingly renounce the acts and the debts of their predecessors. Debts which *they* did not contract, *they* do not feel bound to pay. Are not *we* the government, (they say, inwardly,) what then have we to do with our predecessors, or their deeds?

Greatly would any man err at this day, who should assume that the democratic tendencies of modern society are to lead only to good. That that vigilance of which Jefferson speaks when he declares that it is the price of liberty, is a vigilant suppression of every generous and proud sentiment, of every effort of the individual to shake off the domination of the mass.

I believe you will not contradict me when I say that republicanism is the effort of the individual to free himself, in his own personality and independently of all others, from the oppressions of party, the fear of society, and the terror of one or of a number. The entire system of our government is clearly founded in a declaration of individual liberty, a declaration which those only can read intelligently to whom Heaven has granted a real independence. A republican soldier, while he fights in rank, fights in his own behalf—he fights not for king or council. Hence the military prowess and invincible valor of republics. Societies constructed upon this principle are properly self-governed, and their governments are, called “agency governments.” The laws which they impose are made by the wisdom, not by the will, of their legislative bodies, under the mighty guardianship and enforcement of a constitution which annihilates individual domination, and for oligarchy and autocracy substitutes the acknowledged rights and necessities of the people. This is conservative Whig doctrine, as I understand it.

But perhaps you will say that all this is irrelevant—that the doctrine is universally acknowledged, and that to dwell upon it as a party argument were a waste of time and of logic. I will endeavor to show you the contrary.

A Constitution is a body of laws established by the entire mass of the people—it is the result of the entire moral power and wisdom of the nation. Whatever govern-

ing or deliberative power may exist in the body of the population, is brought to bear for the establishment, during several ages, of a constitutional government. The pride and enthusiasm of the softer sex has a powerful share in it. Mothers teach their children to revere and love the work of their fathers. A veneration for it is blended with the sentiments of piety, and the equally powerful passions of patriotism. It receives the homage due to holy writ, and has a veritable power of sanctity. The people think of it as of a heavenly decree. It is a work of ancient wisdom, and established by the continued felicity of the Republic, under its beneficent sway, through a series of generations. If we wish to know what it has done for us, we have only to compare our condition with that of other nations, devoid of constitutions; which, indeed, have no efficacy, I might have said no existence, until they are written in the hearts of the people. Constitutions are not established when they are first enacted; their establishment is a work of time. Three generations of men should perhaps have passed away since their enactment, before they can command our undoubting admiration.

The venerable work of our fathers guaranties to you the management of your own governments; it guaranties to every State the management of its own affairs; it attributes a limited sovereignty to every citizen, and a limited sovereignty to every constituted State; and if the first aim of its founders was the establishment of the one, their second but not less important was the establishment of the other. Free men and free sovereignties—the individual shall be absolute master in his acknowledged private and political sphere; the State shall be absolute master in hers, with this sole reservation that she shall not wrest his freedom from the citizen—for it is never to be forgotten that the constitution guaranties to every State, against all the world, a republican form of government. This guaranty establishes forever the liberty of the citizen against faction and oppression in his own State, and entitles him while he lives to the protection of the Union; he cannot be withdrawn from this protection.

From these profound principles arises the stable edifice of the Union. It is to

this equal recognition of State rights and private rights, that we owe the security of property—the peace and prosperous industry of the nation. Reforms go on quietly and effectively—they are not forced upon us, but grow out of our necessities and our advances in knowledge and refinement. Each measure of reform is proposed and carried out by its proper agents. There is no meddling or trespassing.

And now look at the other side. What is a radical democrat? His creed is summed up in a sentence; he is the enemy of everything that is firm, established, and just. If the question is of property, instead of giving each man his own, he divides and distributes in equal shares; never stopping to inquire whether the power has been granted him by God or the laws to make such a division. Assuming that the individual has no rights, but that everything belongs to the multitude, he aims perpetually to defeat the ends of nature, which has given different tastes and capacities to men; the god he worships is a god of numbers and combinations; a god from whose image the republican idea of freedom and individual grandeur of character is wholly excluded. The attrition of common life, the intercourse of society, and the struggles for subsistence, instead of sharpening and elevating his moral sense, induce only a deadness of heart, and a jealousy of the happiness of others, which ripens into theories of reform, which maligns the wealthy, which checks enterprise, which subdues the fine free pride of the republican, “whose house is his castle,” and substitutes for that manly spirit a sickly desire for the support of numbers; as weak saplings stand together in a crowd, and agree among themselves to thrust out no side branches, but each to take up only just such a space of ground and so much of the light of heaven as may please their neighbors. But whence would come the knee timber and vast frame-work of our noble State, if all her citizens stand thus weakly and equally together, no one with force or root enough to stand alone? Weak, servile, and jealous, they run in crowds, and obey the finger of a leader. In office they are slaves and idlers; out of office they run to it with halts about their necks. It is human nature that gives the tone and spirit

of a party. The friends and followers of Gen. Jackson attacked everything, every man, that stood out against his will. He drew to himself the dregs of Federalism, the successor of Toryism. He, by his personal autocracy, organized a party which, with a short intermission, has held the public offices of the country for an age. It is the characteristic of that party, that their organization is invariably founded upon some destructive or negative principle.

First, it was the destruction of the bank; then it was the destruction of all banks; then the destruction of the protective system—the old system which gave prosperity and wealth to England and America; then it was a negative upon all efforts for the increase of internal commerce; then a general dilapidation and destruction of all the old State constitutions; it is a cancelling of State debts; a destruction of some neighboring constitution; a destruction of social differences; a pulling down, a leveling—a reduction—always, always. But what will it be when it comes to touch *your* peculiar institutions? That is worth a moment's reflection. To reduce the Union to one vast weltering democratic chaos—that is *their* aim. To rule this chaos to their personal ends, that is the aim of their leaders.

Now—need I again urge it?—contrast within your silent thoughts, the severe, manly, liberal, law-loving, conservative spirit of your own Southern Whig statesmen, and of their noble allies and bosom friends in the North—so full as they are of courage, tempered by forbearance; so broad, simple, and constitutional in their views; so temperate in language, so urbane and discreet in conduct, so careful to keep the *juste milieu*, the golden mean of rectitude—contrast them, and then judge which of the two will handle most tenderly, and with the purest constitutional tact, any questions of interference. Consider which of these parties—namely, the conservative constitutional Whig, or the hot, wild, reckless body that is organizing out of loco-foco and abolition elements in the North and West.

If you have any doubt in your minds which of the two parties it is which is most actively bent on interference with your private affairs, look at the recent co-

alitions of the Loco-foco and Free-soil factions in various parts of New England. It must not be denied or concealed from you, it must rather be urged upon your most serious consideration, that the opposition to the extension of slavery over new territories, to engaging in war for the acquisition of territory, and I may add, to the continuance of slavery in the District of Columbia—were it once certain that the power lies in Congress to abolish it—are neither a Whig nor a democratic, but simply a Northern and Western opposition. In the minds of genuine conservative Whigs, this opposition extends only as far as the Constitution will permit it; but with the party now composed by the union of Abolitionists, who have appropriated the name of “Free-soilers,” and Loco-focos, this opposition is but the first step toward an aim which shall be nameless, but which you will easily surmise. Mr. Calhoun will express for you what I leave unexpressed. He opposed the war of invasion against Mexico; he opposed the acquisition of territory; but, once acquired, he wished it to be slave territory. No, said the Whigs; we opposed the war because we thought it unjust in the first instance—a violation of the laws of nations; and in the second, we opposed it because it would give rise to contests about territory between the North and South. But since, in spite of all our efforts, the territory has been acquired, and by such means as bear a pretext of decency, let us make the best we can of it. Southern Loco-focoism has forced this new territory upon the country for the purpose of making it slave territory. Now, is not the course of the Whigs plain? Every Whig who opposed the war in order to prevent the extension of slavery, must continue to oppose that extension. Our course is simple—we have but one line to choose, and that is the line of duty and consistency.

Northern Whigs will, then, oppose the extension of the line of slave territory westward. Northern Loco-focoism will do more. In Iowa, in Connecticut, in Vermont, in all parts of New England, we hear of attempted, and sometimes of successful coalitions between “Free-soil,” or Abolition, and Loco-focos. It is the movement, the phenomenon of the day. To any person equally familiar with the spirit of Loco-focoism and Abolitionism, there is

nothing surprising or unexpected in this coalition—or rather, this fusion of the two halves of the grand destructive party; one half engaged in attempts to destroy the institutions of their neighbors, with they care not what consequences; the other half equally busy in undermining the props and barriers of civilized and constitutional society in the several States. Such a fusion is just and natural, and might have happened long ago, but for certain circumstances. Those circumstances ceased with the election of a Whig President, and the ejection from office of the office-holding influence of the old party. They had long ago lost their principles; the nation had no need of them; they had lost their offices. They are in want both of a new political creed and a new basis of organization. The Abolitionists stood ready to furnish them with both. While in office they truckled to the South, and reaped contempt; out of office, and no longer expecting anything from a Southern administration, the contempt they have suffered has turned into gall and acrimony. They will, hereafter, be the most desperate and bitter enemies of the South; and once organized, and victorious, will crush the South if possible.

You are, perhaps, a Southern representative whom I am now addressing. Do you not know, will you not admit, that a Northern Loco-foco of the Van Buren stamp, is but a turncoat for the occasion; that he hates the South, because it despises him, and that the best Abolitionists are to be made out of that metal? Consider it.

Addressing you as a Northern conservative, I do not assume either on speculative or political grounds to be the defender of your institutions; the State of which I am a citizen, and the neighboring States, have long since abolished every form of servitude, and the face and the name of a slave is unknown upon their soil. Their desire is, to have imparted to their soil a peculiar sacredness; that like the soil of England, it shall impart freedom by merely touching the feet of a slave. Already, if a slave is brought by his master into a Northern State, he becomes free, by virtue of the law which forbids the existence of slavery in a free State. The North has acted *pro virili parte* in this matter. As

soon as public opinion was found strong enough in each State, measures of emancipation were proposed and easily carried. The body of opposition, if any existed, was too feeble to produce any impression, or excite any alarm. Had there been a vast body of slaveholders in the northern States; had there been a wealthy and powerful *interest*, depending upon slave labor; had there been a violent attempt by a neighboring republic to *force* measures of emancipation upon New England, it is highly probable that slavery would have continued there to this day. With such considerations to check their enthusiasm, the moderate friends of liberty in the North, (and they are the great majority,) are prepared to make the largest allowance in your favor, and to believe that, notwithstanding the desire that is expressed by nearly every Southern man who comes to the North, or who is acquainted with free institutions, to effect a salutary change in the political condition of his State, the obstacles to such a change are at present insurmountable. That it is only in States where better modes of industry have been introduced, and where the number of the white population is vastly superior to that of slaves, that an immediate and complete emancipation could be attempted without ruin to both slaves and masters. Moderate men in the North are willing to believe in the soundness of these objections—assigned, as I have said, by the majority of Southern men who come to the North—to any plan for immediate emancipation. It is not my desire or intention to weigh these objections. I wish only to place before you a clear impression of Northern feelings upon the subject of slavery.

Nor do the liberal North ever forget that it was by the free exercise of their own State rights, of their State sovereignties, that they abolished slavery. Had the South attempted to force any measures of emancipation upon them, it is a matter of absolute certainty that they would have resisted the least interference. They know that the Constitution guaranties to each State a republican form of government. But they know too, that the separate sovereignties came into the Union in good faith, and with a full and perfect understanding, that the powers of the Union should not extend to the compul-

sory reform of their domestic institutions. It is their profound conviction that any combination of Northern powers for the purpose of forcing the emancipation of the black population of the South, would be destructive to the spirit of liberty; would be a trampling upon reserved rights; would be, in fact, as clear an usurpation of power as the interference of Great Britain would be, were she at this moment to attempt the violent suppression of the French Republic, and the re-establishment of the house of Orleans.

Such, rest assured, is the deliberate opinion of the conservative Whigs of the North; notwithstanding their religious and almost innate abhorrence of slavery, and their belief that the substitution of free labor is the only possible means of developing the economical resources of the South, and raising her in wealth and power to an equality with the West and North.

You will perceive that in thus religiously abstaining from any interference with your institutions, the Northern Whigs are but exemplifying the Scripture rule of doing as they would be done by. They observe with a quiet scorn the efforts of fanatics to involve them in the guilt of interference; the attempts of conceited enthusiasts and sentimentalists to subvert the policy of Washington, and engage America in the wars of Europe, harmonizes with the intentions of the Abolitionists and the new party which they are forming, by a coalition with the old Loco-foco faction. That party, as you well know, sprang out of an union of the remains of the Federal party, with the friends of General Jackson. They are the party who love an arbitrary executive; who attacked the prerogative of the Senate, in the days of Jackson. They are a war-loving party. They delight in sudden and far-reaching exertions of power. They are revolutionary, and delight in such reforms only as ensue upon violent and complete overturnings, with the sudden and arbitrary substitution of a completely new system of things. Out of power, as at present, they deal in the most violent and sweeping denunciations; in the South against Northern agitators, in the North against Southern agitators. In the South, they propose to hang Garrison and his

gang; in the North, they propose to — Mr. C——n and his —n. The Northern side are the more amiable, because it is a fashion to be Christian and all that, in the North. Depend upon it, if Loco-focoism in the guise of Abolitionism ever gets your unfortunate institutions by the throat, you will rue the day, and curse the man, that persuaded you to vote the Loco-foco ticket.

Of the unscrupulous character of the so-called third party, but which is now the organizing opposition body in the North and West, you may judge by the perfect carelessness with which that body have thrown to the dogs all other considerations but this one of opposition to yourselves. They give up the entire interests of the North, tariff, internal improvements, their favorite banking system; in short, the entire body of Northern principles their leaders have given up, and now hold out the hand of fellowship to their old enemies. They have made it a test of a sound opposition man, that he shall regard all other questions as secondary, and lying in abeyance until this one is settled.

Do not be deceived into supposing that Northern and Western Whigs, out of hatred to abolitionism, will give up their settled convictions against the extension of the slave territory westward. Were it even doubtful in their minds, whether slavery ought to be treated as an evil in the general, they would still oppose its *extension*; and what is more, they would endeavor to denationalize it.

Ponder for an instant the following argument:

1. Abolitionists deny that slavery is a *national* institution.

2. Conservative Whigs are unable to contradict them.

3. Abolitionists demand, therefore, that the District of Columbia be no longer suffered to be a slave market.

Again, the conservative Whigs reply:

1. If you will show us that the government has power, under the Constitution, to do this, we will vote for it, and the majority shall decide.

2. To this Abolitionism has no answer to make, for it has already denounced the Constitution.

3. Whereas, if it had believed that the Constitution would sustain it, it would not have denounced that instrument.

Again:

1. Whig conservatism, wishing only to denationalize slavery, says to the South—give up the District of Columbia, which will be a trifling loss to you, and you will have put Abolitionism *hors de combat*; for then it will have to attack the Constitution openly, and show its true face, which is that of a radical and a revolutionist.

2. The South replies, No, I will make slavery a national institution, and I will, moreover, withdraw from the Union if you say any more about it.

3. This, whispers Abolitionism, (*aside*), is just the thing we wish you to do; for, if you draw off from the Union, your slaves will be free the instant they set foot upon Northern soil. And we will take care so to order it that they shall not stay quietly with you. You will have a pretty long boundary line to guard, methinks!

Great nations have gone to ruin, populous countries have been converted into deserts, and civilization retarded by causes far less important than those which we are now considering. There is need for moderation, and above all for a firm and steady adherence to the policy of our founders—a policy of compromise and concession. Enter if you will upon a calculation of comparative strengths, measure the military prowess of the chivalrous and testy little State of Carolina against the entire military force of the Union; these are gallant and brave comparisons; to die in a good cause is the worthy hope of a freeman; but, after you have made up your mind to die, then take a few moments longer to think, whether, after all, it is not possible that even the solemn act of suicide or martyrdom may not have ridicule attached to it. Children have drowned themselves, it is said, because the cruel father denied them an apple.

Put the case, that, in the natural order of events, the prevailing prejudices of the North shall gradually bring about an effectual coalition of the Abolitionists and the opposition; that four years hence the "third party" shall have disappeared, and that only two parties are found at the polls, the conservatives and the destructives—the conservative Whig and the destructive radical; the thing is quite possible; put the case, I say, it comes to pass. Suppose the installment of a Cass,

a Benton, or a Van Buren, in the executive chair, pledged to carry Northern measures, secretly pledged to sustain the policy of the vast majority of those who put him there; suppose it has happened that you, in your ignorance of Northern movements, have been cheated by the old name of democrat, so far as to have become the means, the direct means of electing some such person, and that in the course of a year or so you begin to discover that the party in the North for whose candidate you voted, have been quietly organizing an attack upon you. They begin by abolishing slavery in the District of Columbia, for by that time we may suppose the new territories will have settled the question for themselves. They next begin a system of log-rolling—concessions and intimidations—for the weaker representatives, to drive them into an amendment of the Constitution, modifying the clause by which runaway slaves are now secured to their masters. They next commence a system of operations in the Southern States, bringing the power of the Executive to bear upon *private* opinion and private interests in those States. Suppose that by this system you are driven along with a ruinous rapidity upon the path of emancipation; that your fields, like those of the West Indies, are left without cultivators; that your laborers refuse to work; that you try to force them, and excite rebellions; that these rebellions are fomented by Northern destructives, of the class who now busy themselves in gallanting negro ladies, and nailing up black gentlemen in boxes, to be brought like wild animals to the North for public exhibition at abolition fairs and soirees; would you not curse the day that saw you vote the "Democratic" ticket?—would you not say to your neighbor, "We have been grossly deceived; we did not know of the secret coalition."

P. S. That you may believe what I have said in regard to the union of the old Loco-foco and "Free-soil," i. e. Abolition, parties, I quote from the newspapers.

A grand "Free-soil," mass meeting has come off at Cleveland, Ohio. Mr. John Van Buren addressed the meeting. This gentleman is, as is well known, the spokesman of the New York movement that was headed by his venerable father.

"Mr. Van Buren concluded his speech with an elegant peroration on the value of the Union and the glories of the Republic."

Eli Tappan, Esq. (ominous name!) reported resolutions.

"*Resolved*, That the Free Democracy, in its efforts to restore the original policy of the Government on the subject of Slavery, are only carrying out the true Democratic principles to their legitimate application; and we therefore hail with the greatest satisfaction the efforts now making, and, we rejoice to add, successfully made in Vermont and some other States, to bring up the old Democracy to the Platform of Freedom, and dissolve the bonds of its unnatural alliance with the Slave power."

"*Resolved*, That we witness with great satisfaction the triumphant appeal which Thomas H. Benton is making to the people of Missouri, sustaining fully one of the great principles of the Democracy, to wit: the constitutional power of Congress to legislate for Freedom, even to the exclusion of Slavery."

The above is one of the resolutions—mark its import. The "free democracy," i. e. the old, discomfited, Loco-foco party, have incorporated the Proviso principle into their Platform.

"*Resolved*, That to protect this great interest, and to insure, in other respects, a sound administration of public affairs, it is indispensable that there should be a union of all those who love their country more than mere party, upon the great principles of Human Rights promulgated in the Declaration of Independence, and set forth in the inaugural address of its author."

Here we have opposition to slavery in the abstract made the corner-stone of the grand party platform of the free democracy. Note that, gentlemen, and then, if you love Garrison, Van Buren and Co., vote the "democratic ticket."

"*Resolved*, That in the spirit of the compact solemnly established by the ordinance of 1787, between the original States and the people of the Northwestern Territory, we recognize the duty of Congress to resist the toleration of Slave territories and the admission of Slave States, and to suffer no change in the complexion of the United States Senate except in favor of Freedom, and no addition to the Slave representation in the House of Representatives, whatever may be the pretext of congressional compromise, stipulation or precedent."

The free democracy are resolved that you shall not have another State from the new territory; they have set their hearts upon that. For this policy you have to thank your Jupiter of South Carolina. He, the minority, has taught them, the majority, what to insist on.

Again—

Resolved, That the existence of human Slavery at the seat of Government is a foul stain upon the escutcheon of our Republic; and no efforts should be spared to elect Senators and Representatives to Congress, who will vote unhesitatingly for the abolition of Slavery and the slave-trade in the District of Columbia, or the removal of the seat of Government to a place consecrated to free soil.

Resolved, That this Convention approve the platform of the Free Democracy, which was promulgated at Buffalo in August, 1848, and which has since been sanctioned by every State, slave or free, where the Free Democracy have been organized.

Resolved, That President Taylor, by allowing his name and influence to be used for the benefit of the slave power, at the close of the late session of Congress, has not only violated the spirit of his pledge not to interfere with the action of Congress, but by threatening through his official organ to visit the Free-soil party with "his indignant frown," in case they should do what Southern members of Congress have done without incurring any such frown, has abundantly shown that the cause of freedom in the new free territories of New Mexico and California has nothing to hope, but much to fear, from the present national administration."

This is very injurious to President Taylor. He has not exercised any of the influence here ascribed to him. He pledged himself not to oppose the confessed and unmistakable will of the nation, expressed in Congress. The abolition loco-focos, however, set him at defiance.

Resolved, That we believe, with the fathers of the Republic, that human slavery is a moral, social, and political evil; that the General Government should relieve itself from all responsibility for its existence, and that the full constitutional power of the Government to prevent the spread of this evil should be exerted now, as it should have been from the Jeffersonian ordinance of 1787."

Jefferson's opinions are a great testimony, indeed, against an institution of which he felt and described the evils.

Resolved, That we abhor the policy of partisan politicians, who for political availability have so long sacrificed in national

conventions the best interests of freedom and humanity."

A very evident hit at the Baltimore Convention. The "free democracy" will never again be reconciled to a union with the South as it now is.

A word more, and I have done. The new manufacturing interests of the South are like to prove, in no very remote future, a grand source of wealth and power to her citizens. They will furnish her with a free and powerful white population. The Whig policy is to foster and sustain these new and unequalled sources of power. The Whig policy has also been to forbid the extension of slavery over new territories. Radical democratic policy, on the other hand, wishes to deprive you of this new resource by its doctrine of free trade, by which you are kept poor, as a people, and made to depend upon the industry and enterprise of the North, and upon England. To this compulsory dependence they join the new doctrine of abolition, of violent abolition. They intend also to elect a President "who will use the entire power of the Constitution to abolish slavery." What the entire power of the Constitution may mean twenty years hence, in the hands of an anti-slavery President, elected by the Southern democracy and Northern radicals, you may imagine—and perhaps you can hardly stretch your imaginations too far.

There is but one course left for the South, (I humbly conceive,) and that is to join in the undivided support of the present administration. That administration is indeed Whig, but it is not ultra Whig; it does *not* intend to launch out into a "grand and general system of expenditure for internal improvement;" it will only favor such public objects as may be deemed expedient; it has not betrayed any violent or headstrong determination to carry out this or that extreme system of measures. It has made the administration of Washington its model. That it will defend the State sovereignties, and the decisions of the Supreme Court, there is not the slightest doubt. Is it not, then, worth a moment's reflection, even though you are a member of the Southern democracy, whether the true policy of the South, all things considered, will not be to sustain the administration?

THE IMPRUDENT CALIPH.

[TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH.]

We have found the following political *jeu d'esprit* in the *Paris Revue Comique*. Beneath the more than transparent veil of oriental names which the witty author has borrowed, our readers will discover, and without much difficulty, three eminent personages of the present age, the President of France, the President of the Ministerial Council, and the King of Bankers. —*Courrier des Etats Unis*.

In former times there reigned in Bagdad the young Caliph Omar el Arousch, nephew of the illustrious Haroun Alraschid.

All the world knows that the Caliph Haroun Alraschid was dethroned by the family of the Barmecides, surnamed the Simpletons, and that he died in exile on an island in the Indian seas.

His nephew, Omar el Arousch met with some singular adventures. A sage seer said to him in his childhood: "My son, always remember this maxim, which all great men have acknowledged; 'To will, is to perform;' which means neither more nor less than that, with a hard and determined head, a man may attain any object, even that of becoming Caliph of Bagdad; although the high rank of Caliph is at present held by the junior branch of the Barmecide family, who dethroned the elder branch surnamed the Simpletons, who had previously dethroned your august uncle, Haroun Alraschid."

"Well, then," said little Omar, "it is my will to become Caliph of Bagdad."

"You shall become so," said the seer, "but on the condition that your head be hard and determined."

"Fear me not," replied the prince, and from that time forward he regularly, every morning, knocked his head against a wall, to harden it as much as possible, and he succeeded so well that he made his head so hard that nothing could penetrate it.

And for this reason the prediction of the seer was fulfilled.

One fine morning the inhabitants of Bagdad drove from the walls of their city the junior branch of the Barmecides, who had dethroned the elder branch, surnamed the Simpletons, who had exiled Haroun Alraschid; after which they said—

"Let us choose for our Caliph, Prince Omar, the nephew of the illustrious Haroun; he is of all the princes of the earth the one who has the hardest head, and in truth, a chimney falling on it would in no-wise damage it; in this way we shall have the glory of being governed by the only caliph in the world who could venture to ride through our streets without risk of injury, even during a hurricane."

And the Prince Omar was thus proclaimed Caliph.

One evening he had a vision, in which appeared to him his uncle Haroun, who seemed to laugh so violently as to be obliged to hold both his sides.

"Ah! my good nephew," cried the apparition, "how art thou bedizened! Who the deuce could have imagined that I should one day see my crown upon thy head?"

"This is the advantage of having a hard head," replied the nephew. "'To will is to perform,' said a sage man to me."

"Zounds, my good nephew, what a philosopher you have become!" cried the uncle, laughing still more heartily; but soon assuming a serious air, he continued:

"I will now give you a lesson on the art of governing. Do you know the error above all others which caliphs in our days ought the most carefully to avoid?"

"Catching cold in the head," rejoined the prince, with much assurance.

"That's not it."

The young prince reflected for a moment, pressed his hand to his forehead, and said—

"Ah! I have it now; to avoid eating fricassee rabbits."*

"You are worthy of belonging to the elder branch of the Barmecides," exclaimed the uncle, disdainfully shrugging up his shoulders. "The real danger which threatens the caliphs of this age, is the influence of financiers. If once a caliph gets into their hands he is lost forever. They seize him by the throat and govern in his stead. I spent the ten years of my reign in combatting the influence of financiers, and they overcame me at last. It was the financiers who for six weeks delayed the campaign I undertook when I invaded Hindostan, and it was this delay which brought about the disasters that caused my downfall. Thus, my nephew, hold this as certain, that the financiers will destroy you if you do not crush them."

Having uttered these words, the uncle vanished, after having broken some porcelain vases in the apartment.

Some gaping citizens who chanced to espy him as he was soaring to the clouds, cried out loudly, "Long live the great Haroun Alraschid." But Haroun, being irritated, took off his shoes and threw them at their heads.

The Academy of Sciences having been consulted on this astounding event, came to the conclusion that the shoes had fallen from the moon.

Notwithstanding this, an usurer, well known at Bagdad, had presented himself to the new caliph on the very day of his accession.

"Mein brince," said he, with a singularly strong Chinese accent, "I vos te panker of your uncle, and I lent him monies vrom bure patriotism. Ah! your uncle vos a prave man. I am come to offer you

fifteen hondred tousand leetle sequins which I haf here in a pag.

"Give them to me," said the prince; "fifteen hundred thousand sequins are always good to take, and the more so that I have occasion for them at this moment."

The imprudent caliph took the sequins, bought himself sixty horses, a hundred women for his harem, and filled his cellar with champagne in despite of the prohibition of the Prophet, and then he gave the place of grand vizier to a stout, bald-headed man, who for eighteen years had pretended to be conversant with political affairs, and had become the laughing-stock of the whole city.

From that moment his only occupation was to drink his champagne, see his women dance, and ride out on horseback through the streets and the environs of Bagdad.

The inhabitants of the city, however, having heard that the stout bald-headed man had been appointed vizier, indulged in a thousand jests on the subject; then they ceased to jest, and loudly blamed the caliph for having made so imprudent an appointment.

The caliph, being alarmed at this demonstration of discontent, announced that he was about to dismiss the grand vizier; but this rumor had no sooner been spread abroad in the city, than the usurer, with the Chinese accent, hastened to the palace.

"Mein brince," exclaimed he, "are you apout to dismiss your pald-headed vizier?"

"Yes, my good man," replied Omar.

"Ah! de tevil! de tevil! de tevil!"

"What do you mean by your devils?"

"Vy, if de fizier goes out de schtocks vill go town on de Pagdat exchange."

"And what then?"

"And I shall pe oplied to ask you to rebay de fifteen hundred tousand litle zequins dat I lent you de oder tay."

The caliph at once comprehended his position, bowed his head, and retained his vizier in office, although he heard every day, when riding out, shouts as he passed by of "Down with the grand vizier, who is the laughing-stock of Bagdad!"

When this happened he would return to his palace, and console himself with his hundred women and his champagne.

Sometime after this the Persians, who were friends of the subjects of the caliph,

* As our readers may not comprehend this allusion, we will remind them that Louis XVI. after escaping from Paris arrived at Varennes, in which town there was an inn, the host of which was celebrated for the exquisite way in which he prepared a "*gibelotte de lapins*," (fricassee of rabbits.) The king insisted on halting to test the innkeeper's culinary skill, of which he had often heard. While thus indulging his gastronomic propensity, a troop of *gen d'armes*, who had been sent in pursuit of him, surrounded the house, seized the king and conducted him back to Paris. A dish of rabbits cost him his life.—(Trans.)

dethroned their Schah, after having effected a revolution analogous to that which had seated the nephew of Haroun Alraschid, the great, upon the throne of Bagdad. It was perfectly natural that the people of this city should go to the assistance of the Persians, who were threatened by the Emperor of Mogul, who wished to interfere for the purpose of re-establishing the Schah upon the throne of Ispahan. This was also the secret desire of Caliph Omar, who would in this have followed the policy of his uncle; but he had no sooner allowed his intentions to be divined, than the same usurer with the Chinese accent, once more hurried to the palace.

"Mein brince!"

"What's the matter now?"

"De beeples are dalking of an intervention!"

"Well!"

"If de Grand Mogul is displeased mit us, de schtocks will fall on de Change, and I shall be obliged to ask you to bay de fifteen hundred thousand leetle zequins you know of."

"Go to the deuce with you," replied the young caliph, and he bowed his head as on the former occasion, and he went to seek for consolation with Fatima, his favorite.

A month after this the imbecile grand vizier published some ordinances of so tyrannical a nature that they created general indignation among the people of Bagdad.

"Verily," said they, "it was for less than this, that we drove away the last Barmecide of the junior branch."

These rumors reached the ear of Prince Omar at the moment when he had just raised a glass of champagne to his lips to drink to the health of the Pharaohs, whom he had been taught to believe were his grand uncles. At the same moment the usurer rushed in panting for breath.

"Mein brince, I am here again."

"I see that clearly enough."

"Dey say you vill annul de ordinance of de Grand Fizieer! Den dere vill be a great fall on de Change, and I shall be vorse to ask you to bay"—

The Prince prevented him from saying

another word, by seizing him by the shoulders and pushing him out of the room; but he did not dare to recall the ordinances, and spent the evening in drinking champagne with his women, in order to divert his thoughts from this unpleasant predicament.

While drinking the fifteenth bottle, his illustrious uncle again appeared to him. His irritated relative began by breaking all the looking-glasses in the room, and then addressing his nephew, who was trembling in his bed, said—

"Well, young man, we are in a pretty pass."

"Yes, in truth."

"You have fallen into the snare like a poor badger—and yet I warned you of it."

"How could I help it, uncle? The Chinese accent of that man had inspired me with so much confidence."

"You could not then understand that this usurer is an agent of the junior branch of the Barmecides, and that in compelling you to retain that imbecile grand vizier, the partisans of the Barmecides wished to stir up the people against you, and bring about a revolution."

"I see it now. Alas! alas! how can I relieve myself from this terrible position. I have not the first sou towards repaying the fifteen hundred thousand sequins. Who can give me good counsel?"

"It would be more to the purpose, if some one would give you the fifteen hundred thousand sequins."

"That he should have so perfidious a heart with such a Chinese accent! Oh! uncle, what am I to do?"

"That is no affair of mine."

"Alas! alas! I am lost."

The illustrious Haroun crossed his hands behind his back, a gesture which was habitual with him when living; took two or three turns in the room, apparently in very ill humor, broke a water jug and a decanter, and disappeared, after giving a furious kick to the bald-headed grand vizier, whom he met ascending the staircase of the palace, his portfolio under his arm, and walking with all the gravity becoming the most ridiculous man in Bagdad.

POLITICAL MISCELLANY.

HUNGARY.

WE still remain without any official details of the grand battle said to have been fought between the Hungarians and Russians, and begin to be afraid the accounts received by the former steamer were, to say the least of them, premature.

The interest excited throughout the Union by the gallant struggle of the Hungarians to assert their independence, and free themselves from a yoke which for so many centuries has weighed oppressively upon them, has induced us to enter a little more fully into their early history, than in our preceding number.

As long ago as the year 889, the Hungarians, or Magyars, then coming from the east, took possession of the plains of Dacia, in which country they eventually settled, after having made, during a whole century, several adventurous excursions into the West. Here they formed an empire which became the first bulwark of Christendom against the invasion of the Ottomans.

The kingdom of Hungary, from the eleventh to the sixteenth century, was one of the most powerful in Europe. At the time of the fall of the Greek Empire, it extended from Bulgaria to Poland, from Austria to the Black Sea, and it was subsequently increased under Matthias Corvinus, who conquered Silesia, Lusatia, Austria and Moravia. The power of its kings was limited by the Golden Bull of 1222, an article of which authorized the Hungarians to resist the sovereign should he violate the constitution. This power was further tempered by the king's being compelled to recognize the prescriptive rights of the nation. At the period when Louis XI. and Ferdinand the Catholic, reigned over other countries, the Hungarians were governed only by laws voted in their own Diets. The constitution, the most enlightened possessed by any nation, at that time, had, doubtless, been progressively developed.

But even at the brightest epoch of her history, Hungary contained within her the germs of her decline. This will readily be conceived, for the throne was elective; the destinies of the State were placed in jeopardy at each new accession, and the Austrian princes, who had striven through the whole of the middle ages to get the crown awarded to them, at length received it from the hands of the enfeebled nation.

The security of the throne had been constantly maintained in Hungary, because the sovereign had been always, and necessarily, a warrior. It was less an administrator than a general that they required to repel the incursions of the Moguls, the Tartars, and the Turks. The king therefore remained the chief of the armed bands at the time of the conquest. To arrive at supreme power, it was necessary to have given proofs of warlike prowess, and to have secured the confidence of the army. On the day of election, the warrior who claimed the crown galloped up the hill on which the electors were assembled, brandishing his sword to the four cardinal points, thus declaring he would defend the kingdom from all enemies, coming from whatever quarter of the globe. The electors were then asked, "Is it your pleasure that ——— here present shall be crowned as king," and on their assent the royal dignity was conferred.

The sceptre was sometimes transmitted by a species of lineal succession—from male heir to male heir, as was the case first in the Arpadian dynasty, and subsequently in the family of Anjou, and other royal houses; but it was the election of the Diet alone that gave the king the right of ascending the throne. This formality was attended with great and pompous formalities. The election took place on the extensive plain of Rakos, and there every member of the Diet attended, armed cap-a-pie, with all the panoply of war, to vote for the candidate.

Although the Hungarians have always retained the somewhat barbarous attitude of a numerous encamped army, it must not be imagined that they did not participate in the refinements of western civilization. The institutions which they had brought with them from the steppes of Asia had already attained considerable development. While on the one hand the sovereign power as chief of the army, being placed in the hands of the king, assures the perpetual unity of the State; on the other, the municipal power, emanating from the great body of the conquering tribes, is a sure safeguard of their liberties, and it has proved, even to this day, their greatest bulwark against the encroachments of Austria. Hungary was the first among the nations of Europe to possess a regular code of laws, and which has always been enforced from one end of the country to the other. The arts were also studied with success, for Hungary was the first to take ad-

vantage of their influence in Italy, whilst other nations repaired thither only towards the sixteenth century. Schools were opened in Hungary, which soon became so celebrated, that the youth of all the neighboring countries flocked to them for instruction, and the court of the glorious Matthias was thronged by poets and men of science.

We are astounded at this progress in intellectual improvement, when we reflect on the continued struggles the Hungarians had to maintain against invading nations. But this progress was abruptly checked when Hungary submitted to foreign domination. Their genius for the arts, which thus developed itself despite their sanguinary wars with the Turks, has been altogether unnoticed by Austrian historians. Were we to credit them, the Hungarians knew nothing of civilization until they came under the government of Austria. This is doubly falsifying the real facts. Germany certainly exercised a salutary influence over Hungary, when, under the sway of her national kings, millions of colonists from the German States spread throughout the Hungarian territories the spirit of Christianity, and at the same time a taste for agriculture and the arts; and it is strange that German writers should have forgotten this. But this salutary influence ceased the moment that the politics of the Emperors rendered everything that emanated from Germany suspicious in the eyes of the Hungarians.

The reverse at Mohacz which the Hungarians suffered in 1526, raised the Austrian dynasty to the throne. The exhausted nation considered that it was securing its welfare by entrusting its sceptre to Ferdinand, the king of the Romans, whose brother, Charles the V., had declared himself the enemy of the Ottomans. If, after that disastrous epoch, the German princes had governed that country with any semblance of justice or generosity, a country which had with so much confidence and loyalty submitted to their domination, they would have attached the whole Hungarian population by indissoluble bonds. But a short-sighted policy induced them to treat Hungary as a conquered country, and to violate the oaths they had taken to guaranty its independence. The Emperors roused to desperation the spirit of a generous nation, whose patriotic feelings had so frequently burst forth during the secular wars. Deceived in their rightful hopes, and being threatened with still greater evils, the Hungarians sought a refuge in legitimate revolt. It was not until the year 1687 that the article in the Golden Bull, which authorized an armed resistance to a tyrannic sovereign, was annulled. The two centuries subsequent to the assumption of regal power by the Austrian princes, were productive of innumerable evils to this country, for it was devastated by both the Imperials and the Turks. The insurrection was

however supported by the French, by Poland, and by the Transylvanians; the latter under the government of their elective princes, during that period repelled the ascendancy of Austria; and these wars were so completely national, that to the present day the names of Botskai, Bethlon, Tököli, Rakotzi are

“Familiar in their mouths as household words,”

for the Hungarians will never forget the heroes who so valiantly defended their beloved country.

The virulence of Austrain oppression was productive of two consequences, immense in their importance, and which speak more eloquently and clearly than all the details transmitted to us by history—these were, the progress of the Protestant religion, and the alliance of the Hungarians with the Turks.

From its immediate contact with the infidels Hungary had, like Spain, become passionately Catholic. She had powerfully aided in the extermination of the Hussites, while still governed by her own national kings. They who in the Holy Wars had borne upon their banners the image of the Virgin, would not, it might have been imagined, have been likely to become the soldiers of the Reformation. On its first appearance in Germany, the Hungarians proscribed it by rigorous laws; the Diet threatened the apostles of heresy with fire and stake. A few years subsequently the kingdom of Hungary fell from its high estate, and the very fact of the Emperors sustaining the cause of Catholicism, sufficed to render it unpopular. Hungary, from one extremity to the other, became almost universally Protestant. From a spirit of opposition, Protestantism became the religion of Hungary, though we may here observe, that the Confession of Augsburg, accepted by the Germans and Slavonians, was rejected by the Hungarians, on account of its German origin. They adopted Calvinism, which came from France. It was a French Pope, Sylvester II., who in the tenth century converted them to Christianity.

The bearing of this fact is demonstrated by the alliance which ensued between the Hungarians and the Turks. The middle ages had been for them but one continued struggle against Mohammedanism. It was in order to repel the Ottomans that, notwithstanding the fatal experience of former times, they had called the Austrian princes to ascend the throne of Hungary. Their bondage having become too oppressive, the Hungarians now invoked the assistance of the Sultans against the Christian kings who had trampled on their rights. After having read the history of the Holy Wars, after seeing the traces of ruin they have left in many parts of Hungary, we cannot refrain from asking, To what excess must this imperial tyranny have arrived, to have induced

the Hungarians to open their ranks to their eternal and irreconcilable enemies.

The perusal of the archives of the Diet, and those of the municipal bodies at this period, moves one even to tears. During nearly a whole century the Diet in their representations to the emperors respectfully state that the greatest evils they had to endure, were not occasioned by the Turkish government, or the Turkish troops, but by Christian rulers and Christian soldiers; that the municipal bodies paid the Emperor in one single year a sum equal to that which they had paid during the course of fifty years to the Turks, when subjected to them. That religious feeling which was paramount to all others with the Hungarians, during the middle ages, was only effaced by national feeling when the Ottomans abstained from wars of proselytism, to undertake wars having a purely political object.

The last of the Hungarian insurrections which, owing to the aid of Louis XIV., who was the most energetic of all the enemies of Austria, continued during eight years, was but newly pacified when Charles VI. ascended the throne, (1711.) This revolt, as has been the case with all those which preceded it, was appeased by negotiation. Austria had been vanquished, inasmuch as she renounced her illegitimate pretensions, and engaged to respect the national independence of Hungary. The humane policy of Charles VI., who cast from him all the trammels of Austrian misrule, acquired for him the complete submission of the kingdom. Therefore, in 1722, the Diet accepted the Pragmatic sanction which assured to the female descendant of Charles the succession to the crown of Hungary. When the time arrived for this compact to be respected by the whole of Europe: when foreign courts combined to despoil Maria Theresa of this right, it was to Hungary that the queen flew for protection, and implored its succor.

The affairs of the queen were altogether desperate; not a town remained to her in Austria in which she could trust herself to be delivered of the child she then bore; but Maria Theresa, a woman of superior mind, relied only on her own instinct. She silenced the aged counsellors, who were alarmed at her excitement, and appeared in the midst of the Diet. There, with the noble confidence of an elevated soul, addressing itself to people of a generous nature, she frankly avowed to the assembly that she was irreparably lost if Hungary did not espouse her cause. The heroic answer of the Hungarian nobles is well known; they with one voice swore to die for their King, Maria Theresa.*

Montesquien, in writing of these events, says, "The house of Austria had incessantly labored to oppress the Hungarian nobility. It knew not of what value it would one day prove. It endeavored to extract from them money which did not exist, and saw not the men who there existed. When so many princes divided her States among them, all the portions of the monarchy, lifeless and inert, fell, as it may be said, piecemeal. There was life only in that nobility; which, yielding to their feelings of indignation, forgot their wrongs to rush into the battlefield, thinking it their glory to perish and to pardon."

Armies suddenly sprang up and issued from Hungary, astounding Europe by the singularity of their costume and their war-cries; they drove back the enemy's troops beyond the Rhine and the Alps. After seven years' incessant warfare, the peace of Aix la Chapelle (1748) secured to Maria Theresa the inheritance of Charles VI. All she had lost was Silesia.

Maria Theresa never forgot the scene at Presbourg; she retained towards the Hungarians a lively feeling of gratitude, of which she gave continual proofs during the whole course of her reign. If her administration appears not so favorable towards Hungary as might have been anticipated, it is to her ministers that the blame should be adjudged. The good which Maria Theresa effected for that country proceeded from herself; any evil inflicted upon it must be attributed to another source. She had captivated the Hungarians by at once duly appreciating their generous feelings, and by unconditionally throwing herself upon them for support. She afterwards gave them the means of acquiring glory, and won their hearts by her admiration of their chivalric character. The seductions which she exercised over a people naturally enthusiastic rendered her capable of undertaking a work, which she, alone, could have accomplished. She persuaded the sons of those rough warriors who had so long borne arms against the Emperors, to visit her court at Vienna, and there loaded them with favors. The Empress knew them all, addressed each by name, married them to Austrian women, and stood godmother to their children.

It is a curious study, when visiting the castles of Hungary, to examine the galleries of family portraits which they contain. From the earliest periods, the features are all oriental. The men have an heroic air, such as we can imagine natural to those daring cavaliers, who almost invariably terminated their career on the battle-field, combatting against the Turks. The women appear austere and sorrowful—feelings which their continual anxiety would necessarily produce. But from the time of Maria Theresa, all this at once is changed, even to the style of features and the expression of their countenances. It is easy to perceive that they have

* Notwithstanding all Voltaire has said, Maria Theresa instead of making any concessions to the Hungarians took advantage of their enthusiasm to obtain concessions from them.

been at the court of Vienna, and have there acquired more gentle and more refined manners. The contrast is striking in the portrait of the magnate who first espoused an Austrian wife. The Hungarian occupies but a corner of the picture; he is standing in a dignified attitude, his left hand resting upon the hilt of his curved sabre; in his right he holds a ponderous mace. Immense spurs are attached to his yellow boots. He wears a long-faced dahlmann, and hussar pantaloons embroidered with gold. From his shoulders hangs a rich pelisse or a tiger's skin. His black moustache is pendant in the Turkish fashion, and his long hair falls in clustering ringlets round his neck. There is something semi-barbarous in the appearance of that man. His wife is in the centre of the picture, seated, and attired in a court dress. She evidently reigns paramount. Near her arm-chair are her children, who already have blue eyes and Austrian lips. The children are hers, and hers alone; they, like her, wear powder, resemble her, surround her and speak to her. Of course they are speaking German.

From the preceding details results a striking lesson which the sovereigns of Austria ought never to have forgotten. Whenever they have attempted to oppress Hungary, to violently ravish from her her independence and her liberty, she has resisted, revolted, combated, even during two whole centuries, without fearing to incur the greatest possible disasters. When the Emperors, inspired by a generous policy, agree to respect the laws which they have sworn to maintain, that valiant nation at once forgets her wrongs, casts from her all idea of resentment, and rushes forward in their defense.

"Let them be your fathers and brothers, reduce none of them to servitude, do not call any of them your serfs; let them be your soldiers, not your slaves. If anger, pride, or envy should hurry you into excess, they will transfer your power to others."

These words, which Saint Stephen, one of the first kings of Hungary, addressed to his son to describe the character of his subjects, are still strikingly appropriate, even after the lapse of nine hundred years; for the whole history of the Hungarians proves the indomitable energy of that people, and their constant and ardent love of liberty. Open, for example, their archives and read this paragraph, contained in a memorial addressed by the Diet to the Emperor at a moment when Austrian cannon were planted to mow them down. "Be assured, sire, that we will all perish, before our liberty shall perish!"

The Last News from Hungary.

Since the above was written, we have seen papers from Europe, from which we have made

some extracts regarding the late events in Hungary; but they are too conflicting to form any positive judgment upon them. When these noble patriots, now struggling for their dearest rights, defeat the armies sent to subjugate them, it is useless to look to the Vienna journals for any correct statement of the results; they have too great an interest in concealing them. We trust that the next arrival will bring us the Hungarian accounts.

The Magyars seem determined to hold Raab at all cost. It is garrisoned by ten thousand men with forty cannon. Kossuth was for some days in Raab, which is the birth-place of his wife, and harangued the people. Field-marshal Haynau, intending to make up for the small defeats which the Austrians had suffered on the 6th, 7th, and 9th inst., marched on the 12th a strong corps to Vajka, and advanced on the 13th on the banks of the Danube, while General Schlick had been ordered to cross the Danube, to occupy Wieselburg and to subdue the city of Raab. General Schlick was preparing to obey these orders, but he found himself suddenly surrounded by a superior number of Hungarians, who attacked him with great violence, and took fourteen field-pieces, besides forcing him to recross the Danube, and to retire to the vicinity of Altenburg. Above five hundred men of General Schlick's corps, most of them natives of Gallicia, deserted to the Hungarians. Field-marshal Haynau, finding himself unsupported by Schlick's corps, regained his former position.

Letters from Wieselburg of the 21st inst. state, that the Imperialists are at the distance of about twelve English miles from Raab, in the direction of Hochstrass, and they boastingly add, what cannot under the circumstances be true, that the Hungarians continue to retreat before the advancing columns of their enemies.

Vienna papers of the 23d inst. contain an official statement of the defeat of the Imperialist brigades under Generals Rott and Theysing, who, on the 20th inst., were attacked by the Hungarians, and thrown back upon Perad and A'Stelly, where their flight was stopped by the opportune arrival of a Russian brigade under General Paniutin.

It was reported at Vienna that Jellachich had forced Peterwardein to capitulate. The real fact is that he has been forced to raise the siege of that place, and to evacuate Neusatz, where his troops were too much exposed to the fire from the fortress. He continued only in the occupation of one of the suburbs, which lies out of the range of gun-shot from Peterwardein.

Jellachich would seem to have fallen into disfavor with the Emperor. The *Wiener Zeitung* publishes an Imperial decree, appointing Baron Haynau to the post of commander-in-chief of the Imperialist troops in the kingdom

of Hungary and in the Grand Duchy of Transylvania. This decree, by which Baron Jella-chich is superseded in the Hungarian crown-lands, will prove rather unfavorable than otherwise to the Austrian cause. Haynau, whose savage disposition has obtained for him the title of the butcher of Brescia, has hanged an evangelical clergyman named Razga, whose eloquence as a preacher has long procured him overflowing congregations, for addressing seditious language to the people. The execution of Razga took place at four o'clock on the morning of June 18, in the castle. The excitement of the people may be conceived from the precautions adopted by the authorities. All the streets leading to the castle were strongly occupied by military; the cannon on the bastions were loaded, with lit matches at hand. No greater service could be done to the cause of the Magyars. Razga, although young, was the father of five children. He met his death with great firmness, delivering a speech in defense of his conduct, and ended with, "God bless the fatherland!"

It is said that four Russian corps had entered Hungary by way of Ducla, Komuna, Grab, and Isby, amounting to one hundred and forty-four thousand men. It was stated at Vienna that part of this force had already advanced to Epericsh and Kashau, and that it was intended to push them forward upon Debretzin and Grasswardein. The Austrian papers also state that the Russians have at length entered Transylvania by the north and south. General Luders, with twenty-five thousand men, is reported to be at Cronstadt. Their northern column has entered by Pojana Stampi, and taken possession of Bistritz, where they have been joined by Colonel Urbau and his free corps of borderers. A third Russian division of twenty-five thousand men is quartered in the Szekler district. The son of Dembinski has been arrested at Cracow by order of the Imperial cabinet. He is to be a hostage, and Russia caused the step to be taken.

Several arrests have taken place at Prague, where the temper of the populace still remains threatening. Their loyalty is not likely to be freshened by a new levy of recruits which has just been decreed for Bohemia. No less than ten thousand Cszechs are, in this instance, to be taken from their native country and employed against the Hungarians, with whom they sympathize. Experience has shown that these Imperialist levies are the most efficient means to recruit Hungarian regiments.—*New York Herald*.

From the London "Times" of 30th June.

"We have received our Vienna papers and letters to the 24th instant. The details of the last battles on the banks of the Waag had not

yet reached Vienna, though it would appear that the result is the frustration of a most obstinate attempt of the Hungarians to cross the Waag. On the morning of the 20th instant, they had actually got possession of the right bank of the river, but were eventually obliged to return to their former positions. In the mean time, General Gorgey had come up with reinforcements, and the imperial leader, Wohlgemuth, with his fifteen thousand men, was reduced to the necessity of acting entirely on the defensive, until, upon the arrival of Russian reinforcements, a fierce battle ensued, which continued till night parted the combatants.

"The fight recommenced on the afternoon of the following day, and lasted throughout all the evening, and the whole of the next day. The Hungarians fought with furious obstinacy, but they could not prevail against the united Imperialist forces; and after a three days' battle, General Georgey was compelled to lead his troops back upon Terkashd, Negyed, and Guta. He crossed the Waag at the two first-mentioned places, and finished by destroying the bridge at Negyed. At Guta, the fugitive Hungarians made head against their Imperialist foes, and being surrounded by swamps on each side, and close to the fortress of Komorn, it was found a matter of impossibility to dislodge them.

"The losses of the Hungarians and Imperialists were almost equal, viz: about three thousand men killed on either side. It is generally believed that General Georgey, after his retreat across the Waag, fell back upon Komorn, and that his head-quarters are at present at Gonyo or Raab. The entry of the Russians into Transylvania is confirmed by the *Agramer Zeitung*, in which it is stated that Funfkirchen was occupied by the Imperialists on the 18th instant, and that the inhabitants were treated with extreme severity. Our correspondent informs us that the misunderstanding between the Prussian and Austrian governments is daily on the increase. General Guyon, an Irishman of distinguished bravery, is made governor of the all-important fortress of Komorn."

It will be seen by the above account, which bears the impress of being written by a friend to Austria, that the Magyars have made a noble stand, even when opposed to the combined Austrian and Russian armies. It acknowledges that the loss was about equal, and that the fugitive Hungarians had taken up a position from which they could not be driven. This certainly has not much the appearance of running away.

CIRCASSIA.

It would appear that the Russians will have occupation enough in the fighting way. Wherever there is a noble and enlightened

people, jealous of their liberty and national independence, there are the Russians to be found endeavoring to put them down. She has subjugated Poland, but we trust that Circassia and Hungary will long withstand her.

Advices from Trebizond confirm the taking of the Russian fortress Mami, on the Black Sea, by the Circassians. The garrison, consisting of four thousand men, were taken prisoners, with the exception of one thousand, who were put to death. The enemy also took five thousand muskets and one hundred and fifty cannon, destroyed the most important points of the fortress, and then encamped on a neighboring height, where a fresh encounter with the Russians was expected.

FRANCE.

Events of an important nature have occurred in France since our last number. Another insurrection had been plotted, and would have led to serious consequences, but for the energy displayed by the government. The Montagnard party, in the National Assembly, had proposed that the administration should be arraigned for its conduct in the Roman expedition, and a committee was appointed to examine into and report upon the question. The report was unfavorable to the views of the Montagnards, and the conclusions of the committee were adopted by a majority of 377 against 8, the Montagnard members having abstained from voting. The proposal for the accusation of the ministers was therefore negatived.

On the following day, the 13th of June, the Montagnards convened a meeting of the inhabitants of Paris and the National Guard, unarmed, at the Fountain on the Boulevard Saint Martin, thence to proceed to the National Assembly in procession, in order to remind it of the respect due to the Constitution.

About half-past one, the meeting, which had assembled at the Fountain, began its march, uttering loud shouts. At the head of the column were M. Etienne Arago, chief of battalion of the 3d legion, and Colonel Guinard, commandant of the legion of artillery of the National Guard, the greater portion of which followed their chief. Some demonstrations having been made unfavorable to the procession, several pistol shots were fired, and two or three persons wounded. The head of the column had almost reached the Church de la Madeleine, when General Changarnier with four battalions of infantry, and eight squadrons of cavalry, issued from the Rue de la Paix. After having, by means of four commissaries of police, summoned the persons in the procession to disperse, and this not being attended to, he ordered the troops to charge right and left along the boulevards. The insurrectionists were immediately put to the rout, flying in all directions. Etienne Arago in this melée

was precipitated from the boulevard into the *Rue basse du Rempart*, some twenty feet, and was much injured. In the mean time, as the procession had advanced, barricades had been formed at intervals behind it, on the boulevards, and to prevent the fugitives from forming behind these barricades, the troops drove them from them, and took possession of them.

M. Ledru Rollin, with several of the Montagnard members, had repaired to the building called the Conservatory of Arts and Trades. Colonel Guinard had accompanied him with some of his legion, and Messrs. Boichot and Rattier, the two sergeants who have been elected members of the National Assembly, were also of the party. A slight barricade had been thrown up to defend the approach to this place, but it was speedily taken possession of by the regular troops, and Ledru Rollin, Boichot, and Rattier escaped through the garden and a narrow alley, and have managed to avoid being taken. By one account it is asserted that Ledru Rollin had arrived in Geneva; by another that he had crossed the Belgian frontier, had taken the steamer at Ostend, and was gone to London.

The papers of many persons concerned in the insurrection having been seized, it was found to have extensive ramifications, and that its real object was to overturn the present administration—declare them, as well as the President, without the pale of the law—to form a new government, of which Ledru Rollin was to be Dictator. There can be no doubt that the insurrection was intended to be general, as disturbances broke out at Lyons and several other places; but it was much more serious at Lyons than elsewhere. However, after two days' struggle, the troops defeated the insurgents, destroyed the barricades, and order was at length completely restored.

In Paris upwards of three hundred persons were arrested as being participators in the conspiracy; Colonel Guinard and Colonel Forstier, chief of battalion of the 6th legion of the National Guard, being among the number.

The only effect of this insane attempt has been to strengthen the hands of the government, and altogether to destroy the influence of the Montagnard party. Many of the Parisian papers teem with jests and witticisms against them; and as ridicule is the most dreaded weapon wherewith a party can be attacked in France, there is no chance of their again rallying.

Paris has again been declared in a state of siege, after a long deliberation in the National Assembly. A commission was appointed to examine the "project of decree" relative to this measure; and General Cavaignac was appointed president of this commission; they were unanimous in their adoption of the decree. On the return of the committee, Gen.

Cavaignac was attacked by M. Pierre Leroux, who insisted that it was to the state of siege in the previous year that all the misfortunes of the country were to be ascribed; and that Gen. Cavaignac had then fallen a victim to his own terror.

These words were responded to by a noble burst of eloquence from General Cavaignac. "No, no," he exclaimed, "say not that I fell from power, but that I descended from it. Universal suffrage degrades no one; it commands, and a good citizen feels no degradation when he obeys its voice." This expression of legitimate and dignified pride was received with exclamations of sympathy from every bench in the Assembly. The general had said in the committee, that his sword and every drop of blood in his veins were at the service of the cause of order. "I am not," he added, "one of those who founded the republic, but I serve it with devotedness, and I here solemnly pledge myself never to serve any other government. You have spoken of terror; the only feeling you have inspired me with is that of profound sorrow, for should ever the republic fall and perish, it will be under the weight of your exaggeration and your phrenzied fury."

Of the Montagnard members who had assembled at the Conservatory of Arts and Trades, seven were arrested by the troops. They were MM. Deville, Fargin-Fayolle, Pilhes, Maigne, Daniel, Boch, and Vauthier. The Assembly authorized proceedings to be commenced against them. Many others escaped on hearing that the Conservatory was about to be surrounded by troops commanded by M. Pierre Bonaparte, who, though an ardent republican, is a friend to order and the laws.

The French government may congratulate itself on having thus got rid of Ledru Rollin, who from the commencement of the revolution has proved himself a perfect firebrand. He is a man undoubtedly of considerable ability as an orator; but possesses no solidity of judgment. His leading principle throughout has been his own aggrandizement. The party of Montagnards may now be said to be without a leader.

We think it was unfortunate that General Cavaignac, the most sincere republican who has yet appeared in France, was not elected President. During the four years he would have remained in power, he would by his moderation, his firmness, and his enlightened love of freedom, have consolidated the republican institutions, and have caused France to be respected by the European powers. During the short time he was at the head of the government, he clearly showed that he was inimical to a war of propagandism; that his only aim was the security, the tranquillity, and the prosperity of his country. He would never have been led into such an error as the present gov-

ernment has fallen into in their extraordinary and untoward expedition to Rome. But the French people were led away by the halo of glory which surrounds the name of Napoleon; imagining that his mantle, with all the talents which it once encircled, had fallen on the shoulders of the nephew.

Rome.

The French are not yet masters of Rome, and Garibaldi and the Triumviri appear determined to resist to the uttermost. That the Eternal City must eventually fall, cannot be doubted, surrounded as it is by foes on every side. But the French can acquire no glory by the conquest; on the contrary they will be stigmatized as Goths and Vandals, setting aside the enormity of their conduct in thus attacking a sister republic, for the destruction of her revered monuments and works of art.

All the progress they have yet made is to have battered a breach in the outward walls, in which they have lodged some of their battalions. The Romans had in the mean time constructed another wall immediately within the breach, which must be also battered down, and hundreds of lives will be again sacrificed.

The government of Louis Napoleon will have to apply to the National Assembly for a fresh grant of money to carry on this most unpopular and iniquitous war. It will no doubt be granted, but it will give rise to much discontent.

On this subject we cannot refrain from quoting a few lines from a very witty ode addressed to Louis Napoleon by "Punch," and regret that our limits will not allow us to give the whole. It is one of the best jeux d'esprit we have seen for many years.

"When Rome shook off her priestly yoke,
What right had you to put your spoke,
I beg to ask you, in her common weal?

What ground had you for interference?
When of the Pope she made a clearance,
Pray who call'd you with her affairs to deal?

The Romans may be right or wrong,

I don't care which, in turning Prus out,
And sending all the Cardinals along

With that good Pontiff to the right about;
But let them choose their form of government,
And what's the odds so long as they're content?

* * * * *

The Roman people to coerce and merrace

You send your howitzers and bombs,
With Oudinot to play the modern BRENNUS.

What of this intervention comes?
Disgrace, defeat—in point of fact,
Your troops got regularly whack'd."

Defeat is not the worst part of the business; the surreptitious mode in which the assent of the Assembly was obtained to the departure of the expedition is the most disgraceful feature in the whole affair.

French and German Democracy.

Strongly as we sympathize with the spirit of individual liberty and true progress in all parts of the world, we regard with the greatest detestation and horror the principles and practices of the ultra-democratic agitators in Europe. In a letter from Mr. Walsh to the *Journal of Commerce* (New York), dated Paris, June 18th, 1849, we find the following extracts from the manifesto of the German democrats, now congregated in Switzerland, translated by that admirable and most reliable writer. Let American democracy pause, and consider well, before it encourages by sympathy the originators of such doctrines.

"The French inquirers distinguish between American Constitutional Democracy, and French Revolutionary Democracy; if you would comprehend the *German Democracy*, peruse the huge manifesto of the German democrats congregated in Switzerland, which is well translated in the London papers of the 14th instant. War of extermination with all the old governments and social institutions; no pity, no mercy, to be accorded to enemies; communities in the ancient mould, wherever, to be completely decomposed and broken up. Accept a tiny sample of the precious text:

"The reform of the present state of society must go hand in hand with and be made permanent by a reform in the system of education and public instruction. Education and instruction must, therefore, be stripped of religious doubts and superfluities. Its sole object is to make men fit companions for each other. RELIGION, which must be banished from society, must vanish from the mind of man. Art and poetry will realize the ideals of the true, the good, and the beautiful, which religion places in an uncertain future.

"The revolution generally destroys religion by rendering hopes of heaven superfluous, by establishing the liberty and welfare of all on earth. We pay attention, therefore, to religious struggles and contentions (the formation of free congregations, and so forth) so far only as we may, under the phrase, religious liberty, understand freedom from all religions. We do not desire liberty of belief, but the necessity of unbelief. In this, as in all other respects, we wish to break entirely with the past. We do not wish to engraft a fresh branch upon a rotten stem; we in no respect desire reform, but everywhere revolution."

"Now," says Mr. Walsh, "there is nothing worse in the programme of the German refugees in Switzerland, of which the authenticity cannot be disputed, than the collection of excerpts in my memorandum book from the oracles of Socialism and the Red Republic in France—Proudhon could demonstrate that all agreed with him in the main and essence; property was theft; *capital* the insufferable nuisance;

progressive taxation indispensable to pare down all capital; universal, equal, compulsory education of male and female to terminate all inequalities. Let me offer you a notion of the supernal doctrine of the man, *Proudhon*, whose imprisonment the *National* lately bemoaned as the eclipse of a glorious intellectual and political luminary. I cite from his *System of Economical Contradictions; Creation of order in Humanity*: 'Whatever may be our offenses, we are not guilty towards Providence; and, if there is one who before us and more than us deserved hell, let me name him, God. The true remedy of fanaticism is to prove to humanity that God, if there be a God, is the enemy of man. * * * God! I know of no God; it is a mysticism.'

Then follows a hint for politicians, of such value we cannot forbear giving it entire.

"LEDRU ROLLIN, the generalissimo of the democratic parties, was examined as a witness at a trial at Bourges of the conspirators of May. He went coolly, and in the French sense cynically, into the following digression; 'I will tell you how we revolutionary republicans set to work. We seize and turn to account some idea or topic *sympathetic to the people—ad captandum*. We do not say whither we go, but the ball is set in motion. When the obnoxious government is overturned, we, by a device (*tour*) not less ingenious and adroit, substitute another government of *our own*.' In February, 1848, the *sympathetic idea* was the suppression by the monarchy of the right of political reunion or assemblage; in May, the Poles; in June, the right of the people to be employed, or fed without employment; last week the crusade against the darling and exemplary Roman republic. In Germany it has been *German unity*, the result of which idea I pray you to produce for your readers in a Berlin article of the 10th instant, enclosed in this epistle."

One would think that Tammany Hall had gone over to Europe, and after making a tour of the continent, had established itself in Frankfurt and Paris. It is Tammany run mad with a little bad logic, and raw science, that produces the Proudhons and the Rollins.

That the American principle of universal suffrage and constitutional government is the great safeguard of human rights, may be gathered from the conduct and language of the majority in Paris. They will not fail to observe that a minority has no more right than a despot or a prime minister, to assume that it alone represents the true spirit and desires of the nation, much less upon that assumption to break down the government.

When the French democratic sects found themselves a minority in the Legislative Assembly, they resorted to this theory: "We represent alone the sound principles and feelings of the nation—the true sovereignty; it is for

us, not the pseudo-majority, to interpret the constitution; the President and ministers have violated the constitution, and the majority have connived by a vote of acquittal; all, therefore, of these traitors are *hors de la loi, ipso facto* outlawed; authority has rightfully passed to the *minority*, whose duty it is to organize themselves as supreme government, and grasp all power."

This, literally, was the daily proclamation of all these journals, from Friday of last week to Wednesday, the epoch of their abortive attempt. When, on Monday, LEDRU ROLLIN anathematized the Assembly, and was requested to remember that it was the offspring of universal suffrage, he answered: "I can understand the force of universal suffrage; but there is something superior to it—*Eternal Justice*." Thus it is that, whenever fundamental principles and essential institutions of republicanism, or constitutional texts and processes, operate to the disappointment of their efforts and aims, they appeal to something vague and ambitious, beyond or extraneous, and hold themselves free of all possible restraints and ordinances.

Philosophy in France and Germany is generally got up by medical students who have no practice. These savans derive their principles of political economy from a minute study of the nervous system of frogs and cats. The scalpel in their hands generally changes into a sword, and their ambition rises betimes from the hacking of dead flesh, to the more exciting dissection of living subjects. The precision and beautiful rapidity of the guillotine knife affects their imaginations. Seriously, if any one will be at the pains to trace back the modern social philosophy to its cradle; it will be found to have drawn its first breath in the dissecting chambers of the French and German schools. It is no disparagement to the exquisite science of physiology, that a mere smattering of it absolutely infects men with a kind of philosophic madness. Governments, however, take their rise from the experience of ages, from the common sense and prudence of men exercised in the business of common life.

General Cavaignac on the French Policy.

General Cavaignac has shown himself to be unquestionably, if not the first, at least the most judicious head in power among the French republic. In a late speech in the chambers he defends alliance with England; he declares that reciprocal surveillance and not sentimental friendship is the basis of every military alliance. He thinks liberally of England, and attributes to her a peaceful motive in the late offers of alliance:—he repudiates the idea of a coalition. With a peculiar wisdom he surmises that if the States of Europe were in insurrection against the French republic, they would rather have returned to their former allegiance than submit to France; that a war of France

with the lesser European States would retard the movements of civilization for another age; in short, he indirectly adopts the policy of Washington and of the present wise administration of this country; to set a grand example of forbearance, and to leave other nations to achieve their own liberties. This great statesman adds, that when the northern powers have attained the objects they have in view, difficulties, not of war, but of peace, difficulties of commercial restrictions, of non-intercourse, of a proud, watchful, and gloomy jealousy will begin for France; he, therefore, advises the ministry to seek earnestly and speedily for serious guarantees and equal alliances:—if these cannot be found, let future difficulties suggest their own remedies. He would by no means, by anticipating wars, compel their commencement.

ENGLAND.

British Reasons against the Annexation of Canada.

Lord Brougham, in the House of Commons, in the debate on the Canadian Indemnification Bill, (19th June, 1849,) argued for keeping up a close political connection with the Canadas, on the ground that those provinces offer conveniences for the smuggling of British goods into the United States. "No amounts of American police, or of American militia," said his lordship, "could prevent a bale of goods from crossing that extensive frontier into America."

"All we required to insure the introduction of our goods into America was a frontier; that frontier we had while we possessed Canada, and that the Americans knew well. Tariff there could be none; that was a dream, an impossibility, while we retained Upper Canada. (Hear.) Therefore it was that he conjured their lordships to do all they could to knit to us the affections of our fellow-subjects in Canada."

His lordship related an anecdote of smuggling Brummagem hatchets into Illinois, by way of illustration, and with an evident zest. An English lord, said some one, is a retired shopkeeper; it now appears that an English Lord Chancellor is a retired smuggler.

Corn Laws.

Of the importance of Sir Robert Peel's movement against the Corn Laws, one may judge by the fact that by a loose computation the effect of the repeal of those laws has been the removal of \$30,000,000 of taxation a year from the manufacturing industry of the country, and the laying of it by a new tax upon income and land. No measure could have been devised more favorable to manufactures; it is, in fact, a protection to that amount, of the manufacturing classes. The burthens of the landholders, and of the receivers of incomes, are very largely increased; but this cannot be regarded as an oppression,

and should incomes in England be taxed £25,000,000 sterling, the entire interest of the national debt, it could hardly be regarded as a calamity. As every species of invested capital paying regular interest, would be equally affected by this arrangement, its effect would fall almost entirely upon the rich.

Defeat of the Jews' Bill.

Notwithstanding the eloquent defense of the Earl of Carlisle, in the House of Lords, the bill enabling Jews to sit in Parliament was rejected on the 26th ult., at the second reading. Among the arguments against the bill, the most powerful were probably those offered by the Bishop of Exeter. He observed, that in a republic all had an equal right of admission to the offices of State; but maintained, that in the English monarchy, the sovereign was bound to maintain the religion of the country; that Parliament was the great council of the Crown, sworn to be the protector of the true religion; and that a Jew could not be a faithful counsellor of the Crown in maintaining the religion of the nation.

Lord Brougham ridiculed the opposition to the bill. Having accorded to the Jews judicial functions, official stations, and the elective franchise, with power to canvass and spend money at elections, the attempt to keep them out of Parliament was ridiculous. Roman Catholics, he said, had been admitted because it was wise to do so, and not because their lordships were afraid to refuse; that it was discreditable to them to refuse the Jews, merely because they were not afraid to refuse them. The majority against the second reading was 25.

Sir Robert Peel's Sympathy with Ireland.

At the sixth of the State dinners given by the Lord Mayor of London during his year of office, the party of which Sir Robert Peel is the leader was entertained. A great number of the nobility were present. Sir Robert Peel spoke. He sympathized with Ireland; he intimated that the natives of Ireland should not be expelled from the soil; that it was rather the duty of England to endeavor to elevate their character, to encourage their industry, to find for them permanent employment, to teach them order and respect for the laws.

Notwithstanding these intimations of Sir Robert Peel, we may rest satisfied that there will be a steady and undivided opposition in England to the only possible measures which can be adopted for the benefit of Ireland. These measures, we make bold to say, are, first, a system of protection for Irish *against* English manufactures and produce—a system which cannot be established without an independent Irish parliament. Ireland must be

placed upon an equal footing with England in respect to legislation. The system of English legislation for Ireland has been hitherto contrived for the express purpose of drawing away from Ireland, and placing in English hands, all her savings and all her capital. The profit derived to England by this procedure has been, in all probability, far exceeded by the outlay of the English government in the military subjugation, government, and relief of the Irish poor. Those who wish to obtain a clear insight into the present condition of Ireland, will find a most brilliant and powerful description of the causes of her decay under English legislation, in that valuable work of our countryman, Mr. Carey, entitled "The Past, the Present, and the Future," and which, in our own opinion, is the completest, as well as the most interesting, treatise of political economy that has ever appeared.

Protection in England.

It must never be forgotten by protectionists in this country, that English protectionists have in view, not the establishment or protection of manufactures in Great Britain, but merely that of the aristocracy of land, the maintenance of high rents and low wages for the poor farmers. This party have a violent jealousy of the manufacturing aristocracy, represented by Peel and Cobden, while they, on their part, have but one end in view, the establishment of the English manufacturing interest, which it is their plan to protect, by removing the burthens of taxation from the operatives in cotton, wool, and iron, to the operatives who use the hoe and the plough. It is a struggle for power between the two grand divisions of the English aristocracy—the landholders and capitalists.

Repeal of the English Navigation Laws.

We find in the New York Tribune of July 11th, 1849, a valuable selection from English journals of the various opinions of English politicians on the navigation laws, the repeal of which, passed last month, is to take effect on the 1st of January, 1850. Protection is now extended only to the coasting trade and the bank fisheries of Great Britain. It will be no longer necessary for American whalers to have their vessels fitted out in English ports, if they wish to carry the product of their voyages to England.

There are now 732 American ships engaged in the whale fishery, employing 20,000 seamen, and bringing home \$6,000,000 worth of oil. This oil can be carried directly to England without landing first in the United States. The South Sea whale fishery is almost entirely in American hands.

Under the new repeal bill, goods may be

purchased by American merchants in any part of the world, by their own captains or supercargoes, and carried, in their own vessels, directly to any part of Great Britain. If, however, any foreign nation shall refuse to reciprocate with England in this measure, the executive power of the British empire can impose such equalizing restrictions as may seem necessary. British ship-owners can purchase American built vessels in America.

Lord Brougham, in the discussion on the repeal, insisted that, under the new law, ships could not hereafter be built in England with profit to the builder. He adduced the evidence of a ship-owner of Leith, confirmed also by that of others, that a vessel, built with the greatest economy at that port, cost him \$97 the ton; that if the duty of \$9 75 cents the ton on timber were abolished, the cost of the vessel would be \$87 25 the ton; while at Dantzic, in the Baltic, the same ship could be built for \$58 the ton.

The ship-building interest in England employs \$30,000,000 of capital; the annual outlay in the building of ships is \$15,000,000; the outfit and repairs, \$40,000,000; the number of shipwrights employed, 80,000 at \$1 the day—a class of men among the most industrious, sober, and skillful of mechanics. A shipmaster in the Baltic received about \$24 the month; in Belgium and Holland only \$20; while in England the same man would receive \$41 the month. The men, in the Baltic, Holland, and Belgium, received from \$7 50 to \$9 the month; *but that the price of food in England was thirty cents a day, and in the other countries named but fifteen cents.* Such were the statistics given to show that foreign competition would destroy the merchant service of England. Now, as it is very certain that ships can be built much cheaper in the United States than in England, we may expect a very great increase in the amount of capital to be embarked hereafter in the shipping interest in America. The advocates of the bill have not yet discovered the real motives which actuate them in forcing the repeal; there is little doubt, however, that the measure is carried entirely by the manufacturing interest, aided by the general theory of free trade, which at present occupies the minds of the public. That the class of ship-builders will suffer materially in England is not to be expected, as the greater part of them will probably emigrate to the United States. The policy of the manufacturing interest in England is, at present, to facilitate, by the sacrifice of every inferior interest, the freest intercommunication, and to establish reciprocity, if possible, with all other nations; the only course left to her to save her manufacturers from total ruin, and her operatives from the extremest poverty, and even from famine. It is the poverty of England, exasperated by American competition in the

production of cotton and woollen fabrics and manufactures of iron, that forces this extraordinary repeal through the House of Commons.

The Navigation Act of our own country, March 1st, 1817, provides that no other nation shall engage in a carrying trade between any foreign country and the United States, but that goods brought from any foreign nation to the United States, shall be brought in vessels of that nation or of the United States. But this regulation extends only to the vessels of foreign nations which have adopted a similar regulation. The fourth clause of the Navigation law of England enforced the same regulation for Great Britain; and the consequence has been an almost complete exclusion of English ships from the trade between England and America. Of course there would be no disposition on the part of our government to repeal the Navigation act of 1817, while that of England remained in force; for it is generally understood that statesmen never proceed on theory, but if they advocate free trade or its contrary, they do it for the support of that interest which they conceive to be most important to be sustained in their own country. The free trade controversy is a war of logical manœuvring on the part of England, between her own manufacturing interest and her landholders.

Mr. Gladstone, (Sir R. Peel's secretary for the colonies,) was of opinion that the relaxation of the old severe Navigation laws had helped the mercantile navy. He said in 1848, in the House of Commons, that from 1791 to 1824, the increase had been at the rate of 20,000 tons a year. From 1824 to 1847, it had been 40,000 tons a year, which was a more rapid increase than that of the United States. He said that the shipping of the British colonies had grown with still greater rapidity.

This increase may be attributed, not to any relaxation of the Navigation laws, but to two principal causes, viz: the increased intercourse with the colonies, and the want, so severely felt in England, of a profitable place of investment for unemployed capital; especially as Mr. Richmond, before the House of Lords, states that for many years past, fully one-half the capital employed in shipping has been sunk and irretrievably lost; and that only a few individuals here and there have been fortunate enough to save themselves from the universal ruin.

Dr. Bowring, arguing for the repeal, lets out the secret. Freight, said he, (bearing testimony against ship-owners,) in the case of coal, iron, ores, and other articles, cost more than the materials themselves. Why, he would ask, were we not to lessen the cost of conveyance? We should no more, he adds, be taxed by high freights than by the increase

of any other taxes. The British ship-owner may buy his ships where he can get them cheapest; ships can be built for \$40 the ton in America, and completely fitted for sea, (a piece of information taken by him from the *Courier and Enquirer* of New York,) while in England they are costing \$97 the ton. It is very evident from these, and abundant other details, that the Navigation law repeal is simply an effort on the part of English manufacturers and producers to cheapen their own manufactures and produce in America and elsewhere, without loss to themselves. They are willing that their 80,000 ship-builders should go and build ships in America as American citizens.

The time must soon come when, under the influence of a judicious tariff, American manufactures of cotton, woollen, and iron, will be cheaper, even in England, than English products of the same quality; let us see *then* what the policy of England will be. She has given up to us the navigation of the seas; she has given us the carrying trade of the world. When to this navigation, this carrying trade, we add a cheaper material than can be supplied by England, what will become of her manufacturing interests? It is not improbable that the greatest mercantile revolution the world has ever seen will follow upon this turn in affairs. Already manufactures are established, and are in successful operation in Georgia and South Carolina; already the anthracite furnaces of Pennsylvania are beginning to turn out a valuable and abundant yield of iron. A Whig majority in Congress have only to provide a judicious, discriminating tariff, fair and moderate in its provisions, and keep this tariff in operation for twenty years, and the question of commercial superiority and of relative wealth and power, is settled forever and for aye, between England and America.

DOMESTIC.

The General Aspect of Politics in Missouri and Kentucky.

The movements in Missouri and Kentucky for the gradual disuse of slaves, and for the gradual abolition of slavery by the only powers which can abolish it, that is the state sovereignties themselves, which are favored by Mr. Clay and his friends directly, and by Mr. Benton indirectly, however agreeable to the hopes of moderate and judicious men in the North, are not received with favor by ultra abolitionists, because they are the free acts of the South; and are dictated, not by a spirit of theory and demagoguism, but by the truest arguments of moral and political economy. The subject of the gradual emancipation of slaves, and if that be found possible, their gradual removal from the States in which they are now held as property, is now systematically agitated. In

Delaware, where the proportion of the slave population is extremely small; in Maryland, where it is also comparatively small; in Virginia, the central portions of which are now being rapidly colonized by Germans who employ free labor; in Tennessee, where a considerable and powerful portion of the citizens are independent of slave labor; in Kentucky, a state remarkable for the intellectual power and courage of its people, and who are beginning now to understand better why their own advances in wealth and population are not equal or superior to those of other western states; in Missouri, where the proportion of the white population is rapidly increasing, and where investments in slave property are beginning already to be esteemed unprofitable; in New Mexico, where the introduction of slave labor would throw out of employment the entire Mexican population, and effectually check the immigration of capital and free labor; in California, where the negro could be employed only as a gold-seeker, and where, if so employed, he would extinguish at once the golden hopes of the present adventurous population—in all these states and territories, the bad economy and injuriousness of investments in slave property is understood; and the popular feeling against the legal establishment of slavery is gaining every day in intensity. It may safely be predicted, that the new territories, together with the northern tiers of slave States, will refuse to receive, or will soon shake off the burthen which Mr. Calhoun and his friends wish to lay upon their backs.

Annexation of the Canadas.

The papers are largely occupied at present with minute and almost unreadable descriptions of party contests in the Canadas. From all that can be gathered from these accounts, we do not discover any settled intention to effect an immediate annexation of those provinces to the United States. The French population are perhaps more inclined to annexation than the British. A great deal of alarm has been manifested in some quarters in the South, lest the addition of several free States, bringing each two additional votes into the Senate of the United States, and increasing largely the present anti-slavery majority in the House of Representatives, might endanger the southern sovereignties. These alarmists certainly forget that the *Canadas*, if admitted into the Union, would come in as absolute sovereignties, as jealous, or more jealous of State rights, and as fearful of Congressional encroachment as South Carolina herself could be. They forget too that this remote danger compared with the immediate or threatening one of a coalition between the Democrats and Abolitionists in the North, and the northern tier of slave

States, is a mere bagatelle. The entire Calhoun agitation however, on the subject of slavery, directed by the strangest perversion against the principles and the men of the patriotic and liberal Whig party of the South, is a political humbug, of which the true character will ere long appear clearly to the eyes of the people. We may venture to predict with certainty, that as long as Whig counsels prevail at Washington, there will be no interference of Congress in the affairs of States, nor any attempt to coerce the people of the territories. Let New Mexico and California be erected, as soon as possible, into States; and the Treasury and the Executive relieved at once of the expense and danger of territorial governments in those remote regions, and there will be no further agitation of the subject of slavery in the territories. We are clearly of opinion, however, that Mr. Calhoun and his partisans, notwithstanding their affected jealousy of State rights, and of the liberty of the individual citizen, would willingly force their pet institution upon the people of the territories, if it were necessary, at the point of the bayonet. Nothing less can be judged of them when we remember their contemptuous treatment of the citizens of Oregon, who had the "insolence" to establish, in the absence of all government, a temporary system of laws for the protection of their lives and properties.

It should be added to the above that the judicious correspondent of the New York Tribune, Washington, July 14th, declares without reserve, that General Taylor's administration will adhere to a strict policy of non-intervention, and will not take a single step at negotiation with the Canadas without the previous consent of the mother country. He adds that it is believed in Washington that a very large majority of the people of the Canadas are in favor of a union with the Republic; and that England would give up her authority over the colonies whenever it appears to be the earnest desire of the Canadian people to attach themselves to the United States. "This administration," adds the judicious correspondent, "will never travel out of the constitutional path to acquire glory as the last did. Nor is it probable that any foreign territory will be introduced, except by the treaty-making power." Notwithstanding the vast and evident advantages which will open to the South upon the annexation of these new territories, the hot blood of southern statesmanship begins already to rebel at the prospect of a loss of some portion of their hitherto undisputed government of the entire Union. We do not perceive that their apprehensions on this score are well grounded. Ability will always control numbers; if the Canadas can send greater men than Virginia or the Carolinas, the politics of the Union will be Canadian, and not until then.

Manufactures in South Carolina and Georgia.

A correspondent of the New York Herald, June 26th, 1849, gives a very interesting account of the new manufactories in South Carolina and Georgia. In 1846-7 manufactories began to be erected in the South. It was the wish of Southern statesmen to make the South entirely independent of the North, as far at least, as regards coarse cotton fabrics. Without questioning the motive, we may at least commend the enterprise and intelligence which conferred such an important benefit upon the unfortunate poor white people of Carolina and Georgia. The town of Graniteville, in Edgefield district, South Carolina, was begun about three years ago, and is now a large manufacturing village. A company with a capital of \$300,000, purchased a tract of land of 10,000 or 12,000 acres, at one dollar the acre. A canal, which cost \$9,000, brings the water to the manufactories: the building cost \$60,000, machinery \$122,000, saw mill and machine shop, \$9,000, dwelling houses \$42,000, and the remainder in water-wheels, shafts, laying out streets, &c. The manufactory has been in operation one year. At first the sheetings and shirtings cost 20 cents the yard, and were sold for 6 cents, but now about 9,000 spindles, and 300 looms are in operation, and the cost of production ranges between 4 and 5 cents the yard. There will also be 40 drilling looms, producing 9,000 yards a week, which will sell for 8 cents the yard. On the first of June, it is said, the factories began to yield a profit, and on the first of January next the Company will make a handsome dividend. The persons employed in these factories as operatives, are the broken and depressed population of the barrens and sand hills, who might formerly have made a wretched living by collecting pitch, and were, perhaps, the most miserable class of whites in the United States. They now earn from \$4 to \$5 a week, females from \$3 to \$4; and children from \$1 to \$2. Their education is attended to, they lay up money, and are in the way to become useful and productive citizens. Since Christmas, it is said, over forty marriages have taken place among the operatives. In these cases the husband only continues in the factory, the wife keeping house for him. Applications for work are twice the number that can be employed at present. Excepting in the production of cotton, the district has been wretchedly poor. Raw cotton is sold here at from $6\frac{1}{2}$ to $7\frac{1}{4}$ cents the pound; this cotton, if carried to New England, has to travel 140 miles by land, to Charleston; thence, by sea, to New York or Boston; thence, passing through warehouses, to some place in the interior; then back again, by the same route, to clothe the people who produced it; subject, in both journeys to the risks, costs and losses of transportation, freight, cartage, storage, ma-

rine and fire insurance, labor, wharfage, brokerage, wholesale and retail profits, and profits of manufacture; subject also to detention in Massachusetts, by speculators waiting for a rise of price—a grand subject of contemplation and argument for southern statesmen.

Georgia has gone farther still in the race of improvement, and has already 38 cotton mills; the city of Augusta, by the enterprise and foresight of its corporation, has provided a water power sufficient to move any number of mills. In addition to this, other factories are being established.

The consequences of these reforms and improvements in the South can hardly be estimated above their value; there will be, of course, a vast increase of the free white population, who will not be slaveholders. The capital of the State will be diverted from investment in slave property, and employed in a much more profitable kind of industry. The necessities of the poor white population will keep down the price of labor for many years to come. A valuable class of foreign emigrants, mechanics and operatives, will be drawn toward the South. Slaves will be gradually excluded from inventive and mechanical occupations, which will pass into the hands of free white men; and while the current prejudices against slavery in the minds of the poorer classes will be by no means diminished, and a necessary amelioration take place in the condition and treatment of slaves, the state sovereignty itself, will, at the same time, by the increase of wealth and power in the State, become better able to protect itself against the encroachments of foreign reformers, and to subdue the great domestic evil of its institutions, by its own free and unassisted force. It will soon be beyond the power of any combination of free States to drive or compel the South into an unwilling reform of her institutions.

The Necessity for Protection to American Book Publishers.

The vast number of foreign books and periodicals reprinted and sold cheap in America,

has made it impossible to live comfortably in this country by authorship. Literature is a poor and precarious occupation, book-selling on the contrary has been a good and a profitable one. The consequences are that the intelligence of America is, in great part, educated and controlled by England and France. Soon however, we shall have the booksellers in the same predicament with the authors. "One of the strangest literary novelties of the day," says the Republic, (July 12th,) "is the fact that this country is now flooded with German reprints, in English, of the standard classics of our tongue, which are sold at so cheap a rate, as not only to force from the market English editions, but to compete successfully with the American."

"The pioneer of this enterprise in Germany was the celebrated Tauchnitz, well known as the publisher of those small and very accurate editions of the Greek and Roman classics, which have for fifteen or twenty years been used in all the higher schools of the country. Printed on fine and white paper, and with a beautiful type, they compare at infinite advantage with the bad editions of the best authors, with which booksellers and the reading portion of the American people have too long been content. Before us are editions of Shakspeare, Byron, Moore, Bulwer, and Sir Walter Scott, together forming a collection of about sixty volumes, each of which the publishers are able to send to America, pay duties, and sell at thirty-one and a quarter cents per volume. The above are but a fifth portion of the works printed by Tauchnitz, his library containing the *chefs-d'œuvre* of the modern and fashionable authors. These books are to be had of all the German booksellers in the country, and, in these days of bad type, and worse paper, are luxuries."

When Germany does all our publishing and printing, England all our manufacturing; when France makes our hats and shoes, and the English philosophers regulate our politics, what an intellectual, happy, shrewd, and prosperous people we shall be!

CRITICAL NOTICES.

Last Leaves of American History; comprising Histories of the Mexican War, and California. By EMMA WILLARD. New York: George P. Putnam, 155 Broadway.

Mrs. Willard in her preface to this history, observes, "Washington Irving once said in conversation, 'pure truth is as difficult to be obtained as pure water; though clear in appearance, it is ever found by the chemist to contain extraneous substances.' In recording the portion of my country's history, here presented to the public, I can only say, that pure truth has been my earnest aim; for history is truth, and truth is history. I am not conscious of any prejudices, or prepossessions, either as it respects individuals, parties, or sects, by means of which, I should incline to error or be led astray. And I have spared no pains in my power, to make myself acquainted with the state of facts concerning which I have written. But doubtless there are mistakes; for what book ever existed which had none? There may be errors of the press; authorities may mislead; and that mind must be clear indeed, which never misapprehends. But whenever an error is found, of whatever nature, and whether pointed out by a friend to serve, or a foe to injure, that error will be corrected as soon as discovered." Mrs. Willard writes clearly and interestingly, and her book is a valuable addition to our American history.

Grammar of the Latin Language. By LEONHARD SCHMITZ, Rector of the High School, Edinburgh. Philadelphia: Lea & Blanchard. 1849.

A Grammar is a classified collection of the rules or laws regulating the language of which it professes to be an exposition. Every language is subject to changes, either for the better or for the worse; and although in the case of a dead language a grammarian must consider and illustrate it mainly as it was at the time of its most perfect development, still he cannot avoid taking into consideration the earlier and later forms of words and expressions; for in many instances the language, in its perfect state, cannot be fully explained without recourse being had to those forms of speech, out of which it has arisen. Very great advantages may also be derived, especially in the etymological part, from a comparison of the language

under consideration with its sister tongues, or with its mother tongue, where the existence of this is certain. But in a grammar for young people, such comparisons must be in a great measure useless; and all that can be done with advantage, is to apply to the language under consideration such principles as may have been established by comparative philology. The present grammar does not lay claim to novelty, for the author has purposely abstained from making any material alteration in the arrangement usually adopted in grammars for schools; partly because he thinks that such alterations as have recently been introduced in school grammars are little calculated to benefit the learner, and partly because he is of opinion that sound information can be given without obliging the teacher to abandon the order to which he has been accustomed from his youth, and which he may, not always be able or willing to abandon.

History of Queen Elizabeth. By JACOB ABBOOTT. With engravings. New York: Harper & Brothers.

This history is one of a most valuable series—the author and the publishers are entitled to much praise. The narratives are not tales founded upon history, but history itself, without any embellishment or deviation from the strict truth. The author has availed himself of the best sources of information within his reach.

Manual of Ancient Geography and History.

By WILHELM PUTZ, Principal Tutor at the Gymnasium of Düren. Translated from the German. Edited by the Rev. THOMAS KIRCHEVER ARNOLD, M. A., Rector of Lyndon, etc. Revised and corrected from the London edition. New York: D. Appleton & Co., Broadway. Philadelphia: G. S. Appleton, Chestnut street.

This is a very useful book, and contains a clear and definite outline of the history of the principal nations of antiquity; and to render it more clear, a concise geography of each country has been added. Professor Greene furnishes a well-written preface.

The Crayon Miscellany. By WASHINGTON IRVING. New York: George P. Putnam, 155 Broadway.

This forms the ninth volume of Irving's work, and contains a Tour on the Prairies, Abbotsford, and Newstead Abbey; these works have always been great favorites with the public, and the beautiful manner in which they are now published, will add to their value.

History of King Charles the Second of England. By JACOB ABBOTT. With engravings. New York: Harper & Brothers.

What we have said of the history of Queen Elizabeth, is equally applicable to this work. It is an excellent history.

History of the War between the United States and Mexico, from the Commencement of Hostilities to the Ratification of the Treaty of Peace. By JOHN S. JENKINS, Author of "The Generals of the Last War with Great Britain," &c. &c. Auburn: Derby, Miller, & Co. 1848. 8vo.

This work is a very full and tolerably well-written account of the war. It has the usual accompaniment of portraits of the distinguished generals, badly executed. It is a work calculated for a ready sale.

Dante's Divine Comedy, The Inferno. A literal prose translation, with the text of the original. Collated from the best editions, and Explanatory Notes. By JOHN A. CARLYLE, M.D. New York: Harper and Brothers. 1849.

Dante's Divine Comedy, so called only because it ends happily, though it begins sadly, is counted among the greatest productions of genius. The Paradise Lost, the Inferno, the Æneid of Virgil, the Iliad of Homer, and the Book of Job, are generally regarded as the grandest works of imagination in their class. The Drama indeed contends with the Epic; and Shakspeare, Sophocles, and Calidas, stand upon the other equal summit of the glory-smitten Parnassus, but only at an equal, not a grander altitude.

To make these wonderful works common in all languages has been the task of the most accomplished scholars. A wretched, we had almost said an inhuman pedantry, has forbidden currency to accurate translations of Homer, and had it happened that Dante were a college book, we might have been deprived of this valuable translation. Let those who have

the pride, the leisure, and the stomach, reject Homer until they can *comprehend* him in the original; until they can sit down, and without thought of grammar or metre, read a book of him at once, as they would of Milton or Job, rapidly, and with a vivid insight; for short of that, they will never *comprehend* him; but for the mass of men, let us have perfect, literal translations, like those of our English Bible, and this of Dr. Carlyle's. A very tolerable, though rather pedantic, prose version of Homer has been published at Princeton, in New Jersey. To read this literal Dante, and the literal Homer, side by side with the literal Job! what an admirable employment, how enlightened and elevating!

An Autobiography and Letters of the Author of "The Listener," "Christ our Law," &c. Philadelphia: J. W. Moore, 193 Chestnut street. 1849.

The life of a pious and very talented woman, Caroline Fry, whose works, say the publishers, have had a large sale in this country. We are not acquainted with the works of the good and pious lady, but from a casual reading of her autobiographical memoir, have conceived that she must have been a truly delightful and valuable member of society, and a worthy follower of the faith to which she devoted her calm and innocent existence.

Typee; a Peep at Polynesian Life, during a Five Months' Residence in a Valley of the Marquesas. The revised edition, with a Sequel. By HERMAN MELVILLE. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1849. 1 vol.

This is a very elegant edition of the popular work of Mr. Melville, with his own revision and improvements.

Selections from Catullus for the use of Classical Students. With English Notes. By G. G. COOKESLEY, M.A., one of the Assistant Masters at Eton. Revised, with additional Notes, by C. A. BRISTED, late B.A., Scholar of Trinity College, Cambridge. New York: Stanford & Swords, 137 Broadway. 1849.

The most elegant poems of Catullus, with the indecencies omitted; very properly, we think. Age, surely, does not sanctify obscenity, at least among the living; why, then, should antiquity? Besides, if we have a tooth, there is Moore and Byron, and Paul de Kock

and Madame Sand, and a hundred others, all in good plain English, or equally facile French. These moderns are much more obscene, though not quite as gross as the ancients. The talk of antiquity was very like the small talk of Shakspeare's day, or the jests of lusty bachelors in our time. Chivalry, refined by Christianity, first made decency a rule, and forbade the sacrifice of modesty to wit. It seems to us, therefore, both a chivalrous and a Christian, or in one word, a gentlemanly precaution in Mr. Bristed, to have omitted the indecencies of Catullus in this critical and elegant selection.

Those of our readers who read only Tennyson and Shelley, can have no idea of the manner and spirit of Catullus. Like nature's self, it combines simplicity, the result of severe criticism, with extreme grace and lightness. Like nature, or rather like the music of Mozart, or the canzonets of Haydn, seeming to affect the sense only, it secretly raises and harmonizes the spirits. It fulfills the first great end of poetry—to please without debauching. It breathes a harmless and benign complacency; it smiles while it sings, is gay without effort, witty without point or edge, humorous without severity.

"Let us live, my Lesbia," cries the sweet heathen, "and let us love, and count the saws of cross old fellows not worth a copper. Suns may set and rise again; but to us, when our short day is ended, the long night comes with its endless sleep. Give me a thousand kisses, then give me a hundred, and then a thousand more; and then a second hundred; and after these another thousand and a hundred; and when we have kissed many thousand times, let us rub out the score, and never know, nor let any envious fellow know, that there *have been* so many kisses." But now we have only metaphysics and the rights of man done into verse; or, if a love sonnet is written, it gathers no cream by standing.

The Documentary History of the State of New York. Arranged under the direction of the Hon. CHRISTOPHER MORGAN, Secretary of State. By E. B. O'CALLAGHAN, M.D. Vol. I. Albany: Weed, Parsons & Co., Public Printers. 1849.

On turning the leaves of this collection, sent us by the courtesy of the Secretary of State, we find a variety of interesting and important papers, and ancient maps, relating to the early history of New York. Among others might be mentioned several papers relative to the French military expeditions against the colonies, and a variety of statistical documents on population, trade, and manufactures, from 1647 to 1757.

The Statesman's Manual. The Addresses and Messages of the Presidents of the United States, Inaugural, Annual, and Special, from 1789 to 1849; with a Memoir of each of the Presidents, and a History of their Administrations. Also, the Constitution of the United States, and a selection of important documents and statistical information. Compiled from official sources, by EDWIN WILLIAMS. Embellished with Portraits of the Presidents, engraved on steel, by Vistus Balch. In 4 vols. New York: Edward Walker, 114 Fulton-street, 1849.

We are intimately acquainted with this work, and must speak of it in terms of unqualified praise. It is not only a good Political History of the United States, from the Inauguration of President Washington to that of General Taylor, but contains a collection of the Presidential Messages, special and general, of all the Administrations, each prefaced with, and followed by complete and clearly written historical chapters of the most unquestionable accuracy.

To the young politician this work is indispensable. It will richly reward his most attentive study. To be master of its entire contents is to be as well informed as the reading of one work can make us, in the policy and conduct of both the great parties.

To a lawyer's library the work is of the greatest importance. Every young men's circulating library will need a copy of it. Every debating club, and every State Department will require it.

The politics even of the last year can rarely be gathered from newspapers. It is only by such histories and compilations as this, that we are to be thoroughly informed and guided to a just estimate of the present movement in the political world. The volumes are cheap, but well printed and neatly bound, and adorned with really excellent Engravings of all the Presidents.

Pathology and treatment of the Asiatic Cholera, so called. By A. L. COX, M.D. New York: John Wiley, 1849.

This extremely valuable pamphlet contains all that is necessary to be known for the treatment of an ordinary case of Cholera. Having had personal experience of what are called the "premonitory symptoms" of the disease, but which are in fact the commencement of the disease itself, we can recommend with full confidence the treatment prescribed in this Essay of Dr. Cox's. With common sense and a few ordinary medicines, any person of good habits may check the disease at the outset. To avoid violent exertion, whether of mind or body, and by the judicious use of camphor, opium and

brandy, one, or all conjoined, as herein directed, to check the diarrhœa in its first stages, seems to be all that is necessary. The disease is in the organs of the circulation, and its first and principal symptom is a rapid escape of the watery part of the blood into the intestinal canal. To prevent this escape by the use of astringents and narcotics is, of course, the treatment indicated. We commend the pamphlet especially to the attention of our Western readers. Dr. Cox is good authority in New York.

The History of the United States of America, from the discovery of the Continent to the Organization of the Government under the Federal Constitution. By RICHARD HILDRETH. 3 vols. New York: Harper & Brothers, 1849.

As far as we have examined the first volume of this History, in a cursory manner, it seems to be a plain, direct narrative, written in a sharp and clear, but somewhat dry style, with occasionally a critical remark or a severe stricture. The spirit of the author is that of a man fully satisfied that he is master of his subject and of the motives and principles of the men whose actions he describes. His advertisement is perhaps the key to his sentiments and intentions. "Of centennial sermons and Fourth of July orations, whether professedly such or in the guise of history, there are more than enough. It is due to our fathers and ourselves, it is due to truth and philosophy, to present for once, on the historic stage, the powers of our American nation, unbedaubed with patriotic rouge, wrapped up in no fine-spun cloaks of excuses and apology; without stilts, buskins, tinsel or bedizenment, in their own proper persons, often rude, hard, narrow, superstitious, and mistaken; but always earnest, downright, manly and sincere. The result of their labors is eulogy enough; their best apology is to tell their story exactly as it was."

After a declaration of so much literary vigor, we had almost said of so much moral ferocity, the reader is to expect nothing but a hard, plain, and fearfully "earnest" account of the actions of our fathers. In ourselves, indeed, it breeds a feeling of critical responsibility. Were we

to read this history, we should read it with a microscope. The least flaw would strike us. The least bedizenment, or touch of patriotic rouge, pearl-powder or burnt cork, would raise our critical spleen. It is the author's own fault; we cannot help it. Come on my lads, says he, and I will show you how to write a good, plain, straightforward, history.

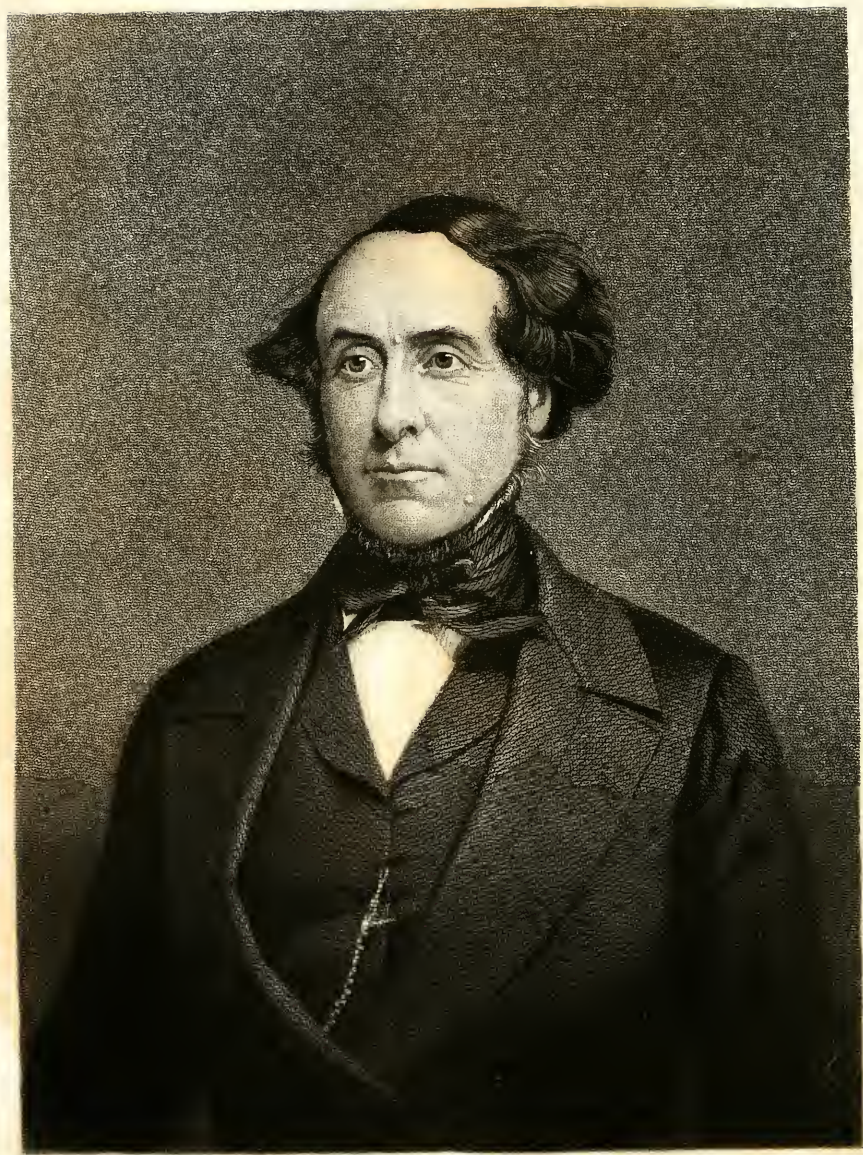
The most curious symptoms of our modern literature is perhaps the very prevalent affectation of simplicity and hardness, à la Carlyle—ending, for the most part, in a rattling together of the Saxon dry bones of English, in a very unmelodious fashion. Surely, grace and kindness, a full and easy manner, are greater recommendations of a writer, than a coarse, insolent, frowning style, whose very force degenerates into impertinent quickness and hardness, and which seems adapted for the torture and exasperation, rather than for the pleasure and consolation of readers.

The Hand-book of Hydropathy, for Professional and Domestic use: with an Appendix on the best mode of forming Hydropathic Establishments; being the result of twelve years' experience at Graefenberg and Freiwaldau. By DR. J. WEISS, formerly Director of the establishment at Freiwaldau. From the second London Edition. Philadelphia: J. W. Moore, 139 Chestnut-street. 1849.

This is unquestionably *the* treatise of the water cure. We have seen none comparable with it for completeness and simplicity. The publishers inform us that already one large edition is nearly exhausted, though it has but lately issued from the press.

Of all *theories* of medicine, we esteem the Hydropathic to be the most innocent. It promotes cleanliness—a virtue which comes next to godliness—it leads to a careful observance of all the rules of diet and exercise, and it preserves the constitution from the horrid inroads of quack purgatives and pills of all descriptions. Next to our own theory, which is to have no theory, but to consider that practice the best, which is most successful, we prefer the hydropathic.





Wm Ballou Preston

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SHORT CHAPTERS ON PUBLIC ECONOMY.

I. *Constitutionality.*

It is never to be lamented when men are driven to search into the foundation of the commonwealth; as it is necessary for the conduct of life that the divine and abstract principles of virtue should have a conscious existence in the intellect, and should be frequently agitated and discussed; so, if we intend to maintain in their original purity and force, those ideas of authority, of right, and of obedience, upon which all government is founded, we must often reflect, and induce others to reflect upon them, in their simplicity. It is necessary to revive and fortify the spirit of the Constitution by frequent recurrence to the *rights* and *opinions* upon which it rests; tracing these to their principles, and casting an historic glance upon those conditions of society—those exigencies of humanity—from which they took their rise, and through which they became apparent; *rights*, in our own case, derived from a recognition of the imperious necessity of freedom to the full development of our nature; *principles*, grounded in human nature, tested by the experience of all time, and suggested as rules of legislation from an observation of the evils that arose upon their absence. Ours is not an hypothetical government; it was not erected upon an imaginary basis; the first fibres of its roots can be traced backward into the darkness of primeval liberty; its growth has been gradual through many centuries.

It arrived only at its perfect and full development within the last few ages, and stands immoveable, by the accumulated strength of all its past existence. It came into perfect being, not by revolution, not by a change of principles, but by the native force of an internal life, which impelled it to throw off a foreign incumbrance, and stand free in the vigor of independent youth. It is a government of principles, not of prescription, nor of forms. Its traditional forms are few; it did not come down to us loaded with the corruptions of former ages, to be maintained by the timid and condemned by the wise.

It is a government of necessity; it arose from necessity, and exists by necessity; it is therefore not subvertible while its moral conditions exist. But the necessity which gave it birth is not that with which the mathematics are conversant, nor the wants and desires of the grosser nature of man. The necessity with which *our* laws are in accordance is of a moral nature, and can be found only in the operation of moral causes.

In the course of history, philosophers observe series of events signifying the existence and operation of certain divine and moral laws, by which the superior destiny of man is distinguished above his physical and sensuous destiny. Governments founded like ours upon a recognition of justice, of faith, of beneficence, of honor, of liberty and of constancy, are imperishable governments; and die only with the races which gave birth to them.

All other governments are liable to revolution, and to one or both of the fruits of revolution, the despotism of a multitude or the despotism of an individual.

If we fall then into either of these extremes, it must be when the great majority of those who study the wants of the people, and act for them in the business of legislation, become so far blinded to the moral necessities of those whose opinions they guide and influence, as to substitute for them scientific theories, the dreams of humanitarianism, or the schemes of their own ambition. Fortunately for us, the number of such citizens is so great, and their equality of will so level to the freedom of all, there is little danger but that all things shall long continue as they are.

It is necessary to resort to the original grounds of our government, not only when we propose any alteration in its framework, but whenever the lawfulness of new measures is contested, upon the argument that they are not *specifically* sanctioned by the language of the Constitution. A measure once contested upon that argument will be always contested, and will remain undecided; majorities cannot decide upon the sense of the Constitution; since neither principles nor fundamental laws are established by majorities. New measures, therefore, not clearly unconstitutional, and of which the constitutionality or its contrary, remain in perpetual uncertainty and agitation, even in courts of law, must be adopted or rejected by the representatives of the people, by mere majorities; not by forced construction, since that is met by counter construction; nor, except for the clear construction of a law, or the showing of the spirit of a law, can such questions be referred to the supreme judiciary of the nation. Judgment is of no party, and makes no laws; nor does it impose measures or recommend policies. Neither laws, nor forced constructions of laws, establishing principles of national economy or policy, can ever emanate from tribunals appointed by the Executive. Under the weight of such responsibilities the highest court of justice would lose its character, and become an instrument of faction or of executive usurpation. Inspired by a right

sense of its own character, and attributes, and duty, the Supreme Court will declare its own incompetency to enact laws or construct policies. It will say to those legislators who attempt to impose their own duties upon its shoulders, "You alone are competent to this decision; it is not for us to express the will of the people, or to regulate the public economy. Where there is law, either evident or to be liberally or morally constructed, we can point it out or construct it, but we cannot *make* it. When the law is clear and the application difficult we will aid you; but when the law does not exist, you must look for its grounds in the genius of the people and the necessity of the times, and not in our precedents.

Nor can the authority of the Executive be appealed to for the construction of constitutional law. In cases where neither law nor precedent can serve as guides, the Executive must indeed consult the spirit of the nation; but should that system be pursued—into which of late we have too much fallen—the electing of a president for the declared purpose of enforcing contested constructions of the Constitution, the day must come when all law shall lie at the mercy of executive construction; and the executive of to-day must become in that event the source of all power, until, after a period of four years, its authority is annihilated by another executive. By allowing the opinion of an executive to have any weight beside that which the character of worth and wisdom may bring with it, we admit the existence of a new legislative power, not recognized by the Constitution; a legislative power which lessens with its increase the efficacy of regular legislation, and which must, eventually, absorb everything to itself. True it is, the Executive has been entrusted with a power of forbidding a hasty and clearly unconstitutional legislation; but this power was given to the Executive, not as a law-making, but only as a regulative function. Legislative bodies may move precipitately, and illegally, since even their existence and conduct is limited by the supreme law of the land; nor are they free themselves from an ambition which leads them continually to encroach upon the functions of other members of the system. It is necessary that every member

of a constitutional government should be armed with a power of resistance sufficient for its own preservation; nor do those powers which have been granted by the Constitution to each member of the government, exceed what is necessary to their independent existence. There could hardly, nevertheless, be observed a more fatal symptom, either in the conduct of a government or of a party, than a disposition manifested by them to allow the encroachment of executive upon judicial or legislative power. As it would be impossible to over-estimate the dangers which might follow upon an absorption of the power of the government by the legislative body, aiming at its own aggrandizement and the diminution of executive and judicial responsibility, so it would be equally impossible to overrate the perils, not only to State liberties, but even to individual rights, from the repeated election of a president, chosen, not for the administration of the laws, but for enforcing new and partial constructions of those laws.

When, therefore, we are called upon to examine the merits of new measures, either of public economy or of national enterprise, we must withdraw ourselves from the atmosphere of interest; we must endeavor to place ourselves in sympathy with the genius and spirit of the nation. If the Constitution is silent or obscure upon a point of authority or competency, and we are pressed for a decision, there remains no other course but to go back to our origin, and from that to trace the rise of our polity; to observe what courses have led to aggrandizement, to peace, and prosperity, regarding always the fundamental laws as barriers and limits within which we are free to act, in all cases, as it may seem best for the nation. The Constitution does not provide for nor establish a system of political economy; it neither sustains nor forbids a tariff or a free trade, a bank or a sub-treasury, the annexation of a State, or the extension of public aid to national enterprises. It does not forbid the establishment of slavery in new territories, nor does it command such an establishment. All questions of this nature creating parties, whose majorities change from year to year, and whose opinions vary, as passion and enthusiasm and interest compel, must

be inevitably referred for a decision to the well-ascertained opinion of the day.

For the formation of our own opinions, we must go back to first principles, as we may suppose them to have lain in the minds of our founders; and deduce, as they deduced, opinions of the propriety or impropriety of what is proposed. Let this be done by each succeeding generation, and there will arise in time, out of the united arguments and experience of many succeeding generations, a system of polity filling out the original design of our founders, extending the power of the Constitution where it is inoperative, interpreting its silence, and, in fine, executing its intention in its own peculiar spirit.

Had the fathers inserted in that instrument any clause that might confer upon the general government the power of engaging in works of prospective improvement, it would have exceeded its intention, and have incurred the danger of violation by encroaching upon the changeable sphere of opinion.

If a class of powers had been given by it, under the general head of progress and improvement, authorizing Congress to appropriate funds for scientific expeditions, for the planting of colonies, for the construction of telegraphs, for the establishment of colleges and schools of science, for architectural outlay, for national roads, for the protection of commerce; if a clause had been inserted in the Constitution providing for works intended to increase the value of public lands, by railroads opening the western territories, by the construction of harbors for the augmentation of trade, by naval expeditions to extend our commerce in the southern and eastern seas; had these powers been directly conferred, together with an injunction upon congress to protect our agriculture and our manufactures by tariffs, to collect the dues of government in silver and gold, and to establish some particular form of bank or treasury, it would not have the force, encumbered with such details, that it now has, as a body of fundamental law, fixing the framework merely, and unchangeable powers of the government; leaving to the majority of the nation to determine for itself, from time to time, what works it will engage in, and what economy it will use.

We conceive that the great error of our politics has thus far lain in a continual reference to the Constitution for decisions in cases of mere expediency and policy, not contemplated by that instrument. Fundamental laws cannot be established; or rather, will not stand, if they are made to specify what shall, or shall not be done, in the *detail* of national economy. They do not point out the aims, they do not designate the purposes, the objects, but show only the right and wrong, the rules, and fixed forms of public conduct. I am not assisted by the moral law in resolving whether to engage in commerce or in manufacture; nor can the laws of the land determine whether the people shall become farmers or artisans. That is a barbarous and unrefined minuteness in a State constitution, which regulates the method of its treasury, the extent of its territory, or the shape or extent of its taxation. It is, perhaps, the most striking instance of human wisdom upon record, that our founders carefully abstained from even naming what is transient in government, and that they introduced into that instrument such things only as must always be observed while the nation continues to be a republic.

In another view, and for other reasons, we are to rejoice that we have a Constitution so liberal and so reserved. Had any particular line of policy been recommended as beneficial by the fathers, and the recommendation clothed in the solemn and authoritative language of law, it would have given an unnatural force in that direction; it would have given one party too great an advantage over its opposite. Had it been a recommendation to engage in enterprises of improvement, our strong overruling tendency toward new and splendid achievements would have swept us like a torrent to our ruin. With the Constitution clearly for us, that tendency would have been irresistible. We have seen how far we may be led toward ruin by a misstep in negotiation; and, from this single instance, we may judge into what excesses we may yet be plunged by a legislature acting under arbitrary constructions of the Constitution; and if forced construction, even, have this power, what might we not have to fear from a general precept, advising to

extend aid to every species of enterprise that seemed likely to increase the wealth of the nation. We should, therefore, be the last to advise any alteration or amendment of the fundamental law; we would not, with President Monroe, recommend that a general sanction of the policy of internal improvements be incorporated in the Constitution, since that would be to make law the slave, instead of the guide and master of opinion; and would be a step toward alteration and decline. It must be reckoned among the dangers to which the State is always liable, engaging too far, or in too great a number of enterprises. We prefer to draw all arguments for expenditure from its evident necessity and propriety, and not from any amendments which ourselves have procured to the Constitution.

We do not wish to tamper with that venerable instrument. It would be a precedent full of danger and ill omen.

If there be a point of policy upon which Considerate men of all parties will agree, it is on this of the inviolability of the Constitution.

Ours is not yet a prescriptive Constitution, "whose sole authority is, that it has existed time out of mind." At a moment of our history when the equal necessity of an union of all the citizens, and the preservation of State liberties became intensely apparent, it sprang into life (almost perfect in its form) from the brain of wisdom—a wisdom which, taking into view all the circumstances of the time, and being itself personally, a part of those circumstances, took the middle results of all—a method which left everything incomplete in the detail, and gave only the forms and generalities; not pretending to recommend particular policies, but providing against the influence of any one bias, interest or policy, whose excess might weaken the system of the whole. This form, impressed upon the government, and upon the nation at its birth, when a vigorous life presided in it, cannot, without great danger, be altered or disturbed, as its provisions were the results of a deliberation, not upon any transient circumstances and necessities, but upon those which are fixed and lasting; it can be altered and amended only by a wisdom, equal to that which constructed

it, in a position of equal dignity, and with an equal moderation, calmness, and unanimity. But in discussing the system of our national economy, on the other hand, we have to consider the exigency of the time only—the wants, desires and aspirations of the age—the particular benefit or injury balanced against the general interest. All this we have to consider in the light of that system of polity which has been established by the experience of our predecessors.

It was not possible, in the nature of things, for the fathers to have specified all and every power of the general government, to the exclusion of all others not named by them, but nevertheless necessary to the existence and prosperity of the nation. It might become proper, in a moment of extreme necessity, for the people, acting through their representatives, to invest the President with a dictatorial power. It might become necessary for the same body, as the immediate agents and defenders of private liberty, to assume for themselves a certain executive authority. It might become necessary for the general government to suffer for a while unlawful encroachments upon its own authority. It might be deemed expedient to allow that clause of the Constitution which “guaranties a republican government” to every State of this Union, or, in other words, to every citizen of this nation; to rest unapplied, where it seemed proper for the peace of all concerned, that certain men, or bodies of men, should exclude themselves from the privileges of freemen. Many cases will arise where a paramount necessity will supercede that inferior necessity which gives its ordinary form and power to the government; nor could the fathers have foreseen and provided for that vast increase of territory which has raised the Union to the rank of an imperial power, and has given us a dominion, and may yet farther extend that dominion over nations incapable of free institutions.

Still less could they have foreseen by what courses, in particular ages, the wealth of the nation might be increased.

When, therefore, we have examined the powers of the general government, and have not been able to discover among them any clauses authorizing the appro-

priation of public moneys to the improvement of national harbors, to the removal of snags from rivers, to the construction of telegraphs or national railroads, we are not, therefore, to conclude, that these measures are unconstitutional, nor are we to ask, with President Monroe, for an amendment to the Constitution authorizing such appropriations. We are to inquire only whether the government was established with full powers to do all that is required for the common good of all, and for the common weal; and next, are we to satisfy ourselves that the measures proposed are enterprises of national benefit, and of a magnitude exceeding the power of any individual, or of a State, to accomplish.

Nor will it be a sufficient objection to any such measure, that its benefits will not be immediately felt, in an equal degree, over all parts of the Union. A railroad connecting New Mexico with the Southern States might indeed, be esteemed an enterprise of much greater benefit to the southern than to the northern members of the Union.

A series of harbors along the northern frontier might increase the trade of the North and West, while it conferred only a partial and remote advantage upon the South. Appropriations for improvements must be equitably distributed with a proper regard to the commerce, the agriculture, and the defense of every part of the Union. The farmer cannot, at once, and by one vast outlay, bring every acre of his farm to that high perfection which it will attain in time, after many years of a divided and distributed care. Nor can he, by a thin and feeble manuring of the whole, through successive seasons, produce that desired fertility which he may communicate by confining his outlay and his labor for a time to separate portions.

II.

The Senate.

The house represents the people; in number, and in aggregate as individuals, and as a nation. Certain persons are permitted by law, under certain restrictions, to select the members of the House. These persons so permitted, and under such restrictions, (*i. e.* voters,) represent the interests of families, individuals, busi-

nesses, partnerships, *i. e.* the aggregate interests of the entire nation, taken by villages, towns, and cities, being thus represented in the House.

The Senate, on the other hand, seems to represent organized and established forms of power, and not merely bodies of contending interests. In the House of Lords we see represented the church, the judiciary establishment, and the great families; promotions to lordships being chiefly for the maintenance of the ancient orders. The legal lords, the clerical lords, and the social lords make up the body of that House. They represent the great powers, established in perpetuity by tradition and usage over the heads of the people. Formerly, we find the separate *governments*, the dukedoms, earldoms, marches, and counties represented there. In the Senate, as in the House of Lords, powers established in perpetuity, namely, State sovereignties, are represented; and we see, too, that the Senate is the conservative body, and preserves the ancient liberties of States, as the House of Lords does the ancient feudalities, from popular and executive desecration. The State sovereignties stand in our government in place of lords of families, lords of church, and law lords.

An election of Senators by popular choice would break down the whole system, and for a government of State sovereignties give us a mere tug of parties. The Senate would connive with the House; senators and representatives elected on the same ticket, and answerable to the same constituents, would act as one body, and the Senate itself prove only a useless in-
 cumbrance.

The ground of aristocracy is privilege, the greatest privilege is the power of legislating for one's self and for one's family; there is, therefore, not the least tincture of aristocracy in the Senate of the Union; for there is no privilege. The Senate of the Union, though superior in dignity, yet recedes as far as possible from aristocracy in being the defender of State liberties against both representative and executive encroachments. It is the duty of the senator to consider the interests of the government which he represents. The senator of a State legislature is elevated only in his grade and respectability, above

a State representative; but a senator of the Union represents not so much a people, as a system of government, an organization; his function is strictly conservative; he is bound to defend at every point the sovereignty which he represents. The interests of the State from which he comes are to be defended by him against the encroaching interests of other States. To the Senate, perhaps, we owe the existence of the State sovereignties, perhaps the existence of the Union. In every State there is a governing body, a class of able and efficient men, who draw to themselves by merit, by property, by ability, and the arts of popularity, all the offices of government. These men, from motives either of interest, of ambition or of patriotism, make state affairs their proper care. They are the guides, the advisers, and defenders for the time of the people, while the people respect them. They ascertain the desires of the people, ascertain or imagine for them, their wants and wrongs, and originate for them all laws and measures of redress. They originated popular constitutions, and they advise or flatter, or persuade the people, that they are good and suitable. These constitutions establish certain offices and functions to be filled by men who make politics and offices their business. These constitutions appoint also certain citizens to a certain inferior function (from which such persons only are excluded by law, as are deemed unfit,) namely, the function of voting or electing certain persons to fill the higher offices, or in other words, to exercise more responsible functions, than those of a voter or elector. The system of the higher offices of a State, being a body of functionaries appointed for the welfare of a particular portion or division of the whole people, and having the entire control over the internal and domestic economy of that portion or State, constitutes a perpetual corporation, with a peculiar interest, a peculiar prejudice, and a peculiar pride. This power, or system of powers in each State, represents interests often adverse, and even hostile to those of other States; it is, therefore, absolutely necessary, that in the general system of the government these State interests and rights should receive a full and powerful representation, lest in course of time they should

be neglected and forgotten; and, exasperated by contempt, should draw off the masses from their allegiance to the government of the whole. It need not, therefore excite our surprise, if we hear senators defending with vehemence the institutions of the States of whose politics and customs they are the representatives. While these politics and customs exist in a State, the senator is bound by every law of honor and of duty to defend them against aggression. And, however much he may lament their existence, he must not allow them to be interfered with, by strangers, or even vilified without defense. Nor is the senator less bound by virtue of his office to prevent inequitable appropriations of the public means. Should it appear to him, that an unjust preference had been given to the citizens, or to the government of one State over another, or to one section of country over another, it is his peculiar duty to prevent such unjust appropriations, in as much as he represents a body to whose care the dignity and property of his State had been entrusted. But, while the senator must be continually on the watch for the interests and the dignity of his State, there is no reason why he should apply to every measure which he thinks unjust, the test of unconstitutionality. Many measures may be unjust, and yet constitutional. It may be unjust to forbid the introduction of slavery into a new territory, and it may be at the same time constitutional. The improvement of the Mississippi river may be a great hardship to the Eastern States, but the Eastern States will never oppose such improvements, on the ground that they are unconstitutional. Southern senators may oppose the appropriation of money for the protection of maritime commerce, by ships of war, and naval expeditions; they may even oppose the opening of national harbors for a commerce and revenue upon the Northern lakes, but they are not *obliged* to account for this opposition by a constructive unconstitutionality set up against these measures.

III.

Political Economy.

The occupations of a civilized people, divide very naturally into several kinds, represented in the primeval States of the

Old World, by as many political castes or orders. Although the division of a people by castes, is no longer tolerated, and an individual may occupy successively and without disgrace, all stations in society, still the occupations themselves remain as they were founded by nature. They have each their peculiar genius and necessities, and it rarely, if ever happens, that the same person excels, or is successful in all.

The first and most remarkable occupation is that of instructors and schoolmasters, of every rank and degree, from the good dame who teaches children the A, B, C, to the great savan who develops the mysteries of life, and the harmony of the heavenly spheres. The importance of this order of persons to the State need not be dwelt upon. They are not the least influential body in the present condition of society. They include also, philosophers and metaphysicians.

The next who attract our attention are those who cultivate and appeal to the imagination and the feelings, including all that are employed in the offices of worship and religious instruction. These include also, professed poets, and inventors of fiction, and all whose occupation is to affect the moral nature through the imaginative faculty. The highest enthusiasm of religion indulges in the poetical form, and the teachings of religion are oftener conveyed by figures, symbols, and parables, than by direct proof; so that it becomes necessary to place the occupation of priest, clergyman, and man of letters, under one head; and in the greatest examples they are united in one; the literature of some nations, that of the Hebrews for instance, is exclusively religious. Artists are also of this order; and in the political system of Egypt, we find the priests, artists, poets, and architects, included in one caste, called the Sacred Order.

Next in order we notice the artisans, mechanics, and men of business, (who are also the most numerous, in the present system of society,) including all who practice any art or handicraft for the physical comforts of man. This order includes manufacturers, seamen, agriculturists, gardeners, inventors, bankers, tradesmen, merchants, negotiators, agents, and those who are devoted wholly to the care or ownership of any species of property, or to con-

struction in the arts of peace; under this division it is also necessary to include statesmen and those who manage affairs of public economy. Statesmen, as affairs now are, seem to be merely the great business men of the country, who assist or who impair manufactures, agriculture, and commerce.

The fourth class of occupations is that of military and police, and all that is concerned in the private and public defense, whether of life or property. The courts of law, with all that belongs to them, fall under this head, as well as the army, navy, and all those dangerous services, which require the arts of defense, offense and inquisition. At the head of those stand the greater offices of the land and of the military state.

Last in order we have domestic offices of every kind, from the service of the kitchen, to the offices of the public health, or command of a royal household. Those whose example governs the manners, customs, and fashions, of society, and who exercise a merely social influence, stand first in this rank.

Although, in the general idea of human nature, every human being is regarded as containing all the knowledge and capacity for the exercise of every occupation of every order, yet, in practice it happens that individuals are engaged permanently or for the time, in but one occupation, as of science, worship, business, police, or social duty. The castes always exist; though their members are continually changing.

Though it might be justly regarded as an injurious and impossible attempt to class *men* by their occupations, every man being capable in his nature, unless his mind be abortive or deformed, of exercising all the occupations, yet, it can do no harm to regard these occupations themselves as fixed, and as having each a certain character and value when compared with others. The most intense admirer of equality prefers the occupation of a sage, in whom the philosopher and the poet are combined, or that of a hero who unites the warrior with the patriot in himself; or that of the statesman who sees his own in his country's prosperity; to that of a sutler or fisherman. The *man* indeed is neither statesman, sutler, or fisherman; his occu-

pation is accidental, and he may leave it to-morrow; all that we ask of the *man*, is that he shall not engage in a business for which he is incompetent, or remain in any occupation too great or too heavy for his abilities. The opinion of castes and ranks, by which a person is confounded with his occupation; and by that treatment degraded into a machine, to the total sacrifice of his liberty, is not to be tolerated, even in idea; and it is certainly better that men should exercise several trades, as is commonly done in New England, than lose their liberty by an hereditary devotion to one. It is necessary to the free and manly character, that it should have tasted several kinds of life; enough at least to know their pains and their pleasures, their advantages and disadvantages; and if we meet with a man who has experience in agricultural, mechanical, and commercial affairs, we are apt to value him above one who knows only one of these. It is this versatility of intellect that distinguishes a free from a stupid and slavish people; and in this Americans take the greatest pride.

After enumerating all the occupations, and observing in what forms human industry is obliged to develope itself, and after admitting that a complete and perfect man, or family of men, would be masters of all occupations and conditions, at least in their principles, our natural pride leads us a step further, and we say, that *NATIONS* also, should be complete and perfect, and should take care to have all the occupations well and ably exercised by their own citizens. A nation should scorn to become a mere herd of shepherds, or tribe of artisans; it should not narrow its ability to the exercise of any one art, trade or business, but should fill out the circle of industry and make itself the complete and perfect representative of humanity. Its ambition should be broad and liberal. It should desire that all its energies attain a full development.

In all civilized nations, the occupation of a learned man, or teacher, has been held superior in importance and reputation to all others. For, of this order of occupations, the lowest grade is more reputable than the lowest of any other, as the dame schoolmistress is a person of more trust than the ordinary domestic, or than any other in the inferior occupations of

life. So, also, the complete savan, such for example as we have in modern times in the person of a Humboldt, or a Cuvier, is of the first repute; not excelled in his occupation—which is that recommended by Lord Bacon as the best a wise man can engage in—by any, however eminent, of the other orders. The contempt that falls upon such teachers as remain in the vulgar routine of schooling and flogging, is itself a proof of the superior importance of the teacher's office; the mass of men regard it with a mysterious respect, and despise the tutor by comparison with his business.

We run little risk of contradiction in saying, that this caste of occupations are by far the most important and valuable that can employ a reasonable being; and that a citizen who feels a proper pride and enthusiasm for his nation, will *protect* and favor, in every way, the office of the teacher and the man of science.

The most important office, in the kingdoms and republics of the Old World is that of minister of public instruction, and the most perfect instrument of good government and progress is the system of schools. Our State governments are incomplete, while they remain without a beaureau of education; the commission to be chosen out of the best men of the State, and commanded by the people to observe such care in erecting a system of education for their children, as if the fate of the Republic depended chiefly upon their wisdom and integrity.

The *creative, conservative, and beneficent* energy of a popular State, discovers itself in nothing more than in the education of youth. By schools the youth of the country are bound together and *nationalized*. As a part of our polity for the fusing together and organizing of the incongenial elements of our society, schools are evidently the most effectual. But creation is not the sole function of a beneficent power; *protection and conservation* to all interests, to life and liberty, to health, and to free opinion, to industry and genius, is equally a fundamental duty of government; more especially in a government like ours, conducted under the eye and influence of the people themselves, and subject to their approval or condemnation. "A political society is a moral person,"

with all the rights and powers of freedom and wisdom. Self-preservation is its first law, and to sustain and protect *itself* a first necessity. The whole system of a free government is founded on the necessity of protection and self sustentation. It is therefore the obvious duty of the people, not only to favor the education of youth, but to protect them from corrupting influences; for if it is necessary that they be *well* educated, and converted into good citizens, it is also necessary to protect them against evil education, and against such influences as will make them bad or discontented citizens. *The purpose of education being to render the mind of the nation, if we may so speak, free and complete within itself, producing all knowledge and inventions within itself, and relying upon itself for direction and guidance in the study of nature, and of the works of human and inspired intelligence.* A people to whom the occupations of the scholar and of the savan are a mystery and a wonder, or which does not produce within itself both scholars and men of science, will as tenderly be led by the nose as asses are. Such a half-educated people endued with a natural, unfed desire of knowledge, may be so inveigled and robbed of their common sense, by ingenious foreigners, that they will surrender up their very purses and business to foreigners, under the persuasion of a mere theory.

The people being in the strictest sense, a moral person—seeing that from them emanates the constitution of the State—which is a formal expression of universal justice, as they understand it, and which is one in essence with the law of nations and the law of conscience, have rightfully invested their government with a two-fold power, namely that of protection, and that of beneficent aid and creation. They provide in their laws, not only for conservation of the existing order of things, against which it is treasonable to conspire, but for the good of future generations, by the establishment of schools and the construction of harbors, roads, and public works. Setting aside all controversy about the powers of the general government, in regard to works of internal improvement, neither the right or duty of the State governments to provide such works, or that of cities, towns and villages, to erect build-

ings, and make roads for public purposes, has ever been contested. Government is really invested with a prospective and creative as well as a protective and conservative power.

Could it be shown, for example, that in time of war certain persons maintained an encouraging correspondence with the enemy, or that in time of peace certain persons were engaged in exciting revolt, the protective and conservative power may be employed to stop them. Or could it be shown that the inhabitants of a State were about to establish a hierarchy, and abolish the republican forms, the conservative power of the higher government may forbid them. In all its functions the State represents the moral person, *excluding all that is individual or partial, when it looks toward the citizen, and admitting all that is individual and partial when it looks towards other nations.*

The first exercise of the beneficent powers of government, which we considered, was in the establishment of schools, for the sake of preserving and continuing the Republic, by the effects of education. The second looks toward religious matters, and toward literature and the arts.

In these two particulars, namely, in maintaining the right of opinion, against persecution for conscience sake, and the liberty of person against unjust wars, and private or public violences, under whatever name or authority, our own governments are distinguished from all others:—and because the grounds of our own Constitution cannot be distinguished from those of the law of nations and of conscience, our State as a moral person, extends the same rights to other nations, acknowledged free, that it does to its own citizens acknowledged free. In these instances the protective and conservative powers appear in their perfection. The occupations of the priest, the clergyman, the minister, the missionary, those of critics, authors, and editors,—in a word, of all who engage in works that rest for their value upon the public taste, belief and sentiment, are protected with a sacred care. In these occupations men are ab-

olutely free. Looking inward upon itself the nation observes a cold and rigid impartiality toward those of its citizens who engage in occupations of this caste. But of other nations it indulges a patriotic jealousy. It desires that its religious teachers, its artists, authors, and editors, should be its own citizens; that public opinion should be created at home; that its public buildings, its paintings and statues, its literature should be of native growth, an offspring of native sense and genius. This is its beneficent desire; and as far as government may justly extend its protection, that desire will extend it. The occupations of taste and opinion, resting necessarily on prejudice, will be assiduously guarded and protected by any State not sunk in ignorance or selfishness.

Passing by for the moment the consideration of that protective and beneficent influence which the State is required to use over the occupations of industry, in the field, the workshop, the office, and the store; an influence so important that governments receive one half their power and character from the mode in which it is exerted; let us look at its operation in affairs of military and police. And here the very first feature of a free government, that strikes us, is that it employs the arms, the courage, and the skill of its own citizens in its own defense. Those who do not understand the moral nature of a government, or who affect a philosophical accuracy of opinion, will perhaps assure us that we ought to defend our country as cheaply as possible, and if Hessian mercenaries can be had for less wages than free citizens, we should employ them in preference. But here the protective, which is one with the patriotic sentiment, saves us the labor and evil chances of an anti-free trade argument; we are not reduced to the necessity of an argument; history and the national prejudice has set us right upon that point; and the time must come when the protection of native labor and industry, from patriotic motives, will seem as essential to a patriotic policy as the employment of the arms and courage of our own citizens.

THE PRESENT STATE OF TRADE.

By the kindness of the publishers of that valuable and widely-read paper, "The Plough, the Loom, and the Anvil," which has done so much toward diffusing right information and just opinion, on subjects of public economy during the past year, we have been favored with proof-sheets in advance, of an article entitled, "Hear both sides," from the pen of Henry C. Carey, Esq., one of our own contributors, and whose work, entitled "Past, Present, and Future," seems destined to become the text-book of conservative and patriotic economists. Our readers will remember an able article published in our number for January, 1849, on the policy of England and its results, from the same powerful pen. The following bears more directly upon our own affairs. We give the matter of the article by abstract or by quotation.

The occasion of the essay was an examination of the question, whether the farmer and planter are to be protected or not, in their efforts to draw the loom and the anvil nearer to themselves; or whether, as the Union newspaper, and the so-called free-trade legislators contend, they should *not* be protected, but for the sake of "an augmented trade," should go without protection.

The general effort of the free-trade theorist has been to prove that low tariffs cause a greater consumption of foreign goods, by affording an outlet for the products of farms and plantations, to be exchanged for foreign manufactured articles.

They argue strenuously for freedom of trade in the abstract, as a thing so excellent in itself, that everything else should be sacrificed to it. Just as some enthusiasts argue for the abolition of all laws, because all laws work some injury to innocent individuals.

Mr. Carey, in his large work, as well as in his periodical essays, adopts a line of argument quite different from any that we have seen in any other writers.

The principle of economy which he lays

down is, that of the agriculturalists, that as for the increase of the riches of a farm, the *products of the soil should be consumed upon the soil*, so also the products of mines, and plantations, should be worked up and consumed as near as possible to the place of their production.

We venture to say, that any man of business, or any person who has a practical knowledge of the economy of production will acquiesce in the principle at first hearing of it.

The arguments of the anti-protectionists, on the contrary, are derived from certain abstract propositions, such as the injustice of taxing one class of the community for the benefit of another; which are indeed true in the abstract, but have no bearing on the question; the protectionists holding the same opinions about justice and injustice that other men do, but insisting that the nation must defend itself against the efforts of foreigners to draw away its business and suppress its industry.

To this the reply is, true it is, the farmer is made to pay a little more, for the time, by a tariff, for foreign luxuries; but, at the same time he is enabled to *produce more*, and his products command a better price.

And here begins the argument of the article which we are now reviewing.

The writer for the Union newspaper, June, 1849, advanced that the free-trade principles of the Revenue Bill of 1846 are fully vindicated, by the fact, "that the export of breadstuffs still continues, and that the demand for cotton is sustained at an advanced price, and in the face of large supplies." "While the market for our agricultural productions abroad has been extended without producing commercial embarrassment, by the reception of foreign goods, on liberal terms, in payment, the great consuming interests of the country have been enabled to become better customers to the manufacturers."

We cannot but pause here and invite the readers attention to the language of

the Union above given. It is asserted that the great consuming interests, that is to say, the skin and stomach of every man, woman and child in the country, are enabled to buy more from our Northern manufacturers, in consequence of a tariff which has let in foreign competitors on liberal terms. It appears, too, that our free trade gentlemen have the interests of the Northern manufacturers greatly at heart; a disposition to be acknowledged in them, with every courtesy.

But to return. The correspondent adds, that the revenue under these low duties, has increased some \$6,000,000; that an "unfavorable balance of trade," has been "prevented by an increased export," that is to say, we have paid in cotton and breadstuffs, instead of cash; he then adds that the generally firm and comfortable state of things has enabled "our manufacturers to enlarge their establishments, and to extend their operations;" more cotton having been purchased by them in proportion under the present, than under the last tariff. Increase under the tariff of '42, 154,747 bales in four years; under the present tariff, 130,000 in three years.

This estimate, he continues, omits 75,000 for the last, and 100,000 for the present year, consumed by Southern manufacturers. He then adds, that when manufactures are high, the consumption is limited, and the owners of capital and machinery, (the larger operators) reap the benefit, and vice versa. The correspondent of the Union is evidently the same who prepares free trade commercial articles for the Democratic Review; in answering the Union, therefore, the Democratic Review is also answered.

He furnishes a table of cotton statistics, showing the regular increase of consumption, the largest being in 1848, 103,805 bales; and the *smallest increase* 20,000 bales in ten months, ending June '49, which shows a frightful falling off, by no means noticed by the Union.

Let us use the statistics given. From '42 to '45 inclusive, there was a regular increase; that of '45 being 42,262. From '45 to '47 inclusive, a regular falling off, that of '47 being only 5,000! Then follows a sudden and enormous increase in '48, of 103,805, and a great falling off again this present year.

Again, he says that the *exports* of cotton goods from New England were fifty millions yards, re-exports of foreign, ten millions. Southern and Western consumption of Eastern manufactured goods, 535,200,000 yards. Again, 7 millions of foreign cotton goods were introduced for home consumption, and the estimated 120 millions of Southern and Western manufactures, had to contend against these, and against the entire Eastern production.

The article closes by stating that the selling of large quantities of goods at low prices is advantageous to the operatives, and that small quantities at high prices favor the capitalists; an assertion to which we can only give a flat denial, it being a notorious fact that low prices entail the necessity of low wages, large capitals, and immense sales, all of which conditions are those of the English manufactures, and work a hopeless and disastrous state of things for the operatives. High prices and moderate sales enable small capitalists to engage; and *vice versa*.

The same correspondent of the Union and writer for the Democratic, states that the demand for cotton is "maintained at an advanced price, and in the face of large supplies." To this Mr. Carey replies, that the destructive frosts and freshets of the present year have diminished the prospective crop, perhaps *one third*, and the price has consequently risen *a little*. That the planter has hardly received five cents the pound, average, the past season; and that consequently a great rise is demanded to cover his losses from the past sales, which have not covered the costs of production. To this must be added the reduction of freights, almost two thirds, within a few months, a reduction facilitating exportation, and of course sending more cotton abroad, and raising the price. A barrel of flour can now be carried to Liverpool for 25 cents, and the price is still falling.

We shall confine ourselves for the remainder of this article to a summary of Mr. Carey's argument.

The policy of free trade has driven the South into excessive production of cotton, which has made prices unremunerative.

The planters are seeking to substitute sugar in its place, and the sugar planters need protection more than the manufacturers.

The same policy has shut up furnaces and mills in all parts of New England, and driven capital into the building of ships; and now low freights, and low prices generally make all equally unprofitable.

The total earnings of shipping, notwithstanding the great increase, and the California accident, are less than for many years past.

The cotton crop of the South is only a little larger than in 1840, notwithstanding the great increase of Southern population; the *money product* of the entire crop is far less than in that year.

Had the South adopted the true economical policy of bringing the plough, the loom and the anvil side by side, *of causing the products of the soil to be wrought up and consumed upon the soil*, the home consumption would have been double of what it is, and the vast increase of population would have had an equal increase of wealth.

If 200,000 more bales of cotton are now consumed at home, and with a small prospective crop, the price of cotton ought, under a just protection, to have risen enormously; but the rise is at present very trifling, notwithstanding all that has conspired to produce a rise.

Of sixteen rolling mills for the manufacture of railroad iron, only four are now busy, and these to complete orders given before the tariff of 1846 came into operation. A great many furnaces and factories in the North are stopped.

Among the smaller manufacturers a great depression exists, in consequence of inability among the mass of population to consume the usual amount; low wages, low interests, low prices, capital and labor alike unemployed, is the present condition of things.

Our exports to a large extent are *stocks! evidences of debt*, to the amount of nine millions or more!

Cloth and iron we are importing in large quantities; the food and products of other agricultural countries, wrought up on other soils, and paid for in evidences of debt!

The people idle, and foreign paupers and laborers working for us.

Farmers and workmen out of employment, go to the West, to raise more food; and capital goes into railroads to bring it

to us, and still further depress our farmers.

The free trade principles of the compromise bill "vindicated" by the crash of 1841-2, again being "vindicated" by a similar state of things coming fast upon us.

"The great difficulty with most of these professional political economists is, that they have no practical knowledge. They have studied so many politico-economical books, that they have by slow degrees arrived at the point at which all men of *real* 'common sense' begin, *i. e.* that all trade ought to be free. The latter see, however, that the great and important trade is between man and his neighbor man, and that the small trade is that between far distant men. They see that everywhere men desire to have blacksmiths and shoemakers, cotton and woolen-cloth makers, and iron makers, in their neighborhood, and that the more nearly they can be brought to them the greater is the facility of obtaining shoes for horses and men, and cloth and iron. They see this desire developing itself on all occasions in a constant effort to bring the loom and the anvil to the side of the plough, and they see almost perpetual ruin following the effort, because of changes of policy abroad, that could not have been anticipated, still less guarded against. Seeing all this, they have arrived at the conclusion that there must exist disturbing causes preventing the possibility of the establishment of universal freedom, but that it may be obtained through the means of effectual protection to the great and really important trade between men and their neighbor men; and they are confirmed in that belief by the fact that those manufacturers which have most required protection are now those which least require it. They see that in the desire for freeing the country from the colonial system which prevented the establishment of manufactures, may be found the most important of the causes of our Revolution, and that from that time to the present, the most eminent men—our Washingtons and Jeffersons, and Jacksons—have seen and felt the necessity for 'bringing the manufacturer to take his place by the side of the agriculturist.' 'In place of feeding the paupers of Europe,' said President Jackson, 'let us feed our own,'—yet he was fully aware that under natural circumstances freedom of trade among all men, the near and the distant, would be the most profitable of all. He, however, had practical knowledge, of which these men are totally destitute. They are political economists to the point of repeating, parrot-like, the words 'free-trade,' but beyond that their knowledge does not extend."—*Plough, Loom and Anvil.*

"Among the blunders of this class of men

is that which results from the omission of all attention to that most important element in every politico-economical calculation, called *time*. At the end of the first month of his new tariff, the late Secretary set himself to calculating its effects, whereas every man of any practical knowledge knows well that considerable time must elapse before the effects of any such measure begin to be felt. Prosperity does not come or go with the passage of a law, but with its practical operation. The passage of the tariff of 1842 did not remedy the difficulties under which the country labored, but it enabled men to construct mills and furnaces, by aid of which a state of prosperity was restored. The man who is driven from the mines to seek the West, continues for a year to be a consumer of food and a customer (though on a smaller scale than he before had been) to the farmer, but in the second year he ceases to be a customer and begins to be a rival. The hundred thousand people that have been *driven* to the West, this year will not be felt as producers until next year, and then—and *scarcely till then*—it will be that the farmers of the Union will feel the evil effects of the abolition of the tariff of 1842. All these things are obvious to men of plain common sense, but they have studied few politico-economical books, and they have no theories to maintain in opposition to the common sense of the nation for a hundred years past. They feel under no obligation to teach their neighbors that they have been talking *prose* all their lives, nor to lisp *free trade* without understanding it, as do so many of the *great men* of our day.

“The existing tariff—the great measure that was to emancipate labor and capital from the grinding oppression of 1842—the measure that was to raise wages, and that has so far depressed them that laborers find increased difficulty in obtaining food, fuel, or clothing—the measure that was to raise the value of capital, and that has so far depressed it that men gladly purchase stocks yielding little more than five per cent., because of the impossibility of employing capital to advantage; that great measure, we say, went into operation nominally in December, 1846. Practically, it was

almost altogether inoperative. The great railroad speculation of Europe had produced a vast demand for laborers and for iron, and both were high in price. Well-paid laborers consumed largely of food and cloth, while the potato-rot produced a vast demand for food for Ireland, and thus all things were unnaturally high, and as the new tariff was altogether an *ad valorem* one, it followed that duties were high, and sufficiently protective. The railroad speculation broke down, and the demand for labor ceased, and therewith there was a cessation of the demand for cloth and iron, and the makers of cloth and iron were forced to work at diminished wages, and the prices of cloth and iron fell, and then for the first time, at the close of about a year and a half from the first of December, 1846, did the tariff of 1846 come into practical operation.”—*Plough, Loom, and Anvil*.

So far our author, without inquiry as to the correctness of the statistics given by the correspondent of the Union. We reserve for a succeeding number a farther examination of the article, and a fuller development of our author's argument to show that the cotton planters have been greatly injured, and by no means benefited by the actions of low tariffs.

The greatest physical prosperity of this country will have been attained, when the entire wants of its people are supplied by their own industry. When in every State or separate region of the Union, there shall be manufactures established suitable to that region, and fully equal to the supply of its wants; and when the joint surplus products of all shall be poured through the great channels of commerce, the projected Pacific Railroad, and the ports of the Atlantic, toward every part of the habitable globe. Such a condition of things can be brought about only by the pursuit of that system of policy which was established by the Republican party.

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ANDERPORT RECORDS—NO. I.

REGINALD, SON OF ANTHONY.

CHAPTER I.

AT the head of tide-water on Gavin Run, a considerable creek which five miles lower enters one of the finest of our southern rivers, stands Anderport. Besides its age, many considerations make it deserving of note. Its founders, less restricted in means than most of the early colonists, erected its buildings in a manner so lavish of material, and so substantial and massive, that a modern builder would call them proof against the wear of time. The town, however, has had to resist a destroyer which its first settlers did not anticipate, nor could have guarded against—that ravager, at once invidious and ruthless—neglect.

Tall brick houses frown grimly upon grass-grown streets, which were laid out for the leading thoroughfares of an enterprising and populous mart. The traveller, who in a score of miles has not passed half that number of habitations, rubs his eyes to find himself suddenly in what seems the heart of a city. Yet, wearied as he is with the wilderness through which his journey has led him, his mind meets little relief in the unlooked-for termination. Indeed, nothing in the surrounding prospect, cheerless though it be—not the hills covered with hen-grass, that ashen garb of sterility; nor the scrubby clusters of old field pines, creeping upon the spiritless husbandman; nor the wide, unenclosed forests, plundered of their younger growth and retaining only the huge patriarchs, which may defy the axe, but are sinking helpless beneath the reiterated strokes of the elements; nor even that sluggish, dismal stream, spread over a reedy marsh, and bordered by moors of broom-sedge and dense thickets of alder and brambles—not all together can give the beholders such an intense feeling of desolation, as that gloomy as-

semblage of almost forsaken dwellings. Abundant signs of poverty are visible, but they are not found in the usual abodes of rural wretchedness, tottering, low-browed hovels. All is brick—brick. Man seems here to have put forth his strength at the start, and done his best; but at the same instant that we perceive this, we perceive also that his labor has been vanity.

One has no occasion to go to Tadmor, nor to Baalbek, to experience the painful pleasure of watching how desperately the poor relies of human toil and skill may struggle for existence with an engulfing desert. If Anderport present the scene less grandly than the ruined cities of the East, it has one element of impressiveness which they lack. This dingy little town, with its air of antiquity, its dilapidated roofs and crumbling walls, is not found in the Old World, where sights of decay are to be expected, but in flourishing vigorous, lusty America. There is something striking, too, in its diminutive size. We cannot come upon it without being reminded of one of those pitiable dwarfs who carry the heavy weather-beaten features of full-grown manhood upon the small and feeble limbs of a child.

The decline of Anderport is easily accounted for. At the time of its settlement, and for some years afterward, Gavin Run was navigable to vessels of several hundred tons burden. Now, it hardly affords unobstructed passage at low tide for the fisherman's skiff. Concurrent causes might be enumerated, such as the character of the population, and the existence of more fortunate rivals; but I am not writing a history. The intelligence of those who gave it its name, is vindicated by the statement that it was once a port; and its present condition is sufficiently described, when the fact is added that it is a port no longer.

Most of the houses, as has been men-

tioned, line the streets, and are constructed in the style usual in cities. There are some, however, on the heights in the outskirts of the town, which have much more architectural character. These formed in fact the mansions of the original owners of the settlement. One of them, which attracts attention by its white, rough-cast front, was built by Wriotheshly Ander, from whom the town received its name. To him succeeded Reginald his son, a profligate scamp, who, tradition tells us, had the credit of breaking the heart of an amiable wife. Then came Edward, and next to Edward, who died without issue, his brother Charles James, of neither of whom is anything memorable related. Anthony followed, whose wife died a year after their marriage, leaving an infant son Reginald.

Anthony Ander, a man of morose, melancholy temperament, took little interest in the growth and education of his heir. The child grew to boyhood with no society but that of servants, and of old musty volumes found in the neglected apartment which had sometimes been used as a library. In his sixteenth year he was sent by his father, who seemed to have had some prejudice against the English universities, to one of the European continental colleges. Anthony himself was shortly after taken sick in London, and died there. The estate went into the hands of executors, and Reginald who had no ties of blood nor friendship to draw him to Anderport, passed five full years at the college without making a single visit to America. It was just a week after the attainment of his majority that he set out for the home from which he had so long been estranged.

The people at Anderport, who had looked forward to his arrival as an epoch, found little to prepossess them in his first appearance. He was below the ordinary stature, ungraceful in person, and remarkable for the homeliness of his features. Thin locks of caroty hair dangled over his low forehead and completed the ugliness of an exterior which was not relieved by the slightest attention to neatness of attire. Nor were there any obvious indications of intellect to redeem so much that was repulsive; indeed, his eye had a vacant, hazy look, which many characterized at once as stolid and doltish.

A single companion attended him; an elderly man, quite bald but for the scanty gray locks which hung at the back of his head, yet with a full bright eye, and a brow unmarked by a wrinkle. Altogether, Mr. Simon Rennoe, of a figure compact and rotund, but not corpulent, a composed demeanor, great suavity of address, and a countenance ever wearing a benignant smile, was one of those persons who excite, in all with whom they associate, equal respect and confidence. He saw in his young friend much more than was visible to others. Under a cold and sluggish temperament, he knew there lurked qualities which rendered their possessor capable of the highest things. The direction, however, which these energetic elements would take was yet uncertain. Consequently, Mr. Rennoe, who was a philosopher in his way, regarded Reginald not only with affection, but with a deep interest. This friendship was not, perhaps, unaccompanied by a degree of jealousy, for Rennoe was certainly anxious to prevent the youth from forming any new attachment. In this respect, he was for several weeks completely gratified. The society of the gentlemen of the neighborhood, polished, frank, and companionable as they were, had little attraction for the student; and with his reserve and bashfulness, he found still less to please him in the ladies whom he met. The occasional sarcasms of Rennoe on the frivolous, trifle-loving sex, were evidently listened to without displeasure. Sometimes Reginald expressed his own thoughts. "I cannot conceive," he observed one evening, on their return from a visit, "how it is that man, who is fitted to entertain such lofty aspirations, can bring himself to feel attachment for a creature whom nature has made incapable of thinking."

"It is easily accounted for," returned Rennoe; "such men as we saw yonder are well fitted to be governed by such influence."

"True!" ejaculated Reginald.

"Whilst those," Rennoe continued, "who possess great faculties—who are made to be the master-spirits of the earth—who seek power, not merely for its results, but, like the strong man using his strength, from delight in the effort!"—

The student, without waiting for the

conclusion of the sentence, murmured, half unconsciously, "They must not let their minds become any body else's property—the man who knows how to avoid obeying may soon learn the way to rule."

The sentiment uttered was not exactly that which Rennoe desired to provoke, yet he did not choose to open a discussion.

Some days after, Reginald went alone to return the call of Mr. Chesley, a planter, whose mansion was some six or seven miles distant. He was ushered by the servant into a parlor, the only occupant of which, at the moment, was a young lady whom he had never before seen—Matilda Chesley, eldest daughter of the planter. She received him with great ease and politeness; and as he found her reading when he entered, his heart at once softened more than it had ever before done in the presence of woman. Availing himself of a pause in the dialogue, he glanced at the open volume. It was poetry—the Seasons—and he no longer made any exception from his sweeping contempt of the daughters of Eve.

"Do you like Thomson?" Matilda inquired, noticing the direction of his eyes.

"No; he's a pompous, second-hand affair, with much more sound than sense."

The lady's countenance was expressive of some surprise, but at that instant the door opened. The new comer, also a visitor, was Laurence Seymour, a fine looking young man, who was met with a very cordial greeting. Miss Chesley of course introduced him to Reginald Ander. As the three were taking their seats, a smile played on Seymour's lips, and he darted a glance of peculiar meaning at the young lady. Reginald took note of both smile and glance. Immediately all the torpid energies of his soul were aroused. That almost imperceptible expression of disdain, which sprang involuntarily to the handsome face of Seymour, and which vanished the moment after, had durable consequences.

Reginald, satisfied with making a brief visit, soon returned home. Seymour remained, and in the course of the afternoon persuaded Matilda that it was a delightful day for a horseback ride. The saddled steeds were quickly brought to the door, and they galloped gaily down the noble avenue in front, then turning to the

right dashed with unslackened speed along the road, and afterwards through by-way and over moor, till at last they drew rein on a lofty eminence which jutted into the vale, and commanded a prospect of its whole extent, both downward and up. In the one direction the eye swept over Anderport and followed the Gavin, until it was lost from sight in the lake-like river. Towards the southwest the view was more contracted, but the very objects that limited it had their own peculiar beauty—rocky hillsides, curtained with vines and shrubbery, and, directly in front, a bold precipice down which the little stream was joyously bounding. They gazed long and silently at the lovely landscape. When they turned away, the soft influence of the scene accompanied them, and no disposition was felt by either to resume the wild haste which had brought them thither. Their panting horses walked slowly down, not unwilling after such a race to snuff at leisure the balmy air of the evening. Seymour talked of his native England; he described a vale not less beautiful than that of the Gavin; he told how the hill which they had just left, reminded him of the site of his father's stately castle; then he painted the park, with its oaks that gave shade when the Tudors reigned; and lastly, he sighed as he referred to the feelings with which he, a younger brother out of a numerous household, had left those dearly cherished scenes to seek his fortune in the forests of the Western World.

Matilda listened with rapt attention—why should she not? Encouraged by the expression of interest which beamed from her beautiful countenance, he went on to say that notwithstanding all which the Atlantic divided him from, he yet felt that there was room in his heart for the hope of a happiness exceeding any that all broad England could furnish. He looked full towards her as he spoke, but her eyes were now bent downward, and he could not catch their expression. It was clear, however, that she was much absorbed in what he was saying, for her horse happening to stumble, the rein was held so carelessly that it fell from her grasp, and was drawn quite out of reach. He seized it promptly and restored it to the fair horse-woman, but her hand trembled as it touched his.

A great deal more was uttered on the

way home—that is, by the cavalier. Matilda spoke little—yet there seemed to be something satisfactory even in her silence, for Seymour, when he assisted her to alight at the door of the mansion, would not have exchanged the gratification which that ride had given him, for the inheritance of an earldom.

Some days afterward there was a pleasant gathering at the fine seat of Mr. Marshall. Seymour was Matilda Chesley's escort. Ander saw them enter. He detected the tender feeling which lurked in each glance that passed from one to the other, and he could not but acknowledge that nature itself pointed out the fitness of their union. The most ardent lover standing in his place and beholding that sight, would have felt hope die within him. Reginald was no lover, yet he had determined that Matilda Chesley should become Matilda Ander, and he had not the slightest distrust of his ability to bring about that result.

Animation and gayety ruled the hour. To the surprise of the party, who had on other occasions witnessed his shrinking bashfulness, no one was more full of vivacity than the ugly scholar. The gentlemen caught themselves listening to him when they should have been attending to their fair companions; and the ladies found it possible to be entertained by one who uttered not a single compliment. A consideration which aided in this sudden change of opinion must not be overlooked. This red-haired youth was no vulgar person, but came of the ancient lineage of the Anders, and his vast estates equalled the united fortunes of any two beside of the wealthiest planters in the country.

Leaving the house, the younger members of the company strolled over the grounds. Reginald, as well as Seymour, attached himself to the group of which Matilda was the centre. They chose a path leading to a rude bridge which was thrown across the Gavin. The stream here, rapid and interrupted by rocks, flowed at a considerable depth below them. On their way thither, the subject of discourse happened to be the romantic homage paid to the fair sex in the age of chivalry. The ladies came to the conclusion that times were sadly changed since then; whilst their squires earnestly protested

that no knight who ever wore mail could exceed them in zeal and self-devotion.

"Let us test it," cried Matilda, springing to the edge of the bridge. "See!—here waves my scarf—when I toss it into the Run, who is ready to leap for its recovery?"

"I am!" said Laurence Seymour, eagerly.

"Ah, but you are not in earnest?"

"Not in earnest? Try me!"

"What!" said Matilda; "would you really have us think that you would risk your life for a scarf?"

"As sure as I have power to move, I would hazard it to *obey you*."

Matilda looked at him as he stood there with his eye flashing, and his noble form dilated, and thought she could not imagine a worthier representative of the hero of romance. Perhaps she was a little embarrassed by the consciousness that she had allowed her admiration to be too evident, for she hastened to speak.

"And what do you think of it, Mr. Ander? would you be disposed to make the dangerous leap?"

"No!" said Reginald.

"So ungallant!" exclaimed Emily Marshall, a pretty girl of eighteen. "I would not have believed it of *you*, Mr. Ander."

"Hear me, however," said Reginald. "What could I expect to gain by jumping in yonder?"

"Gain?—why the love of a fair lady, to be sure; what could knight wish for more?"

"That would be a reward, indeed," replied Reginald, and as he spoke he turned from Emily to Matilda—"a most ample reward—the highest I could look for on earth; but then I ought to be in a condition to receive it. Now the love of Miss Chesley herself, I suppose, would be of little service to a dead man."

"Ah, 'tis plain you are not in love," retorted Emily Marshall, mischievously. "A lover never reasons."

"Is it so? Then I must admit that you ladies have a singular taste, if you give your hearts only to brutes."

The laugh was now on the side of Reginald, but Emily was not disposed to yield the field so soon.

"Where's the harm in that?" she said; "let the woman think for both."

"That may do in some cases, but I have heard that it is not every woman whose quantum of the rational faculty is large enough to be detected, much less to bear division."

"You are bitter, Mr. Ander," said Matilda.

"No," he replied, "truthful and loyal. It is because I see that all ladies are not angels, that I can so faithfully serve you—and Miss Emily."

The bridge was now crossed, and they pursued their walk up the Run. After proceeding half a mile or something more, the two ladies found a shady spot at which to sit and rest, while the party of gentlemen went about in search of wild flowers. Time passed and all had returned except Reginald, who was discovered plucking various plants along the water's edge at the foot of the precipitous bank.

"I wonder how he got down there," cried one, peering over the brink.

"Oh," said another, "he must have found a path by the branch yonder."

"Here, Mr. Ander," said Matilda, waving her scarf towards him, "we are going to return." He looked up an instant, bowed, and renewed his task.

As Matilda, who had been leaning upon a small tree, drew back, her foot slipped slightly upon the mossy turf, and obeying the instinctive impulse to grasp a limb with her other hand, the scarf escaped her, and falling, was caught midway the descent by a shrub which extended itself from a chink in the perpendicular cliff.

"It is gone now," she said, smiling, "beyond the power of knight-errantry to rescue. But is not that the trunk of a tree yonder? Let us cross to the other side upon it."

The object she referred to lay twenty feet higher up the stream. It was found to be a large pine, the victim of some violent gale, and which had for years spanned the narrow pass separating one hill from the other. The water was tumbling full seventy feet below, and the sight of so narrow a bridge might well give trepidation to any one not gifted with steadiness of head. Indeed, Emily grew a little pale, while the features of more than one of the gentlemen assumed a sudden gravity. But Matilda was in her element. "Come," she said, "I'll show you the way."

"No, no," interposed Seymour, "let me go first."

"The ladies first, is the rule, sir," returned his mistress, springing upon the end of the log.

"Hold—hold!" cried Reginald from the spot where he was standing, beneath the suspended scarf.

"Never mind, we'll wait for you, sir, on the other side," and Matilda made another step.

Reginald at this seemed much agitated, and his eye lighting on a slender grape-vine which by dint of clinging to the feeble shrubs, which here and there grew out of the cliff, had managed to reach the very top, he at once began to ascend by it.

The attention of the party at the pine-log was of course drawn to the adventurous climber. On his way he was seen to reach forth and seize Matilda's scarf. As he neared the summit a jutting thicket concealed him from view, but it was only for an instant.—The topmost shrub had parted it hold, and man and vine fell, one undistinguishable mass, to the bottom.

There was a cry of horror from the spectators, and all instantly sought the circuitous path which led below. When they arrived at the spot, which was not until after the lapse of some minutes, they found Reginald sitting up and quietly extricating himself from the vine which had entangled him in a knot as curious as that of Ulysses. He was fortunately uninjured. The thick foliage of the vine contributed not a little to his safety, and the small bushes which had successively yielded to the momentum of the descent must have done much to diminish its violence.

Availing himself of the knife, promptly put at his service by one of the bystanders, Reginald was soon able to stand upright, relieved of his shackles. His first action was to deliver the scarf to its fair owner. Then he begged her acceptance of the fruit of his exploration—the sadly crushed, yet still beautiful nosegay of wild-flowers.

The little group at this instant received a sudden increase. Half a dozen others of the strolling company at Mr. Marshall's, led by whim or accident up the northern side of the Run, had observed Reginald's misadventure, and hurrying down the bank had crossed the stream at a spot where some flat stones made a convenient

fording place. Among these was Mr. Rennoe, who, while the rest pushed forwards, uttering half a dozen inquiries at a breath, kept himself for some moments in the background, and narrowly watched the demeanor of Miss Chesley and Reginald. What that penetrating observer witnessed by no means pleased him, but he suffered no sign of dissatisfaction to disturb the serenity of his countenance. Stepping up, and mingling easily with the party, he made just such observations as came most decorously from a well-bred, elderly man, of benevolent temper and grave habits.

Reginald, on his part, after a lively response to the sympathetic expressions of his Mentor, renewed the gay converse with the ladies as if altogether unmindful of his presence.

Setting their faces homeward in animated mood, they all forded the Run upon the stones, climbed the steep, though not precipitous hill on the northern side, and then paused to recover breath near the smaller extremity of the old pine log. Matilda and Reginald happened to be some paces in advance of their companions.

"Come," cried the sprightly Miss Marshall, "let us share the benefit of Mr. Ander's disquisitions;" and when Reginald turned at the sound of his name, she said to him laughingly, "I think, sir, we shall see a lover in you after all; at any rate you are fast lessening the disqualification of too much wisdom."

"How so, if I may presume to ask, Miss Emily?"

"Oh! don't you remember the solemn manner in which you assured us this morning that a silken scarf was not a fit thing to peril one's neck for? that cliff yonder tells that your opinion has changed."

"I think not," rejoined Reginald. "I ascended the grape-vine for an object, and though I tumbled to the bottom, that object was gained, and I after all stand here safe and sound."

"Yet you risked your life, did you not?"

"Perhaps so, but the object was one which the possessor of a dozen lives might be willing to venture them all for."

"Excellent! charming!" exclaimed the vivacious little lady. "The scarf this morn-

ing was not worth one life, now it is worth a dozen; let us hail the progress of unreason."

"But I did not climb after the scarf."

"No?—what then?"

"I should have paid Miss Matilda a poor compliment, I think, to have jeopardized a thing even of so little worth as my life for a bit of silk, which will be valueless next summer, when she throws it aside for another."

"What did you seek then, sir?"

"The preservation of her own life."

"Her life?—you speak riddles, Mr. Ander."

After remaining silent for a moment to enjoy the spectacle of the eager faces which were turned towards him from all sides, Reginald replied: "I could not bear to see her about to incur almost certain death by crossing on that pine."

Matilda now spoke quickly, "Do you think so meanly of my rural accomplishments, Mr. Ander? I must show you how easily and safely I can traverse that fine broad bridge."

As she advanced to execute her purpose, Reginald interposed himself, saying earnestly: "Hear me, and you will not. As it is but a short distance between the two houses, I came to Mr. Marshall's from home this morning on foot; I crossed this decayed log, and it so trembled and cracked beneath me that I was satisfied that it could not again be passed without great risk."

The stillness that succeeded this declaration was interrupted by Emily's ringing laugh.

"Ah!" she said, "I fear me, sir, you are deluding us. This story sounds much like an afterthought—a ruse to divert our minds from the mad knight-errantry of your recovery of the scarf."

"It is so, doubtless," observed Matilda; "but I am sorry Mr. Ander that you have so soon become ashamed of the heroism which has excited the admiration of us all. Yet we must convince you that we are not cravens to be frightened so easily."

Thus saying, she made a light bound that brought her upon the trunk only a few feet from the edge of the declivity. Reginald at once leaped upon the log so as to face her.

"Indeed you must not go, Miss Ma-

tilda ; or, if you are determined to persist, I go first to prove whether it be safe or not."

Matilda was moved by his earnestness, and several others of the party—Laurence Seymour among them—advanced to urge that both should withdraw from the log.

Reginald then said, "This is a matter, however, very easily tested ; Miss Emily will you venture your dog in the trial ?"

The young lady assenting, he whistled to the fine Newfoundlander, and extending a short stick, and calling him by name, said, "Here, Wodin, fetch it !"

The animal made an uncouth gambol, and kept his eyes intently fixed on the fragment of wood. Reginald cast it from his hand so that it landed on the opposite hill ; Wodin at the same instant gave a great spring to the very middle of the pine. The huge trunk shook with the concussion, and there was a dull cracking around. The dog whined, and crept crouching to the other side. No sooner had he reached it than the old log fairly parted asunder, and both ends fell with a thundering noise into the bed of the Run.

The mirthful band were seized with a feeling akin to awe, as they watched the descent of the ponderous logs, and saw how they were dashed into a dozen fragments upon the rocks below. Meanwhile Wodin's whine gave place to a vehement bark as he stood on the very verge, and gazed alternately into the stream and across the chasm at the company from which he was so suddenly divided. Then, as if a thought had struck him, he seized in his mouth the stick for which he was sent, and bounded away to the fording place. After the lapse of a minute or two, during which the silence remained unbroken, the noble fellow arrived, and after leaping joyously around his mistress, walked up to Reginald, and with an indescribable air of self-complacent dignity redelivered into his hand the bit of wood.

"That's a fine dog !" said Reginald, patting his head. "I am glad you have returned safe."

"And so am I," said Emily Marshall, eagerly ; "but how infinitely are we indebted to you, Mr. Ander, for the preservation of a life far more precious !"

As for Matilda she said nothing, but her moistened eye was more eloquently expressive of gratitude than the most

impassioned words could be. Unable for the moment to utter an articulate sound, and yet conscious that some expression of thanks was called for from her, she felt ashamed and embarrassed.

It may be that Reginald desired to relieve her, for, addressing himself to Miss Marshall, he remarked : "I informed your father this morning of the dangerous state of this log, and he promised to give directions for its immediate removal. Probably some servant has been remiss in executing the charge."

The conversation now became general, though a thought less animated than at the outset of the walk.

Simon Rennoe hung in the rear, his mind occupied with uneasy reflections. Before him was the same homely, carrot-haired youth, whom he accompanied from Europe, but how unlike now to what he then seemed ! Awkward, shy, unpolished, and slovenly, the youth was in one day transformed into a hero, the envy of stately men, the admiration of beautiful women. Did the change favor the execution of Mr. Rennoe's purposes ? Hardly ! yet something much worse threatened. Reginald had evidently attached himself to the lovely Miss Chesley, and was making every effort to win her affections. But Simon Rennoe never looked at an obstacle except to strengthen his resolution to overcome it. "Reginald Ander," was his mental soliloquy, "you shall still be mine !"

During the remainder of the afternoon, which was spent pleasantly, but more quietly, in the house, Rennoe seized every opportunity to study the character of Matilda Chesley. Sometimes he conversed with her alone ; sometimes he joined in the talk with others ; sometimes he was a mere unnoticed listener. The choice of his future plan of operations depended upon the result of his scrutiny, and a mistake here might be irreparable. She appeared lively, high-spirited, fearless—was this the result only of temperament, or did it proceed from a deep-seated, energetic enthusiasm ? If the latter were the case, how unspeakably dangerous for one like Reginald to be associated with her. The few hours devoted to the examination enabled that consummate judge of human nature to take the complete measure, as he believed, of her mind.

He found her accomplished, amiable, ingenuous, intelligent. There are few men whom these qualities, added to rare external charms, would not fascinate; yet Rennoe was well aware that Reginald was of no common stamp, and he satisfied himself that Matilda wanted that vigor of intellect, that inborn power, or genius, which can hold attractive communion with a lofty, comprehensive spirit like the student's. She could not sympathize with him, nor he with her. Her superiority morally was not less marked than his intellectually. That Reginald could succeed in making himself loved by Matilda he believed quite possible, but that he should be lastingly attached to her seemed contrary to the course of Nature. A great heart may become devoted to a great head, but a great head never fails to despise a great heart.

So argued Rennoe, and his measures were taken accordingly. Reversing what would have been the conduct of an angry father, he determined to break off a threatened match by apparently furnishing every facility for its accomplishment. His pupil should be indulged with the society of the beautiful girl till appetite became cloyed.

It may appear to some that very little of the wisdom of the serpent was shown in this choice. To throw a youth just freed from scholastic seclusion into unrestricted intercourse with a charming woman, had danger; Rennoe was not blind to it, but he was as bold as well as a wary player. His keen eye perceived that Reginald had a competitor in Laurence Seymour, and ignorant as he of course was of the incidents of the first meeting, he knew well enough that nothing could give so much zest and ardor to the suit as the presence of a rival. Hence Seymour must be removed from the scene. A fertile mind had little difficulty in devising the means. A company was forming in a different part of the colony, with a view to carry on some extensive mining operations; (the period in which these occurrences took place, it is to be observed, was about the middle of the last century.) A large body of land was secured, but in order to ensure success certain privileges were needed to be obtained from the government at home. It was important, therefore, to procure influence with the

Administration. Seymour had little capital, but he had powerful connections. Rennoe showed him how easy it would be to obtain admission into the company upon highly advantageous terms. He suggested also the most advisable method to pursue in making his advances, and offered to secure in his favor some of the leading men of the company. The young man, ardently desirous of wealth, because he would thus be able the more confidently to claim the hand of Matilda, was dazzled with the prospect afforded him of the speedy realization of his most sanguine hopes. He believed Miss Chesley herself already won, and had little apprehension, notwithstanding the affair of the log, in regard to Reginald. Not gifted with Rennoe's clear insight into character, he did not know his rival sufficiently well to fear him. Less than ten days after the party at Mr. Marshall's he set out on his journey.

Reginald, little guessing what instrumentality had caused the departure of the handsome Englishman, was disposed to avail himself of it to the utmost. He made frequent visits to Mr. Chesley's and each visit seemed to increase not only his prospect of success, but his interest in the pursuit. The strong motive which had first engaged him, a compound of pride and love of mastery, was no less influential than ever, but softer feelings had gained concurrent sway. He began to look upon Matilda Chesley not merely as the woman whose hand Laurence Seymour must not gain, but as a person attractive for her own sake.

Simon Rennoe, who intently watched the progress of affairs, became alarmed, yet was he tempted into nothing precipitate. Reginald could not be always at Mr. Chesley's, nor was he yet so deeply love-stricken as to be able to occupy every vacant hour in thinking of Matilda. These hours, therefore, that were spent at home, made Rennoe's opportunity. He used them to direct the mind of the youth to the most congenial and exciting topics; and he put into his hand books best calculated to inflame his love of power. The plan worked well. Oftentimes Reginald would go to his mistress, pondering not on her charms, but on bold deeds and magnificent schemes. It was agreeable to enjoy the present with her, but his mind

was elated with dim dreams of a mighty future, in which every part was to be performed by rugged self, and none was assigned to a tender companion.

Once it happened that a three days' rain confined him within the mansion. His sagacious companion threw in his way the Commentaries—familiar as a guide-book, yet ever fresh and delightful—of the great Roman. The afternoon of the third day the sun shone forth, and Reginald galloped to the Chesleys. He found Matilda, tired like himself of confinement, about to mount her pony, dragging off a reluctant brother from his business as an escort. Reginald relieved the brother.

The road which they chose was that beautiful one which Seymour had once found so pleasant. But Reginald took little note of the scenery, though the Gavin, aided by the rains, made quite an imposing cataract as it dashed over the rock. Instead, he expatiated upon the trying times at Alesia, where a besieging army was itself besieged; the desperate extremity between the swollen rivers when exulting tidings were sent to Rome that the last resource of matchless versatility was exhausted, and that the terror of the world was to be famished like an entrapped wolf; he spoke of Alexandria, and, above all, of the campaign in northern Africa—that campaign which has all the exciting interest of a game of chess. Did Matilda take pleasure in this discourse? Perhaps she would have been as well pleased if it had been rather more in the vein of Seymour's—still she enjoyed the ride, and thought Reginald quite eloquent. But he was dissatisfied to find that she did not view things in the same light that he did. Having read Langhorne's Plutarch, and Addison's tragedy, she esteemed Cato a great and noble character. Reginald tried hard to convince her of the error. He explained that he was an obstinate, blind, irrational fellow, who never considered circumstances, and never in his life gained an end. Matilda listened patiently, but still persisted that she would rather have been Cato than Julius. Her lover was shocked and well-nigh disgusted. He did not stay to tea that evening.

Time wore away. Ander was no less assiduous in his attentions to Miss Chesley; but Rennoe thought he could detect signs

of a slackened ardor. These signs gradually became more distinct. The skillful angler, however, still played out the line. Not pretending to create circumstances, he was cautious even in the use of those which spontaneously occurred. His talk with his pupil was as easy and flowing and apparently frank as ever, yet it had really undergone a considerable change. He no longer indulged in satirical reflections upon feminine weakness, which, in the present state of Reginald's mind, must have prompted him to bestir his faculties in defense of a sex for which he had become interested. On the contrary, when the suitor spoke approvingly of any of Miss Chesley's qualities, Rennoe gave his own prompt assent, not in an ironical way, but with the manner of sincere conviction. A weak, or even an ordinary lover, would have had his affections more irrevocably fixed by finding his admiration of his mistress ingeniously concurred in by one whose judgment was not lightly moved, and all of whose prepossessions were directly contrary. But the knowledge that others entertained a certain opinion, never in the least degree biassed Reginald in its favor. Rennoe was aware of this.

One morning, Reginald, who had been reading intently during some hours, laid down his book, and seemed lost in meditation. His friend was writing at the desk, near the large bay window of the apartment. Noticing the abstraction of the other, and conjecturing the cause, he cut short his task, folded the letter which had engaged him, sealed it, and turned partly around in his chair awaiting some remark. He was not disappointed.

"This is a wretchedly dull life I'm leading here."

"Do you think so?" said Rennoe; "more dull than college? and yet I believe you were contented there?"

"At college," rejoined the student, "I had something to look forward to; now I mope listless, occupied neither in action nor in preparation."

"Let this period then pass for rest," said Rennoe, "or rather that necessary interval which enables you to decide calmly in what great field of effort you ought to use the vigor which has been developed and trained in the exercises of the gymnasium."

"Ay!" replied Reginald, his eye quickening, "this is indeed an important decision to make. Have I capacity only for the administration of a plantation—the government of ten score negroes?"

"Judge for yourself," said his friend, quietly. "If you are conscious of no strength, you have it not."

"But I *do* feel strength—I will be something more." The youth sat for some moments thoughtful and silent, then suddenly added: "What a man Ximenes was?"

"You were reading about him just now—were you not?"

"Yes! Oh, the happiness of wielding power as he did!"

"Yet the great Cardinal enjoyed none of what are ordinarily called the pleasures of life—the smiles of woman—fireside sympathy—affectionate service of children, and the like."

"What of all this? how ridiculous to conceive a Ximenes in love!—of that giant enthralled by puny, narrow-souled woman, who disdained to have intercourse with *men* except to rule them?"

"There was another Spaniard," remarked Rennoe, "no less great, who, soon after the day of Ximenes, governed an empire with which that of the united throne of Castile and Leon compares but as the rule of the village pedagogue with the dominion of the successor of St. Peter."

"You mean," said Reginald, "the man of Guipuscoa; but his part could never be mine. I would not give up half my wits even to reign with what was left."

"You are right," said Rennoe, "it is better to avail one's self of the madness of those who have gone before us. Have I not shown you a way in which it is possible to gain power without appearing unworthy to gain it?"

"Yes, you have; but I know another."

"Indeed! what may that be?"

"I would remain here, and"—

"And what? finish my enlightenment. Tell me the height of greatness which a dependent colonist is able to reach."

"Do not speak too hastily," said Reginald; "the American colonies are not dependent, though subject. More unlikely events have come to pass than that deputies from this side of the Atlantic should occupy seats in the Parliament of Great

Britain; and a seat thus held I think might open some prospect to ambition. Conceive a parliamentary leader whose declarations should be backed, not by a shire or county, or any division of a petty isle, but by the voice of a continent. Then, a man might be eloquent—then, he might be great!"

"Such things may happen," answered Rennoe; "but depend upon it, none now living will take part in them. Reginald, you do not deceive me. I doubt even whether you are deceiving yourself. It is indeed not improbable that you will reject the glorious opportunity I offer you; and we both know what the equivalent is which you choose in its stead. I may wonder at your decision; I may be assured that you will yourself one day be convinced of the folly of it, yet I am resigned. My life has been spent in a struggle of a different sort, and I will not at this late day enter the lists with a *woman*, however beautiful and excellent. If Reginald Ander cannot defend himself against such a temptation, Simon Rennoe may well afford to waste no pains upon him."

"You need not jeer," replied the young man. "If I hesitate, it is not on account of the damsel, be assured. I could be content to go with you"—

"Why then hesitate at all?" urged Rennoe, with ardor. "You know, my friend—for I am not ashamed to address you like an equal, even as you now are, and how much more than my equal if you became what you might!—you know that I would not stoop to flattery, and you know too that I may claim some degree of skill in measuring the faculties of those with whom I come in contact; give heed to me then when I tell you, Reginald Ander, that if you fail to adopt the course which I hope, I shall not grieve for the loss of your companionship—I shall not grieve on account of the great cause, for that must succeed whoever may or may not be its supporter—but I shall grieve at the knowledge that the most excellent of the Almighty's terrestrial creations, a powerful intellect, has forsaken the noble destiny for which it was designed."

Reginald answered composedly: "I am as well inclined as you can wish; all that is now necessary is, that I should resolve accordingly."

Rennoe, unable with all his skill to penetrate the youth's meaning, merely said: "Why not, then, make the resolve?"

"Simply because a determination once formed involves the consequence of adhering to it, and that is sometimes troublesome. I have made one rash resolve already since I came here, and I'm like to pay dear enough for it. I do not think I ever can give up a purpose, yet I am sorely tempted now. If I should give it up, why then 'tis probable I may become—what you will."

The result of the conversation was, that Simon Rennoe felt assured of having gained his point. At that moment he would willingly have exposed Reginald to the most fascinating woman that ever dazzled a court or illumined a cottage. As for Matilda Chesley, he was satisfied that she had made so slight an impression that if news of her sudden death were brought to the suitor, he would not shed a tear or heave a sigh.

The good man's self-congratulations, however, were rather premature.

Sanguine of the success of his suit as Laurence Seymour was when he left Anderport, some vague apprehensions failed not to haunt and torment him. He anxiously availed himself, in his newly chosen home, of every occasion that offered to learn how matters were going on in his absence. The information which rewarded his pains was far from being satisfactory. He heard of Ander's visits, and he did not hear that they were disagreeable to Matilda. In a moment when jealousy was more than usually active, the suspicion suggested itself that his banishment to that distant spot was the consequence of a deeply laid scheme of his rival's. The Mr. Rennoe, upon whose hints and covert persuasions he had acted, was a dependent, or at least intimate friend of Ander's, and was doubtless ready to further any of his wishes. Seymour reflected the subject over one whole night as he tossed on his bed, and in the morning set out for Anderport.

Four days' hard riding brought him to the town. After a night's sleep, which fatigue made sound, he hurried away to Mr. Chesley's. Miss Matilda, the servant informed him, was in the grounds attend-

ing to her flowers. Dispensing with the lad's guidance, he went alone to seek her. In a bower which was half grotto and half arbor—a spot which nature had made romantic, and taste beautiful—he found his mistress, distinguishable by the snowy whiteness of her dress, amongst the roses and honeysuckles that clustered around her.

Her name was pronounced before the sound of footsteps gave warning of the approach of an intruder. Turning quickly, she discovered that her ear had not mistaken the voice which uttered the salutation. Instantly, down dropped the pair of scissors, and with it the thick, loose glove. The fair hand thus exposed was detained in Seymour's clasp longer than the canons of etiquette sanction; yet the young Englishman ought not to be harshly judged, when it is considered that there was little to remind him that he had committed any breach of decorum, either in the maiden's downcast eye or in the mingled smile and blush, that gave her countenance a charming glow like that of a summer sunset.

It so happened that Reginald, this very morning recollecting that he had not seen Matilda for several days, took himself to task for the neglect, and determined to repair his fault by an immediate visit. As he started, he asked his friend to accompany him. It was the first time such an invitation had been given, and Rennoe receiving so good an augury very gladly, at once accepted it.

The servant at the door telling them, as he had told Seymour, that his young mistress was among her flowers, Reginald readily led the way to the bower.

It always makes an awkward scene, it is said, to break in upon an interview of lovers; this scene was peculiarly awkward. Matilda was silent, and cast an embarrassed look alternately at each of her lovers, while

—"troubled blood through her pale cheek was seen

To come and go with tidings from the heart,
As it a running messenger had been."

Laurence Seymour wavered between anger and exultation. Reginald stood stiffly, with flushed brow and swelling breast. Simon Rennoe, exhibiting an as-

pect as sedate and pleasant as can be imagined, was at heart the individual of the party most startled and vexed.

"I trust you are all well down here, sir," said Seymour, addressing Reginald.

"Quite; but I need not inquire as to the health of the mines. One can easily conjecture that the plague must be there, from the brevity of your stay."

"Oh, no," retorted the other. "It is a very desirable locality, and fully answers to the description of Mr. Rennoe, who so earnestly advised my going thither."

"Mr. Rennoe?" echoed Reginald.

"Ah, yes," said the gentleman alluded to, "I did make mention to Mr. Seymour of some of the advantages that seemed to attend the affair, as it had been detailed to me by competent judges. I cannot, however, profess any particular acquaintance with the region itself. But I am highly gratified, Mr. Seymour, to find you looking so well after your excursion."

"For my part," said Reginald, "I am still more pleased at the return itself. I was remarking to Mr. Rennoe, no long time since, that we were becoming quite dull without you."

"How extremely fortunate I am in being able to confer happiness so easily!" and Seymour accompanied the observation with an ironical smile.

The sneer was not necessary to confirm Reginald's resolve; yet it was of service as a stimulant.

Rennoe and he, as they rode home after the visit, conversed much about books and various miscellaneous topics, in which neither was greatly interested. When within half a mile of the house, Reginald checked his horse, and said abruptly:

"My dear sir, I mean to marry Matilda Chesley."

"Well," returned the other, "she is doubtless a very amiable girl."

"Pshaw! what matters amiability? I want to defeat Laurence Seymour; that is the prize I am struggling for, and I mean to gain it. I care not what opposition is made, or from what quarter it springs; the more obstacles there are the better, for I shall triumph over all and gain my end."

No reply was made, and the remainder of the ride was passed in silence.

Mr. Rennoe had an intimate friend across the ocean, with whom he was in the habit of frequent correspondence. The following is one of his epistles:

"An unexpected disappointment vexes me; yet it does not discourage. The Ander estate is full as large as was supposed, being itself a prize worth an earnest effort. But the boy, the boy! compared with him, a province seems a mean possession. Ah, such a mind and such a will are rarely found together! I made a sad error. We thought the scorn with which his forbidding exterior must be greeted, would drive him off in disgust. Not so; it is this which most excites his energies; and I am assured now that if we could clothe him with the hideousness of a monster, the consequence would be just the same. This strength of purpose, which makes him so valuable, gives my task its difficulty; yet I would not have it otherwise.

"Reginald strives to vanquish a rival lover, and would surely do it had not I to join against him; as it is, he must suffer this discomfiture to prepare him for future triumphs. Surely, there can be no doubt as to the issue. Reginald fights for the gratification of victory; I fight to gain my competitor. He that has the noblest meed in view deserves success, and win Reginald I will—body and soul."

(To be continued.)

WHAT IS MUSIC?

THERE is no science, no art in existence, on which so much has been written, and so little satisfactorily explained, as that of music. The chief cause of this lies perhaps less in the fact that the respective authors were not equal to the task, than that they wrote on a subject the very basis of which had not even been properly defined. No where do we hear more nonsense and idle talk, than about music. Most people think they feel, or pretend to feel, the very thing it is impossible for them to feel, and reduce their ideas, in want of a clear conception, to mere similes and illustrations, without explaining their subject in the least. It is the more easy to fall into such an error, since music cannot be understood by the mind alone. It requires a heart, and a soul, and it is no more easy to explain *love* and *religion*, without the lively belief on a last something, indemonstrable, than it is to bring the inner life of music before the eyes of one devoid of soul.

There have been at all times and all ages, men who entirely misunderstood, or were ignorant even of the true office of music. Thus Dr. Burney, to whom music is largely indebted for diligent researches in ancient history, says in his preface to his "History of Music"—

"What is music? An innocent luxury indeed, to our existence, but a great improvement and gratification of the sense of hearing."

But as if to prove the inconsistency of his own assertion, he devotes his whole life to that "innocent luxury," writes, besides numerous minor works, his great "History of Music," and brings proofs of the great estimation in which music was held among almost all the nations of the globe, because of its vast and beneficent influence.

To the same class belong all those who

insist that music is merely a play of well-sounding notes, and the less there is in it, the more is its object achieved. How much more elevated is the view taken by the early Greeks of this subject! *Plato* recognizes in music the expression of our inner life, and gave to it the idea of the beautiful as foundation, which as moral beauty, and united with the good, comes from God, and therefore leads back to a unison with him. He elevated the destiny of music above the mere sensual pleasure, and reproached those who merely estimated it on account of the sensual enjoyment to be derived from it. But we shall speak more of this in some future chapter, and continue in our analysis of music.

Our definition of music must be such as to embrace every branch of it, vocal or instrumental, combined or separate, old or new.

Music then is simply a succession of sounds, regulated by the laws of melody and rhythm.

In tracing the origin of music, we are lost in the same labyrinth in which all researches into the origin of the world end. It has been said that music owes its existence to the innate talent and inclination of mankind for imitation of sound and form, that sounds produced by the howling of the wind, the rippling of the brook, the rolling of thunder, the cries of the forest denizens, and a hundred other sounds of nature, had prompted man to cultivate and develop the talent slumbering in his breast. But why not say that music was created with man? that a divine being had endowed him, simultaneously with life, with an instinct to utter his joy or sorrow, despair or happiness, in sounds which even the wild beast of the forest to a certain degree can boast of?

The chief impulse of man is, to convey his thoughts and ideas, his inner invisible world to others. He has for this purpose

the organ of speech. This organ is capable of carrying out all the various modulations of sound required for language. Here then is the first rough foundation for music. The lowering or raising of the voice, to give more or less emphasis to a word, together with all those sounds which every nation on the globe has appropriated to itself, to express more animated feelings, form the first elements of music. These various sounds have but to be regulated and properly defined, and we have the materials which form our scale or gamut, from which again our whole system of music has been derived. It is evident from a good many proofs, that our music has come, together with most other arts and sciences, from the East, the original seat of all learning. In the heart of Asia we find even now a kind of music which to a European ear seems but a combination of discordant sounds, but which to the less refined but more accurate ears of the native, possesses every requisite of a good melody. The same confusion seems to exist in what little we know of African music.

Villoteau, a traveller in the East, and a musician to whom the history of music is under a great many obligations, made it his special object to collect the various songs of the Orient. On his arrival at Cairo he engaged for this purpose an Arabian music-master, who, following the custom of the Arabian professors, only sung the airs, leaving it to his pupil to remember them as best he could. *Villoteau* instantly sat to work and wrote them down, but noticing now and then some slight detonations in his master's voice, he took the liberty to correct them in his manuscript. After having finished his task he tried to sing the air which the Arab had just taught him, but he had only sung a few notes when he was arrested by the Arab, who indignantly told him that he, *Villoteau*, sung false. Great discussions took place on this matter between master and pupil; each one assured the other that his intonations were irreproachable, and that he could not hear the other's music without experiencing great pain in his ears. At last *Villoteau* thought there might be some singular cause for this disagreement, and knowing that the finger-board of the *Eoud*, (Arabian guitar,) was

divided according to the Arabian gamut, he caused such a one to be brought, and to his great astonishment he found intervals which in our European system do not exist at all. The Arabs divide their octave into twenty-four intervals, while the Europeans have only twelve for the same space, and no wonder that the untutored ear of the Frenchman could not conceive those nice and acute variations of sound.

The music of the Chinese is more like our own, and most resembling to the old Scotch melodies. With these Celestials everything seems to be lost in the heavens, or in grey antiquity, and no wonder that they should boast of having had as early as 2776 before the Christian era, a well-organized system of music. They say that *Hoang-ty*, who lived at that time, and who had conquered the empire, not finding any more enemies to conquer, applied himself to improving the moral condition of his subjects. He found their music in a most deplorable condition, or rather he found nothing deserving of that name, and therefore gave orders to *Lyng-lun*, a principal personage of his court, to undertake the regulating of the Chinese music. This worthy, after the usual number of prostrations, went for this purpose to *Si-joung*, a country in the northwest of China, where music was known to have reached a much higher state of cultivation. On the high mountains of that country grows a beautiful bamboo. Large knots divide this bamboo into different parts, forming a kind of tube. *Lyng-lun* accidentally took one of these tubes, cut it between two knots, took out the marrow, blew in it, and a sound issued which was exactly the pitch of his voice, when he spoke unaffected by any passion. Not far from this place is the source of the stream *Hoang-tu*, which, bubbling from the earth, produces a peculiar sound. *Lyng-lun*, to his greatest astonishment, discovered that this sound was in unison with the one he had drawn from his tube.

But the miracle does not cease here. A *Foung-hoang*, a bird, like the Phoenix of other nations no longer in existence, came, accompanied by his mate, and perched on a neighboring arbor. There the male produced a sound, again in unison to that of the tube and of the stream; he then pro-

duced a number of sounds which formed among themselves six semitones; the female added to these six other semitones, and while the two alternately sang, Lyng-lun cut twelve tubes of different size, in unison with the twelve semitones furnished by the voice of the birds, and, delighted with his discovery, he carried his tubes to the emperor, who commanded that forthwith these twelve sounds, found in so marvellous a manner, should form the gamut of the Chinese music. And in reality, the whole music of the Chinese is founded on this system, and with but very slight modifications it has remained thus stationary to this day.

It would seem, if we except the Chinese, that music, in its migration from east to west, has gradually lost the minor intervals, and come down to us in a more condensed shape, and though quarter-tones have been employed during the last century by several celebrated singers, this has been done rather to excite astonishment, than to enrich our present system.

Very often it has been advanced that even in the animal world there exists a great susceptibility for music; and that if proper attention were directed to this fact, good results might be derived from it. We differ from this, because it is our opinion that the true susceptibility for music is founded on a power of combination, which is rooted with reason in one and the same unity.

This is clear from the fact, that the development of the taste for music goes hand in hand with the development of the mind. For this reason music appears in the most intimate relation with poetry, which latter in this union, as song or ballad, seems to make the greatest impression on the heart. But for the same reason music finds its most appropriate field where depth of feeling is predominant, and where through the power of imagination, life has been elevated to a higher and nobler sphere. As the mind thus becomes more active in communicating its thoughts, and the feelings endeavor to indicate their existence with that same activity,

Language swells into song.

Led only by his own impulse, man, in all degrees of civilization, has introduced music into life, where his own feelings

were more than ordinarily excited, or where it was his object to excite those of others. That vocal music has in this respect the advantage over its twin-sister, "instrumental music," is not to be wondered at, when we consider that the latter is entirely the creation of fancy, and that it requires "the wood" to act as conductor to the minds of those who have not been gifted with that degree of susceptibility which Nature has bestowed upon others.

There are people who are indifferent to, nay, almost annoyed by the shortest strain of music, if the least action of their mind, to follow the combinations of sound, is required of them. There are others again, who, though not indifferent to music, derive but little pleasure from it, save that sensual delight which they experience, perhaps, in eating a favorite dish. But there are still others, with whom a proper appreciation of music seems to have been born. They enter at once into the mysterious spirit of that art, fathom its windings, and seem to make it a part of their very existence. To these belong, together with the true lovers of music, all the great masters and composers of the different ages. They are the ones to foster music, to cultivate and develop it in all its branches; through their agency, music has been brought to that degree of perfection which it now possesses. Indeed, it fairly outstrips all other arts in this respect. Continually improving, without exhausting—on the contrary, always enriching—its means, it advances steadily on the path to perfection, and it is impossible to foretell when this development will have reached its zenith.

But with this unceasing progress, music has partaken in a certain degree of a mysticism, which threatens to estrange it altogether to the hearts of those who, by nature, have not been endowed with those extraordinary gifts, and who, not being able to follow their masters with the rapidity necessary to understand and appreciate music in its highest spheres, are content to remain stationary, and thus increase the distance between themselves and their more favored guides. Thus, music loses only in influence what it gains in means; and nothing remains for those masters but to descend from their lofty pinnacles, and

to conduct their followers more carefully to their throne, or to fill that throne, unsupported by subjects, and consequently of no influence.

THE POSITION OF MUSIC IN RELATION TO
OTHERS OF THE FINE ARTS.

Music is not destined to reproduce, by imitation, certain known sensations; it has no model, after which to form itself, nor has it one to compare itself to. Independent it stands there, the pure fabric of the imagination. Entirely different from painting, which limits the imagination of the artist by the obligation to imitate Nature; and different alike from poetry, which, in its boldest flights of fancy, is only intelligible by the analogy of its thoughts to certain general ideas; music makes never a deeper impression than when it absolutely resembles nothing; when it creates, at one and the same time, the principal idea and the accessory means which serve to develop it.

For this reason, music is the most spiritual of all the arts, and might well be placed above poetry, sculpture, and painting. But it has other advantages to boast of: "It is a truly democratic art." The enjoyment of other arts requires a certain preparation and cultivation of the mind, which not every one possesses the means to acquire. These are therefore chiefly confined to the higher classes of society. But music belongs to high and low, poor and rich; all are alike under its influence, and with the lower class it fills a vacuum which the want of education has left. It stands between the prose and poetry of life.

Here is the proper place to correct a popular error. The fact that music is so easy of access, that it requires so little preparation in other branches of education, has rallied under its banners a good many who enjoy, apparently, benefits in social respect to which, on account of inferior education, they are not properly entitled. This has given rise to the belief that music actually prohibits the cultivation of other capacities of the mind, and consequently people who are unconsciously under its influence still despise the art, because so little mind is required to practise it. We have proved already that this is the mere independence of the art, and consider it

rather as an advantage than otherwise; but we can give the most brilliant instances which refute the assertion. From the earliest times down to the present day, the pages of history are crowded with names of men who to their capacity for music added talents of the most brilliant and valuable description. From Plato and Pythagoras to Beethoven and Mendelssohn, there were always men who, with the highest order of talents, did not disdain to practise music, and who considered it as a heavenly gift, none the less valuable because of its universality.

Another advantage of music over its sister arts consists in its incapacity to describe, by means of it, anything immoral. It can be brought in connection with voluptuousness, frivolity, and all the other abominations which mankind are subject to; but "music in itself can never be made the interpreter of immorality." Music the almighty, the all-powerful, possesses no means to gratify the lascivious, the licentious; and through its mysterious strains breathes nothing but purest good.

Joy and pain are the nearest emotions of the human breast which can be made the subjects of representation in music. Joy and pain are the emotions which most demand music for an interpreter. Who has not experienced that inward, serene joy, which to confide to a human breast, would have been robbing it of its holiest charm? But to whisper these emotions to the vibrations of the air, to breathe such delight in the vague undulations of musical sounds, only enhances such pleasure, while at the same time it relieves the heart of a burden which threatened to break it. And to the lone wanderer through the chequered path of life it is everything. When afflicted, he receives sympathy and consolation; when happy, his joy is consecrated in its purity by the sounds in which he vents his delight; in either joy or sorrow, when words lose their power, it is then that the true office of music begins, and in its strains it conveys those indefinite feelings to others which, arousing in their hearts the same indefinite emotions, still give evidence that the one has been understood by the other.

If Nature has the most manifold gradations for these emotions, music has none the less so. It can express mourning and

sadness, lamenting and sighing, despair and melancholy, in all their various shades. Grace and sweetness, the beautiful and noble, the sentimental and grand, the pompous and pathetic, the marvellous and the tragic, the joyous and the comic, playfulness and gayety, rejoicing and wild jubilee, they all can be expressed in music. But it is not its office to describe, like poetry and painting, single and isolated pictures; it takes up the inner state of our heart in its wholeness, and portrays it after its own laws of association as a perfect æsthetical whole. Hence the insufficiency of the so-called descriptive music to convey to others the ideas it intends to represent. The painter can represent a beautiful scene, the poet can describe it, but music can only give the sensations of the heart produced by witnessing such a one. But our greatest composers have fallen into such an error. Beethoven has given us "The Battle of Vittoria," one of the weakest of his compositions. We need hardly mention such abortions as "The Battle of Prague," "The Falls of Niagara," and a hundred other compositions, which only serve to despoil music of that garb which forms its greatest charm.

If we compare the advancement of music to that of other arts, we find that, on account of its less positive ideas, it has been more subject to transformations, which seemed to make of it just as many

different arts; while painting, statuary, and poetry have, in consequence of their narrow limits, only reproduced a certain number of principal ideas, which for centuries have only varied in form.

The poems of Homer and Pindar, Anacreon and Virgil, live again in the works of our modern poets; our bas-reliefs and statues differ only from the products of the ancient master's chisel by the superiority of one over the others. Painting has only been enriched during centuries by the science of perspective and coloring; but what is there in common between the music of the Greeks, the Hindoos, the Arabs, the Chinese, the harmonic psalmody of the middle age, the counterpoint of the sixteenth century, and the art of a Beethoven, Von Weber, Mendelssohn, Bartholdy, and Rossini? With these different nations, during these different epochs, music seems to have had neither the same principles nor the same destination. One nation considered it as a science, another as an art, and a third as the mere language of the heart. As an art, it has the same object with its sister arts. It is intended to reproduce on others an impression which any particular object has made on the mind of the artist; save that in those the object represented speaks first to the mind and then to the heart, while in music it speaks first to the heart, and through that to the mind.

H. S. S.

A LESSON FOR POLITICIANS.

"Say Wolsey—that once trod the ways of glory,
And sounded all the depths and shoals of honor—
Found thee a way, out of his wreck, to rise in;
A sure and safe one, though thy master missed it.
Mark but my fall, and that that ruined me.

* * * * *

Corruption wins not more than honesty.
Still in thy right hand carry gentle peace."

EVERY presidential election in this Republic must be a memorable event. That of the year eighteen hundred and forty-eight now appears among the most memorable of the past. By it the spirit of monarchy has been exorcised from the body politic, and the Republic has been made whole. The sordid spirits of corruption and the frantic demons of rapine and bloodthirsty war, have been banished by a moral exorcism. Visions of magnificent empires and of barbaric pearl and gold have faded, and the public mind embraces rational views of patriotism and philanthropy. A faction which had long occupied a bad eminence in the government, engrossing all powers and honors and emoluments for selfish ends, setting war, peace and all domestic interests to sale for votes, appropriating the spoils of the people for the enrichment of a party, and in the crucible of a corrupt patronage, transforming official fidelity into lucre, was suddenly hurled from its high places by the quiet energy of the popular will. This signal revolution has given to history many lessons worthy of remembrance. One of them deserves to be set conspicuously before the eyes of politicians and people, for encouragement to the patriotic, and for a warning to the factious and corrupt. The means on which the deposed faction has relied to perpetuate its ascendancy, have utterly and disastrously failed. To point out these ineffectual means is to point out, in part, the lesson of this faction's fall.

The party which styles itself "Democratic" foisted into power, in 1844, an administration deeply stained with the

Plaquemines and Pennsylvania frauds; debased by the recent and successful pursuit of the most illustrious character in the republic, with calumnies more damning to those who used them than to him who fell under them, "like a deer stricken by many princes;" and fettered by the edicts of an unelected congress of placemen and place-hunters. Such an administration became, by the law of its origin, the representative of a faction and the executive of its unscrupulous will. Too infirm to expiate the original sin in which it was born, by a resolute devotion to the public good, it sought to escape retribution and to make its days long in the land by honoring its fathers, the confederates who had brought it into being, by the prostitution of public trusts. Demagogues and partisan brawlers, the managers of caucuses and the accomplices in fraud, were promoted. The heads of the Baltimore Convention soon rejoiced in diplomatic appointments, collectorships or attorneyships. Bureaux, post-offices, and, eventually, the highest grades of the army were thrown open to such as had the gift of knowing their master's crib. In every department, the offices which the laws had inscribed, like golden apples, "*to the most worthy,*" were thrown down within the party ring to be scrambled for by the most greedy. "To the victors belong the spoils," was the admitted law of patronage, and thus the vast treasures of the government were converted into innumerable bribes. Thus proclamation was made of pay and plunder to all the Dalgetties of political warfare, and a reward was offered to all the Vicars of Bray. To signalize

the principle on which offices were bestowed, the judicial ermine fell upon the recipient of the "Kane letter," and, still more pointedly, the leader of the Baltimore Convention was made an attorney of many fees, and afterwards was suddenly deprived of his share of the spoils, when he dared to become the leader of the heretical synod of Buffalo. It seemed, therefore, that they who received the bounty were held to an engagement for future fidelity to the faction under all circumstances. Many have recently fulfilled this engagement in a conspicuous manner. All "hands" employed by Mr. Polk, from the prime minister to the scullion of the kitchen cabinet, were mingled with the combatants in the recent presidential battle, and devoted to a faction the zeal which was due to the Republic. This indecent spectacle put honorable men to the blush, and served to illustrate the systematic corruption by which the unscrupulous party just vanquished by the people, had plotted to perpetuate its power. The administration might have been justified in filling the chief confidential offices with honorable men of its own political faith exclusively, or in preferring them for all appointments for which they were well qualified, if merit had governed the selection even among the adherents of the appointing power. But it is notorious that the surest of passports to favor was the most unscrupulous employment of electioneering strategy. Hence the influx of incapacity and dishonesty into official places has been so great, that the incoming administration, in order to be barely honest, must seem to be proscriptive. Doubtless it will do its whole duty. It will then no longer be said with truth, that this is "a people robbed and spoiled; for a prey and none delivereth; for a spoil and none saith, restore."

A party which squandered the governmental patronage for the purchase of all the venal influences in the country, did not squeamishly hesitate to subject the entire policy of the nation to the same selfish design of retaining the spoils. A ready mode of achieving this was for the few leaders who had the success of the faction in their keeping, to dictate, in advance, the action of the constituted authorities, and to require pledges of obedience as the equivalent for the votes which they con-

trolled. They promulgated their ukases, for the most part, under the sanction of a National Convention composed of their adherents, and into whose deliberations entered the welfare of the party, without the intrusion of adverse suggestions relating to the *general* welfare. That body itself adopts, without inquiry, the resolutions propounded by a committee whose consultations are private, and thus the unelected congress acts as a "Parliament of Paris" to record the decrees of the cabinet of the faction. These resolutions become the creed of the party, and are presented as test oaths to the candidates for the highest offices of the Republic. Subscription to them is the condition upon which the support of a powerful, organized and disciplined faction must be secured. Pledges being exacted and given, if the elections be carried, the men who for the time sway the action and the destiny of the nation, are solemnly engaged to effectuate measures devised for the interest of a party, before they take the official oath of fidelity to the constitution. Sometimes these are measures which have never been considered or approved by the body of the people, or even by that portion of them which adheres to the democratic faith, until they have been propounded by an unauthorized convention. Instead of being the fair expression of the popular will, they are dictated by a few designing men to "the party," and through the party to the country.

The administration which is about to expire under the anathema of the people, came into power thus pledged and fettered upon the Oregon question. Obedient to the congress of a party, though it has spurned the congress of the nation, it began with an Inaugural Address like a Chinese proclamation, and thundered through a warlike negotiation as noisy and ineffectual as a Chinese battle. It is a puzzle to decide whether the braggadocia of the beginning betokened a reckless desire for war with England, or the impotent lameness of the conclusion has belittled all the belligerent demonstrations into a swagger and a pretense. In either view, the peace or the honor of the nation was made a mere counter in a political game, played by those who held the most exalted and sacred trusts. One senator

of the dominant faction urged the enforcement of the Baltimore rescript, even to "inevitable war;" whereupon another, of the same political relations, assumed (in his own phrase,) to "cut him for the simples." Yet the patient in this operation was, in a few short months, the democratic candidate for president, and the surgical operator was his most conspicuous supporter. So steadfast is the cohesive power which binds them together. But whatever judgment we may pass upon the actors in that singular scene—of tragedy or of farce—it is well remembered that, for a time, they seriously disturbed the commerce and business of the country, and kept two nations suspended in anxious alarm. It is clear enough that this serious and unnecessary evil was produced by the unfounded pretensions recklessly set up by the Baltimore Convention of 1844, and the pledge it exacted from its nominees. It is not less apparent now that these pretensions were advanced for the selfish purpose of attaining success in the elections, by deluding the popular mind.

For a similar purpose the annexation of Texas was accomplished by means of the same machinery, at a time and in a manner which made it repugnant to the deliberate sentiment of three-fourths of the American people. In due time the Administration deputed by the Baltimore Convention announced the completion of annexation, for the amazement of mankind, as "a bloodless achievement." In fact, blood had not then begun to flow, and perhaps many a brave citizen who now sleeps upon the plains of Mexico, and many a wife who now mourns the widowhood of battle, then heard, with patriotic pride, of the bloodless achievement. Even then it is probable that wisdom and a sincere love of peace might have averted the *bloody* consequences of annexation. Mexico was restive, but probably she might have been soothed or satisfied, without loss of honor or advantage to us. To goad her, however, to overerow her spirit, or to conquer her armies, promised immunities and gains to the party which ruled the Administration. The golden moment for crushing the Whigs, by placing them in an anti-war attitude, was not to be thrown away. To appeal from the peaceful wisdom to the

military ardor of the nation, to purchase contractors with jobs, to add whole armies to the lists of patronage, and to hoodwink the tax-payers with martial glory, seemed an achievement so bloodless, and yet so gainful to the chief actors, that it would have been a crime against the ordinances of faction to let the occasion slip. War therefore was precipitated. As became its clandestine purpose, its incipient steps were taken by stealth. Its causes and the motives of its promoters dared not challenge the open discussion of the war-making department of the Government until an overruling emergency should arise to forbid delay and stifle debate. Until then these motives operated in security within the private chamber of the Cabinet, or the more secret closet of some irresponsible party caucus. But when actual hostilities had been provoked, and the consummation of the gainful scheme had become inevitable, the representatives of the people were invoked to sanction what, it was thought, they could not prevent. The sequel was a continued blaze of glory to our arms, which the Administration soon beheld with envy, because it had labored in vain to appropriate it wholly to the purposes of its own faction. Whig generals conquered abroad in spite of the fire in front, but they conquered at home too, in spite of the fire in the rear. Province after province was conquered; but who may compute how many provinces can compensate the loss of heroic lives, the widowhood, the orphanage, and all the catalogue of ills entailed by an unnecessary war? At length peace was made for the Administration, if not by it. But for this equivocal circumstance, the expiring Executive might lay claim to a part of the epitaph written by a satirist for Cardinal Mazarin, who kept France many years embroiled in wars for "annexation," and happened to die just after he had concluded a treaty of peace.

"Il a fait la paix, il est mort ;
Il ne pouvait pour nous rien faire davantage."

That unnecessary conflict opened a thousand sluices of national expenditure, and, its vigorous prosecution being important to the party, every other claim upon the treasury was rejected or deferred, if

possible. Whatever would have been "death to the war," would, in the language of GEN. CASS (writing of the Wilmot proviso), be "death to the party." It was a dynastic war, and, as usual, the dynasty must be sustained, whatever might become of the country. The payment of just debts and the improvement of our rivers and lakes were interdicted by the veto. Our creditors were denied, in order that we might have means to collect a debt from Mexico with summary promptness. Our own country was condemned to lie unimproved, in order that we might ravage the territories of a neighbor. That the future triumph of a party might be assured, the will of Congress was set at naught, and the monarchical prerogative of the President stretched to the verge of usurpation. In flagrant violation of the Constitution, the President also assumed to levy taxes, and to establish governments in Mexico, without the authority of law. But as all this evil was done that good might come to the party, the succeeding BALTIMORE CONVENTION ratified those usurpations which degraded the NATIONAL CONGRESS to a subordinate department, and applauded, in the name of a faction, all the offenses committed against the Republic. If it had not, it would have been ungrateful. If it did not shape its own policy so as to exalt the Executive at the expense of Congress, it would have been unfaithful to the purposes of faction. For he must be blind who does not see that the most serviceable instrument of a selfish and corrupt faction is a powerful and subservient President.

The internal prosperity of the country fell a sacrifice to the same designs which had governed the conduct of our foreign affairs. Its commerce was abandoned to the rigor of the sub-treasury—a clumsy system, borrowed by Mr. Van Buren from barbarous times, to cajole the people with the jingle of hard dollars. The industry and capital of the nation were stripped of protection, in order to conciliate a little band of sectional politicians. To pretend that either the sub-treasury or free-trade is approved by the popular judgment is to stultify that judgment, as evinced in 1840, at least, and to metamorphose the "Kane letter" from a villany to a blun-

der. Yet these notable articles were interpolated into the creed of the party by its oecumenical council of Baltimore, and thenceforward the faithful were required to subscribe them, on pain of being dealt with as heretics, and excluded from the distribution of the spoils.

In partially reviewing the game which has thus been played by the Democratic party for place and power, it is impossible not to admire its boldness. No party ever before, in an enlightened country, ventured to practise, and to openly defend universal bribery by the use of Executive patronage, and at the same time to sacrifice the honor, the peace, and the prosperity of the nation which had confided in it, to its own selfish ends, without at least achieving some national advantage by way of atonement. The Democratic faction has made the boldest experiment upon popular credulity which history has recorded. But it has also deepened the enormity of all these abuses by elaborate efforts to debauch the understanding and the hearts of the people. Principles the most hostile to liberty and the purity of our institutions have been preached as well as put in practice. The people were exhorted to cherish and to venerate the undue supremacy of the Executive. They were addressed in violent harangues, tending to banish the love of peace and the sentiment of justice, to infuse into their breasts the lust of rapine and bloodshed, and, in a phrase well remembered, to "prepare their hearts for war." Pernicious heresies in political and economical science were sown among them. At the same time efforts were made to beguile their judgment by flattery. The very name of this party is a delusion, under cover of which they have violated fundamental principles of republican government. DEMOCRACY is their chosen watchword—their peculiar battle-cry. They write it on their lintels, and on their doorposts, and on the hems of their garments. They inscribe it on their banners. They mouth it in their speeches. They print it in their books. By many of the people it has been accepted in sincerity as the sign of a popular principle. By others, too weak to be willingly on the weak side, it is simply regarded as the signal of victory, the ἐν τούτωνίκα, "In

hoc signo vinces," of their standard, and hence they follow it. But by the initiated it is esteemed as a clever device of those who think, with Cesar, that mankind are governed by words.

"Doubtless the pleasure is as great
Of being cheated as to cheat."

But, like other pleasures, this may surfeit and pall. At any rate, it is essential to the enjoyment of it by the cheated, that the cheat be not detected. Insincere professions and hollow pretenses cannot always beguile an intelligent people, among whom reason is free to combat error. And when their eyes discover the trick by which men whom they have highly trusted, in matters of momentous consequence, have attempted to mislead their vigilant sagacity, woe to the adventurous deceivers! Such is now the fate of a party, which has so long used the name of Democracy to disguise their violations of democratic principle. The retribution is as terrible as the artifice was unscrupulous, and the exposure has been thorough. The Ithuriel spear which has pierced the delusion transfixes the arch-deceiver harbored under it. The name which was worn as a concealment, has itself become as a crime of those who wore it. Thus, by a revulsion of popular sentiment, punishment is made to grow out of the offense itself, and the offenders find, that

"Even-handed justice
Commends the poisoned chalice to their own lips."

By a similar dispensation of justice, the other devices upon which the Democratic party relied for undeserved success, have contributed to their own discomfiture, and they have fallen, crushed by the weight of their own armor. If the course of Mr. Polk on the Oregon question did, as was predicted by a distinguished democratic senator, sink him so deep in political damnation, that the hand of resurrection cannot drag him up, it greatly loosened, also, the hold of the Democratic party on the popular confidence. For the effect of the Plaquemines fraud and the Kane letter, witness Louisiana, witness Pennsylvania! To the universal corruption in the dispensation of patronage has succeeded the

universal loathing and scorn of an honest community. The dynastic war against Mexico, which was to give the *coup-de-grace* to opposition—it has at last "conquered a peace," by overthrowing the war faction. That wickedly designed conflict proved more disastrous to the hopes of its contrivers, than to the armies of Santa Anna. Until it began, fortune and modesty had veiled a character so pure, so magnanimous, so majestic, that it was no sooner revealed than it filled the Republic with admiration. The brilliant progress of our arms from Palo Alto to Buena Vista, made the name of our President, now elect, familiar to his countrymen, and the many difficult emergencies of his career tried every quality of his head and heart. Every trial displayed some nobler spring of action, or some new resource of intellect. His victories soon inflamed the jealousy of the Administration, and he fought the most renowned of his battles, in his own phrase, "with a halter around his neck." He was condemned to walk among burning ploughshares, but he came forth from the ordeal triumphant. He vanquished both foreign and domestic foes, proving superior to the rulers of two nations. His battles made him illustrious, but months of inaction, forced upon him, could not dim his fame. Adversity could not depress, nor success elate him. As a chief he endeared himself to his soldiers; as a conqueror, he won the gratitude of the conquered. His justice, generosity, modesty, and candor were as conspicuous as his valor. And it was the happy fortune of his country, that in performing the duties of the camp he evinced his fitness for the cabinet. A character so well adjusted, and combining so many elements of greatness and goodness, inspired a grateful enthusiasm in all classes of his countrymen. The wise and virtuous soon discovered in it a hope of redeeming the country from the selfish, corrupt and aggressive policy of its present rulers. His name, dear to the people, gave concentration and vigor to the public sentiment already existing, and the triumph of purity and patriotism has been aided by the victories of Palo Alto, Resaca de la Palma, Monterey and Buena Vista.

Their own disaster may have taught the Democratic managers to believe, Sad-

duces though they are, that there is still "virtue extant;" that the great national will which controls this Republic is not venal, to be dealt in by a governmental board of office-brokers; that the keensighted sagacity of the American mind cannot long be blinded by the most cunning artifice of skillful placemen; that there is in the popular heart a cherished devotion to good old republican principle which sternly repels the approach of monarchical practices, however insidious; that to make wanton waste of the national treasure, to sport with the national honor, or to sacrifice peace and internal prosperity to the aggrandizement of a faction, is not the surest method of maintaining the ascendancy of a party; that to evil rulers, vengeance, though it may be slow, comes inevitably, and that even in a selfish view, and even in politics, honesty is the best policy. The election of GENERAL TAYLOR has already, no doubt, depressed the value of war, at the political exchange, as a means of advancement for the statesmen

who advocate it; for it is seen that the grand point of popularity, the camp, overshadows the Cabinet. This fact, once perceived, will afford a valuable guaranty to peace. Politicians will learn to regard war as a "dreadful trade" for themselves as well as for the people. If this lesson had been well understood by the Administration three years ago, there would have been no war with Mexico to this day.

But while the fabric which the politicians of the Democratic party had built with such laborious diligence to sustain them, is toppling down, and its pillars are wrenched away by the giant people whom they dreamed of keeping, Samson-like, blind and in fetters, the same event encourages honest and faithful statesmen to bate no jot of heart or hope, and it enforces on all public men the lesson of a great teacher:

"Let all the ends thou aim'st at be thy
country's,
Thy God's, and truth's."

R.

M'LE DE LA SEIGLIÈRE.

CHAPTER III.

A FEW days afterwards Madame de Vaubert took the arm of her son, and, under pretext of a promenade in the environs, soon gained the right bank of the Clain. This was the first time since his return, that she had ventured to set foot upon this bank. As she was passing along in front of the park, she stopped a moment opposite the gate, and, as if drawn by some secret charm, opened it and entered.

"What are you doing, mother?" asked Raoul, surprised, and vainly attempting to prevent her from proceeding. "Will you outrage the marquis and his daughter by putting your foot upon their premises? Are you not violating at once a duty of friendship and your obligation to the unfortunate? And does it seem to you, that, with the sentiments of aversion and contempt which we both have professed to entertain towards this person, we are not overstepping the bounds of propriety?"

"Come, come," rejoined his mother; we are not outraging the marquis in thus seeking to refresh our recollections of his kindness. Where you see an insult to misfortune, M. de La Seiglière himself would only see a pious pilgrimage. Come, my son," she urged, leaning gently upon his arm, "we shall meet no one of whom we need to be ashamed, or whom we have cause to fear. This is about the time when I see Stamply every day going out to inspect his lands. Besides, I must allow, that I am getting the better of my prejudices, and that this man, in my opinion, does not merit the hatred and contempt which people seem to feel towards him. I admit even that there is something in his position, unfortunate and proscribed as he is, while surrounded with abundance, which, in spite of myself, interests me."

"What! mother," cried the young man; "a farmer who has dispossessed his seignior! a servant who has enriched him-

self at the expense of his master! a miserable!"—

"Yes, miserable, that's the word, my son;" interrupted Madame de Vaubert; "so miserable that I sincerely repent having joined with his accusers. Heaven has sufficiently punished the unfortunate man to warrant us in showing him a little indulgence. But let him pass; no matter for him now. See," said she, drawing him aside into a walk which led along a beautiful little pond, "how charming! I meet at every step some memorial of my happiest days; and I seem to recognize the soul of Mademoiselle de la Seiglière in all these perfumes."

They were proceeding along, conversing in the manner described, when at a turn of the path, they found themselves face to face with Stamply himself, who was walking alone in his park. Raoul was for immediate retreat; but the baroness held back, and advanced towards the good man, who, utterly at a loss to whom to attribute the honor of such a visit, was most liberal of his salutations.

"Pardon, Monsieur," said she, with a gracious smile, "the liberty I have taken in thus unceremoniously entering your park. These beautiful shades recall to me so many and such happy recollections, that I have for a long time felt an almost irresistible desire to visit them."

"Thanks rather than pardon, Madame," replied the old man, who had quickly recognized Madame de Vaubert. "Your visit is the greatest honor; it is," he added sadly, "the only honor of the kind this place has received since it came into my hands."

Then, as if he suspected that the honor was not intended for him, whether from a feeling of delicacy or of humility, Stamply, after inviting his visitors to pursue their excursion at pleasure, appeared at the point of retiring. But Madame de Vaubert accosted him persuasively:

"Why, Monsieur, will you leave us so

soon? Would you give us to infer that our visit is improper, and that we are disturbing you? If not, do us the favor to remain; I am sure you have no reason to suppose that your presence should be unacceptable to us."

Confused by so many objections, so gracefully urged, Stamply knew not how to express his gratitude, and succeeded only in expressing his stupefaction. It was the first time that such guests had honored his place with their presence, to say nothing of hearing himself addressed in such terms of suavity and kindness. It was Madame de Vaubert, the Baroness de Vaubert, the greatest lady of the country, the friend of the La Seiglières, who deigned to treat him with such condescension—him, Stamply, the old beggar, as he well knew he was too often called in the neighborhood! And what was he to do, or think, when he felt the arm of Madame, the baroness, gently hanging upon his own, and saw her smile with such sweetness, and heard her say with such a ravishingly familiar tone: "Come, Monsieur Stamply, be my guide, my cavalier." It is only the poor soul, shut out from all commerce with the world, and which calumny has placed under the ban of public opinion, that knows how to appreciate our unexpected exhibition of sympathy and good will. However trifling it may be, they seize upon it eagerly, and rest upon it with inexpressible gratitude—it is the straw which the dove drops to the drowning insect. The arm of the baroness upon his own awakened in Stamply a feeling of joy not unlike that which the lazar of the city of Aost felt, when his own was pressed by a friendly hand; and his happiness would have been complete, but for his embarrassment on account of his somewhat rustic garb. It is very true that his personal appearance strangely contrasted with that of Madame de Vaubert, who, even in her ruin, humbled the opulence of her neighbor by the elegance of her attire and the grace and dignity of her manners.

"If I had supposed so great an honor was in reserve for me, I would have made better preparation," said he, by way of apology for his clumsy shoes with their rusty buckles, his blue woollen hose, his fustian jacket, and his threadbare breeches of cotton velvet.

"How better, pray?" replied the baroness with peculiar emphasis. "You are very well as you are, I am sure. Besides, Monsieur, when one is at home he is not always to be in full dress for company."

The words "at home" went to the heart of Stamply, and left nothing to be desired for his perfect satisfaction. "At home!" Were not those simple words, which for a long time he had scarcely dared to lisp to himself—to such an extent had the consciousness of the public aversion stifled his self-respect—were not they, pronounced too with such peculiar emphasis by Madame de Vaubert, a complete and formal refutation of the malicious aspersions of his enemies? They were indeed, for this man, a sort of reinvestment, a kind of solemn consecration of his rights and fortunes. Meanwhile, the young De Vaubert, whose surprise was quite equal to that of Stamply, kept near his mother, cold, silent, disdainful, utterly at a loss what to conclude or what to imagine as to the scene, at all events strange, which was passing before his eyes.

A few minutes, during which there was no falling off in the baroness' condescension and sociability, brought them in front of the castle. It was a hot, sultry day, and the clouds hung heavy and threatening in the sky. For nearly an hour Madame de Vaubert had been walking in the shade of the spreading trees, whose foliage was stirred by no breath of air. She sat down upon one of the steps of the portico, and wiped her brow; while Stamply stood motionless before her, rolling up between his fingers the broad brim of his old felt hat, which he had reverently held in his hand throughout the entire promenade.

"Madame, the baroness, would add another to her claims on my gratitude if she would deign to rest herself a few moments in the house," said Stamply beseechingly. "I should esteem it a favor so much the greater, as I am the less deserving."

"Mother," quickly interrupted Raoul, who wished to have done with this comedy, of which he could discern neither the purpose nor the sense, "Mother, a shower is coming up, and we have little enough time to get home before it will be upon us."

"Well, never mind the shower, my

son," replied Madame de Vaubert, rising up from her seat on the steps; "and since our kind neighbor offers his hospitality so cordially, I think we had better wait here until the weather looks less forbidding."

At this determination of his guest, the countenance of Stamply lighted up, and his mouth opened with a smile of perfect beatitude. It was indeed a triumph for him to receive Madame de Vaubert in his own house, and show her to his people, who, of course, would not fail to spread the news abroad, and convince his enemies that he was not so much despised as the evil-disposed hoped and fools believed. Leicester was not more happy or proud to receive Elizabeth at Kenilworth Castle than was Master Stamply at this moment, when the baroness mounted the steps of his portico and passed the threshold of his door. Raoul followed his mother, but with some indications of dissatisfaction, which, however, she pretended not to observe, and Stamply really did not, as he was entirely absorbed in his good fortune. Having introduced his guests into the parlor, the good man retired, under pretense of giving some directions with reference to their entertainment. Raoul, now alone with his mother, was upon the point of demanding from her an explanation of the enigma which had so much puzzled him, but he was immediately so much occupied with what surrounded him, that he had no time to think or talk of anything else than what he saw.

Although there had been no change in the disposition of its apartments, the interior of the castle of La Seiglière did not at all correspond with its external grandeur. Everything bespoke the neglect and somewhat less than aristocratic habits of the new proprietor. Besides, twenty years had by no means added to the freshness and brilliancy of the tapestry. Faded hangings, tarnished gilding, seedy and decrepid luxury—feeble traces of a once splendid but now lifeless magnificence, composed an interior as unattractive as can well be imagined. It was beautiful and desolate, like the vast halls of the palace of Versailles, which attract our admiration as we pass through them, but where, if we were compelled to dwell, we should die of ennui. The parlor alone,

into which Madame de Vaubert and her son had just been introduced, had preserved, by special favor, something of the freshness and life, the youth and brilliancy, of its former days. It seemed to be still animated by the beauty and loveliness of the exiled marchioness. Bernard, moreover, had taken special pleasure in embellishing it with such treasures as the marquis had been compelled to leave behind; and even Stamply himself, after the departure and death of his son, out of regard to his memory, had given directions that this apartment should receive the most scrupulous attention, as if Bernard was momentarily expected to return. Thus everything about it breathed the splendor of its former hosts. There were damasks from Genoa, tapestries from Beauvais, richly carved furniture from Boule, porcelains from Saxony and Sèvres, crystals in glittering groups, golden fillets upon the ceiling, and beautiful devices above the doors; indeed, enough to afford whole pages of description to those interesting personages who are inspired by the poetry of the drawing-room, and discover much more proficiency in the furnishing of houses than minds. After examining all with the closest attention, after touching with his finger, as if to satisfy himself of their reality, such articles as he had never before seen except in his dreams, Raoul approached the window and looked steadfastly, and not without sadness, towards the castle of Vaubert, which had never before appeared to him so humble and desolate. Meanwhile the baroness was contemplating her son with the greatest satisfaction, smiling and serene, as if she held in her hand the magic ring which was to rebuild the towers of her castle and render back to him the fortune of his ancestors.

Stamply was not slow to return, followed by two farm-boys, with wonder in their countenances, and in their hands, waiters loaded with syrups, strawberries, cream and the choicest of Spanish wines. Close in the rear followed the cook, gardener and poultry-keeper—the balance of Stamply's household, who, however, made a stand in the hall, and stretched their necks, and strained their eyes, to get a peep, through the half-open door, at the baroness and her son. Never, since

the advent of John Stamply, had the castle witnessed a day of so much rejoicing and excitement.

"You are putting yourself to too much inconvenience," said Madame de Vaubert, with her most amiable smile. "This is really a royal reception, Monsieur Stamply."

Stamply bowed, and made a confused and stammering reply; but perceiving that the two boys, having deposited their burdens upon a marble table, were each making themselves comfortable in an arm-chair, he seized them by the collar and ejected them from the room with some very marked demonstrations of his displeasure.

"Monsieur Stamply," said the baroness, whose gravity was most severely tried by the scene we have just described, "you ought to be appointed conservator-general of the castles of France. This, certainly, has lost none of its ancient splendor—indeed, I think you have added somewhat to its attractions. And I understand that the value of the lands has doubled under your administration. You are, of course, then, one of the wealthiest proprietors in the country."

"Alas! Madame," sadly replied the old man, "God and men have made me pay dearly for my fortune. God has taken my wife and my boy; men have loaded me with reproaches. Job himself was less unhappy in his poverty than I am in all my abundance. You have a son, Madame; I, who have lost mine, know how to appreciate your happiness, and you, had you lost yours, would comprehend the depth of my grief."

"I think I can appreciate it, Monsieur," she replied; "I hear you had a heroic son."

"Ah! Madame, he was my life," exclaimed the old man with deepest emotion.

"The designs of God are inscrutable," reverently rejoined Madame de Vaubert. "As to the judgment of men, I think, Monsieur, you do wrong to give yourself so much uneasiness about it. You say you are loaded with reproaches. I was not aware of it before. But why be disturbed by the opinion, or even the abuse of the vulgar, when you have the esteem of the honorable and respected?"

At these words Stamply shook his head in a manner that indicated a by no

means entire confidence in the remedy recommended by the baroness.

"You are calumniated!" continued Madame de Vaubert with emphasis. "Do you suppose I should be here if I did not believe so? I am sufficiently disinterested in this matter, I should suppose, not to be suspected of partiality for you. A friend of the La Seiglières, I have shared with them an exile of fifteen years; and like them I have seen my property sequestered and sold by the Republic. The Republic has despoiled us; to its eternal shame, it has taken and disposed of that to which it had no title. But you who have acquired it in good faith, purchased it with your hard-earned savings, how are you to blame? Who accuses you? Adversity has laid its hand heavily upon us, but it has not eradicated from our hearts the sentiment of justice. It is not to you that our hatred can properly attach. How many times have I heard the Marquis and Marchioness de La Seiglière felicitate themselves upon the fact that their domains had fallen into the hands of the most worthy of their farmers!"

"Is it so, Madame?" cried Stamply, with a mixture of joy and surprise. "Did they speak of me without indignation? I should have thought that they would regard me with contempt and execration."

"Why so, Monsieur," replied the baroness with a smile, "I well remember that the poor marchioness said to me a few days before her death"—

"The marchioness dead!" ejaculated Stamply with a look of unutterable grief.

"In giving birth to a daughter who is now as beautiful as was her mother. But I was saying," resumed Madame de Vaubert, "that a few days before her death the marchioness was speaking of you and Madame Stamply, whom she appreciated and loved. She mentioned you with that touching kindness peculiar to her, and which I am sure you cannot have forgotten. The marquis also joined in the conversation, and was pleased to cite many traits of devotion and fidelity which do honor to your family. 'Theirs were kind hearts,' added Madame de La Seiglière, 'and in our misfortune it is a great consolation to know that our property has fallen into such pure and honest hands.'"

"Mother," said Raoul, who remained standing in the embrasure of the window, and who was visibly disturbed by the conversation which was going on between Stamply and his mother, "the storm is over, it is all clear overhead; and we can return home without any danger."

The baroness rose, and turning towards Stamply: "I am greatly indebted to you, Monsieur, for your kind hospitality, and think myself fortunate in this opportunity to make your acquaintance. I trust it will not cease with the first interview. The responsibility shall be with you if it does. At all events I hope you will not forget that you have neighbors on the other bank of the river who will always esteem it a happiness to receive you."

With these words, pronounced with all the grace which the baroness could command, and a look which added a charm to the words, she retired, leaning upon the arm of her son, and reconducted by Stamply, who did not leave his guests till they had passed out of the gate, and then only with a very profound bow.

"Mother," said Raoul, before they had proceeded far, "will you give me some explanation of what I have just seen and heard? Only yesterday, you despised and hated this man. Now you speak of him in the most flattering terms. What has so suddenly wrought this strange revolution in your opinions and sentiments?"

"Why, my dear Raoul," replied his mother, in a tone which indicated her perfect confidence in her ability to satisfy all his misgivings, "nothing in the world more natural. Indeed, I believe I have already told you. Unlike the citizen of Athens, who condemned Aristides to ostracism because he was tired of hearing him called just, by force of hearing Stamply maligned, I have come to think well of him. If the prejudices which were incident to my position, if my old friendship for the La Seiglières, and the ignorance of facts in which I have lived for the last twenty years, have betrayed me into indiscreet remarks or invidious aspersions, I have for some time seen cause to regret it. Indeed, I feel something akin to remorse for the injury which I feel I have done."

"It is allowable, mother," rejoined Raoul, "to reverse one's judgments, and to alter one's opinions; but have you authority from the La Seiglières to absolve, in their name, the author of their destitution? Do you think the marquis would pardon you for having, in this case, made him an accomplice in the absolution?"

"Is it possible, my son," asked the baroness, with affected surprise, "that you would strike the last blow to the heart which is already most cruelly tortured? Are we to enter his hospitable mansion but to make it echo with the maledictions of the exile? Is there anything culpable or criminal in the effort to pour a few drops of balm upon the wounds of the unfortunate? Is youth so pitiless? I do not know whether the marquis will pardon me, but I am sure that from the heights of heaven the soul of the marchioness regards me with an approving smile."

The visit was soon returned by Stamply. He presented himself one afternoon at the Castle de Vaubert, in the most gallant costume which he had been able to select from his respectably furnished wardrobe. Raoul was absent. Not being embarrassed by the presence of her son, the baroness received her neighbor with all sorts of attentions and coqueties, dwelt upon the merits of his son, and was apparently delighted with his conversation. What a satisfaction for the poor old man thus to find a benevolent heart to which he could freely confide all his sorrows! Nevertheless, he could not help remarking the modest furniture of the room where he was sitting, and, as he reflected upon what the Stamplys and the Vauberts had been formerly and what they were at present, he felt himself seized with a vague sentiment of shame and confusion. As if to add to his embarrassment, the baroness recounted the deceptions of her return, and how, instead of her castle and her extensive domains, she had found only a wretched old mansion surrounded with a few exhausted acres. Still she did it with such grace and vivacity, that Stamply, though naturally sensitive and suspicious, not only took no umbrage, but seemed to be relieved of a heavy burthen in observing the manner in which Madame de Vaubert accommodated herself to her fortune.

"You will stay to dinner?" said she, inquiringly. "My son has gone to spend the day with one of our friends, and will not be back till evening. I hope you will do me the favor of your company? Solitude is a sad thing at our age. Well," added she gaily, resuming the thread of the conversation, "each in their turn, as the proverb says. Revolutions, they say, have their good side; we have paid dearly for believing it. But we don't complain. May it please Heaven, as my poor, dearly beloved marchioness often said, may it please heaven, Monsieur, that all those who profit by our disasters be as honest people as you. That is some consolation."

To dine *tête-à-tête* with Madame de Vaubert was not only, to Stamply, the very highest honor, it was also the highest felicity he had enjoyed for a long time. It was at meal-times especially that he had felt his loneliness. These were the hours that Stamply dreaded the most. When he sat down to his table, and the empty seat reminded him of his Bernard, his sadness was almost overwhelming, and it often happened to him, as to the king of Thulé, to drink bitter tears from his own cup. This was for him, therefore, an unexpected happiness. The preparations were not sumptuous, but Madame de Vaubert supplied whatever deficiency there was in the luxury of the service by the charms of her conversation. She made him the object of a thousand little delicate attentions; flattered, cajoled, and caressed, without appearing to observe his not unfrequent infractions, both by word and deed, of the rules of etiquette and good-breeding. There was a moment when the old man turned towards her a look which it were useless to attempt to describe, so mild, so tender, so grateful, so, in short, like the acknowledgment which the faithful dog makes to the carresses of his master. The good man almost began to believe himself in the world again, and that his family had returned to him.

From this day forward intimate relations were established between the two castles. Madame de Vaubert, by dint of prayers and remonstrances, succeeded gradually in bringing her son to tolerate the presence of Stamply, and to receive him, if not with cordiality, at least without coldness or disrespect. At the same time she,

herself, with an eye to whatever would forward her designs, made the tastes and peculiarities of the old man her especial study. She even went so far as to initiate herself into all the trifling details of his household affairs, and watched with maternal solicitude that nothing should be wanting to his welfare. Stamply could not resist so many seductions; they were to him what honey is to the bee. At first he had visited the baroness from gratitude; now, from affection and love, from habit. He spent a great portion of his time at her place. He dined there three times a week; called there in the morning on his way to his fields; returned there in the evening to talk of Bernard, and of the then eventful times. When the evenings were pleasant, Madame de Vaubert would take his arm, and they would go and walk together along the banks of the Clain. Arm-in-arm with the Baroness de Vaubert, chatting familiarly, and, along the very banks where he had been pelted with stones by the boys, receiving the respectful salutations of those he happened to meet! Stamply was drunk with delight. The consideration which naturally attaches to a noble lady, was reflected somewhat upon her associate. If his domestics did not steal less, they respected him more. In short, to rejuvenate the superannuated figure of the oasis in the desert, like the former to the traveller was the enchanted apparition of the Baroness de Vaubert in the desolate life of John Stamply. Her presence gilded his decline with a delicious brilliancy. Under its influence his health was re-established; his spirits became buoyant, and his temper, soured by chagrin, regained its wonted sweetness. It was the Indian summer of his life; and not the least of the benefits which he drew from his present relations, was the fact that he recovered his own self-respect, and felt himself reinstated in his own esteem. His troubled conscience was appeased, and fortified with so charming a friendship, he bore his fortune with a light heart and a high head.

Very soon, with these delightful influences, Madame de Vaubert mingled others, slower and more mysterious in their operation, to which also Stamply submitted with the most unquestioning carelessness. She had entire dominion over the sentient

Stamply; she now sought the like dominion over the thinking Stamply. She already swayed his affection; it only remained to control his thoughts. She aimed, and was successful, to efface from his mind every vestige of revolutionary ideas. She even succeeded, by force of subtleties, in reconciling him to the past which had oppressed him, and imbuing him with the principles which had enfranchised him. She brought him back, without his perceiving it, to the point whence he had departed, and made him resume, without suspicion, the character of serf and vassal under which his ancestors had lived. Meanwhile the name of the Marquis de la Seiglière, and that of his daughter, was often introduced into their discourse, but so adroitly and with so much reserve that Stamply's fears were never aroused. Occasionally he would express the deepest concern for the destiny of the young Helen, whom Madame de Vaubert lost no opportunity of representing to him as the living image of her mother. She possessed the same grace, was animated by the same goodness, and inherited all her charms. Stamply agreed that Mlle de La Seiglière must be an angel. As for the marquis himself, the former vassal entertained some prejudices against his old master. But the baroness patiently applied herself to the eradication of every remnant of the leaven of ninety-three. "Adversity," said she, "is a rude school, in which one quickly learns." For her part, she flattered herself that she had learned much and forgotten much. M. de La Seiglière, according to her, had been transformed by his exile, into the most perfect model of all the virtues; and the marquis, once so haughty, would now feel himself honored in shaking the hand of his old farmer, and calling him his friend. "Should the opportunity occur," replied Stamply, "I should feel it a very great honor."

Months rolled away in this pleasant intimacy, in which, however, Raoul did not share. He was sad, and sought retirement.

While these events were silently passing in the valley of the Clain, Waterloo closed the great *epopée* of the empire. Time pressed. In a recent letter, the Marquis de La Seiglière, convinced more firmly

than ever that the fall of Napoleon would necessarily include that of Stamply, and that the first act of the Bourbons, after their definitive return to France, would be to reinstate all the emigrants in their former estates, generously recalled to the mind of his old friend, the baroness, the promise they had mutually made with regard to Helen and Raoul. Madame de Vaubert, accordingly, deemed it prudent to push to a denouement the little comedy of which she, and she alone had the secret.

Her relations with the farmer-widower, it may well be believed, were a great subject of gossip in the neighborhood. Calumny and detraction were not wanting to such an appeal. They were astonished, they were indignant, to see this familiarity of a friend of the La Seiglières with the man who had dispossessed them. The story ran that the baroness would like to get married. The nobility cried treason, the *roture* cried scandal. Whether the baroness was ignorant of what was said, or whether she did not care, she had up to the present moment pursued her purpose, without turning to the right hand or to the left, and utterly regardless of the multitude; when, all at once, Stamply thought he could discover some symptoms of coldness in the evidences of that friendship which had made him so happy and so proud. At first he only felt a vague uneasiness which he could not explain; but these symptoms taking, from day to day, a more decided character, he began to be seriously alarmed. The fact was, Madame de Vaubert was no longer what she had been, or professed to be; and although she used every effort to dissemble the change which was going on, the susceptible soul of Stamply could not be deceived. He suffered a long while in silence, and intensely, for he had turned thither all the affections of his soul; he had placed in this friendship all his heart and all his life. For a long time respect shut his mouth; but, one evening, having found Madame de Vaubert more distracted, more reserved than usual, he expressed his disquietude in a manner not very discreet, perhaps, but not without effect. The baroness seemed to be moved; but her main purpose remained unshaken.

"Madame, what has happened? I fear some great misfortune."

Madame de Vaubert made scarcely any reply ; but, as she was about to retire, she took both his hands and pressed them in her own with such an effusion of tenderness that it only added to the fears of the old man.

The next day, Stamply was walking in his park, still agitated by the occurrences of the previous evening, when a servant handed him a billet from Madame de Vaubert. Less flattered than frightened at so rare an honor, he broke the seal with a trembling hand, and, the tears rolling down his cheeks, read as follows :

“ You feared some great misfortune. Your presentiment was just. If it shall cause you as much suffering as it will me, it is a great misfortune indeed. We must see each other no more ; it is the world that wills it to be so. If I alone were concerned, I would brave its decrees with joy ; but, in consideration of my son, I feel myself bound to submit to sacrifices which I never could have been driven by public opinion merely. Be assured, Monsieur, that it is necessity alone which separates us, and that however great may be your regret, it cannot be more so than that of your affectionate

Baronne de VAUBERT.”

At first Stamply could think of but one thing—that he had just lost his only happiness here below. Then, as he re-read the letter, he seemed to fall again under the weight of the maledictions and outrages from which the friendship of Madame de Vaubert had relieved him. He saw himself again plunged deeper than ever in the darkness of solitude ; he seemed to have lost his Bernard a second time. His attachment had become more than an affection ; it was a habit. What could he do, for the future, with his unoccupied days and his listless evenings ? Whither bear his heart and direct his step ? He had now no end, no purpose, no nothing to absorb his time. All around was abandonment, silence, desolation. In his despair he took the route to the castle de Vaubert.

“ Madame,” cried he, as he entered the parlor, where the baroness was seated alone, “ Madame, what have I done ? In what have I offended you ? Why did you

offer me your hand, if you meant to withdraw it ? Why did you call me here, if you meant to drive me away without pity ? Why did you lift from my heart the load of sorrow, if you meant, so soon, to return it thence again ? See ! I am an old man ; my days are nearly numbered. Will you not wait a little while ? I have but a short time longer to live.”

Madame de Vaubert endeavored at first to quiet him, protesting her affection and lavishing the most tender expressions. When he became more calm, she sought to explain the imperious motives to which she had been compelled to yield. She affected the most scrupulous reserve and the nicest delicacy ; but, in reality, every word went like a poignard to the heart of Stamply. A remnant of pride sustained and reanimated him.

“ You are right, Madame,” said he, rising up ; I am responsible for this folly. I submit to the separation without complaint or murmur. Only, Madame, remember, that I should never have dared to solicit the honor which you voluntarily offered ; and remember, also, that I have never deceived you, and that, from our first interview, I warned you of the outrages and calumnies which the world heaped upon my head.”

With these words, he marched resolutely towards the door ; but, overcome by the effort which he had just made, he sank into a chair and burst into tears.

His grief was so extreme, and so real, that the baroness was touched.

“ My friend, hear me ;” said she. “ You think that I have, without an effort, resigned myself to this rupture of the relations which were to me a source of joy as well as to yourself. I had conceived for you a most affectionate interest ; I was pleased to believe that I was, perhaps, in your existence a source of pleasure, of consolation. On the other hand, you aided me to support my misfortunes. Your goodness charmed me ; your presence dispelled the tedium of my lonely hours. Judge, then, if I have decided voluntarily to read your heart and my own. I hesitated long. Finally, I believed it my duty, out of regard for my son, to yield to that wicked and stupid world, to which, had I alone been interested, I would not have sacrificed a hair of your head. I was obliged to do it ; and I have done it. Nev-

ertheless," added she, after a few moments of reflection, and fixing upon Stamply a look which made him start, "if there were any means of reconciling the exigencies of my position with the care of your happiness; if there was any way of imposing silence upon the clamors of the world, and of assuring to you a happy, peaceful, and honored old age?"—

"Speak, Madame, speak; is there any?" cried the old man, with the joy of the shipwrecked mariner, who thinks he discovers a sail in the distant horizon.

"My friend," continued Madame de Vaubert, "I have maturely reflected upon your lot. After having viewed it from all sides, and under all aspects, I am obliged to admit that it is by no means an enviable one, and that you are, in truth, the most unfortunate of men. You were right. Job, in his poverty, had not so much to mourn as you in the midst of your prosperity. Though you are rich, you can make no use of your wealth."

"Between you and them, men have raised an insurmountable barrier of opprobrium and ignominy, outrage, injury, public contempt—these are, at present, the most certain of your revenues. Your hold upon society is only by a single bond; that bond broken, you have no soul by whose sympathy to solace your own. I see your old age given up to mercenary cares. You will not have, at your last hour, even one dear friend to whom you might have the consolation of bequeathing your fortune, which has cost you so much. There remains to you only one heir, the State—of all heirs the least desirable, and the most ungrateful. Now would you not much prefer to have a family who would cherish you as a father, to grow old surrounded with love and tenderness, to hear around you only a concert of benedictions, to rest your last look upon those whom you shall have made happy; in short, to leave behind you a cherished and venerated memory?"

"A family!—to me!" cried the old man, with a faltering voice. "I, Stamply, the old beggar, as they call me, surrounded with tenderness and love! concerts of benedictions!—my memory cherished and venerated! Alas, Madame, where is that family? my wife and boy are in heaven, and I am here, in this world, alone."

"That family, ingrate!" replied Madame de Vaubert, smiling; "have you it not already half in hand?"

With a little of finesse or vanity, Stamply might have suspected the baroness, by this last question, meant to intimate that she was at his disposal; but the good man was neither artful nor vain, and, in spite of the intimacy of his relations with Madame de Vaubert, he could never forget what a distance separated the peasant *parvenu* from the great lady *ruinée*. He remained, therefore, with outstretched arms and open mouth, hesitating, astonished, and utterly at a loss what interpretation to put upon these last words.

"Has it ever occurred to you, my friend," calmly resumed the baroness, "what glory Bonaparte might have won, if, comprehending his divine mission, that soldier of fortune, after having overwhelmed faction, had reinstated the Bourbons upon the throne of their ancestors? Suppose, for an instant, that instead of thinking to found a dynasty, the Corsican, to-day wretched and proscribed, loaded with opprobrium, caged and muzzled like a wild beast, had placed his sword and his ambition at the service of our legitimate prince, whose destiny would not have paled before that of the now unfortunate emperor? The world which now curses him, would regard him with admiration; kings, who have sworn his destruction, would dispute the honor of shaking his hand, and, truly emperor from the day when he should have refused the sceptre, the glory which would have gilded his brow would have eclipsed the brilliancy of the most glittering diadem."

"And my little Bernard would have been living now," added Stamply with a sigh.

"My friend," continued she, "by what strange forgetfulness, by what fatal enchantment, have we not discovered, either of us, that Providence has placed you in a similar position, and that it depends upon yourself to realize so beautiful a dream?"

Stamply began to prick up his ears like a hare which hears a rustling in leaves around him.

"Ah! yes; for you at least there is time enough yet," pursued the baroness with warmth. "What that man failed to

do, you may accomplish in the somewhat humbler sphere in which God has placed you. Consult your heart—descend into your own conscience; your heart is pure, your conscience intact. Men, nevertheless, think otherwise, and, irreproachable as you are, do you yourself feel entirely free from anxiety when you think that the last shoot of that family which has, from time immemorial, showered so many benefits upon yours, now languishes disinherited in a foreign land? But a single word will establish your fortune, confound envy, disarm public opinion, convert into applause the insults with which you are assailed, re-establish you in your own esteem, and give to the world one of those sublime examples which, here and there, in the history of the world relieve humanity.”

“The old beggar’s ambition does not go to that extent,” replied Stamply, shaking his head; “I make no pretensions to give examples to the world; the task of relieving humanity is no part of my business; I am content with humbler cases. Besides, Madame, I don’t understand”—

“Well, if you don’t understand, enough is said,” coldly replied the baroness.

Stamply understood her too well. Although a peasant-farmer, he was, as we have said, neither artful, cunning, nor acute; yet he was of a distrustful nature, and suspicion was for him a substitute for craft. Not only did he understand whether the baroness was drifting, but he thought he saw also that her purpose had been the secret of all her advances.

“I understand you, Madame la Baronne,” said he finally, with that deep feeling of sadness which the ingenuous always experience when, in sounding the affection which they have believed sincere and disinterested, they discover beneath its fair outside a bottomless abyss of selfishness. “I fear only that you are laboring under a mistake. I have not to legitimate my fortune—that has been done already. I owe it to my industry alone. As to Mlle de la Seiglière, it is very true that I never think without affection of the child, who, you tell me, is the living image of her mother. I have often tried to send her some mark of my remembrance, but, in the existing state of things, I have not succeeded in my wishes.”

“You do wrong to forget that there are those in misfortune who would not accept any other aid than good wishes in their behalf,” rejoined Madame de Vauvert, with great affectation of dignity. “But permit me to say,” she added, in a somewhat softened tone, “that you do not understand me. I seek only your happiness. I reason, not in view of your duty, but your felicity. What can have escaped me to wound or offend you? Fortune made me acquainted with you, and interested me in your lot. I have thought that I was a source of consolation to you; I can sincerely say that I have felt towards you the strongest attachment. But an envious and unreasonable world compels us to separate. My heart is filled with grief, and yours with alarm. Under these circumstances I have fancied, foolishly perhaps, that by recalling the Marquis and his daughter, and offering to share with them a fortune which you cannot use, you would secure to your declining years peace, honor, and repose. My imagination loves to dwell upon this thought. I seem to see you the subject of homage and affection—our friendship strengthened instead of broken off; the world your friends, instead of your enemies, and the maledictions which are heard on all sides turned into blessings. God has deprived you of a dear son; he replaces him by a lovely daughter. I cannot contemplate such a picture without emotion, and I submit it to you. Admit that it is a dream; but can you not realize it, and be happy? I believe I have not exaggerated the difficulties of your position. Betake yourself to solitude; nature is kind, and, for you, the world is not to be regretted. You are rich, and wealth, to say the truth, is a charming thing. I hope it may prove to you a recompense for all you have lost.”

Having thus delivered herself with such apparent ease and good faith that the old man seemed moved, Madame de Vauvert rose, and, under pretext of a call in the neighborhood, retired, leaving Stamply alone to his reflections.

These reflections were far from joyous. Stamply soon departed, not particularly charmed, it will not be doubted, with a proposition which would have been far from agreeable even had he supposed that

it was made solely with a view to his happiness. He was an honest man ; we have not said that he was a saint. There was in him a passion which was to maintain a fearful conflict with the insinuations of Madame de Vaubert. Thus not unfrequently we encounter, in otherwise gentle natures, to be moulded and formed at will, a hard point, reluctant and unyielding, which no effort can subdue—a link of steel in a chain of gold. Stamply was avaricious after his manner ; he had a passion for prosperity. He loved it for its own sake, as others love power. All his income was regularly appropriated to the acquisition of new lands, and in this way had he been enabled, by successive additions, to restore the domains of La Seiglière to their integrity. It was but a short time since he had united to it two or three small farms, which had been alienated more than a century. To have done all this only to do homage to Monsieur le Marquis would certainly be something to tell of, but Stamply, as he himself had said, made no pretension to setting his contemporaries so brilliant an example of abnegation and disinterested self-sacrifice. He thought Madame de Vaubert spoke quite too much at her ease, and with too much freedom, and determined that, before deciding upon the matter, he would take time for further consideration. He had by this time reached home, and entered his castle resigned to the loss of a friendship which could only be retained at such a price.

Resignation at first was easy. Wounded affection, offended self-love, the fear of having been duped, aroused in the old man what there was left of warmth and energy. All his old instincts of independence and equality were re-awakened, and for a moment took the ascendancy. But this kind of artificial excitement soon subsided, like fire in the stubble. In his frequent visits at the castle of Vaubert, he had contracted the habit of familiar conversation, and the most intimate and confidential relations. Suddenly reduced to solitude, he soon began to be tortured by ennui. But few days had passed before it was perceptible that the inward peace and mild serenity which had been the result of his intimacy, were gone. Deprived of his only support, his conscience be-

gan to disturb him, and vanity did its share among the antagonists of the old man's rest. His expulsion from the castle of Vaubert was no longer a mystery ; it was generally noised abroad, that the baroness had dismissed the old beggar in an ignominious manner, and his enemies were feasting upon his fall. Stamply would, perhaps, have remained ignorant of what was said abroad about the matter, had he not, one evening, while walking in the park, overheard his servants, who were not aware of his proximity, chuckling over his misadventure. His farmers, with whom in times past he had lived on terms of particular friendship, now affected to inquire after Madame de Vaubert. If he remained in the house, and walked from apartment to apartment with an air of dejection, his domestics would run to him, now one and now another, and with affected concern inquire why their master did not go and make a call on Madame la Baronne. If he resolved to leave the house and beguile the heavy hours in his fields, the valets would observe, apparently as a matter of information among themselves, but in a tone sufficiently loud for the old man to hear it : "There goes our master to spend an hour or two with Madame de Vaubert." Stamply could endure a great deal, but such expressions more than once tempted him to evince his displeasure by the use of his cane on their backs.

The words "Madame la Baronne" incessantly rang in his ears. The sight of the castle of Vaubert kept him in constant melancholy. He remained, frequently, whole hours, silent and fixed, in contemplating his lost and regretted Eden. Even his love of property, which we have just mentioned, was no longer sufficient. Madame de Vaubert had developed in him other appetites, other necessities not less imperious. Besides, this love—all that he had left to him here below—was poisoned in its source. He recalled to mind the frightful end of his wife ; her scruples, her terrors, her remorse, her last words. He thought of them by day and dreamed of them by night. Kindled by his utter abandonment, his imagination peopled his dreams with lugubrious images. Now he saw the flitting and restless spectre of his wife ; now the imploring shade of the marchio-

ness. After a week or two of an existence thus tortured, he began to think of escape, and turned his thought towards the proposition of the baroness. At first it was only a luminous point, twinkling through the mist, in the distant horizon. Insensibly it grew larger, drew nearer, and gleamed like a Pharos; and after examining it in every point of view, of which he was capable, he ended by seizing the poetic side; Stamply was suspicious, but simple, honest and credulous. He asked himself if, in fact, Madame de Vaubert had not revealed to him the secret of happiness. Admitting that she had reasoned in view of the marquis and his daughter, was he not obliged to admit, that so far as he himself was concerned it was the best thing that could be done. The perspective of felicity which she had opened up to him, cleared up by degrees of its murky clouds, now presented itself in a most enchanting light. He pictured to himself the presence, within the castle, of the young and lovely Helen; he saw himself introduced again, by the gratitude of the marquis, into the world which now repulsed him; a concert of praises followed his steps; he almost believed that he could see Madame de La Seiglière, the good Madame Stamply and his little Bernard already smiling upon him from the depths of the skies. Nevertheless, Stamply was distrustful, and his distrust held him still wavering between his avarice and his better nature. "By what title can the marquis and his daughter pretend to return to this castle and its domains? To resign a fortune so laboriously acquired, would this not be to admit that it was dishonestly usurped? Instead of confounding any would it not lend it new usurpers?"

Before coming to any conclusion, Stamply determined on another consultation with Madame de Vaubert; but scarcely had he uttered a few words upon the subject, when she interrupted him in the most peremptory manner:

"I desire," said she, "that there be no further mention of this matter between us. It is a subject about which I feel no personal interest. I have, I repeat it, in all that I have said and done, looked only to your welfare. The marquis and his daughter have not entered into my thoughts as to be benefitted by the course

I have proposed. Indeed, if you should adopt it, and the marquis should consent, in my opinion he would be the benefactor. Keep your property; we do not want it. Poverty, they say, is bitter to those who have once been rich; but the world is deceived; we have known what it was to live in abundance, and poverty is dear to us."

Thereupon, after some inquiries as to the health of her old friend, and how he spent his time, Madame de Vaubert politely gave him to understand that he could retire, which he did, marvelling much at the elevated sentiments which he had just heard her express. He accused himself of having calumniated intentions so disinterested, and, although he found it a little difficult to understand how the marquis was to be the benefactor, and himself the beneficiary in this transaction, he went the next day and surrendered himself body and soul to the direction of the baroness. She, however, appeared neither pleased nor surprised; indeed, she even affected a repugnance to meddle with the matter again, for fear, as she alleged, of offending the susceptibilities of her friends. But Stamply followed up as she retreated; the simple heart had been duped by the wily intellect; craft had won a signal victory over a kind nature; and it was amusing to see Stamply beseeching the reluctant baroness to intercede in his behalf, and persuade the marquis to deign to accept his immense possessions.

"If they will love the old beggar a little," said he; "if he shall see at the end of his days happy countenances smiling upon him; if some gentle hand shall close his eyes, and some friend shall drop a tear when he is gone—here below, and there above, Stamply will be content."

It will readily be believed that Madame de Vaubert finally yielded to these touching entreaties; but it is not so easy to believe the joy which the old man felt at having prepared his destruction. He seized both the hands of the baroness, and pressed them to his heart with a feeling of ineffable gratitude. "For it is you," he sobbed, tears of joy meanwhile rolling down his cheeks, "it is you, Madame, who have shown me the way to heaven."

Madame de Vaubert felt that it was cruel to sport with such a soul; but now, as always, she quickly appeased the mur-

murs of conscience by reasoning that Stamply was interested in the success of her enterprise, and that she should not have undertaken it but to secure his happiness, and that in all things the end justifies the means.

It now remained for her to cheat the pride of the marquis, whom she well knew was too inveterate in his original prejudices readily to condescend to accept a boon from the hand of his former vassal. The baroness wrote him these few words:

"Tormented with remorse, without children, without family, without friends, John Stamply only awaits your return to restore you your goods. Come then. As the price of his tardy probity, the unfortunate demands only a little of our love. He shall have much of it."

A month from this time M. de La Seiglière returned, without noise or ceremony. Stamply received him at the gate of the park and presented him with the keys upon a silver plate, an act of donation drawn up in the most touching terms, and in which the donor with exquisite delicacy acknowledges himself to be the obligee.

"Monsieur le Marquis, you are at home," said he.

The harangue was a brief one, and much to the satisfaction of the marquis. He thrust the act which restored him to his former possessions into his pocket, embraced Stamply, took his arm, and followed by his daughter, who was under the escort of Madame de Vaubert and her son, entered the castle as young in spirit as when he departed from it, and with no more parade than if he had just returned from an agreeable promenade.

And now, to return to the supposition of Madame de Vaubert, if Napoleon, reducing the grandeur of the part which he was to play, to the moderate proportions of a subject's ambition, had consented to become merely the minister of the Bourbons; if, after having won the crown of France with his sword, instead of placing it upon his own brow he had restored it to the head of the descendant of St. Louis, it is not to be doubted that at this day another chapter would have been added to the great volume of royal ingratitude. We mean no offense to royalty; we speak generally, and predicate our opinion upon a principle of human nature. Without

going to the palace for our proofs, we shall find them, perhaps, in humbler life, on the banks of the Clain.

CHAPTER IV.

At first all went well; and the first months realized all the predictions of happiness which Madame de Vaubert had lavished upon Stamply. We may even say that the reality much exceeded the hopes of the old man. On the 25th of August, the anniversary of the king's birthday, M. de La Seiglière having invited several gentlemen of the city and its environs to dine, Stamply was honored with a seat at the table between the marquis and his daughter, and his health was enthusiastically drank immediately after that of Louis le Désiré. He dined thus every day at the table of the marquis, usually in company with Madame de Vaubert and her son; for, as formerly in exile, the two families, properly speaking, now formed only one. They received but little company, and passed their evenings at home. At all the family parties Stamply was present, honored as a patriarch and caressed like a child. The marquis had insisted that he should occupy the finest apartment of the castle. His people, who served him reluctantly and respected him no longer, were discharged, and replaced by others more diligent and submissive, who watched over his needs and anticipated his desires. He was surrounded with all the attentions which render old age happy; they received his orders in all matters, and did nothing without consulting him. To all these seductions is to be added the frequent presence of the innocent and lovely Helen. Stamply's cup of happiness was full; and for ten miles round were said and sung the praises of the most honest of farmers.

But a few months had hardly elapsed before life at the castle had changed its face and its attractions. As vigorous and as active as at twenty, M. de La Seiglière was not a man to content himself long with the joys of the fireside and the delights of the domestic circle. He had resumed his fortune as a garment which had for a time been laid aside, and thought of the past only as a storm whose fury was spent. Brisk, gay, nimble, healthy, he

came out of his exile as bright as a cow-slip from the snow. Twenty-five years had rolled away, but he was not a day the older. He had found the triple secret which makes one young at a hundred—egotism, carelessness and frivolity; for the rest he was the most amiable and charming of marquises. No one would have believed, at the end of a few months, that a révolution had passed. They had re-gilded the ceiling and the panels, renewed the furniture and the hangings, restored the plates and the numbers, and by dint of washing and rubbing obliterated every trace of the barbarous invasion. To use the charitable expression of Madame de Vaubert, who already began to indulge in a little mischievous pleasantry at the expense of Stamply, they had cleansed the Augean stables. Soon nothing was talked of but fêtes and galas, receptions and royal hunts. From morning to evening, and oftentimes from evening to morning, emblazoned carriages crowded the court and the avenues. The castle of La Seiglière had become the resort of the noblesse of the country. An army of lackeys and scullions had invaded the kitchen and ante-chamber. Ten horses pranced in the equery; the kennels were crowded with dogs; the huntsman's horn resounded throughout the day. Stamply had reckoned upon a home more quiet than this—upon manners more simple and tastes more moderate. He was not yet at the end of his deceptions.

In the first intoxication of return they had found him charming in all respects—in his costume, his gestures, his language, even in his fustian vest. The marquis and Madame Vaubert openly and out loud, called him their old friend. They listened to, and applauded all he said. His was a true Gallic spirit in the flower; a biblical heart, a patriarchal soul. When matters at the castle had become fully re-established, and life had taken its brilliant and regular course, Stamply began to be a weed in the garden, a blotch upon the picture. But nothing was expressly said to this effect, and he was still with the marquis and the baroness, only the good, the dear, the excellent Monsieur Stamply, with only now and then a slight addition or qualification. The tide of their affection, however, had begun to ebb, and they

proceeded from step to step, from reservation to reservation, until they mutually declared that the Gallic spirit was a block-head, and the biblical heart was a butcher. They were now annoyed by the familiarities which they had but a short time before encouraged, and whatever passed for the good nature of a patriarch, was now the coarseness of a clown. So long as they lived at home, and matters were confined within the family circle, all went well; but in the midst of the luxury and splendor of aristocratic life the honest old farmer became intolerable. Both the marquis and the baroness owed him too much to be at ease in his presence, and the presence of those who were cognizant of the facts of the case. Like the Alpine flower, which flourishes upon the mountain-top, but droops and dies in the softer valley, gratitude springs only from elevated natures. It is like that mental liquor which can only be kept in vases of gold. It perfumes the breath of a noble soul; it sours and dies in the mean one. The presence of Stamply recalled to the marquis his importunate obligations, and the part which the baroness had played returned to her, with no pleasant reminiscences, as often as the image of the old man recurred. To remove this source of disquietude, was the object of their common solicitude; and to effect it they pressed into service all the arts and all the manœuvres of an elegant and practiced hypocrisy. Under pretense that the comfortable apartment which he had hitherto occupied, in the heart of the castle, was too much exposed to the cold north winds, they removed his quarters into a remote wing. One day, having observed with affected solicitude, that their boisterous festivities and sumptuous repasts were suited neither to his taste nor his years; that they were repugnant to his habits, and injurious to his health; the marquis begged him not to do violence to his own feelings, and ordered that for the future he should be served apart. In vain did Stamply object; and though he protested that the ordinary of M. le Marquis was all that he could desire, the latter would not believe him, and generously declared that his old friend should not suffer all this inconvenience out of complaisance to his hosts. "This is your

house," said he, "make yourself at home; live as you like." And for the future Stamply was obliged to eat alone, like a friar in his cell. Thus matters went on. By insensible transitions they began to treat him with exaggerated politeness; the marquis was formal and pompous, and the baroness forced him to beat a retreat under the cross-fire of her magnificent airs and extravagant obsequiousness. As soon as he appeared with his iron-shod shoes, his blue woolen hose, and flowered breeches, the conversation would be directed to the fashion at court. Poor Stamply, confounded, humiliated, not knowing what to say or how to demean himself, was compelled to retire. Thus the mud wall which had for a long time separated him from the world, was gradually changed into one of crystal ice—a transparent barrier, but as insurmountable as the first; only the good man had the satisfaction of being a spectator at the scene—a witness of the prodigal extravagance by which the beautiful domain which had rewarded his twenty-five years of toil and privation was daily impoverished. In the evening, after his solitary repast, as he passed under the windows of the castle, he heard the joyous shouts of mirthful conversation mingled with the tinkling of glasses and the rattling of porcelain. By wandering, sad and solitary, over those fields which he had so dearly loved, but of which he was no longer the master, he saw in the distance noble horses and splendid equipages, accompanied by their huntsmen and hounds, rush over the plain, and plunge into the neighboring forest. By night he was often awakened from his sleep by the noise and tumult of revelling—he paid for the music. Yet he wanted nothing. His table was abundantly served; once a week the marquis sent to inquire after his health, and whenever Madame de Vaubert met him, she saluted him with a friendly and charming recognition.

By the end of a year there was no more mention of Stamply than if no such person had ever existed. Silence and forgetfulness had succeeded to the parade and attention which he had at first received. It seemed to be no longer remembered that he had ever possessed the castle, its park, and its lands. From caresses and feastings he had passed to

neglect and abhorrence. The faithful dog was now a dirty cur. The unfortunate old man did not enjoy even the poor consideration which he had fondly dreamed might be the result of his generosity. They believed, or pretended to believe, that in recalling the La Seiglières, he had yielded only to the demands of public opinion. They put his generosity upon the ground of a forced probity—a sense of justice too tardy to be entitled to any credit. Finally, his old farmers, proud of again finding themselves in the service of a grand seignior, vented their spleen by frequent and emphatic expressions of humiliation that they had ever lived under the fraternal government of a countryman like themselves. All this was gradually effected without any violent heart-rendings, without shocks, almost without calculation; it was the natural progress of things here below. Stamply himself was a long time in awakening to a full apprehension of his real position. And when, at length, the scales dropped from his eyes, and he saw clearly the meaning of the hitherto mysterious change, he uttered no complaint. An angel watched at his side, and looked upon him with a smile.

Mademoiselle de La Seiglière had received from her mother, whom she had never known, and from the poverty in the bosom of which she had been reared, a disposition peculiarly grave, retiring, and meditative. By a contrast not altogether unusual in families, her development had been in a direction contrary to the examples she had received. Her father's peculiarities had left no impress upon her, though she loved him tenderly, and was loved so in return. But Helen loved with a double affection, as if she thought to be not only the dutiful daughter, but, so far as was in her power, to compensate for the bereavement of her father; while the love of the marquis was characterized by all the puerilities of childhood. She had been nurtured in solitude, and was, in fact, only a serious child. Her mother had transmitted to her, with the pure blood of her ancestors, that regal beauty which loves, like the lily and the swan, to sport in the shades of the castle and in the depths of the silent park. Tall, slender, and somewhat frail, she had the waving and flexible grace of the fox-tail in flower,

swayed by the wind. Her locks were luxuriant, neither golden nor raven; they were a compromise between the two, wherein, as the light favored either, each had alternately the mastery; and by a rare privilege, from beneath an auburn brow, beamed, like two stars of ebony in a sky of alabaster, her sparkling eyes, which, while they heightened the expression of her countenance, did not disturb its angelic repose. Her step was slow and stately; her look, pensive and sweet, calm, serene, and half smiling. A poet would have taken her for one of those beautiful angels whose office it is to gather and bear to heaven the sighs of the earth; or, perhaps, for one of those white apparitions which flit upon the borders of our lakes in the silver mist of the moonlight. Knowing little of life or the world, save what she had learned from her father, the sudden change which had just taken place in her existence was far from joyful. Home and country, for her, were where she was born, in that retired corner of the earth where her mother had died and was buried. France, which she had known only by the misfortunes of her family and by the stories which she had heard during the emigration, had no attraction for her; there was no charm in opulence. The conversation of the marquis had not developed in her, as in Raoul, the spirit of pride and of caste; she had rather drawn from them a love for the humble lot to which she was born. Never had her dreams or her ambition gone beyond the little garden which she herself had cultivated; never had the marquis been able to awaken in her young bosom any other feeling than that of contentment with respect to her lot. She had no anxious desires, no sterile regrets. As often as he sought to disturb her equanimity, she would reply with a smile full of sweetness; if he came to talk, in the bitterness of his heart, of his lost estates, she would draw him into the garden, show him the flowers of her borders, and innocently ask if he thought they could be more fresh or more beautiful in France. The day of departure from this home of her youth was therefore, for her, the day of exile, and it was marked with tears. In touching the soil of France—that trembling soil which she had seen in the distance,

only as some stormy sea—Helen could not avoid a feeling of sadness, mingled with fear; and in entering her hereditary home, her heart was heavy, and her eyes were moistened with far other tears than those of joy. Nevertheless, these first impressions dissipated, Mademoiselle de La Seiglière accommodated herself to her new position without much effort. Hers was one of those choice natures which fortune never surprises, and which, bearing with the same cheerfulness the most opposite circumstances, always finds itself, without apparently being aware of it, on a level with prosperity. She retained all her native grace and simplicity, and so naturally did her youth and beauty conform to the luxury of her ancestors, and with such ease and freedom did she wear her new honors and discharge her new duties, that no one, ignorant of her history, would have supposed that she had been rocked in a far different cradle, and grew up under the influences of a far different atmosphere. She continued to love Raoul, as she had done, with the tenderness of a sister, yet without the least suspicion that there could be a sentiment of more depth and fervor than that which she felt towards him. She knew nothing of love. The few books she had read were rather calculated to lull the young imagination to sleep than to arouse it into activity. The personages whom the recitals of her father had always represented to her as types of distinction, grace, and elegance, all more or less resembled M. de Vaubert, who, though by no means particularly distinguished in either of these respects, thus found no difficulty in representing tolerably well Helen's ideas of a husband. They had played together upon the same doorstep; they had grown up together under the same roof. Helen's mother had rocked the cradle of Raoul, and Raoul's mother had watched over the infancy of Helen. They were both handsome, and both in the flower of life. The prospect of being one day united, could not reasonably, therefore, excite the alarm or repugnance of either. They loved with that measured affection very common between lovers affianced before the age or the passion comes which alone can make them such in reality. Marriage is an end worthy to be sought; but by beholding constantly and

from too great a distance, there is much danger the pleasure of the journey will suffer by the prospect. A stranger to all the acts and interests of practical life; right at heart, but having upon most matters only confused, false, or incomplete notions; and nourished, from her tenderest years, in the idea that her father had been dispossessed by one of his farmers; Helen ingenuously believed that in the restoration of the property, Stamply had done no more than his duty. Still, though she did not think herself indebted to his generosity, she was taken, from the first, with the smile of the good old man; who, in his turn, regarded her with a sentiment of respect and admiration, as though he already perceived that, of all the affection of which he was the object, that of this beautiful girl alone was true, disinterested, and sincere.

In truth, *Mlle de La Seiglière* realized, without being aware of it, all the promises of *Madame de Vaubert*; she acquitted, without knowing it, all the debts of the marquis. In proportion as they kept themselves aloof from Stamply, Helen felt herself more and more attracted towards him. She herself was lonely in the midst of a tumultuous crowd, and of necessity, mysterious sympathies must soon be awakened between two such spirits, one of whom repulsed the world, while the other was repulsed by it. This lovely girl became, so to speak, the *Antigone* of this new *Œdipus*—the *Cordelia* of this new *King Lear*. She enlivened his heavy hours and peopled his dreary solitude. She was a pearl at the bottom of his bitter cup—a star in the darkness of his night—a blossom upon his withered boughs. At first her feeling towards him had been one of mingled reverence and pity, but she soon found in the presence of her companion, more aliment for her heart, more food for her soul, than she had known in the sounding and brilliant, but empty and frivolous society in which she was obliged for the most part to spend her time. Strange as it may seem, it was this poor old man who gave the first direction to her young intelligence, who sounded its first alarm. In the morning, while every one else in the castle was still slumbering, and in the evening when the lights were lit for the feast, Helen would improve

every opportunity to escape with Stamply to the park or into the fields, and in the long conversations which they then had together, he would recount the glorious deeds of the republic and the empire. Helen listened to his simple stories with eager astonishment; she had heard nothing like them ever before; sometimes Stamply gave her some of Bernard's letters to read—they were his only earthly treasure—and her heart exulted like the proud courser's when the sound of the bugle strikes his ear. At other times he spoke of her mother, of her beauty and her kindness, which were still green in his memory. His language was simple, and oftentimes Helen heard with a tearful eye. Then he spoke of Bernard; for it was to this dear object of his affection that he loved constantly to return. He spoke of his turbulent boyhood, his impetuous youth, his heroic death. The timid dove loves the lion heart, and Helen hung delighted upon his lips and learned to speak of the young man as of a friend whom she had lost. Thus they would talk together; and what shows how much of genuine goodness there was in old Stamply's nature, is the fact that in all their conversations he never suffered himself to utter a complaint against the ingrates who had abandoned him, and that Helen continued in the belief that in divesting himself of his property he had been guided solely by a sense of duty. Perhaps, also, it added to his happiness to believe that he was loved for himself alone. He knew that Helen was destined for Raoul; he was not ignorant that they were long since affianced in accordance with the wishes of their parents. He held in his hand the thread which had directed *Madame de Vaubert*; he now comprehended the whole. If he mourned in his own heart, he suffered no escaping sign to trouble hers; he concealed his grief like a gaping wound—the sad spectacle of human ingratitude. If Helen, as she sometimes would, ventured to express her concern lest his retirement was too exclusive and too irksome:

"How would you have it?" he would reply, with an air of dejection. "The world was not made for old Stamply, nor old Stamply for the world. Since *M. le Marquis* has the goodness to suffer me to live in my corner I will profit by it. I

have always lived in silence and solitude. Your father knows well that one cannot be reformed at my age. It is your presence and your smiles, my dear child, that enliven my retirement. They are my feasts, and they are more delightful than old Stamply ever dared to hope."

In process of time Stamply was seized with a desire to visit—and it proved to be the last time—the farm where his father had died; where his son was born, and where he himself had parted with his happiness. Broken in health, and bending under the weight of years and sorrows, he betook himself thither alone, with no support but his cornel cane. He found the farm-house deserted; all its tenants were at work in the fields. After having entered the rustic mansion, where nothing seemed to have been changed; after having seen the old oaken chest, the old turn-up bedstead with its green serge curtains, the image of the Holy Virgin before which his wife had been accustomed to kneel morning and evening for ten years, and after having inhaled the sweet perfume of the milk in the pantry and the new bread which was piled in huge loaves upon the shelf, he went out and sat down upon a stone seat in the yard. It was just before sunset on a cool summer's evening. He heard in the distance the merry songs of the hay-makers, the barking of the dogs and the lowing of the cattle. The air was freighted with the odor of new-mown hay. In front of Stamply, upon the mossy roof, was a flock of cooing and bustling doves.

"My poor wife was right," sighed the old man, as he turned from the scene of his early joys; "it was an unlucky day—the day when we quit our farm."

Worn out less by years than sadness, he died two years after the return of the marquis, with no other assistance or solace than that of Helen, who closed his eyes. Just before breathing his last he turned himself towards her, and placing in her hands the letters of his son—

"Take them," said he; "they are all that has been left me, all that remains for me to give."

Life had but little attraction for him, and he left it without regret, but full of joyful hope of soon rejoining his wife, and, as he loved to call him, his little Bernard.

His death left no void save in his own

chamber and in the heart of Helen. For two or three days afterwards he was occasionally mentioned in the castle.

"Poor Stamply!" said the marquis; "on the whole he was a worthy man."

"Very tedious," sighed Madame de Vaubert.

"Very ignorant," added Raoul.

"Very kind," murmured Helen.

This was all his funeral oration. Helen alone followed him, with the tears which had been promised, to his tomb. It may be well, nevertheless, to add that the end of the old beggar aroused in the country the indignation of a party which was then just beginning to dawn in the political horizon, to use the beautiful expression of that period. Hypocritical, envious, and possessed of anything else than that liberality which its name would seem to announce, this party, which in the provinces was composed of noisy third-rate lawyers, and of citizens much more remarkable for their pretensions than their worth, made a hero of the dead Stamply whom they so much abused and outraged while living. Not that they cared for him the least in the world, but they hated the noblesse. They mounted him upon a pedestal, and decreed to him the laurels of a martyr, without stopping to think whether the poor man merited them or not. In short, they openly accused Madame de Vaubert of captation, and the marquis of ingratitude. Thus do petty passions and petty quarrels sometimes, by hazard, arrive at the truth.

Meanwhile the period fixed for the marriage of Helen and Raoul was approaching. This period, still too remote to suit the wishes of Madame de Vaubert, was neither welcomed nor dreaded by Helen; she looked upon its approach without impatience, but also without repugnance. Whatever it might cost, it may even be said, that she awaited it with less of sadness than of joy. Her conversations with Stamply—the reading of the letters, in which she had been more than once surprised since the death of her old comrade, had, indeed, drawn her into some vague comparisons which were not precisely to the advantage of our young baron; but all this was too confused in her own mind to allow her to seek for herself any explanation. Her heart, moreover, was too

loyal ever to entertain the idea that she could interrupt an engagement founded upon her plighted word. Affianced to Raoul from the day when she first comprehended the meaning of the word, the noble girl had since regarded herself, before God, as his spouse. The marriage also was in accordance with the wishes of the marquis; Raoul concealed his nullity under a brilliant varnish of grace and eloquence; was deficient neither in the seductions which belong to his age, nor the chivalrous qualities of his race; and, to say the truth, Madame de Vaubert, whose watchful eye never lost sight of her interest, was always ready, when occasion required, to lend him the intelligence and vivacity which he himself had not. All was going smoothly on, and nothing seemed to disturb the current of their prosperity, when an unexpected event broke in upon their happiness.

They were celebrating, on the same day, at the castle, the king's birthday, the third anniversary of the marquis' return to his lands, and the espousals of Raoul and Helen. This triple celebration had brought thither all the higher nobility of the city and the surrounding neighborhood. At nightfall the castle and the park were brilliantly illuminated, and fireworks were sent up from the top of the hill; then followed the dance in the saloons, while without, the villagers, swains and damsels, hopped merrily to the sound of the bagpipe underneath the green boughs. Madame de Vaubert, who now touched the end of her ambition, made no effort to conceal the satisfaction which she at this moment experienced. The presence alone of her daughter sufficiently justified the pride and pleasure which, like a double halo, beamed from the brow of Raoul. As to the marquis, the cup of his joy was full and unadulterated. Whenever he presented himself on the balcony, his vassals made the air resound with grateful and boisterous *vivats*, a thousand times repeated, and with an energetic earnestness that proved their sincerity. Stamply had been dead some months. Who thought of him? Nobody—but Helen; she had piously guarded his memory; she had sincerely loved him. This evening she was distracted, dreamy, pre-occupied. Why? She could not tell herself. She loved Raoul—at least,

she thought she did. She had grace and beauty, love and youth, nobility and fortune; all around her seemed charmed with sweet looks and fresh smiles. Life promised only caresses and enchantments. Why was her young heart heavy? Why her beaming eyes veiled with sadness? Like the delicate and sensitive flower at the approach of the storm, did she shudder under the presentiment of her destiny?

That same evening a cavalier of whom no one thought, was following the right bank of the Clain. Arrived at Poitiers less than an hour before, he had only delayed long enough for a fresh horse to be saddled, and then departed at full gallop, up the river. The night was dark, without moon or stars. At a turn of the path, on discovering the castle of La Seiglière, whose illuminated front lay in gleaming lines along the sombre ground of the heavens, he suddenly checked his horse by a strong pull at the bit. At this instant a sheaf of fire shot into the heavens, burst in the clouds, and fell in golden rain, in amethyst and emeralds, upon the towers and belfries. Like a bewildered traveller who had lost his way, our cavalier threw around him an unquiet look; then, as if reassured upon his route, he gently pulled at his bridle and proceeded. He soon dismounted at the gate of the park, and, leaving his horse, entered just at the moment when the rustic revellers, in a paroxysm of enthusiasm, were mingling their shouts of "*vive le roi!*" with those of "*vive le marquis!*" All the windows were encased with foliage and decorated with transparencies—the most remarkable, a chef-d'œuvre which had exhausted all the artistic skill of the castle, offered to the ravished eyes the august head of Louis XVIII., surmounted by two allegoric divinities who were wreathing his brow with olive branches. At the foot of the steps leading to the portico, the band of the regiment in garrison at Poitiers were vigorously playing the national air of *Vive Henri Quatre*. Doubting whether he was awake, observing all and comprehending nothing, impatient to know and fearing to ask, the stranger lost himself in the crowd without being remarked. After having wandered about for some

time, like a shadow, among the different groups, in passing along one of the tables which had been set in the garden, he heard some words which attracted his attention. He accordingly seated himself at the end of a bench not far from a couple of venerable looking peasants, who, having been especially assiduous in their attentions to the marquis' wine, were very loquacious upon the subject of their

host's return, the death of Stamply, and other fortunes and misfortunes of which the castle had been the scene for the last few years. The stranger leaned over upon the table, and partly concealing his face in his hands, remained thus for a long time. When he arose to depart, the park was deserted, the castle was silent, the last lamp had gone out, and the cock was hailing the day.

FAITH, A HYMN.

BY THE LATE JAMES STAUNTON BABCOCK.

FAITH, the end and the beginning
Of all knowledge 'neath the sun ;
All that earth can give though winning,
Man must rest in thee when done.

Higher truths lie still beyond us,
Thought ne'er reached nor tongue hath told ;
Faith makes plain the dark and wondrous,
New things finding in the old.

Highest things must be mysterious,
Bound the wisdom of the wise ;
But the earnest soul and serious
Where it cannot reach relies.

Feels the highest still the surest
Measure whence all else is shown ;
Finds the teachings sweetest, purest,
Whispered, Faith, in thy love tone.

Prophet thou on Time's last mountains,
Whence eternal things are shown ;
Whence outflow those living fountains
Making this bleak world so green.

Calm assurance, strong yet lowly,
Source of thought and deed sublime,
Bringing down the blest and holy,
Rising over death and time.

Light for learning's labored blindness,
Cheerful strength to doubt and toil,
Warmth of sympathy and kindness,
Breeze of peace to life's turmoil :

Childlike trust and heart-expansion,
Blooming love for all mankind :—
Till the new soul grows a mansion
For all loveliest shapes of mind.

On life's hard road sick and fainting,
Thou dost bring us food and balm ;
Still of better days acquainting,
Where our hearts will soon grow calm.

Open worlds of bliss and glory
Spread behind life's clouding veil ;—
Brother, think what lies before thee,
And thy heart shall never fail.

THE REPUBLIC.

NO. IV.—THINGS AS THEY ARE AT PRESENT, COMPARED WITH THE PAST.

WE now see what the government was at first, when the few and evil days of "the confederacy" were at length succeeded by a real union between the thirteen primary States.

And first, it was *a true government*, as well in the general as the particular economies, and no longer a confederacy of States in the former, more than of counties in the latter. Above and below, at Washington and throughout the territorial departments, it made laws *for the people as individuals*, and gave effect to its laws, not by negotiation or entreaty, much less by military force, but *by court process*.

Secondly, it was *a pure agency government, a republic*; with a guaranty in the federal charter that it should continue such. A part of the sovereignty was delegated for purposes of direct administration, and the residue lodged with a very large, but not promiscuous body of the citizens, at once to maintain the personal organization of the system, and to keep watch and ward by night and by day over the uses made of its powers in the management of its affairs; the two sovereignties, (if I may call them so,) being both alike *functionary* under the Constitution, though in provinces of duty quite distinct from each other, and separated by a wall of partition never to be passed, the one way or the other, for any purpose of reciprocal interference.

In the third place, it was a government *homogeneously framed* in the relative constitutions of the head and the members; its agents everywhere acting for and representing *the people*, and nowhere, corporations of the people. Nor was there any known disparity of endowment among the several agency groups of the system in the matter of power, save what arose necessarily, or at least naturally, out of its scheme of divided jurisdictions. The power of the State governments was ample for

what concerned their local line of business. The common law stood sponsor for this. The government of the Union, designed as it was for a sphere of action limited to the foreign or international relations of the country, and the inter-state relations (so to call them) of its interior subdivisions, had no authority but by special grants looking mainly to that sphere. Still, within the prescribed limits, federal functionaries had the same common law to adjust the measure of their powers, that State officers had in their departments for the like important service. Nor was there to be a particle of difference in the rule of construction applicable to the two cases.

Finally, it was a government *distributed, balanced, checked, guarded, and accommodated to the actual state of society*, in a very remarkable manner. On the one hand, its founders were afraid of public power. They knew the views of that kind of power. They knew it had been the great oppressor of mankind in all ages, and they had nothing more at heart than to secure themselves and their posterity from its grasping, overreaching, perverting tendencies. On the other hand, they meant it to be decently accommodated to social facts. Exact equality of treatment might be unattainable as regarded the various classes, callings, and conditions of men; but an effort of approach towards it was both just and prudent; it was practising, in the construction of the system, the very principle that was to form the characteristic merit of its subsequent operation.

As to power, the first thing done was that of cutting it up into jurisdictional parts.

The making, interpreting, and executive oversight of the law, were assigned to different agencies, with strong lines of demarcation between them. This was the *functionary division*.

A territorial division was added, by which the details of government business were scattered over the country among thousands of political corporations. The lowest grade of these, were townships and villages. Over the townships there were counties, for concerns of corresponding extent. Over the counties, there were States; and over the States, a Union. The townships had some powers each that were ultimate, and consequently sovereign. So had the counties. But for the most part, appeals lay upward from township to county, and from county to State. The powers of the States were nearly all sovereign. Like those of the smaller districts, however, they looked only to internal and domestic matters; having no bearing that was properly national, nationality belonged to the Union alone.

This scheme of jurisdictions adjusted, the policy of the lawgivers descended next to the minuter features of the system.

And they began, here, with limiting rigidly the order or description of persons from among whom the more considerable agents of the government were to be selected. The door of office might, they apprehended, be opened too wide for the general safety. It was necessary, therefore, to be cautious. Precise rules of eligibility must be fixed upon, to guard against mistakes. "Is he honest, is he capable," was the great practical inquiry for the electors in all cases; but to bring them to just or prudent conclusions on the subject, marks of *probable* honesty, *probable* capability were wanted, that might afford invariably some reasonable chance of safe judgment. To which end, mature age, a term of residence, some property, and a religious profession, perhaps the most reliable circumstances that could be hit upon as practical indications in the matter, were made conditions of access to public life in its more eminent stations. Outward, sensible tokens were necessary, and these answered that description. Clear certainty was out of reach; probability was all that could be hoped for; and it was thought that if the people were required to choose for the public service persons of from twenty-one to thirty-five years of age, who should have lived from one to ten years under their eyes without reproach, should have acquired considerable

estates, the usual fruit of industry, good habits, and good principles, and should have maintained, or have been ready to profess, the character of Christians, the choice would be as likely to result well, as in human circumspection it could be made to do. These, at any rate, were fair grounds of popular judgment, and they were made indispensable conditions in the case.

Nor did paternal solicitude stop here. So vital were the interests involved, that other precautions were resorted to. If all the people were to be constituted electors, nothing could well save the majority from mischances in the use of their power. It was therefore deemed expedient to put conditions on the right of suffrage itself, and so to restrain the possession of it to the stauncher portion of society; making not only years of manhood, and a short local commorancy, but even a pittance of *property* (in general a freehold) necessary qualifications for the function of the polls. By which arrangement the number of allowed electors, compared with the entire popular mass of both sexes, must have been limited to a sixth or seventh, more probably a tenth, of the whole. A striking fact in several bearings. How it illustrates the doctrine of *representation*, as depending on *duty*, not *constituency*. Were the men of straw unrepresented in those days? Are women and children unrepresented now? How it exhibits the franchise of elections as a thing of *trust for the good of all*, apart entirely from the claims or pretensions of special interest in those honored with the use of it! Away with the preposterous folly of scrambling or contending as individuals for a right which at the best is but *fiduciary*, and no object of selfish demand to any one! How it shows off the slow and thoughtful and painstaking husbandry of the patriarchal statesmen, as contrasted with our modern steam-ploughing! There are things which it is more important to do well than quickly.

Thus then, to reach the great objects of a safe personal organization of the Government, the population of the country was to be doubly sifted: first, for a class of persons fit to stand before the people as candidates for election; and next, for a community of voters, who might be expected to act independently, conscien-

tiously, wisely, in putting forward the best of those, candidates to serve the commonwealth.

No doubt the fathers (the greater part of them) thought it desirable to keep their men somewhat longer in office than a single year. And such exceeding care in choosing them might render this admissible. The fathers meant to have a decent tone of government—a decent consistency and vigor of administrative policy. In order to which if public sentiment required that some officers (the larger houses of legislation for example) should die out annually, others (such as chief magistrates and senators) must have a longer lease of life—a lease that might bring them acquainted with two or three generations of their more transient brethren, so that some sort of connection might be kept up between the past and present, and the notable principle of rotation in office might not have a speed and sweep of action that should put everything in a whirl. Change, doubt it who will, is the besetting curse of free institutions. This desperate evil was to be put, if possible, under some restraint. The tossing floods were to have shores to beat upon. Accordingly, while members of assembly in the State legislatures were allowed to hold an incessant correspondence with the popular mind by annual elections, governors and senators, for the most part, had terms of from two to five or six years assigned them. Federal agents were similarly dealt with; the President holding for four years, and the upper house of Congress for six, while members of the representative chamber were restricted to two. In which respect, as in most others, the whole system of the country was symmetrical, and the policy of its arrangements uniform.

Can a question be raised as to the advantage of all this? Who will confess a doubt, for instance, whether the executive administration of a State is likely to be better managed, or, at least, with more consistency and dignity, for a dozen years together, by three successive chief magistrates than by twelve, even admitting the men to be all of a stamp? And then is this admission likely to be true in matters of fact? Is it likely that an official term of one year will attract the same rate of

talents and qualities into public life as a term of three or four? The term of office is one of its *dimensions*. Curtail the term unduly, and you belittle the office. Incumbents may be found undoubtedly—there are placemen of all calibres; but to think of getting petty offices filled by men fit for the greatest is idle, unless indeed you are prepared to *buy* their concession with enormous salaries.

It is pleasant to trace the old harmonies of the republic as between the head and the members. There are breaks in some of those harmonies now, but the recollection of what they once were is music to a patriotic ear.

Take, as a further specimen, the great principles of a completely independent judiciary, once common to the federal and State economies, and sustained alike in each by what is called the *good-behavior tenure*. It was a glorious sight to look at, when the dispensers of human justice went forth erect in their full stature, unswayed by government, unindebted to political parties, judging the cause of the fatherless and widow, as well as of principalities and powers, without respect of persons, and only liable to be judged themselves, as God judges men, *by their deeds*.

The Union and the States had also, in fair proportion with each other, the patronage of many appointments, and were aggrandized by it exceedingly in the public eye. Not only the States and the Union as bodies politic, but the people at large were the better for this. Appointments were better made for many purposes by government officers than it was possible they should be in the way of popular elections.

Indeed the agreement between the larger and smaller economies was general. Both were concise in the written expressions of their plans and principles. Both, with a few local exceptions, rejected *bills of rights* as useless, perhaps hurtful substitutes, of form for spirituality! Both preferred to rest upon the *people's common law*—the unwritten code of usage and common sense—as the true basis of men's rights, the rock of their liberties. To both, *religion* was a first element of life. It was deemed a main support of all civil and political obligations; a guar-

anty of public virtue—a thing of unspeakable importance everywhere. Not the religion of frenzy nor of sect, but religion in its general substance—the religion of the gospel. The fathers wished to tie the hearts of the people to their institutions, and they imbued these with the religion which the people then loved. Religious babels were not wanted. Religious feudal systems, with alien lords paramount, did not suit a polity which claimed the citizen's whole allegiance for his own government. This government was not made strong enough to do without the people's affections, much less to abide the distracting competition of foreign claims upon them. Foreign allegiance, therefore, of whatever type, was expected to be abjured, and the rules of our own national piety and patriotism undividedly embraced.

In one respect undoubtedly the close and sympathetic relations of the Union government with that of the particular States brought the former into a kind of independence that might subject it to possible mischief, though a mischief in which the States must also participate. I allude to the provision of the federal Constitution, by which the State electorships for members of assembly were adopted as organs of choice for representatives in Congress. In which respect the character of one branch of the national legislature was left in some measure at the future mercy of the States; so that a change made at Albany or Harrisburg in the vesting of the electoral franchise must affect the whole country. A matter of grave consequence certainly. It were well if our thirty faculties of constitutional dissectors would bethink themselves that the nerves they handle with such surgeon-like freedom extend to Washington.

On the other hand, there are points in which it was left possible for a State to alter its economy, and take all the fruits to itself. By which means the equilibrium of the system might be sadly interfered with, and its working impaired.

Suppose, for instance, that a State should so change its Constitution as to degrade one of the jurisdictional branches of its government, and sympathetically the others too, by depriving the judges of that jewel of modern policy, the *independent*

tenure. The evil, if such it were, would fall directly on the local government, while the Union might continue to hold up its head in undiminished honor, character, and influence; and the comparative result would be, a loss to one of the *members* of the political body, and a corresponding gain to the head.

Or, suppose a State to put itself under a sort of process of depletion, by reducing its *terms of office* from three years to one in the case of its chief magistrate, and from four to two in that of its senators. Does any man question that the effect must be, upon the whole, to let down the tone of the particular government, and take somewhat from its relative weight of character? Does any man fail to see, that this must needs redound to a proportional exaltation of the central government?

Or, finally, suppose a State government to have its mantle of *patronage* stripped off, and all appointments made over to the disposal of the popular electors. What follows? Does not the shame of that government's nakedness appear? Tell me not that the people are represented by their officers, and that the majesty of the people never varies. The people are out of sight and unthought of. The immediate organs of power fill the eye for the time. Degrade these, and you degrade the State in their persons, the people's majesty notwithstanding. We must take things practically, by the world's measure. Rank and influence result from actual circumstances, not from philosophical musings of what ought to be. A government without patronage may be a noble ship; but it is a ship under bare poles, that makes not half the impression on us in that plight of destitution as when all her glorious canvass swells in the breeze.

One thing, however, may be stated with confidence; the fathers left the State in *high relative condition*; free, indeed, to fall by their own acts, but not exposed to any known power of injurious depression at the hands of the federal government. How could that government hurt them if it would? and what temptation was it under, to desire to hurt them? The greater they were, the more honorable its precedence over them in national affairs. The general fear of considerate men was, that the States would prove too great for

the stability of the Union. Washington entertained this fear, and so did Hamilton, and many others. Indeed, supposing the States true to themselves, I do not see how it was possible for the central government to work its way to a disproportionate and dangerous pre-eminence, save by one or both of two expedients; that is to say, by the adoption of a *war policy*, or a policy of *territorial acquisition*; neither of which, in my humble judgment, was compatible with the fundamental laws. Let us think of it a moment.

As to *war*, the most aggrandizing and fearful of all the expedients of ambition when successful, and which, if it could be entered upon at pleasure by the federal government, might truly make that government everything, and the States nothing, the original policy of our institutions was clear and unequivocal against it. We were, for example, to have no considerable standing army. The early records are full of this axiom. We were to depend in ordinary, for our military operations, on the *citizen militia*; another primitive axiom, or rather, another form of the same. And then the specified conditions on which alone, according to the federal charter itself, the militia might be called into service, shut out altogether the notion of an aggressive foreign war. *Citizens* cannot be sent abroad against their will, though it were to fight the country's battles. More than all, a war of aggression is one which, as a Christian people (constitutionally such in profession) we may not, cannot urge.

But how as to the *national domain*? Was that to be enlarged indefinitely? If it was, adieu to all safe proportion between the head and members of the Republic. I affirm, however, that by the unadulterated rule of the fathers the thing was impossible. They certainly would not have been apprehensive of the growing consequence of the State governments, as likely to disturb the general balance of the system, if they had supposed the government of the Union capable of widening its foundations at pleasure, and thus availing itself of resources of wealth, influence and domination, to which no bounds could beset.

Let us see. If foreign territories were to be acquired at all, it could only be by *conquest*, by *legislation*, or by *treaty-pur-*

chase. No other means could be conceived of as within the granted powers of the government.

Could it be done *by conquest*? Citizen soldiers would hardly have been preferred to enlisted troops with such views. Nor were such views consistent with the religion, the morals, the laws, of the country in its first and purest age. The notion of an habitually grasping policy was as foreign to our institutions then, as that of highway robbery was to the economy of private life under them. Indeed, the very savages of our forests were safe from the injustice of such a policy. Instead of invading the Indian settlements for purposes of prey, the fathers carried nothing but the arts of civilization and the blessings of Christianity among them. Instead of taking away the lands of the poor red man, the fathers protected his title to them, and did all they could to make his occupancy safe, useful, agreeable, permanent. The government had a right of eminent domain over many of the Indian territories, but this right was held in scrupulous deference to the right of the actual possessors to enjoy them as long as they pleased, and who were never, on any account, to be disturbed or disquieted—a pleasing evidence of the unambitious, self-denying character of our early policy, as to what so many modern politicians think it impossible to get enough of now. The days of aggression and of conquest had not yet dawned.

As to *legislation*, it is a milder expedient, but inapplicable to the purpose. Legislation is the exercise of an *essentially internal power*, and of course the fathers could not expect it to go abroad. Most true, there was an acknowledged form of that power *for admitting new States* into the Union. This, however, operated no enlargement of territorial jurisdiction in Congress; no change of the axiom that legislation cannot, in the nature of things, make its voice heard beyond the actual borders of the country. The jurisdiction of Congress was still rigidly confined to its domestic province. The common law, as well as common reason, settled this point; so that the power of admitting new States extended not an inch beyond the national domain *as it then was*. Existing materials might be worked up; new

States might be formed upon soil already ours; and Congress might then receive them into the larger organization of the federal system. But here legislation must stop. There was no warrant, no competency for carrying its enterprises further. *Foreign lands*; that is, lands to which the jurisdiction of Congress did not as yet extend, could not possibly be reached by any action of that body. Fundamental principles forbade it. No human jurisdiction is unlimited; no human jurisdiction can take effect by its own vigor where it is not.

But lastly, the *treaty-making power*—might *that* help us to a slice of foreign soil, upon occasion of very strong appetite?

I apprehend this too is impossible upon legal principles. Such a power is indeed given, and in broad terms; nor will I pretend to say what might be done with it by a government differently constituted from ours, and with different views of necessary policy in the matter of colonial institutions; but formed and principled as we are, there is an embarrassment upon our hands which must I think be fatal, so far as law and theory are concerned, to any rightful extension of the national domain by treaty purchase. For I assume that such extension, if it were possible, can only be to the direct intent of a *corresponding enlargement of the federal system*, to take effect sooner or later, according to circumstances, *by the introduction of new States into that system*. We have no colonial dependencies, and no law or policy for any. Perhaps the argument would not be much less cogent if we had. But the fact that we have not, is a truism by universal consent.

I say then, to make a territorial acquisition with such views, is necessarily to *touch the Constitution of the country in the relation of the head and members of the system to each other*—a very tender, nay, a vital point. Is the thing doubtful? examine it. The relation of comparative extent itself, as between a State and the Union, is something. But other relations, more important far, grow out of that. Comparative resources, comparative jurisdiction, comparative dignity, influence, power. Great landholders are very different personages from little ones; and a

government with a long radius for its sceptre, differs in like manner from one of comparatively small jurisdictional limits.

Besides, in proportion as you multiply particular States, you reduce the weight of each in the federal councils. Massachusetts, for instance, was formerly as one to thirteen in the Senate of the Union; a proportion liable to be reduced by fair means (that is, by new States, formed upon old territories) to the ratio, we will suppose, of one to twenty-one or two. But imagine the government at Washington to throw its arms abroad and take in ten or twenty States *from the outer world*, beyond the original bearing of the national compact, a *terra incognita* to the constitutional fathers; what would Massachusetts be then in the senatorial huddle of the republic? The little State of Delaware was something once, with her single representative and two senators in Congress; but what will Delaware be when all the territories acquired from France, Spain, Mexico, shall have been worked up into States?

Depend upon it, such changes touch the Constitution in a nerve which, quiet as it may be now, will vibrate by and by. It cannot be otherwise. In mercantile affairs the introduction of a new partner into a firm dissolves the firm that was, and creates another in law. That is often done by common consent—not otherwise. But here is a case where a *third party* claims to bring in new members, and *without consulting the old firm*. Can it be done? I answer, no. And for this plain reason, that it requires, not simply a *treaty-making*, but a *constitution-making* power to effect it; and to such a power the president and senate have no pretension.

The truth is, the *treaty-making* power being vested in the President and Senate by general words of delegation, takes its range and bearing from the common law. It can therefore do no more, assuredly, than nations have been *accustomed* to do with it, time immemorial. This is putting the case in the most liberal light that can be; for the peculiarity of our forms and polity is now put out of view. What then does national usage and custom teach us that this power is equal to? At the very utmost, to a purchase of *colonial dependencies*. Such dependencies have been

often secured by treaty. But as to purchasing *states*, whether fully grown or in embryo, by way of organic enlargement of an empire, there is, I undertake to say, no custom, no usage, no solitary example for it since the world began. So that the common law can afford no countenance to such a practice.

Since, therefore, the President and Senate are without any expressly granted authority for altering the *constitutional relations of the State Governments with that of the Union*, and since the want of such express authority is not and cannot be made up to them by construction of law, it follows, that no right of acquiring foreign territories by treaty, in order to turning them at length into constituent portions of the federal system, exists under the compact by which that system was formed. It is a system depending, beyond all parallel, on nice adjustments, as well between the States and the Union as elsewhere; and the fathers never thought of introducing into it a principle of sure progressive derangement, which, however its operation might be borne with for a time, must tend infallibly to confusion and ultimate ruin.

Let it not be fancied, that because the President and Senate represent the people, therefore the people are to be regarded as assenting to all the treaties that are made. The people are represented no further than the power exercised is legitimate. They assent of course by implication to treaties lawfully made, that is within the just range of the treaty-making power. But my position is, that to purchase new States from abroad, such either in fact or contemplation, is *beyond the scope of the power*, and so without legal authority. It is an act of *constituent*, not *administrative* sovereignty; of usurpation, consequently, on the rights of the people, and not of duty in their service.*

* NOTE BY THE EDITOR.—As the series of articles, of which the above is a member, requires to be published without change, to stand or fall by its own merits; and as the usual editorial policy of admitting nothing inconsistent with an adopted course, cannot in this case be adhered to, we can here only enter a personal objection to the opinion of the learned and able writer, that the Constitution is impaired by the admission of new States, erected upon ceded or purchased territory. Florida, Oregon, Texas, Louisiana, California, New Mexico, are as much a part of us, as if they had originally belonged

Neither let it be imagined that I overrate the probable consequences of an indefinite extension of federal territory, as regards the equipoise of our system. The States

to the thirteen States; and the erection of new States upon them is a matter of necessity.

Nor do we think it can be said, in strictness, that we have *no* colonial system; our territorial is, perhaps, the best colonial system ever erected.

Nor does the comparison of a "firm" seem to hold good in regard to the admission of new States. The importance of individual States may be lessened, but is the importance of the Union lessened, or the system weakened as a whole? It seems to us that it is not. The spirit of a system is not necessarily changed by the enlargement of the body which it governs.

The fathers contemplated the addition of Canada, then why not of other territory?

The common law takes its rise from the application of reason and necessity to the immediate circumstances; it does not control or limit the growth of States, but only produces a just order in affairs as they proceed. The English constitution and the common law do not jar, yet the empire of England has been enlarged in every way.

If the doctrine be admitted, that bad treaties are not binding on the people because they are bad, we should have no government left. The President and Senate are plenipotentiaries under the Constitution, and will sometimes make bad treaties; but *we*, the people, can only make the best of it; we have elected our officers, and *must* suffer by them. The treaty-making power is in fact in the Senate; the Senate represents *States*, "the partners in the firm;" if the partners chose to admit new members, formed out of colonies of citizens, we cannot help it. A company is dissolved by the admission of new partners, for legal purposes; in order that the law may maintain its ascendancy, starting from the new record to control the new circumstances, and not because the *principle* of a partnership is changed by the addition of a new member. In the case of the admission of a State, the record is effectually made, and the laws go on as before.

Such, we are obliged to say, are our objections to the learned author's argument.

We have always advocated, and shall always advocate, the *regular* admission of new States, and have no fears for any deterioration of the general system, though it seems to us that our author has established the conclusion that the individual States are weakened by the enlargement of the body of the Union. Our Southern citizens, who have been so eager for the admission of new States, will perhaps profit by the hint. The importance of South Carolina dwindles a little with every new addition to the confederacy, while the power of the entire system, and the sway of national majorities, is proportionably augmented. One would think that violent State-rights men would have opposed the acquisition of territory.

are a great feature of that system, a momentous feature. And their importance in it depends upon their relative magnitude and weight of influence as compared with the head government. It is this that makes them such a capital check upon that government, according to the recorded opinions of the early patriots. And would it be nothing to these vast subdivisions of the commonwealth to find themselves reduced suddenly; or by unmarked degrees, to the dimensions of mere *counties* in the general scale?—lost sight of, one by one, like individuals in a mob?

True, indeed, the nation as a whole is our own, and we are apt to be fond partakers of its glory whencesoever derived; applauding when its armies conquer, and making every expansion of its sway a matter of personal triumph.

All which, however, is but a commentary on the views I have urged; a living annotation upon the text of our danger. It shows to a marvel how war and territorial acquisition build up the pile of political supremacy; exalting the head, not only to the disparagement, but often, generally perhaps, with the blind concurrence of the members.

Let us not deceive ourselves. The fathers had no part in this infatuation of the popular mind. They saw that it was necessary for the members to maintain their relative standing, and there is nothing truer or more vital in our case. Extension of territory is *increase of power in the head government*. How can it fail to be so? Money is said to be power. Double the national domain, and, other things being equal, you double the pecuniary means of the federal administration. Business is power. By enlarging the jurisdiction of office, you multiply subjects and occasions of official action. Patronage is power; and what a swarm of appointments must inevitably gather upon every new hive of the national apiary. Fame, worship, is power, and we are witnesses against ourselves, that men are prone to honor worldly greatness and prosperity, with very little care of discrimination as to points of justice, points of prudence, points of law itself, connected with the magnificence of a nation's exploits.

Of the original *adaptation of the government* to the actual state of things in the

country, much need not be said. Our elements were very simple. Peculiarities indeed there were, that claimed attention and accommodation, and received it. I will mention two or three.

One of importance was, the diversity of condition among men in the matter of property; as to which, there was a triple alternative at the option of the lawgivers. They could give official eligibility, and the right of choice among candidates for public stations, to the wealthy alone, a small part of the community; to the whole popular mass, the majority of whom had nothing to bind them to the country, or to attest their personal fitness for meddling in its affairs; or to a middle class or classes of society, greatly more numerous than the former, greatly less so than the latter, and who would be likely to act with a reasonable sympathy at once for rich and poor, tempering matters impartially between them. The option was easily determined, and determined as it ought to be. A low property qualification was annexed to the right of suffrage, and a somewhat higher one to that of being admitted to the trusts at its disposal.

The prevailing *religion* of the country may be given as another instance. There were various sects of Protestant Christians. Their differences were for the most part formal. It would not do to set up one above the rest, and yet as Christians they must not be overlooked, for their religious sentiments and interests were very dear to them. The patriarchs went therefore for the substance of things, and let forms alone. To atheism, too rare to have any claims, and too detestable for gratuitous favor, they gave no countenance whatever; and they looked with stern dislike upon ecclesiastical connections, under whatever guise of Christian seeming, that drew off the allegiance and the love of the people from their own land and institutions. *General Christianity*, untrammelled with such connections, was deemed essential to high and pure citizenship; and this became the religion of the government and of the laws.

There was in the country a settled popular *aversion to privileged orders*. We had felt the weight of such burdens, and it was impossible we should submit our backs to them again. Instead of that,

the universal demand was, *absolute equality* of legal rights. The principle had grown to a passion among us, and would not be put off with evasions; it must be gratified with direct concessions; it must be explicitly provided for. Seeing this, and feeling it too, the fathers readily conformed. And thus a third social element was taken into the account of the government.

Shall I refer to *African slavery*, as yet a further fact in the existing state of things, that could not be overlooked, and could not be prevented from blemishing the arrangements of the time with a provision concerning it.

Here, however, that which was done was done by painful compromise, and to surmount an otherwise insuperable difficulty in the concoction of the federal scheme.

It is said in certain quarters, that the federal Constitution *sanctions* slavery and *protects* it. The language is too broad. The constitutions of the slave states themselves go not so far. Not one of them protects slavery by any positive means, not one of them sanctions it, further than by the odious prohibition of legislative emancipation that disgraces some of them.

As to the federal charter, the only clause that gives color to the pretense in question, is the last paragraph of the second section, article fourth, which provides, "that no person held to service or labor in one state under the laws thereof, and escaping into another, shall in consequence of any law or regulation therein be discharged from such service or labor, but shall be delivered up, on claim of the party to whom such service or labor may be due." In fewer words, no person held to service by the law of one state, shall have his obligation of service disannulled by the law of another state into which he may have run away from his master. Of slaves, or slave law, as such, not a syllable is said. No protection certainly, and no sanction, in terms. Nor is there any by implication, unless the bar against officious meddling in cases of elopement can be tortured into such a meaning, which is quite beyond the power of fair criticism.

The truth lies upon the surface. The existence of involuntary servitude in some of the states, was a social and civil fact in

the condition of those states when the convention of '87 were at work upon their great task. The law or custom of that servitude was strictly local. There were other states near by, into which its victims might easily escape, where the pure common law made slavery impossible. Thus circumstanced, the people of the slave localities, in giving up to the new central government their right of control over their relations and intercourse with the neighboring states, demanded a guaranty against the snapping interposition of the civil officers of those states to deprive them of their runaway slaves. And they were strenuous in this. There was indeed no getting on with the great project of the time, perhaps no guarding against frequent breaches of the peace, without some pacifying arrangement on the subject. The required guaranty was accordingly given. And it was a guaranty of a purely negative character; not an act of favor or approval in any form, but of simple non-interference or standing aloof.

If a state had a law to hang men, as they used to do in England, for horse-theft, would it be a sanction of the severity of that law should a sister state, for peace's sake, and to avoid continual broils, deny herself the right of harboring fugitives from its penalty?

Slavery indeed is against the general law of the country. Out of the place of the local custom or statute, where its chains are, it cannot exist; there is no place for it, no air for it to breathe. Mr. Benton is right; it cannot legally, and I will say constitutionally, be introduced where it is not. A statute of Congress, that should purport to legalize it in a free territory, would be void by natural law, by God's law, and might be so declared judicially without danger of mistake. Even English authorities may be cited for the position that an act of highest legislation, if against natural right, is null. Holt and Hobart, both of them great names (the former, one of the very greatest) in English judicature, held this opinion.* Think of this, in reference to a polity that makes the legislature omnipotent. It were strange indeed if American morals were less legal,

* Wood. Lect. p. 62. Hob. R. 87. 12 Mod. 678.

less fundamental, than English, on such a point.

But after all, what had the paternal lawgivers to do with any point of that kind? Could they not *abstain from meddling* with runaway slaves without becoming abettors of slavery? Were they not free to *stand aside*, and leave a turbid stream to run clear by itself if it would? How could their forbearance draw upon them the reproach of puddling the waters of the land, especially when it was plainly impossible to obstruct those waters but at the hazard of a desolating overflow?

Such then was the government in its origin; a government which few travellers have adequately understood, and which the most eminent foreign writers have spoken of with surprising inaccuracy. Little wonder, perhaps, when it is considered that blunders greater still have found perpetrators among ourselves. Yet the founders of the system knew thoroughly what they were about. And they left their work, as I conceive, in a very intelligible shape, with strong characteristic marks upon every part of it. Such too as they left it, they intended and expected it to continue. The general absence from it of all *machinery of change*, shows this.

In which respect, however, their views have been disappointed. Changes not a few, and not inconsiderable, have been made already in their system. Nay, it has been subjected to a *law of change*, a principle that allows it no rest; I will add, no prospect of rest, till either a political heaven, or at worst, a grave is found.

Of the thirteen primary States, New Hampshire has wholly remodelled her constitution twice since the first organizing act; Connecticut and Rhode Island, once each; New York, twice; New Jersey, once; Pennsylvania, twice; Delaware, once; Virginia, once; South Carolina, once; and Georgia, twice. *Fourteen thorough renovations in ten States.* Besides called there have been partial changes, called *amendments*, in Massachusetts, Connecticut, Delaware, Maryland, North Carolina, South Carolina, Georgia, at successive periods, and with very material effects. The federal compact itself has been repeatedly *amended*, (always I think for the worse,) though never put entirely into the furnace of a second national con-

vention. Meanwhile seventeen new states have been ushered into the Union; some from the original domain of the country; some from territories newly acquired by treaty; and one, a full-grown foreign commonwealth, lugged in bodily, by legislative sleight of hand, a mysterious method of "annexation." In numbers of these states of increase, (Kentucky, Tennessee, Louisiana, Mississippi, and I know not how many more,) the renewing process, in one or both of its forms, has been plied with due activity, and is going bravely on from year to year, *a la mode*.

Not only so, but in several of the constitutions lately formed, provision is made for calling conventions, at stated intervals, (if agreeable to the electors for the time being,) to brood anew and periodically over the life elements of the republic. By the last constitution of New York, the people are to be invited to this pastime every twentieth year; by that of Indiana, every twelfth year; by that of New Hampshire, every *seventh*. In other states, things have not yet come to this pass, but in all there are methods duly settled for making progress in the work of reform, and in all there is an incessant hammering at the fundamental laws. So that besides an immensity of work already done in this field of human adventure, preparations are matured for going vigorously forward with the business in time to come. Mutation has become indeed the order of the day. It is our policy, our rule. Not content with going ahead personally, we have infused the go-ahead principle (do not smile, it is a portentous truth,) into the very foundations of the republic.

But the changes actually made in our polity, what are they? Let us ponder them a little, that we may the better judge of the direction of our course, and what we are coming to.

Beginning with the State economies, I am afraid it will appear that nearly the whole line of conservative arrangements, so conspicuous in the first platform, has been erased.

Take the important instance of the property qualification, once indispensable to candidates for the upper stations of public life, but which is now not only in general dispensed with, but cried out against, as aristocratic and injurious. New

Hampshire, Rhode Island, Connecticut, Delaware, Virginia, North Carolina, South Carolina, and Georgia—eight of the original thirteen States—maintain, it is true, a more or less relaxed adherence to the platform doctrine; but in the other five of those thirteen, and in all the States since added to the Union, that doctrine is quite obsolete. Twenty-two out of thirty, near three to one, have opened the temple of government to all comers; no one is excluded whom the people can be cajoled to let in.

Religion too has been dropped from its connection with the subject, save in North Carolina and Mississippi. And the result is, that, excepting a reduced standard of age and residence, (circumstances of mere time and place,) *every man*, so far as constitutional law is concerned, *is now fit for every office*.

Here then is a great change. A check upon the franchise of elections has been taken away, with the effect of probably a twenty-fold enlargement of its range of objects. Were all voters virtuous, intelligent, discreet; could they be all expected to use their power cautiously, and for the best, there might be little danger, and some positive advantage in this extended liberty of choice. But who will found an argument on such a postulate? The two general indications of respectability that are entitled to perhaps most weight in forming a hasty opinion of a candidate are property and a fair profession of Christian belief. Such evidences ought not to be slighted. But they are out of date. Our confidence in the people now-a-days does not allow us to question their ability to decide on men's characters by instinct. Religion and property are therefore of no account. And the most hopeful candidate for office, (I need not stop to acknowledge the occasional exception of a great or good man, peradventure both, advanced to public life for his merit's sake alone,) is the one who has least to lose by electioneering baseness; with nothing at stake in the country, and no disquieting scruples of conscience to embarrass his proceedings. Men who want office to live upon become demagogues from a kind of necessity; and when their acts succeed, they carry the profligacy of the hustings into office with them.

It is now a habit. Having begun with poisoning the people, they poison the government in due course, and thus requite the favor unworthily gained from their constituents with substantial injury.

As might be expected (because in keeping with this utter abandonment of the original terms of official eligibility) we have made a further sacrifice of principle to the democracy of members by a greatly widened distribution of the right of suffrage. Nearly all the States are here of one mind. Connecticut, Rhode Island, Virginia, and the Carolinas—five of the first thirteen—make still a feeble effort to hold on upon the property qualification of the electorships; and some few others talk fondly about *taxpaying*, as if working on the highways, which every renegade must do, could fit men, or denote their fitness, for a sacred, moral, and intellectual trust; but, in plain English, the electoral character of the country goes now upon all fours; and, beyond the five States just mentioned, every man is a voter—every biped who can call himself a son of Adam, and who, being one-and-twenty years old, has the merit (to some a rare and strange one) of having resided “one whole year” continuously under a particular State government, and from ten days to six months (there is a tasteful variety here) within the county where he claims his privilege, is a competent chooser of governors, senators, and members of assembly; the legal presumption from these premises being, as it seems, not only that he is a person of integrity and patriotic sentiments, but a judge of what assemblymen and senators, and governors ought to be, as well in understanding as in politics and morals. In all which, say of it whatever else you will, we have departed utterly from the paternal paths—deserted utterly the paternal policy.

Putting then together the subject of the class or kind of persons from among whom public officers are to be chosen, and the subject of the class or kind of persons to be entrusted with the selection of them, the change our polity has undergone in the conservative principles upon which its organization was formerly kept up, its working taken care of, its agencies visited, its powers watched, regulated, disarmed of mischievous tendencies, made

effectual to the general welfare, amounts to *revolution*. Everything is altered—turned topsyturvy.

And it is impossible to shut our eyes to the fact that this alteration is, in spirit, *from republicanism towards democracy*; that is to say, from the best of free governments towards the worst—cutting away the checks and braces of the system, and putting everything at the disposal of an unbridled popular will.

Have we looked well to our social elements in deciding on this change? Have we considered what was due to the great interests that pay our taxes, and sustain most others of our government burdens? Have we made sure, or jeopardized, the future tranquillity of the public mind—the future stability of the public peace?

If I mistake not, the immediate consequences are already manifest in a lessened aggregate of high character and talents among the agencies of public life. Men will form their own estimates. Invidious as the subject is, I have no difficulty in declaring mine.

The same electors, it will be remembered, who choose the ordinary legislatures, choose also the yet higher functionaries by whom the active trade of constitution-making is carried on.

Is it not curious to see how these two classes of agents push their different kinds of business at one and the same moment?—the statute-men working, as I may say, within the edifice of the Constitution, while the architects of reform are pulling it down, or laying strong hand upon it, outside? It reminds me of the screw method of removing buildings in New York; where huge structures of brick and mortar are daily sent upon their travels by the magicians of improvement, while the inmates, as if nothing strange were happening, cook their dinner at the kitchen hearth, and eat it in the parlor.

Such cool philosophy may have merit in it; but I am afraid there is less fortitude of reason than callousness of familiarity in the exhibition; and I would ask political observers, who have lived long enough to make the comparison the question imports, whether merit, of some other kinds, is not apt to be scarcer than it ever was in our State councils of what-

ever grade? Our public men, generally, are they of the same stamp as of old?

I was lately present in a State convention, and heard some of the debates. I was stunned with the town-meeting rhetoric of little men, getting warm, getting furious indeed, upon matters which were to me as “the great globe” to a fly upon its surface. The great body of assessors were tradesmen, ploughmen, men of every calling but that which might have fitted them for the place they were in. I had not sat long before a person of very humble stature accosted me. It was a person I had known for many years as a very good getter-up of *picture-frames*, and who had spent his life in a garret, plying diligently the usual stucco and gold-leaf of that species of manufacture; a man, indeed, whose very face was to my mind a *picture-frame*. “Ah! my old friend,” said I, “what are you doing here?” “*I am a member of the house*,” said he; and with that returned to his seat of grave deliberation, to serve the nonce as a *framer of political commonwealths*. A considerable change of artisanship it seemed to me; and one that indicated very pointedly, as I thought, the chronology of what was going forward.

These conclaves of reform are now, like everything else in the political world, *got up* (the idiom is not the less pertinent for being vulgar) by universal suffrage. And they are got up too often to be much considered of by the multitude. The game of the constitutional chess-board is become so common an affair that the majority of men prepare for it with very small concern about the fitness of the agents employed. It seems as if everybody were held statesman enough for such a business.

And if fundamental lawgiving has arrived at this pass, if the great job-work of constitutional reform is deemed within the competency of men educated in the *hands* only, and not in the head, what is likely to be the popular standard of judgment as to the talents and qualities required for regulating ordinary matters? We have no occasion to speculate about it; *we have all seen*, and may see again next winter, if we live so long.

Another source of bad influence from which some of the State economies are suffering, as I think, both absolutely and

relatively, is the too narrow policy they practise in regard to *terms and tenures of office*. I refer particularly to the cases of chief magistrates, senators and judges.

Of the terms of governors and senators, I have spoken too broadly in a former number, as to the innovations that have been made. The evidence, on a re-examination, shows no *general* change for the worse. Particular States have committed a folly of that kind, and have tasted the fruits of it. Other States have never given longer than annual terms to either of their houses of legislation, or to their governors. It is a sort of original sin in their constitutions, and they have the effects of it upon them, without any consciousness perhaps of the cause.

But there is an office, that of the judges, of which the annals of the country give us a tale of universal interest. Between a tenancy for a few short years, and a lifetime defeasible only by bad conduct, the difference is such as to strike every one. And there is no difficulty in concluding, that practical results must be as wide apart as the causes that produce them. An independent permanent bench has a chance of great attainments, great usefulness and honor. There is likely to be a tone of high-minded purity and firmness in its administrations, which the men of a petty term, who desire to be re-appointed when that term is out, will seldom exhibit. What were the English judges when the crown appointed and removed them at pleasure? If it were allowable I might find illustrations nearer home. Mere time is something to the character of an office. Independence is more. And the charmed tenure by *good behavior* puts a finish to these advantages with an influence all its own. We have seen the fact exemplified from one end of the country to the other. Has there been an instance of any manner of evil growing out of this tenure? Has not the benefit of it been acknowledged by the wise and good of every party? What has faction itself to complain of in the matter?

True, Mr. Jefferson disliked the notion of judicial independence. And what then? He disliked the judges themselves, particularly those of the Supreme Court at Washington. And why did he dislike them? Just because they were firm enough to follow their own judgment, and

not his, in the celebrated trial of his rival, Burr. Let facts be known; they will show the value of opinions. Mr. Jefferson suffered his hatred of Burr to betray him into marvellous indecorums in relation to that trial. He wanted time at the judges' hands to hunt up further proofs against the accused. He! the President of the Union! Was the prosecution his, or was it the people's? He sent Mr. Rodney "to inform the chief justice *informally*" of his desire; a most glaring impropriety. And because the impartial duty of the court forbade their compliance, he took offense, as James the Second did when Coke's uprightness baffled his villany. James, indeed, had power that could reach the recusant judge, but Mr. Jefferson had *not*; Chief Justice Marshall held by good behavior. And thus the impotence of the President's anger left him to the amazing indiscretion of using hard words; talking about "*the tricks of the judges*," and their "*favorite offenders*," to protect whom he represents them as willing "*to pervert all the principles of law that bore upon them*;" and finally, to bring these impassioned puerilities and follies to a substantial winding up, he concludes with a sage prediction that the people will judge, not only Burr, *but the judges too*, and that they will ultimately "*see and amend the error in the Constitution*, which makes *any branch of the government independent of the nation*;" remarking, elsewhere, "I believe that the judicial term should be fixed at about six years."*

It gives me pain to make these observations. But when opinions are mischievously influential on the public mind, the public mind should know the evidence they are founded on. I ascribe to Mr. Jefferson the origination of the heresy that has gone abroad respecting free tenure in the department of the courts. And I ascribe the rise of that heresy in his own breast to his unworthy quarrel with Chief Justice Marshall upon a point that illustrates well the beauty and grandeur of the very principle the President condemned—judicial independency.

Unfortunately, the serpent's fang was venomous, and the whole country has sickened of the bite.

* See 4 Jeff. Writ., pp. 73, 4, 8, 352.

No, not the whole. There are thirteen States that still hold fast to the old tenure. They are Maine, New Hampshire, Massachusetts, Connecticut, Delaware, Maryland, Virginia, North Carolina, South Carolina, Florida, Alabama, Kentucky, Illinois. May they long keep one another company in this evidence of wisdom!

But the majority of the States prefer *dependent courts*; men of yesterday, and to whom to-morrow is uncertain; men whose breath is in their nostrils; the sport of an appointing power, which is necessarily felt to have claims upon them, and of which they are not likely in all cases to repel the approaches, as Marshall did those of Mr. Jefferson. In one of the States (Rhode Island) the judges hold at the pleasure of the General Assembly; but among the rest, the terms of office range from about three to fifteen years, giving an average of about six—Mr. Jefferson's idea.

Here, therefore, is another grievous falling away of the local governments from their first estate. I profess a conviction that it is a fact of stupendous consequence to our future prospects. Others will smile at this; time must decide.

In the next place, we are beginning a practice which is perhaps still more disparaging than that of judicial degradation to the relative dignity and power of the States that adopt it, by taking from the local governments their *patronage of appointments*, so called.

In early times, the far greater number of executive and ministerial agents were selected and commissioned by other agents, whom the people put in principal charge of the public business. It was thought, and with good reason, that for many purposes of peculiar public service, appointments could be best made in that way; while, on the other hand, the making of them placed the patron agents, and the whole organic economy they were parts of, in possession of very considerable influence and weight of character beyond their direct power over the general will; a fact sufficiently clear by its own evidence.

But, as I was saying, we have begun to deprive our State governments of this advantage, and to depress them proportionally in the feudal scale of things. The practice was timidly commenced long

since, in reference to certain petty officers, such as sheriffs, coroners, justices of the peace, &c., whom it was thought best, in many parts of the country, to choose by popular elections. I may mention Alabama, Louisiana, Tennessee, Ohio, Illinois, Missouri, Michigan, as active in this policy. And so far as concerned the mere choice of those officers, who were to serve in small districts, and in functions of no technical nicety, the thing was well enough. Yet the withdrawing the privilege of appointing them from government, where the true personality of the States resided, was a sensible drain upon head-quarters, an effect that was increased in some of the States by putting the choice of officers of militia, to a great extent, upon the same footing as the civil service of the counties and townships. Some of the Eastern States, indeed, have a very old custom of organizing regiments, and, I believe, brigades, by the voices of the rank and file; a bad custom, I should think, even in its military bearing. Good or bad, however, it is gaining ground. Several of the more recent constitutions have given way to it. Not content with that, the State of Mississippi, in 1832, went much further, and transferred the appointment, not only of district and militia officers, but of secretaries, treasurers, and attorneys-general; nay, of judges, chancellors, and "the High Court of Errors" itself—all the great officers of the commonwealth, however peculiar their duties, and how far soever from popular competency to decide upon their fitness for them—from government to the people, from the capital to the villages and hamlets of the country. What a swoop was there! It reminds me of the exploit of a very near-sighted gentleman of my remembrance, who, being asked by the good wife of the house where he was a guest, to keep an eye upon the table and upon a thievish cat beneath it while dinner was setting on, mistook a pudding for puss, and, in the eagerness of his zeal to redress what he supposed to be a crying evil, made a flourish with his stick that sent all the smoking contents of the platter upon the floor. It is good to be watchful against mischief; but a defect of vision may bring the best intentions to an awkward development.

Patronage, no doubt, is apt to be abused. What then? "Why then," say the wise counsellors of Mississippi, "let us have an end of it." Is the conclusion a just one? I will put a case. The business of constitution-making is apt to be abused—nothing more afflictively common—and may we thence infer that we are to have an end of that too? Sophisms do not work such benefits. The truth is, abuses are incidental to power of every kind; and what we have to do is, to correct them if we can; at any rate, to strive against them; but never to attempt a riddance by suicide, or even by expedients of near-sighted empiricism.

I am ashamed to say, the example of Mississippi has been followed by the great and once lofty State of New York. The same style of reasoning, I suppose, that produced the model prompted the imitation. Even "the Empire State" has made its own judges elective! In short, it has tried for itself the "fell swoop;" the secretary of State, comptroller, treasurer, attorney general, state engineer, canal commissioners, inspectors of state prisons, being all put upon a footing, in this respect, with the unnumbered tribe of district officers, and with the judges!

Well, imagine a popular election in New York. A common citizen, any one of a thousand as the wheel of universal suffrage turns them up, goes to the place of voting and asks a friend for tickets. Twenty of these, less or more, are put into his hand. He opens one: it is for governor. That will do; he understands the thing perfectly. Another: it is for senators and members of assembly. That too is intelligible. A third: it is for judges of the court of errors—I beg pardon—of "appeals." What now? The sun grows dim. A fourth ticket labors with candidates for the supreme court; a fifth is full of canal commissioners; a sixth, of state prison inspectors; a seventh, sports a would-be attorney general, or a clerkly aspirant to the keepership of public accounts, or the yet more interesting task of "carrying the bag;" and so on, in a series that ends with the last journeyman's place in the political workshop. Is the voter's mind cleared up when he has shuffled his cards? Does he know what he is about? Can he go forward to the poll-inspectors and say, "here

are my men; I have considered the exigencies of the civil list, and bring you votes such as the wants and claims of the public service in all its parts call for?" It were as plausible to ask, is he a rational agent in the use of his franchise? Is it possible for him to use it intelligently, overburdened as it is with a variety and multiplicity of objects, not only beyond its fair scope in his hands, but above his competency to judge of, and every way too much for him?

But besides the evil of this wretched electoral mummery, (made such by tasking the popular mind to do more than it knows how to do,) consider, also, the effect which government itself is likely to experience from having all its patronage taken away. Do I deceive myself? Must not an utter bereavement of the power of conferring appointments depress and humble that government in its relative political attitudes? If reason could not answer the question, I would appeal to *observation*. Three years are not enough to develop fully the consequences of the late revolution in New York, but I mistake the matter greatly if even that great State is any longer what she once was. Her high places are not aspired to by the same kind of men as formerly. Persons of distinguished merit will consent at times to go into them, as present facts show; but the standard of official character, taking all the departments through, is sensibly lowered. And though several causes may have contributed to this, the stripping process of 1846 is probably the chief of them. It must have been. There is a vast and necessary difference between a government with some thousands of benefices at its disposal, and the same government in a plight of forlorn destitution, with nothing to give, and none to gather round it in token either of expectancy or gratitude. The zenith sun, that sends forth all his radiance to the dazzled eye, is not more different from the sun of the lower heavens, seen

"Through the horizontal misty air,
Shorn of his beams."

Out of New York and Mississippi, this change of things from the old model as to government patronage, has not proceeded far. May it proceed no further! May the other States be more cautious of the judi-

cious selection of their public servants, and especially more regardful of their relative position in the country, than to follow examples so extremely questionable, nay, so certainly bad. I know that patronage has an odious sound. The notion of it is associated strongly with that of favoritism and corruption. Very justly so; for the two things have gone much together. But what are you to do? Is there a substitute that can be expected to do as well for the public service? And now that the Union is stretching abroad over the earth, does it not become the particular governments to maintain as much prominence as they can, and not gratuitously hazard the chance of being by and by overlooked?

In the next place, I see a spot upon the *religious aspect* of our present State constitutions generally, "which was not so before." Not only is it not required any longer, (with two or three exceptions,) that the managers of our public affairs shall avow themselves Christians, but there seems to be a kind of studious liberality towards *irreligion*, a worldliness of impartiality as between those professing the faith of the country and those who know not or despise the country's God, that is matter of wonder on several accounts.

First, it is an unprovoked, and as far as I can see, an objectless departure from the pious politics of the fathers.

Secondly, it is a regulator taken out of the constitutional time-piece, which is certainly the worse for wanting it. Need I argue the point? Is it not apparent in reason, that of all the checks of a general nature, calculated to keep men back from malversation in office, and to make them safe trustees of the people's interests, Christianity stands first in order, both for facility of application, and for practical force? And there are names of authority, respected by the world itself, that may be cited to the like purpose. "Religion is the basis of society," says Mr. Burke, and "they who hold revelation" (that is, the Christian faith) "give double assurance to their country."* De Tocqueville regards our national religion as the foundation of our morals.† Another French writer of eminence tells us Christianity is "that re-

ligion, whose liberal spirit prepared, and can alone sustain, all the great institutions of modern times."* And even Mr. Jefferson, who has done more by word and deed to unchristianize our politics than any other man, was not prevented by his infidelity from acknowledging the useful bearing of Christian sentiments in every form upon the health and good order of society.†

Originally, as we have seen, this faith of the country was also an element of its constitutional forms. It is such no more. The municipal laws are not yet purged of it; God grant they never may be; but the strong attestations of the early charter-records have been mostly blotted out.

Is this for the better or the worse? Whether terms of religious profession ought to be imposed on candidates for political office is not the question. The question is, ought the religion of the land to disappear entirely from the constitutions by which it was once so conspicuously honored? Should a stranger be unable to learn from those records, whether we are Turks or Christians?

Another topic, that calls for more notice than there is room for now, is the present *common law aspect* of our politics, as compared with the past. There are signs here of incipient discontent with the old order of things. I see them as I think in several of the States. In some, direct aggressions upon our common law jurisprudence by constitutional provisions that violate it; such as the restriction in New York upon leases of agricultural land, and the admission both of interested persons and of atheists to testify in judicial proceedings; such also as the canons in another State, (Texas,) overruling the common law of coverture as to property rights. It is needless to multiply instances.

There is a form of evidence that might not strike the general eye as bearing on the point; and yet I think it does by implication; I mean, the use of written *bills of rights*, which are now, with three or four exceptions, appended in all the States to their constitutional records, or inserted

* 3 Works, 106, 5th edit., 285.

† Democracy in America, 31, 2.

* Cousin, Republican Institutions, 289.

† See his letters, late in life, to the elder Adams.

in them. These documents are but repetitions, in one form or another, of common law principles, and it argues a distrust of the security of those principles in their unwritten, that is, their natural state, to bolster them up in this manner.

But the most startling fact that has occurred upon the subject, is the recent undertaking in New York *to reduce the common law to a code*; an enterprise that one knows hardly whether to smile at or be sad about it. Yes, the common law is there to be *codified*; in other words, drowned bodily in an ocean of statutes; and two sets of State commissioners are even now ferrying the poor victims out to sea for the purpose—a jurisprudential *noyade*!

Indeed, a code of *practice* has already been achieved, at least in part. Do you ask what followed? First, I am told about a year of professional blundering, and then—another code! or virtually another; which last is now on trial, and expected to serve till the legislature meet again next winter. Such are written laws, so versatile, so transient. By the time you understand them, (often sooner,) you look for them in vain; they are no more. *Frustra comprehensa manus effugit imago.*

But the subject is too large for my present limits, and must be deferred.

One topic more as to the State economies. The later constitutions embrace notoriously many things which have heretofore been looked upon as things of ordinary government. The first, seventh, and eighth articles of the latest New York constitution are full of instances; interfering with portions of the law of land and of contracts; setting up rules of policy for fiscal administration; directing what shall or shall not be done with the public canals and salt-works; putting limits upon the use to be made of the State's credit, and how its debtors are to be treated; laying down plans and rules of legislation in regard to corporations, &c. The Delaware constitution of 1831 has other instances of yet minuter detail; going down even to the law of forensic procedure; as when a defendant may bring money into court, and with what advantage; whether a suit in chancery shall abate or not by the death of a party; when an appeal is to work a stay of proceedings, and the like. Other items still may be found in several

of the Southern constitutions, in regard to slavery, slave-merchandising, emancipation, free negroes, &c.

Now the members of a convention are no part of government proper; they are agents of the people for a purpose quite distinct from all administrative functions. But suppose their jurisdiction once enlarged by usage to a general legislative power; we have then two legislatures; one a legislature in ordinary, where the people are served by a standing council, who adopt measures for them, and are acted on in turn by the electoral sovereignty as terms of office expire; the other, a special and extraordinary legislature, fresh from the popular mass, and through which that mass may almost be said to carry on the government by a direct action upon measures rather than men. Literally direct this action of the people certainly is not. But is it therefore legitimate? If literally direct, it would be rather democratic than republican, and would violate the theory of our system. Is it not such a violation, then, in spirit? For in spirit, it exhibits the people acting *irregularly*, that is, upon public measures; overreaching their administrative agents, and taking the government virtually into their own hands.

Observe, too, the tenor of sundry provisions in different constitutions touching future amendments, and requiring that these, after being voted upon by the legislature, shall be submitted to the people and *finally ratified or rejected by them*. The last New Jersey constitution gives us an example. That of Louisiana, another. We have a third in Tennessee.

Now supposing a constitution may embrace subjects of ordinary governments, an amendment may of course do the same; and then, with these systematic provisions for amending by the popular voice, our republic begins in earnest to look and operate like a democracy; the state legislatures playing the insignificant part of *preparing statutes for the people to enact*. And what is remarkable, there is, in the constitution of Missouri, an actual adoption of this relationship between the legislature and the people as regards all future enactments involving the public credit for any sum beyond a gross debt of twenty-five thousand dollars.

It is distressing to contemplate these facts, in connection with the whole series of changes that our constitutional polity has undergone in other respects already noticed. Those changes have been all *in a progress towards a consummation which these facts, as far as they go, realize.* If there be patriots still among us, let them take heed.

One word, in conclusion, as to the economy and history of the central government.

Its *economy*, constitutionally speaking, is not much altered. A parcel of declarative articles have been appended, that are of little consequence for the most part. The amendment in regard to presidential elections is I think a step backwards. It is at all events a check thrown away, that

might have saved us the folly and misfortune of putting at least one unfit person into the president's chair through the vice-presidency.

But the *history* of the Union government—what has that been? One of gradual and stupendous territorial growth; with all the natural consequences of wealth, patronage, fame, power. To accomplish which, the Constitution has been overstepped in various ways, without awakening any general reprehension on the part of the particular states or the people. In a word, while the states have gone down materially in the tone and character of their institutions, the stature of the Union has become gigantic, with a seeming health of frame equal to its occasions, and a mind yet unsatisfied with acquisition.

H. W. WARNER.

THE CONFEDERACY.

REMARKS.

The following article from an able Southern pen, we give without commentary or curtailment, not because we mean to endorse its sentiments; but simply to give our Northern readers a true representation of the political philosophy and sentiment most prevalent in the South. The articles alluded and objected to by our correspondent are from the pen of an experienced lawyer and constitutionalist, who adds great practical experience to profound learning—the result of a life's study of the laws and political systems of the States. A comparison of the two articles in this number will be found highly instructive.—Ed.

THOSE of your correspondents, Mr. Editor, who reside in remote parts of the Union, necessarily labor under the great disadvantage of often having their communications delayed until the subjects to which they refer have become somewhat *passé*, or have lost their novelty. The writer of the present essay, for instance, did not see your July number until the end of the month, and therefore could not sooner offer the remarks herewith sent, on the article entitled "The Republic," which appeared in that number. The writer of the above article wields an able pen, and has made the most of the argument in favor of the popular origin of the Constitution; though he advances his views with a confidence and dogmatism that must form an abatement with most readers from the general merits of the essay.

The people, as being the acknowledged source of all power, not being responsible for their acts, excepting in so far as the evils by which they may be attended may tend to render them so, possess, even under ordinary circumstances, a political preponderance and sway adverse to the stability and duration of a system of so mixed a character and so artificially and delicately balanced as that of the United States. As in a constitutional monarchy *the influence of the crown*, however jealously guarded against, ever proves too strong for the barriers set up to restrain it,

so in a republic *the sovereign power of the people* can rarely be confined within its prescribed and legitimate limits, but is sure ultimately to overleap, with the resistless force of a spring-flood, every landmark of the Constitution—which serves rather as a *Nilometer* to mark the steady and irresistible encroachments of the stream, than as a dyke to restrain it within its proper channel. This tendency to encroachment, and necessary prepollency of the popular power in every government partaking of a free form, is but feebly counteracted under a federal system like that of this country, in which a representation of twenty-four independent, and so far disjoined states, is alone opposed to this concentrated, ever-increasing, and overwhelming power. The anti-federal influences, ever at work, to popularize and weaken the system, are yet further strengthened, and acquire daily force by the rapid augmentation and numerical magnitude of the general population; which being again spread over a wider extent of territory than was ever before subjected to the *fascies* of a republic, renders its claims to *national attributes*, or to the *sovereignty*, the more imposing and the more difficult to be resisted. It will thus be seen that under our complicated system, a variety of circumstances combine to give an undue influence to the democratic principle, and a mechanical momentum, if we may so phrase it, to the irregular and cometary movements of the popular mass, that occasions its encroachment on the starry system of the Union to be daily more felt and to be daily more formidable. To all these disturbing causes another has been added, which has had more influence than all the rest in deranging the action of the government and *pushing from its stool* the federal authority—already sufficiently "cribbed and confined" by the jealous and abundantly cautious provisions of the Constitution. We refer to the false and comparatively new-fangled theory, advocated by your correspondent, by which a *nation-*

al origin is assigned to the Constitution; and the States which formed the Union, and on whose substantive and independent existence its duration depends, are quibbled down to mere municipal corporations, and considered as but twinkling satellites, revolving around the great central sun of the system, the General Government. Through the wide door thrown open by this theory, and the still further ingress afforded them by the large representation which they enjoy in the Congress of the United States, the people have rushed into the sanctuary and been enabled to surprise and overcome (if we may be allowed the metaphor,) the guards of the fair temple of Liberty, which, by its composite strength, and the exquisite skill with which the different orders of political architecture were blended in its structure into one harmonious and symmetrical whole, attracted the admiring gaze of the world, and seemed destined to endure forever. In this way an undue power and preponderance have been acquired by the people, *as a mass*, which they not only never enjoyed as colonies or under the old confederation, but which is wholly inconsistent with the character and incompatible with the existence of a *federal form of government*, or one founded on a union of free and independent states. Apart from the evils which have resulted to the country from the adoption and prevalence of this mistaken theory—that *it is mistaken* is rendered sufficiently apparent from the circumstance that of the supposed people to whose action as *a collective body* the Constitution is assumed to have owed its origin, no trace is to be found, and no record remains except in the opening clause of the instrument, where, alone, the friends of this phantom nation have been enabled to discover any ground or authority for the hypothesis they support. Yet in this very clause the Constitution is declared to be the work of *the people of the United States*, and not of *the united people* of the States; and to have been adopted for the express purpose of rendering the union *previously existing* between them as separate sovereignties, *more perfect*; which could only be done by drawing still closer the ties which already thus bound them together as a confederacy of free and independent republics. There is surely nothing

in the language of this clause to countenance the idea, that it was the intention of the framers of the Constitution, or of the co-parties to it, to dissolve the confederacy, and form a new government, founded on a *popular*, instead of a *federal*, basis. Where is there an instance in history of a general *felo de se*—a simultaneous suicide of this kind—by whole States, enjoying independence, freedom, and sovereignty; and this for the mere purpose of making room for a new government, which it was quite as easy for them to have created by retaining, as by destroying, their political existence. What possible inducement had the people of the separate and sovereign States to abdicate their power and authority, and lay them at the feet of a government, or rather idol, set up by their own hands; when the object to be accomplished by this infatuated nullification of themselves, could be quite as well attained by the simple appointment of a *common agent*, or federal fiduciary, accredited to other governments for the purpose of attending to their foreign affairs, and such other concerns of the *partnership*, which it would be less troublesome to them to transact through subordinates, than to take under their own management. That the government is an *union* of some sort, will not be denied; and as an union of the people *with themselves* is a manifest absurdity, it is only in their State capacity, or as distinct and independent communities, that they could enter into political alliance of any kind, or give those mutual guaranties and pledges to each other which they have so deliberately and solemnly done in the Constitution. To speak then of a government thus constituted, as one of *popular origin*, in the sense in which those terms are generally used, is a mere uncandid quibble, or an attempt to evade the force of plain facts, and the testimony of contemporary history. The Constitution is, indeed, of *popular*, but not of *national*, origin; the whole system, both State and Federal, resting on the people—not as a *collective body*—but as free, sovereign, and neighboring communities, confederated for mutual and general benefit. The legislatures of the States could not have formed a federal government of this kind, as they could not transfer, or in any

manner alienate, the powers or functions delegated to them by the people. This is the reason why the States, after having assisted to frame the Constitution, did not attempt to ratify the instrument, but submitted it to the people, whom they had severally represented in the Convention from whom it emanated. The clause, indeed, by which the powers not delegated to the government by the Constitution, "are reserved to the States respectively, or to the people;" sufficiently indicates the federal origin of the instrument, as no such reservation would have been necessary, had it emanated from the people in their collective character.* The power or sovereignty of the people, being inherent and inalienable, requires not to be specially reserved, and hence no such saving clause is inserted, or to be found, in any part of the State constitutions. The dissolution of long existing governments, and the off-hand formation of a nation, are not quite such easy processes, Mr. Editor, as your correspondent supposes them to be,† as the jealousy manifested by the States towards each other in the arrangements and compromises of the Constitution plainly show and convincingly prove. But while, as we have already said, a nation cannot unite *with itself*, an *union of States* may be readily formed; but it is obvious that it must be composed of distinct and sovereign communities, preserving each its separate attributes and independence; as otherwise, the so-called *Union* would prove a real dissolution of their political existence, or a coalescence of different and jarring elements into one civil body, hastily formed, incompact, and incapable of long duration. The process in such a case would be similar to that which takes

place in the formation of what chemists term a *neutral mixture*, which acquires and exhibits qualities wholly different from those of the original ingredients of which it is composed. The Union, then, which it was the object of the Constitution to render "more perfect," would have been dissolved the instant that the States either lost or parted with any of the high and essential attributes, by virtue of which they were enabled to enter into those engagements, and afford those firm guaranties and pledges to each other which render the compact mutually advantageous and reciprocally binding upon them. The Constitution does not comprise a *surrender* of these attributes, but a *delegation of powers*, revocable, limited, and stipulative, as they are deprived of all sanction, and cease to be available to the general government, the instant that the latter either wilfully transcends, or ignorantly misuses them. As the people, in forming their State constitutions, did not part with any portion of their inherent sovereignty, or original rights and attributes; neither did they do so in framing that greater federal charter, in which they have delegated the exercise of the same high powers to their common agent, the general government. The people of the States, acting in their separate and independent capacity, have in this way created two distinct and equally accredited agents. First, the local governments, who form a species of *ministers of the interior*, amenable to them respectively, and acting under their immediate supervision and control; and secondly, the federal government — their joint and general agent, appointed to manage the *foreign affairs*, and responsible to them only in their federative character. The communities, therefore, of which the States are composed, form, under this view, a *confederated people*, and not a collective body or *nation*, as is contended by your correspondent, and as was maintained by Mr. Webster, in the celebrated "encounter of wits" between that great senator and the illustrious Hayne, whose eloquence in that debate still shows, like the after-glow of the descended sun, the place where a luminary has left the sky. Your correspondent maintains that "there are some truths which no man is at liberty to ques-

* This the author himself admits in the following passage: "It is true the power is not granted or retained by the people. And there needed no record of the fact to show it."

† As appears in the following passage: "The powers of this government were chiefly of the kind called *national*; and the Constitution was, *in that respect*, a consolidated union of the particular States." Quite an off-hand and easy operation this, by which thirteen States were consolidated into one; and communities of people removed a thousand miles from each other, and differing in origin, religion, and habits, were summarily amalgamated and fused into a nation, one and indivisible.

tion, or to claim charitable construction of his conduct in the matter, if he does. "The federal system," he tells us, "is a government, and *not* a confederacy, or league of friendship." This is one of those truths. It is a government established *by the people*, as its own caption declares, and as the historical fact of its ultimate adoption shows conclusively. This is another. Hayne, however, and Calhoun, and others of our great statesmen, have felt themselves at liberty to question these alleged truths; and for ourselves, humble as we are, we claim a "charitable construction of our conduct," in venturing to follow their example.

Your correspondent first assumes, that the *federal* system, is not a *confederacy*; which is pretty much like saying, that a monarchical government, is not a monarchy.* A confederacy, he will probably admit, is a system; but a federal system he tells us, is not a *confederacy*. Be it so, we will not stop to chop logic with your correspondent on this point; but will proceed to notice his next position, or the second inextinguishable truth which he thinks no man is at liberty to question—which is, that the government was established *by the people*. Now, though according to our casuist, "a federal system is not a confederacy;" we think he will admit, that a popular, is not necessarily a national government. We then fully agree with him, that the Constitution was established *by the people*; but must be permitted to add the qualification, that it was by the people of the different States, acting in *federal conventions*, and not as a national body. Among the other results of the popular theory, we now find the President claiming to be the *Representative of the People*—a pretension, under color of which, a Jackson and a Polk, arrogated to themselves, legislative functions, and unceremoniously used the *Veto* power, as a casting vote on every measure of Congress, that came in conflict with their party views, or that interfered with any of the *pledges* which they had chosen to give their partisans before coming into office. This, however, was a modest pretension, for, according to your correspondent,

he is something more, or properly, the *President of the People*, and not a mere *representative*, or the single *executive* officer of the government, charged with the plain and limited duty, of carrying into effect, the measures of Congress. Those who support these innovatory doctrines; do not see very clearly, we think, where they are carrying them, and to what they will lead. In changing the federal mode of electing the President, by electors chosen by the legislatures of the States, and *giving* it to the people; (as if it was in the power of the demagogues who have promoted this innovation *to give the people* anything) —a stride was made towards consolidation, which will soon be followed by the heaping of further tribute upon the altar of this *false god*, or national idol, who has already drawn off so many worshippers from that sacred *Federal Shrine*, at which the patriots and sages of the Revolution knelt, and on which they swore to devote their lives, their fortunes, and their sacred honor, to the cause of Independence, Liberty, and the Union.

Your correspondent, (we wish he had adopted a signature,) uses somewhat strange language in the following passage, which is indeed the commencement of a strain of unintelligible reasoning, and metaphysical refinements, in which the writer seems as much lost, as every reader must find himself to be, who attempts to follow him.

"The States," he maintains, "are in no respect the constituents of federal senators, much less of other functionaries in the federal system, whose election is by other agencies, or by the people directly." On this strange position, we have only to remark, that such at least is not the account given of the Constitution and purposes of the Senate, by the writers of the "*Federalist*;" and we may safely leave the author of the above paradox, "to battle the watch" with Hamilton, Madison, and Jay, with whom he is at open war, in many other parts of his essay; as we might easily show, if we had time for the purpose. In the ensuing extract, we have an attempt to explain this *new reading* of the Constitution; which, however, we think, rather serves to "darken council," than to enlighten the reader, or extricate the writer from the labyrinth of his constitutional

* A monarchy so called is not always a monarchy proper, nor a federal government a confederacy proper.—*Ed.*

metaphysics. "It is true, our federal senators have their appointments from the State legislatures. But they are not the servants of those legislatures, any more than members of the lower house of Congress are servants of the particular local districts that elect them. The rule of service and of representation is not settled by forms of constituency; it has absolutely nothing to do with them. Members of Congress have as broad a field of duty as the chief magistrate himself; their representative character is as large as his. How belittling to hold them up as tools of the particular district electors. On that principle, the federal judges would be tools of the President and Senate; federal senators tools, not of the States, but of their respective legislative houses, &c. &c." All this appears to us, is a deliberate mistification of a plain subject; it being sufficiently obvious that the people of the States, have *through the Constitution*, delegated to the President and Senate, or rather imposes on them the duty of appointing the federal judges; who, therefore, as your correspondent very truly observes, without apparently understanding "the reason why," are not the tools of those from whom they received their appointment. The writer being a consolidationist, is of course, also *latitudinarian* in his mode of construing the Constitution, or in his views as to the rules which should govern its interpretation. "A good deal," he observes, "depends upon the rule of construction, to be applied to the special grants of power, by which the officers of the federal economy have been endowed. Some will have it that they must be taken strictly. This, however, is a comparatively modern notion, and of party origin. * * Why are these, (the actual grants of power,) to be narrowed down to limits less than a fair and liberal criticism would have assigned them? Is it because the people are the grantors? Nay, but for whose benefit? Admit the people have raised the trusts of all federal officers; have they not done it for their own advantage exclusively? And so to every beneficial purpose, they are *grantees also*. And then the supposed reason, on the one hand, for in-

terpreting their grants with rigor, is counterbalanced by a reason of equal force on the other, for a liberal and generous construction of them, to the end that the people's *settlement thus made on themselves*, (the language is professional, but descriptive and true,) may not be disappointed."

Thus, the only rule of legislation that need be observed by the member, is, that his measures should be professedly designed to promote the good of the people; a sufficiently liberal rule certainly, and one that has the advantage of rendering constitutional provisions, and even any legal restraints upon those in power, wholly unnecessary, or mere inconvenient obstacles in their way, that hamper their actions, and prevent them from benefiting the *nation* and advancing its interests as effectual as they might otherwise do. Ulysses had the comfort of being assured by the Cyclops, (who would thus seem to have had some touch of kindness about them;) that he should be *the last he would devour*—intending, no doubt, thereby, to leave him the choice of being the *first*, if this alternative should happen to have his preference. The people of this country, may perhaps, in the end, have something of a similar choice left them, between *disunion* and *consolidation*—though we trust that matters have not come to that *pass*; and, as according to an old adage, the feeling of despair should never be encouraged by the friends of the Republic, we shall be the last to express any views calculated to dishearten the patriot, or give confidence to the enemies of our freedom and Union. It is to be hoped, however, that the people will reflect with fear and awe, that the stream of liberty, which bears on its bosom the ark of their safety and happiness; if not carefully confined within its proper channel—ever ends, whatever course it may deviously take—in the *Dead Sea of Despotism*—on whose shore no flower blooms, and whose waters spread over the ruins of many an engulfed empire; or of those nations whose crimes and follies have provoked the wrath, and called down on their heads the avenging judgment of Heaven.

ATHENION.

READ'S POEMS.*

LITERATURE, like philosophy, has its wonders. To the ordinary reader no distinction might seem more obvious than that between prose and poetry. It would savor strongly of affectation or ignorance, to affirm that any particular production may belong to either of these great classes; for how different in style is Campbell's Wyoming or Spencer's Faery Queen from the masterpieces of Robertson, Burke, or Prescott. The well-defined peculiarities of genius necessary to the production of each of these is discernible alike to reader and critic. Yet the difference lies not in the subject. Two writers may describe the same event; each may be profound or comprehensive, diffuse or concise—in short, possess the *tangible* qualities of authorship in a nearly equal degree. But around the one description is thrown a subtle, nondescript halo—a shadow which may be felt, but not grasped—and it is poetry. The other, wanting this, is simply prose. The fact that criticism, with its nicety of penetration, cannot detect this inspiring essence, is no more proof of its not existing than that animals have not a vital principle, because organic chemistry has as yet failed to find it.

Still this easy classification of prose apart from poetry forms but a general rule; prose is sometimes very like poetry, and poetry very like prose. In literature, as in animated creation, classes lose their peculiarities, and intermingle in proportion as they approach each other. The extremities of each class may be weak and insignificant; they may be monstrous; yet they form exceptions; and as the sponge or zoophyte, by its very ambiguity, has gained no small attention from philosophers, so our literary monsters—from the mere fact of their being monsters—are entitled to no small attention from the critic. They form the exceptions to our general rule.

One of these occurs when the author dresses poetical thoughts in the garb of prose; when sentiments, which sound through the soul like true poetry, produce the same effects, and draw forth the same response as does poetry, are yet written in the ordinary narrative style. Such are many translations of oriental manuscripts, some of the Sacred Writings, Fenelon's Telemachus, and Ossian. Here is suggested the vexed question—more interesting to the critical than to the general reader—"Can that be poetry which is not versified?" To escape the flood of disputation occasioned by this cavil, most modern poets, whatever be their talents for prosody, have thought proper to deliver their inspirations in rhyme; and thus every diminutive genius who aches to perceive his name enrolled in the book of fame, even though on the debtor page, discharges the responsibilities of his station, and benefits his generation by a small volume of "Songs," "Lines," "Thoughts," "Sketches"—dramatic and non-dramatic—and sundry nameless forms of poetry, all versified. Not unfrequently the reader of such is forced to exclaim, "Is this poetry!" Here, then, in the poetry without verse, and the verse, which would avoid such an innovation, we have exceptions to our general rule.

Others are generated by writings of a different class. Their authors have discovered that the elaborate style of Walter Scott, Pope, or Milton, is by no means worth the labor of perfecting it. "Nature," say these, "is the great teacher. Art only fetters and cripples her. Poetry, like the human mind, is progressive; and he whose verses do not conform to the spirit of his age is unworthy of her laurels." If Milton supposed that the epic dignity is best sustained by the iambic line of ten syllables, this can be no reason why the modern heroic poem

should not be composed of single spondees, alexandrines, and trochaics, alternating according to the dictates of nature. If the frequent echo of sound to sense was condemned by Shakspeare, still the modern dramatist, (deeply as he reverences Shakspeare,) sees no reason why an entire tragedy should not be merely an echo. If Spenser, by the force of original genius, turned spirits and hobgoblins into men, our poets, by the same force, may turn men into hobgoblins. Old things have passed away, all things become new. Egregiously, therefore, does that reader err, who, in a volume of this modern poetry, hopes to find anything similar to what he had been accustomed to consider the result of poetic laws. His first question must therefore be, "Is this poetry?" his last, the same.

The foregoing remarks seem necessary to a proper understanding of the real nature of the work before us. The title "*Lays and Ballads*" would appear an index to that species of light poetry, which, treating of antique subjects in an antique style, is designed as a pleasing and romantic picture of days gone by. Not so however. Names, plans, and styles are alike peculiarly original. Imitating, we suppose, the variety of nature, our author has written on all kinds of subjects, and conglomerated in the same "*ballad*" lines of every possible length, sound, strength, and meaning. Words which affectation or prejudice has hitherto confined to lobbies and street corners are here elevated to important uses. Figures on which Dr. Blair never lectured sparkle in profusion on every page. *Lays*, whose performance would require a new order of music, are scattered with lavish hand. There is no allusion to mythology or classic lore, but the reader's whole attention may be given to understand the author—no mean task, if we may believe the latter's assertion,

"I know the secret springs
Where the spirit wells and sings
Till it overflows the brain."

So hasty a glance at our poet's "*Bal-lads*" might result in ranking them under the last-named exception. But it is difficult to characterize heterogeneous masses,

or to include in one succinct definition, or under one exception, "*lays*," "*sketches*," "*songs*," "*addresses*," and "*dramas*." Besides where shall we begin? How may the overflowing gushings of nature's "*springs*" be classified by the critic's meagre powers? Who, as the "*enchanted shuttle*," is "*thrown*" through the "*golden loom of charmed poetry*" will dare to expatiate on the quality of—not carpet but—the "*webs of fancy*," which the "*weird*" weaver manufactures? Such a question might well deter were our object to exhibit all which our author has to show; but, having no such blind ambition, let us examine a few of the more important ballads, for the purpose of revealing their merits, admiring their beauties, and determining, if possible, upon their nature.

The poem seems naturally to claim our attention first. Turning to it, we find a small production of nine stanzas, written with marked deference to the usual rules of poetry. As futurity could easily be made to atone for this sacrifice of originality, our author was probably willing to fetter his genius for a moment out of compliment to the friend to whom this poem is inscribed. Yet even here are there glimmerings of the better day; and these, in connection with the author's disclosure of being "*weird*," give earnest that his genius will not long be fettered. On the "*cool autumnal eves*" the friend is invited around the "*magic rings*" on the hearth, for the purpose of hearing or seeing (which does not clearly appear) the author "*weave athwart the mystic gloom*"

"Bright webs of fancy from the golden loom
Of charmed poesy."

But lest this fearful feat, of weaving a fabric out of gloom and fancy, might either terrify through that peculiar influence inspired by supernatural events, or savor of the Signor Blitz character, the careful poet cautions both friend and reader in the most particular manner. So interesting is the whole process, that the two friends do not for a moment hear the sheltered hound making "*answer in his dream*" to the "*whine*" of the "*unkennelled winds*," nor the "*troubled noises*" "*going through the house*," nor the cricket "*weaving his*"

song," nor "old Winter blowing through his numb fingers."

Having thus cleared the way for better things, our author, with laudable zeal, commences the promised manufacturing. "The Maid of Linden Lane," one of the first "webs," begins in a manner highly conducive to ambiguity:

"Little maiden, you may laugh
That you see me *wear a staff*,
For your laughter's *but the chaff*
From the *melancholy grain*."

Should the reader be anxious to know who makes this address, or who listens to it, experience will soon teach him the necessity for patience. In truth, to foster and strengthen this virtue is one necessary tendency of these ballads. Some little girl laughs at somebody, because he or she wears a staff. Indignant at this insult to old age, our author vindicates abused humanity in a thrilling ballad of fourteen nine-line stanzas. Under such protection, the insulted old man (or woman) bursts forth with an energy which turns the word "for" out of every previous use, and introduces that fearfully mysterious expression:

—"Your laughter's but the chaff," &c.

It may be true that the reader cannot discover the connection between *for* and the preceding lines, nor the import of the figure here used, nor the precise nature of *melancholy grain*. Still, a very little reflection as to the character of this truly original expression will obviate all such cavilling. Like the "Hail," in Macbeth, it is all prophecy; nor will its meaning ever be disclosed until the times be fulfilled whereof the prophet spoke.

But of what use, then, is it here? Much, every way; especially to excite attention. This being accomplished, the author continues:

"Through the shadows, long and cool,
You are tripping down to school;
But your teacher's cloudy rule
Only dulls the shining pool
With its loud and stormy rain."

Prophecy has now ceased; and without sacrificing his former happy style, our

author generously condescends to employ some words as they have been employed by other English writers. This is accomplished in a manner which the modern poet should carefully study. It comes, amid this dark night of prophecy, like the flash of a meteor; nor can we forbear admiration at the manner in which, while diffusing light, he still maintains that degree of obscurity essential to securing the reader's attention. The latter requisite begins at the "teacher's cloudy rule." To us the teacher's rule, especially the one about coming late, used to be perfectly transparent; but we suppose our author here speaks with a view to the comparative clearness of those precepts which she, whose laughter was "like chaff," was just about to receive.

Reading a little further we find strange functions attributed to this same cloudy rule; it

"Only dulls the shining pool
With its loud and stormy rain."

One might imagine that by *metonymy*, *rule* was here put for *ruler*, *pool* for the scholars in general and offenders in particular, and *rain* the motions of the ruler caused by the muscles of the teacher's right arm. But a diligent comparison of the context renders it pretty evident that this pool is the same with that which subsequently, under the name of spirit,

"Wells and sings
Till it overflows the brain."

Over this mental fountain, the strictures of education hang like vast clouds, whose only use is to storm and rain. What meaning in these few lines!—illustrated too by the example of one who had never bowed to the trammels of scholastic lore. How deeply instructive and impressive to that wicked one who derided old people because they wore staffs!

But this is far from being all. Intellectual as well as physical light grows more and more to the perfect day. Mental treasures which her fathers and tutors knew not, had just been revealed to the little maiden. Her supposed learned instructor now appeared as a shallow impostor, fit only to stir up the mud and sediment of the literary pool. She perceived

how black had been her conduct in laughing at the aged philosopher; and by way of penance waited patiently to hear more of his or her inspired revelations. Observe her, book in hand, scorning the sound of the school bell at which she had so often trembled, and eager to catch the remaining scintillations of philosophy. Nor has she long to wait; for, in a sentence which annihilates every argument in favor of school teaching, the author continues—

"There's a higher lore to learn
Than his knowledge can discern."

Of course, this revelation puts expectation to the rack. Is the "higher lore" a second Novum Organum, destined to subvert the Baconian philosophy as that did the Aristotelean? Did it originate from the prophet's own mind? Was it revealed by direct inspiration, or did the weird weaver manufacture it in the golden loom of charmed poesy? None of these. Nor is the system like any former system. As with two lines our poet demolished things past, so with two others he gives to the grateful age a higher lore.

"There's a valley deep and *dern**
In a desolate domain."

The fact that this valley exists is the new system. Yet, lest its very simplicity should expose it to the contempt of uninitiated ignorance, our author resorts to an admirable expedient to describe it; he intimates that it is more difficult to reach than was Sinbad's famous valley of diamonds.

"But for this he has no chart,
Shallow science, shallow art,
Thither O be still my heart,
One too many did depart
From the halls of Linden Lane."

Language whose structure bears a striking resemblance to the style of Jacob Behman.

To receive her first lesson the maid is invited to

"Come when eve is closing in,
When the spiders grey begin
Like philosophers to spin
Misty tissues, vain and thin,
Through the shades of Linden Lane."

* *Dern* (Saxon) Sad, solitary.—Ed.

Thus having put the maiden "in a trance," her instructor proceeds to "spin a silken skein" from the "distaff of romance"—a proof that the higher lore has some mysterious connection with the art of weaving. Similar proofs are afforded by the "cricket weaving his song," the "weird hand weaving" webs from charmed poesy's loom, the couple "*weaving* dreams," &c., all showing that the word *weave*, though originally figurative when used to describe mental action, will in course of time be used like the word *understanding*, *literally*.

The maiden's first lesson is followed by several others, founded on the incidents of a war, whose most important event appears to be that, "while the moon was in the air," two persons walked along Linden Lane. Unfortunately they were parted—a casualty so afflicting to the weird weaver, that he forgets his higher lore until near the close of the poem; then, after exhorting to leave books apart, he affectionately adds,

"Come, and I will show the chart
Which shall make the mystery plain!"

Passing over a few minor pieces, our attention is arrested by a peculiarly poetic title, "The Beggar of Naples," which heads some ten pages of webs, woven in the author's most happy style. The varied versification of this production, its uncommon length, and especially the mixture of narrative and dialogue, would baffle the classification of an old-school critic. But the lover of modern poetry can have little hesitation in pronouncing the Beggar of Naples a true epic poem, of the most modern style; for, first, it has a beginning and an end; its subject is a great one—the fortunes of him who gives it a name; its language is many degrees above the ordinary style; its versification many degrees above its language. It becomes us, therefore, to examine it with the gravest attention.

The reader of Milton's *Paradise Lost* is sometimes perplexed by harsh progressions or heavy melody, difficulties inseparable from the uniform use of the rhymeless iambic. That great literary problem of making the verse harmonize exactly with the sense was too abstruse even for Milton. But in the Beggar of Naples this difficulty is happily adjusted; here, alone,

the free impulse of genius and the strictures of art are woven into one beautiful fabric. By employing nearly as many kinds of verse as lines, every shade and glimpse of meaning is expressed in the most simple and satisfactory manner. The plan is equally simple with the execution. The "fairest maid that e'er beguiled an abbot of a prayerful breath," is on the road to a church, where, for weal or woe, better or worse, she is to become bone of bone, of

"One who had come from foreign realms afar
To dazzle like a new-discovered star."

These realms seem to have been near the gold regions, for as the happy couple passed along

"He looked not scornfully nor proud,"

(an impressive lesson to many of our Mexican heroes,)

"But to the beggars thronging every side,
Scattered the golden coin in plenteous rain!"

Having introduced his subject by this rapid sketch of the main characters, our author enters upon the principal action by making his hero propose to his lady-love the story of a beggar, who "perchance had often begged of her." Here the main interest of the reader is drawn out; the epic narrative commences. The bridegroom's first words are an epitome of the depth and extensiveness of his knowledge:

"Never to the beggar's ear
Fell music half so sweet and clear
As the chime of gold when it strikes the street."

This same "chime" is not to be passed with a careless notice; its influence upon beggars is most exhilarating:

"It drives their hearts to swifter swinging,
And fills their brains with gladder ringing
Than ever bells will swing or ring—
Even though the sturdy sacristan
Should labor the very best he can
To chime for the wedding of a king."

Unfortunately, the author's limits do not permit him to inform us what impression this flourish of the bridegroom's imagination had upon the affianced one. Perhaps, with the nurse in Romeo and Juliet, she

exclaimed, "Oh, what learning is!" Perhaps astonishment at the extent of his experience, rapture at the music of his eloquence, assent to the resistlessness of his logic, apprehension lest he might not live long, and a half girlish vanity at her triumph over such a truly *beggarly* fellow, mingled in a pleasing confusion which permitted neither rejoicing nor utterance. Perhaps, (which is more probable,) the hero's eagerness to "dazzle" left his lady little time either to assent or admire. The beggar whose story is forthcoming was

"One of Italia's listless, dreamy sons,
A native Neapolitan;"

and is first presented amid a "miserable knot" of lazzaroni, who "held the sunshine in their asking palms." In describing the attitude of this son of Italy, the author and his bridegroom put forth their whole strength. The picture is strikingly vivid:

"In the crowd he stood alone—
Alone, with empty hanging hands;
And through his brain the idle dreams
Glid down like idle sands."

We may pause here to notice the lucidness of style. Who does not perceive intuitively a resemblance between *idle* dreams and *idle* sands? And still further, these *idle* dreams are engaged in *sliding down through* the brain—no doubt between the lesser brain and the greater. But we must lose as little as possible by digression. If the foregoing challenges the reader's assent, still more gladly does he subscribe to what follows:

"To him I ween the same,
All seasons went and came;
Nor did ambition's pomp and show
Disturb his fancy's tranquil flow."

Lest, however, it might be supposed, that like Lot's wife he continues standing there till now, by way of lesson to his former friends, a fact is disclosed for which the reader is doubtless very much obliged. This is, that he knelt one morning before the old cathedral door. With such beauty, both moral and physical, was this action accompanied, that the author's bridegroom bursts at once into rhapsody—

"Oh, beautiful it was to see him there!"

and tells us that with "such figures" Murillo made his living canvass gleam,

"As canvass touched by man, may never gleam again."

Meanwhile the orchestra was sending forth its noblest music; the opening doors, afforded glimpses of Titian, Angelo, and Raphael's masterpieces; and a few liberal-minded worshippers, instead of praying, discussed Ariosto, Petrarch, and Tasso. But the beggar cared for none of these things. To him, poetry, music, painting were like the seasons, all the same; and probably nothing short of an earthquake, or an irruption of Vesuvius, would have roused him from "that position" but that

"There was one among the few
Who but a moment stopped,
And in the beggar's hand the silver dropped."

We soon perceive that this benevolent being is to occupy no mean place in the poem. Thirteen lines are employed to describe such "smiles as hers" in general, and the one she bestowed upon the beggar in particular. Following these is a glimpse short but sweet, of eyes and lips, which surpass primroses and spring birds; of course they utterly unnerve our unfortunate beggar. From that hour he wore them (the lips, smiles, &c.) in his heart. His whole system was changed. He was

"Bereft of all that quiet which had lain
Like a low mist within his brain—
The idle fogs of some rank weedy isle
Hanging in the breezeless atmosphere
Over a miasmatic mere."

Here it may not be inappropriate to explain an apparent contradiction. This "quiet" is evidently but another name for the "idle dreams" formerly mentioned. But these latter were said to *glide through* the brain, whereas now the "quiet" *lies* within it. Yet the difficulty is only superficial; for the gliding down had evidently taken place, *prior to* the lying within; and the dreams probably got but halfway down the brain, and then stopped. The remaining three lines concerning "idle fogs" the reader may analyze at his leisure.

Everything about the beggar was now in a storm. But it was not like any other storm of the moral, political, or physical world. With equal propriety, therefore,

could it have been called any thing else. It had been raised by "her smile." Vast potency was in that smile. Beside raising the storm, it "sent a flaming flood through all his frame," "wakened him," opened his eyes to Raphael and his ears to the orchestra, made him see "the marvellous whole of that mysterious land," and last, though not least, "made marble in his eyes."

This first insight into fashionable life was followed by three very natural consequences; 1, *contempt* of former friends, a pack of mere beggars, kneeling

"With tattered garb and supplicating air."

2, *pride*; he felt

"How mean was his attire, and that his feet were bare."

(a delicate *anticlimax*;) and 3, *discontent*.

"He sighed and bit his lips and passed away."

* * * *

Here closes the early beggar life of our author's bridegroom's beggar-boy. In a situation befitting his newly awakened ability do we next behold him. "Hurling his soul's hot bark to sea;" he "defied the Saracen and death," gave his beggar name to fame, and returned to wed her of the potent smile. Fortune who ever rewards energetic young men, had kept his regenerator from the silken cord, expressly it would seem, for him. How she stood in Time's records we are not told. Probably while the native Neapolitan was chastizing the infidels, she had been favored with a potion of that "fabled river" mentioned by our poet, and thereby obtained a respite sufficient to bring her age on a par with his.

The reader now discovers, that our bridegroom has all along been describing himself. The narrative is almost as modest as that of Æneas to Queen Dido, and followed by a much happier conclusion. How the first of Naples' daughters relished this inking into her spouse's early history we are allowed to surmise. Certainly she learned by it the value of her smile, and how much assistance it might render to the cause of pauper and criminal reformation. But lest so happy a termination should exalt us above measure, our

poet in the last line administers an anodyne in shape of a lesson in scanning.

"How proud | she was | to wed | that bare |
foot Ne | apol | itan."

Passing over the *Deserted Road*, an apostrophe of nine stanzas to a defunct road, *Midnight*, and *The Two Doves* which "prophesied among the leaves," and at whose death "my brain," says the poet, "went round and round;" we come to a more lengthy production, *The Brickmaker*. The poetry in merely the title naturally arrests the reader's attention. A note prefixed informs us that it was not suggested by Schiller's Song of the Bell which it resembles, but by "seeing a brick kiln in full operation some years ago, near Cambridge, Massachusetts." Having thus cleared the way in a manner satisfactory to the friends of both poets, especially those of Schiller, the wierd author begins in full prophetic blast.

*Let the blinded horse go round
Till the yellow clay be ground,
And no weary arms be folded
Till the mass to brick be moulded.*

Uncertainty as to the object of this appeal makes it but one remove from the sublime, a character enhanced by the additional syllable at the end of each of the last two lines. But if this stanza be the opening invocation to the goddess of brickmaking, (a supposition far more tenable than any other,) we may understand whence comes the inspiration, that subsequently sets forth so simple a process as the igniting of pine wood in the following rhetorical blaze:

"Choke its earthy vaults with piles
Of the resinous yellow pine:
Now thrust in the fettered fire—
Hearken how he stamps with ire,
Treading out the pitchy wine."

"He"* is here put, by a bold metaphor, for logs of pine wood; and the lucky idea which generated the resemblance between these logs and human nature, seems to have inspired them with a *furor*, seven-fold more intense than that of Nebuchadnezzar's furnace:

* An error, sir Critic, he is the god of fire, at present in the service of *she*, the goddess of brick-making, Mistress Plinthea. You are a *brick* yourself notwithstanding.—*Ed.*

"Wrought anon to wilder spells,
Here him shout his loud alarm—
See him thrust his glowing arms
Through the windows of his cells."

Perhaps some of our author's numerous readers, will be offended at the versality of mind which includes them under the above metaphor. Candor obliges us to confess that here the poet is at fault. Though admiring so bold a stroke of fancy, though charmed at its happy expression, and though willing to grant licenses to a great genius, which in ordinary writers would be abuses, still our sense of the dignity of human nature, forbids any attempt to cloak our mortification at this comparison of our species to pine logs. Undoubtedly posterity will pay a noble tribute to these ballads; yet will this unfortunate passage ever remain a warning to literary ambition, and a proof that perfection is nowhere to be attained in the walks of life. Returning, however, to the text some comfort is administered by the prospect of this odious companion being some time dissolved.

"His chains at last shall sever,
Slavery lives not forever."

Here the author suddenly remembers a tradition that

"Whatsoever falls away,
Springeth up again, *they say*."

Another choice specimen of bathos; and indulges in some reflections upon a stately building, destined to rise, flourish, and fall on the ruins of the brickkiln. Succeeding this, is that same mysterious invocation concerning the blinded horse. This the brickmaking goddess answers by producing a church whose steeple aspires (of course) to the heavens. Like the former structure, it is speedily prostituted to illegitimate purposes. Rustling wealth imposes on the poor, and consequently,

"The presumptuous pile must fall;
For, behold the *fiery finger*
Flames along the fated wall."

The blinded horse goes round again, and this time produces a goat; which, like its predecessors, respects the rich, oppresses the poor, sees the "fiery flaming finger,"

and falls. The fourth round of the blind-ed horse closes the poem—a circumstance no less gratifying to the reader than to the poor animal himself.

We have opportunity to examine only one more ballad. "The Alchemist's Daughter," a *dramatic* sketch. Though last, it is not least, either in size or originality. So little are its style, arrangement, and object, like anything dramatic which ever preceded it, that it may as well be ranked with the other "lays," as not. Four persons are represented—*Giacomo* the alchemist; *Rosalia*, his daughter, married on the night previous to *Bernardo*; and *Lorenzo*, a servant. To these may be added "the Duke," an accomplice of *Bernardo*, but acting entirely behind the scenes. The author begins as usual, without preliminary—

"*Giacomo*—Art sure of this?

Lorenzo—Ay, signior, very sure;

'Tis but a moment since I saw the thing."

What "the thing" is, which forms the principal hinge of the whole drama, we are no where clearly informed. But the energy of *Giacomo* amply atones for the omission. Hurriedly grasping the light, he rushes out to ascertain the truth and punish the guilty. Meanwhile, *Lorenzo* indulges in a learned soliloquy, three times as long as any other speech in the poem, replete with mysterious hints concerning the former night's marriage, and big with reports of suspected crimes which had escaped his master's blinder eyes. The dignity of the drama is well preserved by this trusty official, whose style differs in no respect from that of the more learned *Giacomo* and *Bernardo*. Probably the three had studied that "higher lore," about which the maid of Linden Lane was so thoroughly enlightened. The wedding must have been a queer ceremony; for says our faithful eye-witness—

"Oh, what a night! It must be all a dream;
For twenty years since that I've wore a beard,
I've served my melancholy master here,
And never until now was such a night."

The circumstance of allowing a pair of mustaches and a goatee to sprout upon his phiz, seems to have been an epoch in our friend's autobiographical recollections.

What a night, fellow-reader! Uncertainty as to the nature of the calamity, renders the idea of it more terrible. While they were eating and drinking, did a servant rush before *Giacomo*—we mean *Lorenzo*—and exclaim—"The wind smote the house, and I only am left to tell thee?" Was the bride, (thinking of earlier days) carried to her room in a trance? Did it rain meteors? Or, lastly was the groom drunk? This was not the case. By the above quoted fearful exclamation, it is to be understood, that the events of that night differed slightly from those of other nights. Yet *Lorenzo*, not bewildered either by the ceremony or the weight of his beard, had carefully scrutinized each of the guests and was rewarded by some strange sights. His too careless master had

"Walked the halls,
As if in search of something which was lost."

(An expression, by the way, which very much resembles the algebraic formula

$0 \times 0 = 0$)

Our servant had also observed that *Bernardo* and the Duke were a very ugly kind of confectionary, *to wit*, "sugared villains;" and remembering "the thing" by which they had deceived *Rosalia*, he exclaims

"Oh holy Mother, that to villain hawks
Our dove should fall a prey! poor gentle dear."

This pious, natural, childlike, sympathizing expression soon gives way to manly rage. Hear him,

"Now if I had their necks within my grasp
These fingers should be adders to their throats."

an ardor checked only by reflecting on his master's energy of purpose, which it seems was no way inferior to his own.

"He's not a man to spend his wrath in noise,
But when his *mind* is made, with even pace
He walks up to the deed and does his will."

No language could more happily express our author's habitual perspicuity. At any important juncture we are to suppose *Giacomo* to be waiting silently and patiently until by some mysterious agency his mind is "made." Then he walks up

to the deed as easily as the old Saxon Jack and Jill went up the hill. Should any ask how he behaves before the manufacturing of his mind is finished, we answer that some such process may take place as Descartes attributes to brutes—the movings of a machine whose propeller is our faithful and observing Lorenzo. But as this is not revealed, it becomes us to refrain from speculation, and drink in the abundant streams of knowledge vouchsafed by the soliliquizer. He speedily ascertains that Giacomo's mind is "made."

"I hear him coming; by his hurried step
There's something done or will be very soon."
Very rich!—Ed.

This surmise is soon corroborated in a manner as abrupt to Lorenzo, as to the reader. Giacomo walks up to the deed, or as we say, "walks into it,"—by calling this faithful informer cheat and liar, and ordering him to *leave the house!* Yet under this apparent calamity Lorenzo is extremely cool. Either he had expected it, or the command was nothing new. His answer, therefore, is full of that philosophy which removes its possessor far above the mutations of this sublunary existence.

"Well if it must be, then it must!"

Rich again, by Jove!) Yet that this was not the effect of cowardice we have the following to prove.

"But I could swear that what I said is truth,
Though all the devils from the deepest hell
Should rise to contradict me."

Luckily for the pious domestic he had found a paper which the confectionary villains had dropped, and which contained in substance the plot of the Duke and Bernardo. This immediately convinces Giacomo, unmakes his mind, causes him to walk back from, or out of the deed, and saves Lorenzo. The injured father bursts into a fit of indignation; bestows sundry appropriate epithets upon the aforesaid confectionary; and adopts the fearful resolution of—devoting his' remaining days to alchemy. In this last desperate resort of insulted worth, we still perceive traces of the energy which walks up to a deed. Every other philosopher has practised alchemy, from a love of

science, from avarice, or from a desire to rule the multitude of its spells. But neither avarice, ambition nor science influenced Giacomo; nor was it sorrow for "the thing" done to his daughter, nor a determination to leave for ever a perfidious world. Knowing some terrible secrets he determined to practise them upon the Duke and Bernardo, and thus accomplish his revenge. Their potency is soon exhibited. Bernardo being enticed into the laboratory is made to inhale a perfume which not only separates soul and body, but also gives the former to the devil before death. During this very interesting and Christian process, Giacomo soothes his last agonies by those favorite epithets of "villian," "impatient dog," &c., at the same time thrusting into his hand a paper whose charitable object is to gain for him, "speedy entrance at the infernal gate!" Our alchemist then *pronounces a eulogy* over the body, that showed how a pious and noble nature can stifle resentment after accomplishing its revenge. Evidently Giacomo was no Goth, not even a Vandal.

Immediately after, Rosalia enters, dressed in white, and bearing in her hand a small crucifix, over which the father performs some strange gesticulations. His reply to Rosalia's inquiry about her husband, is tenderly sympathizing.

Rosalia. Where's Bernardo?

Giacomo. Gone to watch the stars,
To see old solitary Saturn whirl
Like poor Ixion on his burning wheel.
* * * *

This is one of the two references to ancient mythology, found in this volume of Lays and Ballads. The reader may imagine them to be interpolations by another hand; and indeed circumstantial evidences strongly corroborate this opinion. From the known consistency of our poet, the necessary offspring of his originality, it cannot be supposed that he would make use of that book stuff, which in the "Maid of Linden Lane," is styled "shallow science, shallow art," and whose misnomered philosophers, like gray spiders, are fit only to spin "misty tissues. Besides the "higher lore" had made him "weird." Still on the other hand it may be asked, if this is not a web of the enchanted shuttle, whence *did* it originate? What genius were suf-

ficient to represent his hero walking up to the deed by slyly killing his antagonist; then giving him a letter of recommendation to his satanic majesty, then philosophizing over the body, and lastly, to connect all this with Saturn whirling, like Ixion, on his burning wheel? There are difficulties with either opinion; and perhaps the genius of poetry has purposely inserted these ambiguous passages, to engender in coming ages discussions which will develop the masterly genius of our author, in the same manner as has, during the present century, been done with Shakspeare.

The alchemists second experiment enhances our admiration of his art. By dropping a simple essence into two crucibles, he extracts his daughter's spirit from its body, transfers her to ambrosial fields, and the care of angel guards—*without her being aware of it*. Here, while the mind is in full stretch to know more, to ascertain, if possible, the several grades to these stupendous chemical operations the poet condescends to stop short.

And now, having patiently unfolded our author's principal beauties; having humbly watched him as, like Circe or the Teutonic Fates, he fabricated mysterious webs; having become pupils of that higher lore; that valley deep and dorn, which includes within its single self the quintessence of all knowledge; it might be supposed that we could solve the problem with which we started. Is this poetry? Alas! for the fallibility of human intellect. After all our careful analyzing, we find ourselves no nearer a solution than when reading the poem. True, we have read about crickets weaving on the hearth, and blinded horses and idle dreams sliding down beggar's brains, and doves prophesying, and alchemists removing soul from body. These are

poetic ideas. But then the diction—there's the difficulty. It is not Spencerian, nor Shaksperian, nor heroic, nor anything else bearing a name. It occupies a place in prosody like that of Don Quixote, among the knights of chivalry.

Neither may these ballads be classed under the *exceptions* formerly noticed. They are not poetical prose; their rhyme is not like other rhyme, nor their blank verse like other blank verse. Nor can we suppose that the learned author, in deference to the spirit of the age, has written to instruct the multitude. His is one of those exalted geniuses, that never stoop either to instruct or amuse a crowd. As we have already seen his thoughts, language, and style, are scarcely intelligible to the critic even; how then can they be comprehended by the unlearned?

Since, then, our author has not written in any known style, we are irresistibly driven to the conclusion, already intimated, that he is inspired—that the claim to be considered weird, really is something more than rhetorical flourish; that in short, some spirit mighty for good, has made his intellect its organ of communication with mankind. And whom may dare affirm that that spirit is not the genius of brickmaking, so furiously apostrophized in the chapter on the life and sufferings of the blinded horse. Gentle reader, join with us in crying *Eureka*. We have it—the clue to that higher lore, compared with whose profundity all else is shallow—the key which unlocks the mysteries of brickmaking—the source of that essence by which the sage alchemist transfers friends and foes to another world. In short, we may style these Lays and Ballads poetico-prophetic effusions. O Musæ!

S.

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THE GREAT PACIFIC RAILROAD. NEW YORK
CHAMBER OF COMMERCE.

In the *Courier and Inquirer*, (New York,) for Aug. 8th, we find a very full and satisfactory account of the proceedings of the New York Chamber of Commerce, in regard to Mr. Whitney's plan for a grand Pacific Railroad. The Chamber fully approves the plan, as given in Mr. Whitney's pamphlet. A full account of it has been given in our July number. We wish to add only a few points of argument in its favor, only lightly touched upon in that article, and which from the vast importance of the subject will bear repetition.

A committee had been appointed "to inquire into the expediency of any action, on the part of the Chamber, in relation to the proposed railroad of Mr. Whitney to the Pacific," and accordingly submitted a report.

The report touched first upon the importance of the plan, looking forward to the formation of a new State on the other side of the continent, and to the opening of an extended commerce with Asia. It adverted to the necessity of facilitating intercourse with our countrymen and fellow citizens on the Pacific. Assembling various considerations, it admitted the pressing necessity of some such measure, and argued that a work of the kind should be undertaken without delay. It details the main points of the plan, as we have already given them in our article alluded to above, and as they are given in Mr. W's pamphlet.

It mentions other plans suggested by other parties.

It returns to Mr. W's plan, and states objections that have been offered to it; one of these objections is, that the road will not perhaps pay for itself, and so come to a stand; another is, that the *profits* ought to be shared by Mr. Whitney with the people. The two objections balance each other very nicely.

From fifteen to twenty-five years is the estimated time of completion. Some persons think that a quarter of a century is a longer period than twenty-five years; but it is not. If you say the road will be finished in from fifteen to twenty-five years, it sounds very judicious; but if you say this road will demand an age, a quarter of a century, for its completion, you cast a damp over the imagination. If California becomes a rich and powerful State, it can shorten the period by pushing out a road to

meet Mr. Whitney's; but the plan of Mr. Whitney's road is not merely to serve California, but to provide a means of emigration to Oregon, and a rout for Asiatic commerce with this country and with Europe. For our own part, we do not believe if Mr. W's plan is adopted, that more than ten years will have elapsed before a perfect communication is established between the Atlantic and Pacific. Let Mr. Whitney carry out the road as fast and as far on as possible; should he fall short of the end, it will *then* be the duty of the Pacific and Atlantic States to come in to his aid; but he will need no aid. Energy and enterprise such as actuates our projector, with the remarkable judgment and foresight which he has already discovered in his management in these first and most difficult stages of the enterprise, the securing for it, and for himself, an unconnected and unassisted individual, the confidence of all parties, and of all sections of the country; such auspices need no prophet to read them.

To other plans submitted by other projectors the report found serious objections, and agreed that the proceeds of the sales of public lands ought to be relied upon for the expenses of the work.

It conceded that Mr. Whitney is entitled to the credit of having offered the "first matured plan for a railroad, to connect the Atlantic with the Pacific across the continent." It also conceded that his plan and the location of his road from Lake Michigan is the correct one; it being imperatively necessary that this international communication "should be directly connected with the commerce of the vast inland seas of our continent."

It would also, urges the report, be the *shortest route*.

The report then suggests an amendment to Mr. Whitney's plan, namely, that the proceeds of the sales of land for the first five miles of the route "should be accounted for," and that after paying the cost of construction for the first ten miles, and a liberal compensation to Mr. Whitney, the remainder should be set apart as a fund for the finishing of the road, &c.; and that the work itself should then belong to the people, and be their "heritage."

To these emendations of the plan, Mr. P. M. Wetmore offered objections of such weight, that the report was set aside, and Mr. Whitney's plan approved by the Chamber, to use

the words of the "*Courier and Inquirer*," both "in its conception and in its details."

Mr. Wetmore's objections to the amendments proposed by the Report, strike us as altogether weighty and conclusive. He "was opposed to that recommendation of the Report which contemplated the withholding from Mr. Whitney the benefits that would result from the completion of the road, and vesting the property in the United States. He did not suppose any man could be found who could devote his life and means to forward an enterprise, of which the failure would ruin him, and the success—if successful—must accrue to the benefit of others. Besides, it was inexpedient, in his view, that the Government should have any property or interest in the matter."

We cannot but cordially assent to Mr. Wetmore's objections—that the Government should undertake a work which can better be accomplished by individual enterprise, and at individual risk, is no part of our creed. We maintain that the aid of Government can be constitutionally extended to works of internal improvement *only* when they are of a magnitude which renders their completion by companies, States, or individuals, impossible. Every improvement that can be undertaken by one man, is best accomplished by one man. When one man is unequal to the task, then let several combine; if a combination cannot effect it, and it is still agreed to be necessary to the public welfare, let towns and cities engage in it; if they cannot, then a State; if States fail, it must be undertaken by the nation. It has, however, been satisfactorily shown by Mr. Whitney, that this work can be accomplished by individual enterprise; and we hold that a true republican economy will therefore entrust it to him; and that government cannot justly engage in it until experience has shown that the individual projector cannot of himself accomplish it.

By the plan of Mr. Whitney, the work will pay for itself as it proceeds. The profits of the first sections of public land will of necessity be laid by by the contractor for the extension of the road. A failure to do this involves the failure of the entire scheme. And in case of such failure, the whole will revert to the original owners.

Now, no person ever doubted the constitutionality of a grant of land for public purposes to an individual. Land is granted to soldiers and pensioners, to academies and to colonists. Land may be granted in any case where the interests of the nation require it.

It is very commonly charged upon the Whigs by their opponents, and even incorporated as an article of opposition into the platforms of the other party, that they entertain "vast and unlimited schemes of internal improvement," calculated to ruin the finances, create an immense national debt, and increase

to an injurious degree the patronage of the Executive. The charge is false and injurious—a mere "device of the enemy." The other party know very well that none but a few schemers entertain any such wild projects. The other party are themselves perfectly willing to appropriate the national funds to national objects; the only difference we can discover, after some years of observation, between the two parties, is in the particular appropriations. The one party wished to apply the public money, before they took abolition ground, to the extension of the national territory. The \$100,000,000 which they spent in the war, the Whigs would perhaps have spent in improving the navigation of the Mississippi river, and the harbors of the lakes. The Red Sea expedition was sent out under democratic rule; the money it cost might have been more profitably spent in the establishment of important light-houses; but such remarks are invidious; we will not oppose any measure calculated for the advancement of science. *That*, at least, is a national and a glorious object. We only wish to remind our readers that the two parties do not differ upon the ground that national funds must be appropriated for national purposes, but that their differences arise upon the particular choice of objects.

Now this project of Mr. Whitney's recommends itself equally to the most determined economists, and the most sanguine adventurers. It is, like the project for securing banks by public stocks, a strictly "no-party" project; it costs nothing, and interferes with nothing; in a word, it eludes discussion by its mere simplicity.

One of the grand objections to enterprises of internal improvement is that they are converted into "jobs" for the benefit of office-holders, commissioners, and contractors. A grand Pacific railroad, managed by government commission, would be a government job; hundreds of persons would apply for employment on it, large salaries would be given to the principal managers; at each change of dynasty the old managers and contractors would be turned off, and a new swarm come in; a committee of Congress would continually sit upon it; quarrels and jealousies would arise out of it; in brief, it would be like the introduction of a seton, or running ulcer, upon the body of the State. It would cost perhaps \$200,000,000, would be fifty years in building, and prove a curse to all concerned in it.

Again, suppose a company with a capital stock of \$100,000,000, like a vast South Sea scheme, with powers, military and judicial, for the management of such a road. It might be got up in a fit of national enthusiasm, and would end in the ruin of thousands. Twenty years would elapse before it could pay a dividend. In a word, we see nothing feasible that has

ERRATA.

After last line on page 312, read first line on top of page 314, as follows:

“In a word, we see nothing feasible that has
been offered except this plan of Mr. Whitney’s.
He has,” &c. &c.

On page 307, 3d line from bottom of last column, read “*gao!*”
instead of GOAT.

He has the credit of the invention, and should also have the honor and profit of it.

Opinions of Public Men.

Tammany Hall is making a strong effort to sustain the Baltimore platform, and the old organization. It has adopted a series of resolutions, rejects the anti-slavery basis, regretting the extension of slavery, condemning it as an evil and re-adopting the Syracuse organization of 1847.

A letter of Gov. Seward has appeared in the Philadelphia North American. In this letter he says, "Experience has shown that the counsels of that party lead to domestic prosperity, while they are imbued with national moderation and magnanimity. But there is now opening a field of political action hitherto unexplored by parties, and untrodden by statesmen. The inevitable conflict between human slavery and the Democratic principles of Free Government, long repressed, has broken forth at last. The policy of abolishing slavery in the Federal District, and of prohibiting it in the Federal Territories, has excited a debate which pervades the Union and disturbs and tends to disorganize all existing parties and combinations. Intemperate zeal on either side of the debate threatens the subversion of the Government and the dissolution of the Union itself." Gov. Seward considers that the period has arrived when slavery should no longer be protected against legitimate constitutional efforts to confine it within the States, where it is sanctioned by constitutions and laws. Gov. Seward represents that extreme of the Whig party, in the North, which in lines towards abolitionism. He makes no secret of his opinions. He will avoid any concessions to slavery beyond the letter of the Constitution.

The Loco-focos of Maine have had the audacity, in their late State address, to claim that they are the legitimate successors of the old Republican party, which party was characterized under Thomas Jefferson, Monroe and Madison, and afterwards under Henry Clay and his friends, by its protective and internal improvement system, and by its violent opposition to that body of politicians who dropped the name of Federalists and assumed that of Democrat, during Jackson's first administration. It is very probable, however, that the managers of the Maine Loco-foco party are quite ignorant of their own history.

GEN. CASS, in reply to Col. Webb's letter from Michilimachinac, in which the general is represented as being a very estimable and worthy character, but as having two sets

of political principles, one set merely speculative, for his private entertainment and his friends, the other, practical, at the service of the people, has written a very long and tedious letter to Thomas Ritchie of the Union, from which we gather that he is not pleased with the moral position assigned him by Col. Webb, and wishes to assume a different one—he, however, professes to have a great friendship for the Col., and does not seem to be at all angry with him for representing that his (the general's) private opinions were more Whigish than his public ones; (nor, indeed, did Col. Webb insinuate in his letter that he saw any immorality in the existence of a double political conscience in the distinguished statesman, evidently leaving any such conclusion to be drawn by his readers)—He (Gen. C.) says that the Baltimore resolutions contain his sentiments on the tariff. He denies the existence of a double conscience in himself. He says it cannot be inferred from the Nicholson letter, that he is in favor of the extension of slavery; that he merely says that he did not believe that slavery would be established in the new territories, and that he did not oppose the Wilmot proviso from any desire to see it established there. He quotes the opinions of Mr. Buchanan and Mr. Walker, that slavery will not be established beyond the Rio del Norte. He dislikes the Wilmot proviso because it is disagreeable to the South—he regards it, in short, as an incendiary measure. He denies that there is in the Constitution any power granted to Congress to legislate over the territories. He says that the exercise of political power by Congress, ought not to depend on loose constructions of the Constitution. He says that the people of the territories are fully competent to conduct their own affairs, and immediately after he says that one of our first duties is that of "organizing a government for California." He says, "Is California to become a prey to intestine dissensions in the absence of all law, or is it to be driven separate from us because we neglect one of our first duties, that of organizing a government for it?" It is perfectly clear to our own minds that General Cass is really and strongly opposed to the extension of slavery; but it is his policy not to say so in a letter to the organ of Southern Democracy. He opposes the Wilmot proviso because he thinks that it is an unnecessary measure, but he trusts to the people of the territories themselves, to exclude slavery from their soil. Of all the leading politicians of the North, Gen. Cass is most ready to make concessions to the South on the subject of slavery, and yet the above are all the concessions he finds it possible to make. Southern Democrats and extensionists will see more danger in this reluctance of General Cass than in any other of the signs of the times.

been offered except this plan of Mr. Whitney's.

He endeavors to clear himself from the charge made upon him by the Whig papers, of having withheld any expression in favor of river and harbor improvements through opposition to such specific improvements. He says, "I have never disputed the right of Congress to improve some of the great harbors, and rivers, and lakes of the Union." "While the Democratic party deny the power to devise and carry on a vast system of operations, whose pecuniary extent no man can foresee, and what is still worse, whose corrupting influence, as well in the legislature as out of it, cannot be viewed but with the most serious apprehension—the great majority of that party has advocated particular appropriations, justified by the circumstances of position and importance." He thinks, therefore, that the doctrine of the Democratic party is merely this, to take care not to enlarge too much the circle of power. This is all that we can gather of importance from the general's very long, very obscure, and very judicious epistle. Moderate Whigs will hardly quarrel with its sentiments. We know of no Whig who contends for a lavish and unlimited expenditure of the public money, and we are very sure that the present administration has no disposition nor the remotest desire to plunge the country into a "vast and unlimited system of internal improvements." All that conservative Whigs hope for, if we have any knowledge of that party, is to have a judicious care of the national interests, and to see that wherever a moderate and reasonable expenditure will largely increase the wealth of any section of the country, that such expenditure should be made. This too, it seems is good "Northern" Democratic doctrine. The parties cannot be divided by such a line as has been drawn by General Cass. The continued assertion by the Baltimore convention school of politicians, that the Whigs intend to rush into a "vast and general expenditure of money for public improvements, all over the country, is simply a foolish absurdity.

Mr. Calhoun has replied to Mr. Benton's attack upon him, and the reply, like the attack, is tedious and minute. To the ears of our Northern readers, the report of this distant cannonading sounds very faint and far, and it is probable that few of them will have the leisure or the patience to wade through the periods of Mr. Calhoun's reply. This reply is published under the title of "An Address," &c. and is equal in length to an article of twenty-four pages of the "American Review." The address opens with a scornful repulse to Mr. Benton personally, intimating, and indeed plainly declaring, that the South Carolinian regards that "oldest senator" as a person quite beneath notice. Notwithstanding this effort of wounded pride, the entire address is a minute and circumstantial reply to Mr. Benton's charges;

the scorn, therefore, of the replyer, is purely a rhetorical scorn.

Mr. Calhoun insists that not he, but Mr. Benton, must be considered as the true enemy of the South—that Mr. Benton, not he, is the deserter from the good cause; he insinuates that he is not only a deserter but a traitor, though he does not apply that word to him. In reply to Mr. Benton's charge, that the resolutions offered by Mr. Calhoun, claiming the right of Southerners to carry slaves into the new territories, were calculated for disunion; he insists that these resolutions are confined to asserting principles merely. He insinuates rhetorically a commendation of the plan for a Southern convention, which will remind our readers of the famous Hartford convention, and of the abuse heaped upon it, by the South. He applies the word "arrogant" to the fixed determination of the Northern members during the last session not to accept a compromise; which reminds us of his application of the word "insolent" to the expressed desire of the people of Oregon to be protected against the introduction of slaves. He says that Mr. Benton had the "effrontery," to call it by no harsher name, to charge him with the base purpose of destroying the Union. We are led here to ask which of the two parties, the nullifiers of South Carolina, or the Northern opposition to slavery extension, are most liable to the charge of Col. Benton, especially when we find in Southern Democratic newspapers very plain declarations to the effect that slavery must be first maintained, and the Union itself, treated as a secondary interest; and in this very address of Mr. Calhoun's an oblique apology given, more forcible than a direct one, for the plan of a Southern convention of States.

He repels Mr. Benton's rhetorical assertion that he (Mr. Calhoun) is the "author" of the Wilmot proviso with a great deal of indignation. Mr. Benton called it the "Calhoun proviso," meaning by this that the proviso men were driven into that measure by the violent policy of the South. It is really surprising that Mr. Calhoun should have taken up so weak a line of defense as to deny as literal what Mr. Benton's readers would of course understand as rhetorical. Every one knows that the Wilmot proviso did not emanate from Mr. Calhoun; and that the Missouri compromise which Mr. Benton also charges upon that gentleman by a similar rhetorical figure was carried through by Henry Clay. Mr. Calhoun's agency in the matter extended only to the making a necessity for the introduction of those measures.

The address asserts that the South gave in to the compromise, but never yielded its opinion as to the power of Congress over the territories. Our readers will perhaps consider that an agreement in Congress by which slavery was excluded from a portion of the public territories, call that agreement by what name you

will, was a full and complete assertion of the power of Congress to exclude slavery by similar agreements from all other portions of the same.

It should be born steadily in mind, that the mere admission of the question into Congress, whether slavery should be excluded from this or that portion of the public territory, establishes forever the power of Congress to admit or exclude as it chooses by the voice of a mere majority.

Mr. Calhoun goes on to consider the Oregon bill. He admits that the South made an effort to compromise that question a second time, by extending the line of the Missouri compromise to the Pacific Ocean; never once perceiving that as that line would have been extended, and forever fixed by the *power* of Congress, so by that same power slavery would have been legalized south of the line, and forever made illegal north of the line; that the compromise would have had the force of law, and that this exertion of power would have been a greater and a more imperial stretch of authority to all appearances, than the exclusion by the same power from the narrower limits of Oregon.

Keeping up his hot indignation against Mr. Benton, for having charged him with the authorship of the Wilnot proviso, and denying what Mr. Benton justly contends for, that the proviso and the compromise are the same in principle, that is, that both equally require the full power of Congress, the address goes on to establish the consistency of the author's political course from the beginning, in regard to this question of the power of Congress, the address running parallel throughout with Mr. Benton's, in refutation of his charges.

The author of the address makes here at the very outset, a most unfortunate admission, viz.,—that he "does not deem it a matter of any importance in this connection, whether his opinion has or has not undergone a change in the long period of thirty years, since the adoption of the Missouri compromise;" and yet, he begins the next paragraph with an attempt to invalidate the principal evidences of such a change. In the course of the argument by which he attempts to throw uncertainty over his opinions, in 1820, he has the expressions, "what member of any cabinet would be so base and cowardly, as to conceal his opinions on a constitutional question?"

Col. Benton has introduced in his attack upon Mr. Calhoun a copy of what purports to be the draught of a letter found among the papers of Mr. Monroe. The sentence referred to in this paper is as follows: "I took the opinion in writing, of the administration as to the constitutionality of restraining territories, which was explicit in favor of it." The draught of this letter, read originally as follows: "And the vote of every member was explicit;" these words were all

struck out except "explicit," "and the words which were unanimous and" were interlined on the draught. The words "unanimous and" being again struck out from the interlineation in the draught made in Mr. Monroe's hand-writing, seem to our own minds a very clear evidence of an intention on the part of the writer of the draught, to avoid saying, that the cabinet were unanimous as to the constitutionality of a regulation prohibiting slavery in the territories. This letter was intended for Gen. Jackson, in 1820, and was to have been applied to Missouri. The diary of Mr. Adams furnishes an opposing evidence, which records, that a meeting of the cabinet was held on the third of March, and that the cabinet were unanimous upon the question of constitutionality. Mr. Calhoun contends that a diary is no evidence, and we are disposed to agree with him; it is not a question of much consequence whether Mr. Monroe's cabinet were unanimous or not on the constitutionality. There was a very equal division on the question of the compromise at that time in the senate, and it seems highly probable, that some one or two members of the cabinet were in doubt about it. Mr. Calhoun states it as a fact, that these written opinions are not to be found on file in the records of the administration. Mr. Benton insinuates, that Mr. Calhoun is the only member of the cabinet of Mr. Monroe, who has since been Secretary of State, meaning of course to convey a suspicion that the Secretary of State had taken the opportunity of his office to suppress the evidence of this change in opinion. In regard to this insinuation, Mr. Calhoun remarks, that, "with a silent contempt due to its baseness and the source from which it came, that he passed it over." These written opinions were never made use of, nor was the intended letter containing them sent to Gen. Jackson in Missouri. "It is not improbable," says Mr. Calhoun, "that the same change of circumstances which caused the striking out and interlineation, and which induced him not to finish and transmit the letter to Gen. Jackson as intended, induced him also, finally to dispense with a written opinion, and will explain why no such opinion was found on file."

We may very readily suppose, that the cabinet were at first unanimous—that Mr. Calhoun or some other member, on reflection began to doubt, and expressed his doubts to the President—that the Southern members perceiving that very important consequences must flow out of the admission, began to raise their doubts to the dignity of a contrary opinion, and that Mr. Monroe in consequence suppressed the record as not giving a fair representation.

Mr. Benton labors through several columns to prove, upon the above meagre testimony, the unanimity of Mr. Monroe's Cabinet. The

consequent authorship in Mr. Calhoun of the Missouri compromise; and by a similar figure,—the proviso being founded on the same power which sustains the compromise—the authorship in the same person of the Wilmot proviso itself.

After disposing of this portion of Mr. B.'s attack, the author of the address goes on to refute at large the general charge against him, of being a disturber of the Union. He nevertheless defends his own principles introduced during the discussion of the Oregon Bill. "I will venture to say," says Mr. C., "they (the arguments against restriction) will never be refuted. Few have undertaken to refute them, and those who have undertaken it have signally failed." It is the opinion of one of the few who have undertaken to refute the hon. gentleman's arguments, that they have been once, at least, completely and easily refuted; and such is the opinion of many. If Mr. C. is curious in the matter, and wishes to speak from ocular proof, he will find a full and satisfactory refutation of his own doctrine in an article on the Oregon Bill, in the number of this journal, for August, 1848.

It would be impossible within the limits to which we are restricted to give even a condensed abstract of the several passages of the address. Suffice it, then, omitting the personal repulses—which, though fine in themselves, establish Mr. C.'s position as a dignified gentleman, moving, as he intimates, in a sphere much grander than Colonel Benton's, namely, the sphere of a philosophic statesman, yet make nothing for him as to the particular policy in question—suffice it that we touch lightly upon the remaining points of the defense.

Mr. C. charges it upon Colonel Benton, that, as early as the session of '47, '8, that gentleman was meditating a desertion to the abolitionists.

Col. B. asserts in his attack, that Mr. Calhoun "gave away Texas" by the Florida Treaty, Texas being a part of Louisiana; whereas, in the debate on annexation in 1844, he himself said, that "Texas never approached the Rio Grande, excepting near its mouth;" adding that Mexico lay on *both* sides of the river. At the same time, cajolling the South, and for aggravation, he dwelt upon the value of Texas as a slave territory; but soon after introduced a plan for dividing Texas by a line, running north and south, giving up one half to abolition. And, again, by voting for the bill which declared war against Mexico, he directly admitted that Texas *did* extend to the Rio Grande. "If it did not, and the assertion of the bill 'that blood had been shed upon American soil' was a false assertion, then," says Mr. C., "the war stands without a justification." But, say we, the most remarkable circumstance of all is this, that Mr. C. does not seem to perceive that the real injustice lay in

the *assumption* of our title to the territory as a ground of war. It is a criminal evasion, and betrays a wicked intention, to engage in war for the possession of a debatable land, under the assumption of a complete and unquestionable ownership. The ownership of the territory was a subject first of legal investigation, then of diplomacy and negotiation; and finally, in case of extreme and evident necessity, of war.

Colonel Benton charges Mr. C. with having given away Texas by the Florida treaty; but as the treaty was confirmed by the unanimous vote of the Senate, and Mr. C. one of six, and the youngest member of Mr. Monroe's cabinet, the charge of Mr. Benton is an absurdity. Mr. Calhoun, however, defends that treaty, and gives most excellent reasons for it.

The next charge against Mr. C. is, that a certain strip of land, enough to form two States, lying west of Arkansas, was given up to the Indians as a permanent abode, and was lost to the slave States, while Mr. Calhoun was Secretary of War and member of Mr. Monroe's administration. Mr. C. shows, however, that nothing was lost, but a great deal gained, by that transaction, and that the conditions of the Indian title were not in the least altered by it.

Another charge of the same character is still more completely refuted by Mr. C.

Again, he is charged by Col. Benton with supporting abolition in a State because the resolutions in regard to Texas, favored by Mr. Calhoun, proposed to extend the Missouri compromise line to the western boundary of Texas; in reply to which charge, Mr. C. throws off the responsibility of the resolution. Col. Benton himself favored a resolution by which Texas was to have been divided by a compromise line running north and south.

The last charge is of the same character with the others; the entire series being an attempt by Col. Benton to prove that Mr. C.'s policy has been uniformly injurious to the South and to the slave power. It refers to the Ashburton treaty. Touching the case of the Creole and other vessels, Mr. C. says he voted for the Ashburton treaty, and by a speech in its favor, saved it from rejection. Mr. C. then alludes to the Oregon controversy with England; he says that the two countries were on the very eve of a rupture, and when he took his seat in the Senate, two or three weeks after the commencement of the session, he found a bill on its passage without opposition for the colonization and occupation of Oregon—that he opposed the bill against the wishes of the entire West, which was strongly in its favor—that although he was then a candidate for the presidency, he did not neglect or swerve from his duty to avoid the opposition of the West. Col. Benton on the other hand, went for the bill; its rejection through Mr. C.'s opposition saved the country

from a war with England. He argues, (returning to the subject of the Ashburton treaty) that although it did not contain any stipulation in favor of owners of vessels (which was an imperfection in it,) yet that much ground was gained by the negotiations. Mr. C. then enters largely upon the circumstances and merits of the treaty. England had taken the ground that vessels driven by stress of weather into her ports in the West Indies and having slaves on board, those slaves should be liberated, because slavery had been abolished in the West Indies; that Lord Ashburton, during the negotiations, had engaged that instructions should be given to governors of her Majesty's Colonies, that they should not officiously interfere with American vessels, driven by accident or violence into their ports; that the laws and duties of hospitality should be executed. Mr. C. contends that by this admission on the part of Lord Ashburton, which was accepted as a pledge by our Executive, the objects of the negotiations were secured, and the principles contended for, established.

The address passes to a general reply—takes up the argument against the power of Congress and re-enforces it—asserts that no absolute power was ever exercised by Congress over the territory until the passage of the Oregon territorial bill—that the various compromise bills did not contain the principle of the Wilmot proviso, a ground which we have already confuted.

The Missouri compromise was an agreement of the minority with the majority. "This compromise was carried," says Mr. Calhoun, "by the almost united vote of the North against the South." The compromise was therefore no compromise, it was on the contrary the measure of a majority, and has precisely the force of a law, and is grounded in the tacit assumption that a majority in Congress can, either by compromise, by ordinance, or by law, exclude slavery from any part of the public territory: if that is what Colonel Benton means, by saying that the compromise gave rise to, or contained the principles of the Wilmot proviso, we think him unquestionably right, and we cannot but express our surprise that Mr. Calhoun, with as clear an intellectual insight as he commonly manifests, should be unable to comprehend the meaning of what Colonel Benton says, when he insists upon placing the proviso and the compromises upon the same ground. Mr. Calhoun next denies that slavery is local in its character—he denies that slave property differs from any other property—he denies that slavery is a condition established by the law only—he says that the relation of master and slave was one of the first and most universal forms in which property existed—he says it is probably more ancient than separate and distinct property in lands, and quite as easily defended on abstract

principles: the reply to this is easy—the most ancient form of government is the patriarchal despotism. Property in lands is established by law, for by law property in lands has sometimes been destroyed. Laws are founded in the physical and moral necessity of the people; they must harmonize with, or rather they must express, the progressive condition of the people: the law-making power is established by the strongest for the defense of the weakest—the antiquity of an institution is a presumption in its favor, but not a proof of its excellence. Slavery is a very ancient institution, and yet there are nations, and those the most enlightened, where it does not exist. Slavery is a consequence of a relationship of injustice and violence. Republican equality is a consequence of a relationship of justice and humanity. If slavery did "not originate in the acts of a legislature," as Mr. Calhoun asserts, it is nevertheless protected and maintained by legislation. It has been abolished in the Northern States by legislation, it can be abolished in Southern States by legislation, and it will probably be kept out of the new territories by legislation. Mr. Calhoun's doctrine requires however a more enlarged examination than our present limits will permit. It is unnecessary to enter upon a second refutation of this theory of the general government, as that has been already completely done in a number of this Journal for August, 1848. The remainder of the address is chiefly occupied in pointing out the motives of Colonel Benton, political and personal, and concludes with a strong manifestation in favor of the Union, with the usual prayerful and oblique threat against those who are endangering the Union by attempting to prevent the extension of slavery.

"*Gen's. Houston and Rush,*" says the N. Y. Tribune, quoting the N. O. Crescent, Senators in Congress from the State of Texas, addressed a public meeting in Marshall, Texas, on the 14th ult. Both these gentlemen withheld their names from Calhoun's Southern address, and one, Gen. H. voted for the Oregon bill. They entered upon a justification of their conduct. Gen. R. spoke first. He had never wavered in his allegiance to the South, even so far as to admit that slavery is an evil; but he would not be Mr. Calhoun's follower; he objected to the tone of the address, and to its assumption of the eminent importance of the crisis. The men who signed that address would be dishonored if they did not fight, but no such time had arrived. What was said in it about the rights of the South was too indefinite, and might mean disunion and war; there were passages in the address which declared that unless the North ceased its course of aggression, that the slaves would assume the place of the whites and the whites become degraded like slaves. He believed in no such thing. If disunion was

not intended it should not be threatened—he spoke warmly in favor of the Union, and thought there was no hope of reconstructing as good a government.

Gen. Houston followed. He spoke vehemently. He called Mr. Calhoun a great mischief-maker; he intimated that the people of Oregon had asked only for what was their heritage and birth-right, viz., the provisions of the Missouri compromise. As for the Wilmot proviso, he looked to have the President arrest it with a veto, but even if approved by him, he would oppose it by lawful and constitutional means, after which we might talk of committees of vigilance and safety. Mr. Calhoun was known more than once to have killed off his friends, but he was never known to have killed an enemy. He reviewed Mr. C's political course with great severity. Mr. C's address to the South was sectional, and therefore fanatical; he said, we must sustain the Union.

The Editor of the "Texas Republican," who gives these speeches in full, dissents from the opinion of both speakers; thinks they have departed from the democratic faith, and that they do not truly represent the South. It is evident that the two senators will side with Col. Benton and his friends against any concerted movement on the part of the South.

California.

The mode of digging gold in California is described in a letter to the "*American Whig*," of Taunton, Mass. You commence by digging a hole about six feet square, sinking it through water and clay, sometimes to the depth of twelve and fourteen feet, trying occasionally with your tin pan to ascertain whether the earth contains any gold. The labor is frequently performed under a burning sun, and often without any return for your labor; for it is a matter of chance whether you hit upon a rich deposit or not. Gold at the surface is found only in small quantities, the large yields are by deep digging. If any man is fortunate enough to find a few ounces at the surface, it is heralded by the storekeepers and others interested in promoting emigration, to all parts of the world, while nothing is heard of the thousands who are daily undergoing extreme labor, sickness, and privation, without a return sufficient to pay their expenses.

We observe a general disposition in the newspapers to abate somewhat of their glowing representations, in regard to the yields of the California mines. In the "*Newark Advertiser*," is a letter, dated April, which says that when a person arrives at San Francisco the journey is not half-performed. One has to carry one's own blanket, tools, and provisions, and climb over the mountains on foot. For a very considerable portion of the year, a very small portion only of the placers can be worked, in consequence of

the excessive cold in one season; the excessive heat in another, and the periodical rise and overflow of the rivers. The miner digs through broken rocks and gravel clearing away a considerable space, until he reaches a bed of yellow alluvial sand, a few inches thick, in which is the gold; a shovel or handful of this sand yields a few specks or pieces of gold; the light sand being washed away by hand in the river. These sandy deposits do not underlie the surface uniformly, but are collected in hollows and on slopes. There are no certain indications of the existence of these beds, and you may dig in many places successively without finding them. Many of the miners have made large sums by good luck, while hundreds have not made their expenses. The correspondent says, "Moving the rocks of all sizes, mixed with broken trees and gravel to find the gold, and afterward washing it out, is the heaviest work a man can do. I learn from the miners that not one in one hundred would have come if they had seen as much as I have, and three out of four that have come would not work at them if the mines had been near their homes."

This party made together only \$8 the day, apiece, which does not pay their expenses, besides which there is outfit and voyage home, and the necessary interruption by heat, cold, and rise of rivers.

The Steamer Panama brings home six disappointed gold-seekers, and a gambler, who shows \$30,000 in gold dust, the result of three months play in San Francisco.

A translation in the N. Y. Herald, from the Gaudalajara newspaper, gives a very minute description of the placers. "Nobody can form an idea," says the writer, "of the immense trouble and labor it requires to dig the gold. At an average, not more than two out of a hundred find anything, and even if found," it is got with vast trouble, working with crowbars in a hard soil, often "in water up to the knees, shivering with cold, just as in any other mine." Nor can I describe the sufferings and privations of those who go to the placers." The enormous cost of transporting luggage, the labor of ascending and descending mountains, the dreadful anxieties, fevers, danger of life, and uncertainty in the end, make it the most undesirable of all possible adventures.

"There are now at the mines some

3000 Mexicans;

4000 Peru, Chili, San Luis, and Central America;

2000 Spaniards, English, French, &c. &c.;

1000 Californians;

3000 Americans!

in all about 13,000; of whom 8000 work the mines, averaging perhaps four days' labor in the week—each man his own cook, washer, &c.; 2000 are in business; 1000 in mechanical labor; 2000 gamblers and drunkards." The writer of this article declares that the

missionaries, who controlled the country before the Americans conquered it, knew of the existence of the placers. He thinks that the colonization of the country and the introduction of American commerce will be a benefit to Central America and Chili; but that San Francisco, as a port of deposit, will lessen the importance of Valparaiso.

The political spirit of the American population in California is just what we should expect and desire. The Legislative Assembly of San Francisco have issued a manifesto, (see *Herald*, July 30th,) setting forth the circumstances of their origin, the perilous condition they are in, from the want of a popular government emanating from, and therefore respected by, the people; and condemning, in no measured terms, the neglect of Congress to provide a government for them, (a neglect proceeding, as every one knows, from the too equal division of parties upon the slavery question.) The manifesto claims for the people of California all the rights and privileges of citizens, and complains somewhat *naïvely* of their being taxed when they are not represented; the authors of the manifesto quite forgetting that the entire region was purchased at a cost of \$20,000,000, by the United States, and that vast expenses have been incurred, and are constantly incurred by the Union, for the protection of the new-fledged liberties of California.

The manifesto contains the usual declaration of human rights, but says nothing at all of the equally valid and *natural* rights of governments.

"The people of California, then, have certain 'inalienable rights,' and, to 'secure these,' they have, in common with all men, the right to 'institute government.' If the rights themselves be inalienable, the means to secure them must be equally so. We therefore assume it as a self-evident truth, that the people of California have the inherent right, in the absence of any territorial organization by Congress, to institute government for their protection, and that such government must 'derive its just powers from the consent of the governed.' The right to govern the people of California must reside somewhere, and it must, and of right ought, to be exercised by some power. If it reside at large in the people of the United States, then they have not exercised it, for they have not spoken through the legally constituted tribunals of the country, the only legitimate mode in which their will could be expressed. They have, therefore, abdicated the right of government here for the time being, and, by their neglect, the people of this country cannot be deprived of their inalienable rights; and the right to institute government must devolve upon the people here, until the mother country shall choose to act. The powers of government cannot lie dormant, to the ruin of a people, without

their consent. It is the duty of the government of the United States to give us laws; and, when that duty is not performed, one of the clearest rights we have left is to govern ourselves."

This very ridiculous paragraph is followed by a good, sensible proposal for a convention, (to organize a government,) to be assembled forthwith. The moment they have a constitution digested, they are to ask to be admitted into the Union.

In the Tribune, July 31st, we find a proclamation of Governor Riley, who seems to have made himself very unpopular in California, directing the observance of the existing (Mexican) laws, and also providing for the better regulation of the army. The authority of this gentleman has excited a great deal of jealousy among the leading political heads.

He attempted to speak at a public meeting of the friends of organization, and could not get a hearing. At the same meeting the Hon. Thomas Butler King, who went to California, it is understood, for the purpose of urging and guiding this movement, made an eloquent and effective speech in explanation of the difficulties which had impeded Congress in the attempt to form a territorial government; and also urging the free and independent action of the citizens of California to procure their speedy organization as a State, and their immediate admission into the Union. Other speeches, very spirited and able, were made by other gentlemen present. The meeting was enthusiastic, but disgraced in some measure by personalities and unjust reflections on the Government of the United States. The most strenuous efforts are being made by well-wishers to the Union for the immediate introduction of New Mexico and California as States. If this can be effected without delay, the responsibility of introducing or rejecting slavery will be thrown, where it belongs, upon the States themselves. By this movement the ground will be knocked away from under the feet of the new coalition, and that party will be forced to declare themselves openly abolitionists. It is rumored that dispatches have already been received at Washington containing positive assurance that California and New Mexico will apply for admission into the Union early next winter. A consummation devoutly to be wished. It is certain that they will be supported with all the legitimate influence of the present Administration, and we believe that the event will be hailed by the Whigs generally as a good omen for the future. It is greatly to be hoped that the proviso controversy will be quashed by this measure. It has already ceased to have any value as a political manœuvre. Civilization is making rapid progress in California. Schools are opened, new towns are laid out and commenced; public meetings are held, men of ability are elected

to officiate; the Anglo-Saxon influence controls every thing.

We long ago predicted the disappointment that is beginning to be felt by our financiers at the smallness of the return of precious metals from the mines.

To support the army of emigrants in California, an annual outlay will be needed of at least \$50,000,000 of the floating property of the nation, while the total annual yield of the mines, at the best estimates that we have seen, will not exceed \$25,000,000. The amount of gold taken from the mines ought to be four times the above amount, or \$100,000,000, to realize the expectations of those who predict that California will become a wealthy and powerful State, and that she will be a valuable acquisition to the Union.

"Money has for some time been easier than has been known for years, and we must look for a change. One of the greatest anticipated sources of supply has been reduced, and most of the hopes and calculations based upon the great accession to our gold and silver currency, from the mines of California, have been in the deep bosom of the ocean buried. It has been very often remarked in financial circles, within the past three or four months, that there was no possibility of the money market again being tight, as the supply of gold from California would be sufficient to meet any demand for commercial purposes. To what extent these anticipations will be realized remains to be seen; certainly not to the extent which has been predicted. California will, from this time forward, be an important part of the Union, and the Eastern States will find markets for large quantities of their manufactures and products; but that hundreds of millions of dollars of gold will be extracted from the gold mines in California per annum, we have great doubts. In all the calculations we have made relative to the productiveness of these mines, we have taken, as data, the reported result of the diggings for 1848. Upon that basis, and in view of the enormous emigration, we have made large estimates. The mines have been represented as inexhaustible. As yet, nothing is known to the contrary. It has also been represented that the gold was easily obtained, in large lumps and lots, without much labor. This, we now know, is not only untrue, but that the most robust and hardy men have sacrificed their lives, in their efforts to contend against the climate and the exposure necessary to gather the glittering dust. A man must be made of malleable iron to stand the vicissitudes necessary to ensure a successful result. The four seasons of the year appear to be equally unfavorable for digging: the winter, on account of the deep snows; the spring, on account of the great freshets; the summer, on account of its great heat during the day, and cold during the

night; and the fall, on account of its fever and ague. According to this there are obstacles to contend against sufficient to dishearten the most determined. There is, without doubt, all the gold in the mines of California that has been represented by the most sanguine and enthusiastic adventurers; but we have lately arrived at facts relative to obtaining it, which have heretofore been studiously reserved. In the face, however, of all the known and unknown difficulties, which will have to be encountered in acquiring this precious metal, there are thousands who will, at every hazard, and at all risks, devote themselves to digging. It is too great a prize to be given up; and, although we shall doubtless see an enormous sacrifice of life, a large amount of gold will be extracted from the soil. That the product will, under the circumstances, be large enough to have the effect anticipated upon the money markets of the world, we much doubt; neither will immense fortunes be made out of the California trade; but, on the contrary, we apprehend that much embarrassment and difficulty will be experienced by those who have become deeply involved in the movement."—(*Herald Aug. 2nd.*) To these considerations it must be added, that the country is not enriched by a mere increase of the amount of its circulating medium. It must be by its effects on commerce and production in the United States, and not by augmenting the quantity of gold, that it will enrich us as a nation.

The following important communication we quote from the *Republic of Aug. 4th.*:

A correspondent of that journal writes from San Francisco, in regard to the state of trade and speculation in that place. It is high time that the popular delusions in regard that wretched harbor, and the trade to be maintained there were dispelled. It is immoral and mischievous to endeavor any longer to sustain it.

"This can never be the great seaport town of these waters. There is a constant blustering wind blowing here. In one part of the day we have high winds and dust, in the other cold gusts and fogs. It is the most disagreeable, inhospitable climate I have ever encountered in such latitudes. The thermometer to-day has been below 60°. Singular to say, the climate in the interior, within 30 miles of this place, is represented as being mild and equable.

"Benicia, on the straits of Carquinas, between the bays of San Pablo and Soisson, is destined to be, in my opinion, the commercial city of this country. Ships of the largest class can be moored close in shore. It is protected from all winds; is open to a good fertile back country, and the site itself well suited for a city. This place has no such advantages; but, having been made the port of entry for these waters, and having been connected in

the beginning with the gold discoveries, it has acquired such a reputation and currency abroad that it will be a long time before its inconvenience as a city can be as generally known.

"There will be an effort this winter to have Benicia made a port of entry, and I hope it will succeed."

The reader will find on examination of the surveys of the harbor of San Francisco, made by Lieut. Wilkes, which we have given in our July number, (p. 75,) that all the necessary information in regard to it has been for a long time before the public; but has been carefully kept out of sight by editors and other persons interested in keeping up California excitement.

"This state of things cannot last long. I see nothing to warrant it. The business of the towns, if it were a hundred times greater than it is, the product of the mines, if they got it by pecks instead of ounces, could not warrant this inflated state of the market. A tremendous crash awaits some of these people. The dealers in dry goods and salt provisions are already beginning to suffer. Ready-made clothing (coarse articles) are now almost as cheap as in New York; and when the market is overstocked, as it must be by the large shipments which are known to be afloat for this place, dry goods will sell cheaper here than in New York. I heard a man say, who has a cargo of goods on its way to him at this place, that if the crew could be saved, he hoped that the vessel might founder at sea, his insurance money being a much larger sum than that for which he would be able to sell his goods. The same remarks may now apply to salt and preserved meats.

"Labor is so high here, and the difficulties of discharging cargoes so great, (it can only be done on the flood tide,) that nearly every vessel which has arrived here, has sunk her freight money in unloading; and I even heard of one vessel which sailed out of this harbor a few days since, \$800 poorer than she was before she undertook her voyage. On our arrival here we found some seventy vessels in the harbor. In thirty days the expected arrivals will bring the number to at least one hundred and twenty. A year ago there were three miserable little schooners lying here."

The probability is, that California will not become either a large or a wealthy State. It has not got the materials. Oregon, on the contrary, being colonized by agriculturists, needs only to be made the terminus of the grand Pacific Railroad; and with an orderly and industrious population, its splendid harbor of Puget Sound, one of the finest in the world, will become a port of entry and of exit, for an immense commerce.

Texas.

Accounts from Texas convey a dreadful image

of confusion. Parties of hostile savages watch the frontier, and commit the most frightful ravages.

The *West Texian*, published at St. Antonio, mentions the arrival at that place, on the 29th June, of Captain K. Lewis, from Brownsville via Corpus Christi, *en route* for Austin. He had left the Salt Lakes some twenty miles north of Brownsville, and was on his way to see Gov. Wood, for the purpose of obtaining an order to raise a company of rangers, to be stationed on the lower Rio Grande, to protect the inhabitants from the incursions of the Indians—*Tribune*.

Captain Lewis states that as many as three attacks have been made upon the Salt Lakes by different parties of Indians, and they have been as often repulsed and prevented from doing any injury, except driving away all the horses and mules belonging to the country.

The *Texian* gives an appalling account of the atrocities of the Indians, upon the authority of Captain Lewis, which are represented to exceed anything that has occurred in Texas for the last ten years. The whole country bordering on the eastern side of the Rio Grande, from Laredo to within fifteen miles of Brownsville, is represented as one general scene of desolation—the heart sickens at the description.

All the inhabitants have been forced to fly from their houses across to the western bank of the Rio Grande. Many have swum the river with their clothes tied upon their heads, while their wives and children have been dragged into captivity by the relentless foe.

The editor writes in a very indignant tone (and justly) in relation to the defenseless and exposed condition of Texas, and adds:

"Had Government at the close of the war ordered a sufficient force upon our frontier of that kind of troops capable of keeping the Indians at abeyance, it would have saved many valuable lives of our citizens, who have been butchered by the Indians, and their families now from being captives in the hands of the Camanches.

"We want no better evidence of the present mode of protection on our frontier than the precedent recently exhibited to the world by the movement of the troops of El Paso. Six companies of the 3rd infantry arrived here last November, bound for El Paso, and immediately commenced fitting out for that expedition at an enormous expense to the Government; they occupied nearly eight months to get ready, for it has been only a few days since they left for their place of destination, notwithstanding every exertion and vigilance were used by the officers to get under way.

"The greater portion of the 8th Infantry are encamped four miles above this place, and should a thousand Camanches, or a less number, make a descent upon us, they could

sweep the whole San Antonio and Guadalupe Rivers, and return to their mountain homes before the commandant of the post here could get those troops in readiness to pursue them. The present defense on our border is a perfect burlesque upon military operations. The officers are discouraged for the want of men properly mounted, equipped, and provided for with supplies and transportation adequate to meet any emergency which occasion may require. Unless such arrangements are made by our Government, the troops in their present condition on our frontier are rendered a perfect nullity."

The protection of this frontier will for years be a grand item of expense for the United States, and new difficulties will continually arise until the Camanches are treated as the Seminoles were.

FOREIGN.

Mexico.

The most influential political party at the present time is that called *Moderados*, i. e. conservatives. The object of this party, which is at present in power, notwithstanding the disorganizing attempts of Santa Anna and his friends, and the general corruption of the army through that influence. The partisans of the traitorous general were lately dismissed from the military service—a bold and useful, so far very successful measure.

The great obstacle which true patriotic Mexicans have to contend with, is the poverty of the Government, and the inability to collect taxes. Entire regions of the republic have been desolated by the Indians, and the attention of Government is now chiefly directed to the defense of the people against these invaders, and to the general necessity of quieting the provinces, and inspiring confidence, after the disturbance given by the anarchy of military despotism, or rather disorganization, resulting from the almost total destruction of the Government.

It is reported, though upon very doubtful authority, that the Americans are very popular with the lower classes, and hated, on the other hand, by the better classes.

There is said also to be a party in favor of monarchy; probably a very small one.

The party of Santa Anna continues active and efficient. After these comes the radical, or ultra-democratic faction.

There is a great deal said about annexation in Vera Cruz; many people there having a great opinion of our system of government. There is said to be a powerful organization in our extreme Southern States for an armed colonization of the northern part of Mexico. We refrain giving particulars from the fear of drawing undue attention to a movement which

may be of much less importance than is represented.

The population of Mexico being nine-tenths uneducated, political movements in that State are of trifling interest, and seem to have no foundation to rest upon. The minds of the people are distracted by a variety of influences, and the entire country, may be characterized as a body striving to walk without head or heart, the lesser organs ambitious each to govern, and, failing in their turn, producing a mere chaos of factions.

Hungary.

There is at present very little hope for Hungary. Surrounded by hostile powers, and internally composed of a mixed population, of which the Magyar alone, composing only one half of the eleven millions of its people, enters with enthusiasm into the war—without credit or pecuniary resources—and, in the power of organization, several ages behind its German neighbors, this chivalrous and free-spirited people seem destined to fall before the superior resources of the two despotisms of Austria and Russia. Nothing could perhaps save the Magyar race but an alliance offensive and defensive with England and Prussia; but it is now too late for either of these powers, were they inclined to do so, to enter into the contest. What we have to look for in all human probability, is a division of Hungary between the three great powers that invest her. Had the great Lord Chatham been prime minister of England on the breaking out of the Hungarian war, we should perhaps have had England drawn into the contest, and Hungary, like Prussia might then have risen after a seven years' contest to the rank of an independent kingdom, to become eventually the interposing power between Russia and the smaller States of Europe.

On the first public appearance of the independent spirit in Hungary, Windischgratz advanced from Vienna, penetrated with an Austrian army into the heart of Hungary, and took Pesth, the metropolis, with very little resistance. This was in the early part of the last winter's campaign. While the Austrians were entering from the west, the Croats and military frontier districts on the east and south, furnished a second army under Jellachich, who advanced upon the cities of the lower Danube; both of these armies were driven back by a general rising of the Magyars, and the citadel of Buda, on the south side of the Danube, was carried by storm, by a division of the army under Gorgey.

The Austrians fell back westward to Presburg, within three days' march of Vienna.

Now appeared a proclamation of the Emperor of Russia declaring the necessity, and asserting the principle of interference. The old

Emperor of Austria had resigned in favor of his son, who now sought the alliance of Russia, urging as a plea, the common interest of the two monarchs in Poland.

Three armies now moved down upon Hungary, put in motion by the Autocrat. One from the northern side through Moravia, commanded by Paniutin—50,000 men; one through Galicia, from the north east, 100,000, under Paskiewitch, to pass the Carpathian mountains, and overrun northern Hungary. Three other smaller divisions crossed the same range by other passes on the right and left, west, and southeast, of the main army; while at the same time, Jellachich, the Ban or military chief of Croatia, on the south, acted against the southern provinces that bound his district on the north and west.

Either from policy, as some have faintly suggested, or from inability to meet the enemy with a sufficient force at more points than one, the Hungarian President Kossuth, retreated, for the time with his adherents, to the heart of the great Hungarian plain, Czegled. To reach the Magyars at this point the invading armies have to pass over a vast country left almost uninhabited, the cattle driven off, the bridges broken down, the green corn destroyed, and to be harassed on their approach by flying parties of Magyar horsemen, the finest cavalry in Europe.

Meanwhile several severe conflicts have taken place between the Magyar armies under their leaders Bem and Gorgey, and the invading armies. Neither side seeming unequal to the contest.

By the last advices from Europe up to this date the 15th, it appears that the Ban of Croatia has been defeated by Bem, the leader of the southern Magyar army, and driven across the Danube, and that a considerable advantage has been gained over the Austro-Russian army by Gorgey, at Waitzen.

The want of money is supplied by a government paper currency, issued by Kossuth, whose name gives it value with the people.

Kossuth has made a successful effort to enlist the Jews in behalf of the Magyars; the Jews having been themselves levied upon by the Russians.

Kossuth, it is said remains constantly on board an armed steamer, on the Danube, which transports him to Pesth, to Comorn, to Raab, to Buda, where his presence is necessary. Great crowds of the people await him at every landing place; processions of the clergy and people, carrying the red sword and the red cross, come up to meet him. With a powerful and rapid elocution, he preaches to them the holy war, the war of independence, and the oration is followed by hymns and prayers. It is thus that he everywhere arouses the people, and fills them with a desperate enthusiasm. Of the three leaders, Kossuth, Bem, and Gorgey,

most extraordinary things are related, showing in them a character of enthusiasm, and a chivalrous magnanimity, without parallel since the days of Washington. There is a general impression that these men aim to make Hungary a republic; its government has always been constitutional; it will continue as before, if it attains its liberty, with perhaps the substitution of a President for life, or a continually re-elected President, instead of a king.

Hungary has a powerful and wealthy aristocracy; the people are not democrats and know nothing of democracy—of radicalism they have a German infusion, but that is all. The Magyars are a religious and a liberty loving people; but they are also strongly attached to their ancient orders; and any attempt to subvert them will, of necessity, fail; the condition of the people will be ameliorated, liberty of conscience will be granted to all; Kossuth has promised it to the Jews. The spirit of the present revolution seems to be created and to live in the eloquence of Kossuth; he rouses the people to a hatred of the Emperor of Austria; he appeals to their national prejudices.

From the remote distance at which we regard the revolution in Hungary, it seems to be managed by a few men; and depending upon a few, and not upon a mass of educated intelligence, it is more in the hands of accident than might be desired by the friends of European liberty.

The powers of the invaders and of the invaded, seem to be nearly at a balance; report says, that General Bem, in Transylvania, has gained still farther advantages; that a dreadful battle has been fought there, ending in a defeat of the Russians, after which no quarter was given; that the Russian army was driven into Transylvania—that a corps of 15000 Russians were attacked and destroyed by only 2000 Hungarians; on the other side, the great battle at Waitzen is spoken of as extremely disastrous to the Russians—the Magyar horsemen do great execution in the pursuit, wounding dangerously great numbers of the enemy with their sabres. The latest account from all parts of Hungary are extremely favorable. The Ban Jellachich has been defeated by a division of the Magyars, &c.

Our limited space will not allow us to enter into the details of the numerous battles that have been lately fought in Hungary, almost all ending favorably for the cause of liberty; and yet if Russia pursues her ancient policy, and continues to pour army after army into Hungary, we are persuaded that nothing can save that country, except an armed intervention of the neighboring powers. Oh for one year's administration of a Mirabeau or a Lord Chat-ham, in France or England, to create a diversion in favor of this noble people!

Italy.

The siege of Venice continues, now reduced to a blockade.

On July 16th, Rome was again brought under Papal sway, under the protection of the French Army, with shouts of "*viva l'Italia*," "*viva la Religion*," "*viva la Francia*;" but the whole is an effort of despotism.

In our last number we gave our readers a concise notice of the fact, that the French army under Oudinot was engaged in battering the walls of Rome, with every expectation of a severe and protracted siege. The courage or the resources of the defenders, however, gave way much sooner than was anticipated. On the 29th of June, the eighth bastion of the defenses was captured by the besiegers, and a destructive cannonade opened upon the second line of defense. At this moment consternation fell upon the city. The troops, excepting the followers of Garibaldi, the Students, and the Lombard allies, began to lose courage. The ground of St. Pietro in Montorio must be defended, but they refused to advance to its defense.

Garibaldi, holding in charge the Porta St. Pancrazio, informed the Triumvirate, that he could not much longer maintain his defense; that if they were resolved to hold out, the inhabitants must be all sent over to the left bank of the Tiber, the bridges be then destroyed, and a third line of defense established on this side the river.

The National Assembly thereupon resumed its daily sitting, but nothing of consequence was concluded upon, the Triumvirs not communicating the message of Garibaldi. At length a member rose and inquired why the message had not been communicated, whereupon the true position of affairs becoming known to the assembly, they passed certain resolutions, and it was determined to make the best possible terms. M. Mazzini opened communication with Oudinot endeavoring to make terms, but that general would be fettered by no conditions, and after a great deal of fruitless negotiation, it was agreed, that the French army should be permitted to enter quietly into the city. An amnesty was granted, from which, however, Garibaldi and his followers, with the foreign troops were excluded. The hour of 10 o'clock, on the evening of the 2d, was fixed upon for the entry of the French troops; a manœuvre on the part of the Romans, to give Garibaldi and his troops full time to escape.

At sunset of the same day, they moved off unnoticed to the mountains. As soon as his retreat was secured the defenses were left open to the French.

Garibaldi it is said, took with him 4,000 infantry, and 500 horse, determined to take refuge in the Abruzzi, or to force their way into Venice.

A strong division of the French army entered and took possession next morning, by the Porta del Popolo, of the famous hill Pincio. The height of St. Pietro was soon covered by the troops of France.

These particulars were condensed from a full account given in the *Times*, and quoted from that paper by the New York Tribune.

The following proclamation was published at Rome, on the 5th :

"INHABITANTS OF ROME! The general Commander-in-chief of the French army has named me governor of your city. I assume this character with the firm intention of seconding energetically, by all the means in my power, the measures already taken by the General-in-chief to secure your tranquillity and protect your persons and your property. I take the following measures from this day: 1. Crowds in the streets are prohibited, and will be dispersed by force. 2. The retreat will be beaten at 9 P. M. Circulation in the streets shall cease at half-past 9. At that hour public places shall be closed. 3. Political clubs which, contrary to the proclamation of the General-in-chief, have not yet been closed; shall be so by force, and the proprietors or householders of the places where such circles might be found to exist shall be pursued with the greatest rigor. 4. Every violence or insult offered to our soldiers, or to those who are in friendly relation with them, every impediment laid in the way of provisioning the army, shall be immediately punished in an exemplary way. 5. Physicians and public functionaries alone will be allowed freely to walk the streets at night. They must, however, be furnished with a pass, signed by the military authority, and shall be escorted from station to station to the place they intend to go. Inhabitants of Rome! you want order. I will guarantee it to you. Those who intend to prolong your oppression shall find in me an inflexible severity.

The General of Division, ROSTOLAN.

Rome, July 5."

The Pope, on receiving the keys of the Portese and San Pancrazio gates of Rome, named a commission that was to proceed to the Eternal City, to arrange with MM. de Corcelles and an Austrian agent, the mode of his return to Rome. The French, Belgian and Spanish Ministers have gone also to Rome for the same purpose.

The private correspondence of the *Opinione*, of Turin writes, on the 5th :

"Hostile demonstrations continue. When a Frenchman enters a coffee-room, all the Italians withdraw. Several inn-keepers, being afraid to lose their native customers, have refused to lodge the invaders. If, in the streets, a Frenchman apply for information, no reply is returned to him. Such is the situation of Rome. The English and American Consuls are our sole protectors. They deliver pass-

ports to those who demand them, and are always ready to extend their protection to the patriots who claim it."

The French were proceeding with great activity to the disarming of the Romans, and the feeling of hostility on both sides was not by any means calmed by the measures which became necessary in the course of that operation. The situation of Rome is without any change. An inquiry has been instituted to discover and punish the murderers of Count Rossi.

The Constituent Assembly of Rome has been dissolved by force by the French. The Representatives had protested, and declared that the sitting was prorogued to an indefinite day.

The *Constitutionale Romano*, which had suspended its publication, has reappeared. M. de la Tour d'Auvergne, accompanied by two secretaries, visited on the 8th all the public prisons, to ascertain if they contained political prisoners. Gen. Zamboni, who was confined in the castle of Santangelo, and all the other persons imprisoned for political offenses by the Republican Government were subsequently set at liberty. On the 8th, the new coffee-house was closed and occupied by the French together with the barrack of the riflemen at the Sapienza. Every day fresh troops and artillery arrived at Rome; five pieces were planted in the Corso. All the wounded had been removed from the Pope's palace, and a commission, composed of three cardinals, was expected to regulate with Gen. Oudinot the restoration of the Pontifical Government.

Letters from Civita Vecchia of the 11th inst., announces the occupation of Viterbo by a column of 3,000 French soldiers, who were met outside the gates by the Municipality and the National Guard. The Prefect of Viterbo, and the ex-Prefect of Civita Vecchia, had been arrested. The French were said to have overtaken Garibaldi's legion and captured the greater part of their baggage. On the 8th three or four of his men were brought prisoners into Rome, together with several wagons filled with wounded. A band commanded by an Englishman named Forbes, and forming the advanced guard of the Legion of Pianciani, was said to be committing all sorts of excesses at Terni. A column of 4,000 Austrians had left Macerata for Umbria, and the Spaniards were said to have advanced to Velletri. Several customs officers, charged with the murder of a number of priests, they were directed to escort to San Calisto, had been arrested by order of Gen. Oudinot.

Germany.

The Danish and Holstein war, is not yet at an end; during the armistice the regency of Sleswig Holstein continues to recruit its army, and to strengthen itself. The powerful inter-

ference of Prussia is resisted by the Regency and the Diet.

France.

The policy of the President of the French Republic, so called, continues to be suppressive and reactionary. We hear, in the Assembly, of new plans for the government of the press, and for the general reorganization and strengthening of the government. Paris continues in the hands of military power; the bayonet governs. At present, it is a general sentiment in France, a sentiment which is the growth of necessity, that it is better to shape public opinion by argument, and so govern in the English and American fashion, than to maintain a hopeless series of revolutions. The great men, out of office, write, and appeal, and argue, and argue, and write, and appeal, while those in office have nothing on their hands, or in their thought but the forcible prevention of new revolutions, by whatever means may seem for the time, most convenient and expedient. The prorogation of the assembly has been voted. General Cavaignac voted against the prorogation, but it passed by 294 against 247. The assembly will not separate until the 20th of the month. Democratic writers say, that the Republic has nothing to fear from dynastic pretensions: it is said, that General Cavaignac will be the next president. Several distinguished Polish gentlemen have been banished from France, which proves beyond a question, that Russian diplomacy is powerful in that country. The Radicals affirm, that the two great enemies of the Republic are the clergy, and the Bank of France. Radical revolutions look toward repudiation, and interfere dreadfully with the business of the country; it is, therefore, extremely natural that businessmen should be opposed to revolutions. The Socialists leave religion out of their calculations; it is, therefore, quite natural for the clergy to oppose Socialism. Louis Napoleon believes in a strong government, and is admitted, at last, to be a shrewd, enduring, and long-headed man; his progress toward absolute power is by gradual but sure steps; he may become Dictator, possibly, Emperor. But the French are a people for whom no calculations can be made, and the danger they fear is scarcely ever the danger that impends.

England.

Since the repeal of the Navigation laws, things remain very quiet in England; the ministry, for the present, hold their place, but the Protectionists are evidently gathering strength. The most remarkable events of the times seem to be the Queen's visit to Ireland, the sympathetic meeting for the Hungarians, and efforts to improve the condition of the poorer classes and of the public health.

In London, on the 23d of July, a great course of the English friends of the Magyar liberties, met at London Tavern, to express their sympathy with that brave, but unfortunate and unfriended people. Among those present were Mr. Cobden, Lord Nugent, William Howitt, &c. Mr. Cobden addressed the meeting with great effect. He put forth the principle, that the liberty of every nation should be regarded as sacred, the principle of non-interference, except for the defense of national liberties. He said that every nation ought to be allowed to regulate its own affairs. He thought favorably of the cause of the Hungarians, and spoke with great severity against Russian interference. "What I am here to-day for," said Mr. Cobden, "is to rouse the feelings of the peace party in this country against the aggression of Russia. We may be asked, how can you bring moral force to bear upon these armed despots? I will tell you. We can stop the supplies. Why Russia can't carry on two campaigns beyond her own frontiers without coming to Western Europe for a loan. She never has done so without being either subsidized by England or borrowing money from Amsterdam. I tell you I have paid a visit there, and I assert that they cannot carry on two campaigns in Hungary without either borrowing money in Western Europe or robbing the Bank at St. Petersburg. I know that the Russian party here and abroad would rather that I should send against them a squadron of cavalry and a battery of cannon, than that I should fire off the facts that I am about to tell you. I say, then, that Russia can not carry on two campaigns without a loan. In 1829, Russia was engaged in a war with Turkey, but after one campaign she was obliged to go to Hope, of Amsterdam, and borrow 40,000,000 florins to carry on a war of two years' duration. In 1831, when the Poles rose in insurrection against Russia, if it had not been for the assistance of Hope, of Amsterdam, Russia could not have carried on that nine months' war. The loan, I understand, was called in England, the Pole-murdering loan. Well now, I want to know, can't we, as a peace party, do something to prevent Russia or Austria raising a loan in Western Europe again? The whole contest depends upon that. I have told you they cannot carry on a war without either robbing the Bank of St. Petersburg or borrowing money abroad. There is no one in their own country from whom they can borrow; there is not a citizen who can lend them a farthing. The rumors of the wealth of Russia exist because their diplomatists, who are clever, cunning men, invent falsehoods, which no one who knows the real condition of the country could believe for a moment. They tell us that the Emperor has gold mines in Siberia, from which he can draw any possible amount of gold, and that is a story which

is believed even by some honorable gentlemen in Threadneedle street. Now, I have been there, and I know what is the value of those mines. The Russian government does not work those mines itself, but receives a percentage upon the working of these mines by others. After the gold-mine delusion is dispelled, they tell you that the Emperor of Russia has a great amount of specie in the vaults of the fortress of St. Petersburg. Yes, there is a reserve of specie there, precisely as we have a reserve of specie in the Bank of England, but it is a reserve of £14,000,000 to meet a circulation of £40,000,000 or £50,000,000. If it comes to a war, Russia must either come for a foreign loan or rob the bank; and if the Emperor takes that money, he takes what no more belongs to him, and what he has no more right to take, than if the Chancellor of the Exchequer came down to Threadneedle street and took the reserve out of the vaults there. There are men here present who know I am speaking the truth. I know it, because I have been on the spot and made it my business to understand these things. I should never have spoken thus of the poverty of Russia, if she had not violated a principle which every man who admires Hungarian fortitude and courage, and feels an interest in the cause of liberty and patriotism, is bound to further and uphold. Well, these are my moral means, by which I invite the peace party to put down this system of loaning. Now, will any one in the city of London dare to be a party to a loan to Russia, either directly or openly, or by agency and co-partnership with any house in Amsterdam or Paris? Will any one dare, I say, to come before the citizens of this free country and avow that he has lent his money for the purpose of cutting the throats of the innocent people of Hungary? I have heard such a project talked of. But let it only assume a shape, and I promise you, that we, the peace party, will have such a meeting as has not yet been held in London, for the purpose of denouncing the blood-stained project—for the purpose of pointing the finger of scorn at the house or the individuals who would employ their money in such a manner—for the purpose of fixing an indelible stigma of infamy upon the men who would lend their money for such a vile, unchristian, and barbarous purpose. That is my moral force. As for Austria, no one, I suppose, would ever think of lending her money. Why, she has been bankrupt twice within the last forty years, and now her paper money is at a discount of 15 per cent. As the peace party throughout the country, we will raise a crusade against the credit of every government that is carrying on an unholy war. If Russia should take a step that required England or any other great maritime power, like the United States, to attack that Power, why we should fall like a thunder-bolt upon her.



Robert S. Baldwin

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A HISTORY OF PARTIES.*

THE publication of the Statesman's Manual, which contains, besides the Addresses and the Messages of the Presidents, a memoir of each and the history of their administration, will probably have the effect in future to give a more solid and accurate character to political writings upon questions of the day. After giving our readers a brief review of this new and valuable work, and pointing out a few statistical errors, which have escaped the notice of the author and compiler, it is our intention to enter upon a brief history of the rise and progress of the two parties, which originated during the formation of the Constitution. We believe that most of our political readers, if they will follow us in this history, will confess that the current opinions of the day, and which are studiously maintained by the opposition presses, in regard to the origin of the present Whig Republican party, are false opinions; and they will have the satisfaction of finding that the line of policy at present taken by the Whigs is an unbroken line, transmitted to them by their republican founders from the time of the origin of the Constitution.

A first want in every nation in which politics is a profession of free choice, is a collection of the documentary history of the government. Politicians are, no more than scholars, made by the study of epitomes. A narrative history of the administration of public affairs may answer very well the purpose of those who seek nothing beyond general ideas; but for one who is in search of a political education to content

himself with these, is like studying theology in the primer. A great many, indeed, of the class called politicians, are formed upon the labor-saving principle, and with some few, certain clever points of statesmanship may be developed on the basis of the science made easy; but most of these cases serve chiefly to reveal the distinction between the *profession* of politics and a *political education*.

To understand fully and clearly the principles on which our government has been administered—to comprehend the relations of the various policies with the circumstances of the nation—to trace their connection with later events,—we must know not merely *what* has been done, but *why* it was done—must know what was *thought* by the actors: to know this, and to make the lesson of experience available to the present, we must resort to the contemporaneous exposition from the voices and pens of the statesmen who conceived, who debated, or who executed, the systems that have prevailed.

A compilation the most important of any which could be made, in a selection of American State papers, is given us in the work of Mr. Williams. The Messages of the Presidents are dignified and intelligent treatises on the national interests, containing, generally, sound definitions (in the abstract view, at least,) of the theory of our Republican system, and so far as they reason debatable points, make use only of dispassionate and logical arguments. At the same time, they contain better expressions of the sentiments of the parties by

* *The Addresses and Messages of the Presidents of the United States; Inaugural, Annual and Special, from 1789 to 1846.* By EDWIN WILLIAMS. New York: Edward Walker.

whom, respectively, the Presidents were elected, than can be found in the speeches of members of Congress, or in the writings of the partisan editors. The President has always been regarded as the only authorized single exponent of the party principles, and however more conspicuous in point of leadership, active advocacy, or talent others may have been, their expositions receive but a limited respect compared with the general consideration attached to the Messages as authoritative party manifestoes. Nothing, certainly, could have been farther from the design of those who compounded the theory of our government, than that, in its practical operation, the President should be the official head of a party. They intended for him an independent position, similar to that of the British sovereign; but it is impossible thus to isolate any office from party influence, which rests on popular election. An ingeniously-compounded electoral system was devised as the only partition practicable between the people and the President; but in the first instance, the people selected the President in advance of the electors, and as soon as the system placed an impediment in the way of the popular will, it was broken through by a constitutional amendment; and we have now electoral colleges only to show the futility of an effort to base a high office in a Republic founded on universal, or nearly universal suffrage, on any other foundation than that of popular choice. The evils which our fathers might have feared from this reduction in the position intended for the chief magistrate have not wholly overtaken us, and there are good reasons, considering the dignity, restraint, and caution, seeming inseparable from the office, why the President should, in preference, be considered the annunciator of the general sentiments, at least, held by the dominant party—in other words, the majority of the people.

The "Statesman's Manual," of which the Presidents' Messages form the principal part, should be on the table of every political editor, and in the library of every professional politician; and it is adapted to other uses than those of a mere book of reference. It is compiled upon such a design that it is entirely suited to the purpose of general reading, and could not fail to interest any man moderately inquisitive on matters of

political information. The Messages of each President are preceded by a tolerably full biography, and followed by a history of his administration, detailing a considerable portion of the party operations, and other influences at work upon the government. It thus brings together matter naturally connected, explains the causes of events which are mentioned in bare detail in formal histories, and to the ordinary reader, adds intelligibility and interest to the Messages.

In addition to these matters, the compilation contains the Declaration of Independence; the Articles of Confederation; the present Constitution, with the decisions of the Supreme Court on all contested points submitted to its jurisdiction; epitomes of the State Constitutions; lists of the members of the Continental and Constitutional Congresses, extending from 1774 to 1846; votes of the States at the Presidential elections; lists of the several Cabinets; Ministers abroad; chronological table, &c. An analytical index is added.

In the matter of errors and defects, so important in a work of this character, we notice but a limited proportion. The copies of the messages from which it is printed are pure, the typographical revision well made, the mechanical execution very fair. We notice one omission—a proclamation of Washington (other proclamations being inserted) in relation to the resistance to the excise on distilled spirits, issued Sept. 1792, and which is referred to in the message of November of that year, does not appear. Several errors meet us in the historical part of the work. Page 378, it is stated that Mr. Clay was elected Speaker of the House for the "second time," in Dec. 1815; it was the *third* time, as he had been previously Speaker of the 12th and 13th Houses. On page 354 is a considerable error, for which one of the "authentic writers on American history" appears responsible. It is stated that of the 79 Representatives who voted for the War bill, in 1812, 62 were from the Southern and but 17 from the Northern States; and that in both Houses only 21 voted for the bill. This is decidedly bad history. The list of yeas and nays shows that on the passage of the War bill in the House, of the 79 yeas, 33 were from the North, and 46 from the South

and West; and that instead of the war being altogether "a measure of the South and West," it was voted for by a majority of the Representatives of the Middle States (21 to 18,) and that the whole North gave nearly as many votes for (33) as against (38) the measure. There are rather too many errors in the Election Tables, pages 1544—1546. In the election of 1796, Jefferson's vote is given at 69 in one place, 68 in another; it was neither, but 67, the whole vote being 138, and John Adams's 71.—Election of 1800, nine States are named as voting for Jefferson on the 36th ballot in the House: *Vermont* should be added, making ten. 1817—John Marshall had *four* instead of *five* votes as Vice-President in Connecticut. 1820—the vote for Monroe is given at 231, without that of Missouri: the vote as counted by the tellers, and declared by the President of the Senate (see all the papers of the day,) was 231 for Monroe *with*, or 228 *without* Missouri's vote. To make up 231, while excluding Missouri, the table gives *one vote too many* to each of these States, Pennsylvania, Mississippi, Tennessee. The stray vote for John Quincy Adams is credited to Massachusetts; it was New Hampshire, however, and not Massachusetts, which broke the unanimity of Monroe's re-election. 1824—in the election of President by the House, Alabama looks very much out of place in the support of Mr. Adams; her three votes were cast for Jackson. 1836—Col. Johnson's vote for Vice-President is made 144, but should be 147, exactly half the whole vote. These errors corrected, as we hope they will be in a future edition, this table will be the only full and correct one of the Presidential elections we have seen published. Page 1547—Geo. Cabot's appointment as Secretary of the Navy is stated to have been made in 1789, which could not have well been; the department not being created until 1798. In the list of Secretaries of the Navy, Jacob Crowninshield, of Mass., is omitted; and Robert Smith, of Md., in the list of Attorney Generals. In a work not intended for a standard character, these errors might be allowed to pass.

With the idea of incorporating the histories of the political parties in that of the administration, we are particularly pleased,

and in our view this feature gives a most decided addition to the value of the work. We regret only that it has not been carried to a farther extent, and that on certain important points, in particular, the action and motives of parties are not more elaborately set forth. The history of parties in the United States is to be written. At the proper time it will be done, and if the proper historian undertakes the work, it will be found that few books of greater interest, or better calculated for instruction, have been written. It will open all the machinery of administration, will reveal the secret sources of motion, and trace their connection to apparent events. It will be regarded as an adjunct to the national history as necessary as the glossaries to the old writers.

We are tempted, having the subject before us, to annex a compendious account of the parties that have hitherto divided the Union.

In the divisions upon the question of the acceptance of the Constitution framed by the Convention of 1787, we discover the origin of the parties that have continued, with various modifications, to the present time. Of the 55 members who attended the deliberations of the convention, 39 signed the constitution it had prepared, and 16 declined affixing their names. In the discussions following, before the people, and in State conventions, the friends and opponents of the Constitution were in most of the larger States nearly balanced. The votes by which it was finally ratified in the several conventions, amendatory recommendations and other considerations disarming much of the opposition, were as follows:

1. Delaware,	. . .	unanimously.
2. Pennsylvania,	. . .	46 to 23
3. New Jersey,	. . .	unanimously.
4. Georgia,	. . .	unanimously.
5. Connecticut,	. . .	128 to 40
6. Massachusetts,	. . .	187 to 168
7. Maryland,	. . .	62 to 12
8. South Carolina,	. . .	149 to 73
9. New Hampshire,	. . .	57 to 46
10. Virginia,	. . .	89 to 79
11. New York,	. . .	30 to 25
12. North Carolina,	. . .	193 to 75
13. Rhode Island,	. . .	2 majority.

The Constitution being adopted, an immediate struggle would have ensued for the

offices between the Federalists and anti-Federalists, as its friends and opponents were respectively termed, on the question of a more or less effective administration of its powers, had any other candidate than General Washington been brought forward for the Presidency. It was not long after the first administration commenced, before an organization, composed nearly exclusively of anti-Federalists, was perceived as an opposition, laboring to defeat the measures of the friends of the President and cabinet, with whom they were nearly matched in strength. The President of the Senate and Speaker of the House (elected before the opposition appeared) were included in this party. Their professed principle was a close construction of the Constitution; all considerable powers not expressly delegated were reserved by the States, and the rights of the States were directly invaded by any attempt to derive large powers by implication. One of the earliest constitutional debates was on the power of the President to *remove* the officers whose *appointment* was vested in him. The anti-Federalists strenuously denied the right of removal, but it was decided against them. Their alarm was again fully aroused by the measures of Mr. Hamilton. The Secretary's Funding scheme—the Internal Duties—the National Bank, appeared to them measures designed to swallow up State sovereignty in a consolidated nation.

In the second Congress, the Federalists, or Administration party, had a majority in each branch, and in the House elected Jonathan Trumbull, of Connecticut, Speaker, over Frederick A. Muhlenberg, of Pa., the Speaker of the former House. A high degree of irritation prevailed during the session, and extended to the cabinet; Messrs. Jefferson and Hamilton, the acknowledged leaders of the parties, became irreconcilably hostile to each other. The object of the anti-Federalists, it had now become apparent, was the election of Mr. Jefferson to the Presidency, when it should be vacated by Washington. At his instance, they dropped their name, and substituted that of *Republicans*, but were called by the Federalists *Democrats*, a name to which they were not then partial.

At the election of 1792, the Democrats did not venture to oppose Gen. Washing-

ton, but supported George Clinton, of New York, for Vice-President, in opposition to Mr. Adams. Of 132 votes cast by the electors, Mr. Adams had 77, Mr. Clinton 50, and there were 5 scattered Democratic votes.

The French Revolution was viewed at the outset with equal favor by both of the parties; but when the Republicans attempted to injure the administration with the people, on account of its measures of neutrality, and to excite the national antipathy to Great Britain; and, when farther, the disposition of the French to rush into wild excesses became apparent, the enthusiasm of the Federalists was very much cooled, and they soon found it necessary to resist the increase of the French influence in the United States, which seemed to them fast hurrying the Democratic party towards the same course on which the French were advancing. The opposition gained strength enough to carry a small majority of the House of Representatives on this question, but the majority of the people still were with the administration.

In the third Congress, Mr. Muhlenberg was again elected Speaker by the Democratic majority. The debates were boisterous, and the Whisky Insurrection, and other affairs, added fuel to the flames. The President's Message, at the second session, attributed the insurrection to certain "self-created societies," (the Jacobin clubs;) the House, in their answer, carefully avoided any allusion to the matter, or to the President's foreign policy, the Senate warmly commending his sentiments on both subjects. An attempt in the House to censure the "self-created societies" failed by the Speaker's casting vote.

When the British treaty was effected, in 1795, the rage of the opposition went beyond all bounds. The President, who, until now, had been treated with at least outward respect, was vehemently denounced, and charged by a portion of the party with the worst vices and crimes. A small Republican majority had been returned to the House of the fourth Congress, though Jonathan Dayton, a Federalist, was elected Speaker, and an address declaring the confidence of the House in the President to be undiminished, was refused, and the expression modified. In the debates in this Congress on the British treaty, the admin-

istration finally triumphing, the principal speakers were, on the Federal side, Fisher Ames, Theodore Sedgwick, Robert G. Harper, Roger Griswold, of Connecticut, and Wm. Smith. On the opposition side, Edward Livingston, James Madison, William B. Giles, and Albert Gallatin.

On the resignation by Mr. Jefferson of his seat in the cabinet, another Federalist was added to the President's advisers, and when Mr. Randolph followed, the cabinet was made undividedly Federal.

To succeed Washington, at the election of 1796, the Federalists brought forward John Adams, a small portion of them preferring Mr. Pinckney, who was on the ticket with him, intended for Vice-President. The then called "Republicans" rallied to Mr. Jefferson. The Federalists argued that in the Washingtonian policy was all the safety of the nation—French influence would destroy our liberties if the "Republicans" succeeded. The latter replied that the Federalists had proved themselves a monarchical party by their devotion to England, and would, at the first opportunity, attempt the establishment of regal power. Adams received 71 votes, Jefferson 67. So many votes were withheld from Mr. Pinckney, by the Federal electors in the Eastern States, that he fell below Mr. Jefferson, who consequently became Vice-President. Of the "Republican" votes intended for Vice-President, 30 were given to Aaron Burr, and 15 to Samuel Adams.

In the first Congress under Mr. Adams, the Federalists were in a majority in each branch. The measures of this Congress, and of the administration, regarding France, were highly acceptable to the people, the French fever having now pretty much subsided, and been succeeded by indignation at the insults offered to the United States. The Alien and Sedition acts, however, proved very injurious to the party, and added materially to the strength of the opposition. The rancor of political opposition has never gone to such extremes in the United States as at this period. Of about 200 papers published in the United States at this time, the Federalists had the overwhelming proportion of 180, while to restore the balance, the Republicans had a body of foreigners in their ranks estimated a little short of

100,000—50,000 of them having been subjects of Great Britain, and 30,000 of France.

In the sixth Congress, the administration party was in a majority in each branch, as in the last. At the first session caucuses of the members of each party were held to nominate candidates for President and Vice-President, for the coming election. The Federalists nominated Mr. Adams for re-election, with C. C. Pinckney for Vice-President; the Republicans nominated Mr. Jefferson and Col. Burr. Before the session adjourned, the result of the New York State election was ascertained, the Republicans carrying the Legislature, (which was to choose the Presidential electors) and thus deciding a change of the vote of that State from the preceding election. The hopes of the Republicans were raised in a high degree, and those of the Federalists somewhat depressed, but they did not consider the election decided, and made preparations for a vigorous effort to repair the loss by gains in other States.

The quarrel between the President and a portion of his cabinet, which had been long fomenting, became an open rupture about this time. The President's course in one part of the French affair had been condemned by a portion of the party, including many of the influential leaders, and among them, Gen. Hamilton; as well as the Secretaries of State and War, Messrs. Pickering and M'Henry. The altercation had gone on between the President and Secretaries, increasing the excited feelings between them, until the President dismissed them both from the cabinet, replacing the Secretary of State by John Marshall, of Virginia, and the Secretary of War by Samuel Dexter, of Massachusetts. The dismissed Secretaries denounced the President's "ungovernable temper" and "incorrect maxims of administration," and a considerable portion of the party seconded their complaints. Gen. Hamilton wrote a letter highly censuring Mr. Adams's course, and exposing his faults of character. It is supposed Gen. Hamilton designed by this letter, intended for circulation at the South, to induce the Federal electors of that quarter to cast their votes so as to secure the election of Pinckney over Adams, in case the party succeeded. If

the State of South Carolina should vote for Jefferson and Pinckney, as in 1796, the object would be easily accomplished.

In spite of all their disadvantages, the Federalists presented a good front, and nearly made up for the loss of New York by gains in other States. The little balance wanting to restore the footing of 1796 occasioned their defeat; Jefferson and Burr having 73 votes each, Adams 65, Pinckney 64. Now arose a new difficulty. Fearing the election of Mr. Pinckney as President or Vice-President, the Republican electors had withheld none of their votes from Mr. Burr, and he consequently became the equal competitor of Mr. Jefferson for the Presidency, the election between them devolving on the House of Representatives. The Federalists in that body were in a majority of members, but not of States, which was required for an election. They determined to support Burr, supposing that if elected by them he must of necessity lose the confidence of the Republicans, and be forced to adopt a Federal line of policy, or at least considerably modify his Republican principles. For 35 ballots, no choice could be effected, Jefferson receiving the votes of 8 States, Burr of 6, and 2 being evenly divided, and of the members 53 voting for Burr and 51 for Jefferson. It being now believed impossible to elect Burr, and the assurance being made by Mr. Jefferson's friends that he would pursue a liberal course regarding removals from office, while Burr had determined, if elected, to come in only as a Republican, and would be necessitated to give some striking proofs of his sincerity, and might, therefore, sweep all the Federalists from the offices. Accordingly, after an earnest consultation, it was agreed to allow Mr. Jefferson to be elected. The New England Federalists who had assented, with *one* exception, were bound by a previous agreement in consequence of that exception, and voted again for Mr. Burr, on the 36th ballot, when Jefferson received the votes of 10 States, Burr of 4, and two were divided.

From the tenor of Mr. Jefferson's inaugural, the Federalists hoped that no removals would be made from the public offices, and perhaps as a measure of conciliation he retained two members of Mr. Adams's cabinet in his own—Mr. Dexter

in the Treasury, and Stoddart in the Navy Department, besides the Attorney-General, Habersham. This was, however, probably not intended, at the time, for a permanent arrangement.

The President was soon obliged, by the demands of his party, to commence the work of removal, and in answer to the complaints of the Federalists, he declared it necessary to remove some of their party, to give his own a fair share in the offices. He did not find the places monopolized, however, by that party, and to effect this equal distribution, is said to have made but 39 changes during his 8 years.

Mr. Jefferson was an excellent judge of human nature, and no man was better calculated than he to build up a party. His policy, from the outset, was to conciliate the moderate portion of the opposition, without offending his own party. He was more of a politician than statesman, and adapted his measures rather according to their effect upon the public mind than upon ideas laid down in theories. Such was, at least, the course of his first term.

Mr. Jefferson commenced with active projects of "Reform." The internal taxes were to be at once removed, the newspaper postage abolished, the number of offices to be reduced, which had been "unnecessarily multiplied," the army and navy to be cut down, the naturalization laws revised, and the importance of the national government lessened. Several of these recommendations were at once carried out; among others, the internal duties were repealed, while the expenditures exceeded the revenue; and to carry *appearances* farther, \$7,300,000 were appropriated to be added to the sinking fund for the payment of the national debt, an appropriation which, under the circumstances of the treasury, was entirely *nominal*. Care was taken that the appearance should exceed the reality of reform, what was effected being chiefly in *amendment* of, instead of supplanting, Federal measures. The general system of finance adopted by the Federalists was retained, even the Bank was cherished and extended, and the neutral policy, so much abused, was adhered to still.

In the true spirit which should actuate considerate rulers, the fate of the various "reforms" introduced were decided ac-

cording to their merits in practice. Mr. Jefferson was in no wise disinclined, when a measure of his introduction had failed, to turn about and make his way back to the successful Federal policy which it had displaced. Various retrograde steps were made, accordingly, all serving to enhance the public weal, and the popularity of the administration, and at length the idea of a feeble national government went by the board. An empire was purchased, to be added with its people to the Union, and fifteen millions paid for the title-deed. Mr. Jefferson recommended the legalization of the act by an *ex post facto* amendment to the Constitution; but the party in Congress contented themselves with an effort to cover the act by a reach of construction so broad as to alarm the Federalists, previously regarded by them so dangerous for their constructive theory. Soon after, the salaries of the principal public officers were increased 20 per cent., and additional duties imposed on the imports.

The policy of Mr. Jefferson had so far disarmed the opposition, that in 1804, the Federalists made active opposition to his re-election in but few States, and only two States, Connecticut and Delaware, voted for the Federal candidates, Pinckney and King. George Clinton superseded Burr, who had lost the confidence of the party by allowing himself to be used as a means to defeat Jefferson in 1800. Burr became a candidate for Governor of New York, relying on the Federalists for his election, but was openly opposed by Hamilton, and suffered a defeat.

The course of the administration was less cautious after Mr. Jefferson's re-election than during the first term. In consequence of the commercial restrictive policy, the Federalists became decidedly strengthened, and other causes induced a schism among Mr. Jefferson's friends, a small portion of whom, under the lead of John Randolph, drew off, and co-operated partially with the Federalists, though avoiding a close alliance with them. The embargo act disaffected a considerable portion of the party in New York; among them was De Witt Clinton, who, however, shortly after returned to the support of the administration.

Nothing could have been more appalling to the Federalists, in general, than the

idea of a subserviency to, or intimate union with, France. The French Revolution had caused in them a horror of that nation, and they now regarded the conquering progress of Napoleon as but another and more alarming phase of that strange people's terrible madness. They were wonder-struck at such a spectacle of ambition. They believed Mr. Jefferson was about to throw the weight of his country into the scale of Napoleon, and assist him to prostrate the British nation, and establish universal monarchy. In the excess of their fear of the result of such a course, some of them pronounced the experiment of the government "a failure," and the Revolution "a mistake." So rapidly did the administration party decline in the New England States, all of which, except Connecticut, had supported Mr. Jefferson at his re-election, that when the period for the choice of his successor approached, in Vermont only was there any chance of a successful effort for the electors.

To succeed Mr. Jefferson, the administration party was divided between the Secretary of State and Gov. Monroe. Mr. Madison was supposed to be the favorite of Mr. Jefferson, from whom Mr. Monroe was somewhat alienated by his course in rejecting the British Treaty negotiated by Monroe, in connection with Mr. Pinckney, and from a belief that the President's influence had been exerted to effect Madison's nomination. The Virginia Legislature decided the contest between them by nominating Madison, by 134 votes to 47 for his rival, and the friends of Monroe yielding in that State, where his support was strongest, no farther opposition was made to Madison's nomination by the Congressional caucus. Mr. Madison, though not possessing any marked popularity, was held in very general esteem, and was probably more acceptable to the Federalists than any other leading man attached to the administration, his views being regarded as in many particulars coincident with theirs. Madison received 122 votes (6 Republican electors in New York voting for Clinton); Clinton had 113 for Vice-President, and Pinckney and King 47 votes each. Three whole States, besides several votes in other States—33 in all—had changed from the previous election to the Federal side, reducing the electoral

majority of the Republicans from 148 to 81.

Near the close of Mr. Jefferson's administration, the embargo was repealed, in conformity to Mr. Jefferson's recommendation, made on the strength of representations made by John Q. Adams to the President that the Federal leaders in Massachusetts had determined on resistance to the act, and that they would prefer civil war to a longer endurance of the restriction. This we have from Mr. Jefferson's own pen, at a later period. The Federalists had often been charged by their opponents with an intention to dissolve the Union, or overthrow the government—but none of these charges were ever substantiated or rendered plausible by any offer of proof. Mr. Adams's conviction was doubtless sincere, but in a subsequent correspondence with Mr. Otis, Mr. Prescott, and other leading Federalists, who requested proofs of his charge, he admits he could offer no direct proof, but intimates that he may publish the evidence which established the belief to a moral certainty in his own mind. He died without having deemed the promise. The "Henry plot," in 1812, failed even to justify suspicion.

A new part of the policy introduced by the Republican administrations, arising out of the foreign difficulties, was the encouragement of Home Manufactures. Mr. Madison (Message of 1810) considered the growth of manufactures "as of itself more than a recompense for the privations and losses resulting from foreign injustice, which furnished the general impulse required for its accomplishment." Thenceforward a system of encouragement was pursued for the diversion of labor and capital from other pursuits to that of manufacturing, efforts being made to keep up the protection afforded during non-intercourse and war, by frequent revisions of the commercial tariff.

In the twelfth Congress, a number of new, young, but talented men came into the leadership of the party, in the House of Representatives, and resolved to substitute a more vigorous policy in the place of that hitherto pursued by Mr. Madison. Henry Clay (for the first time elected Speaker), John C. Calhoun, William Lowndes, and Langdon Cheves, in the

House, with Wm. H. Crawford in the Senate, infused a new spirit into their party associates, and even quickened the slow energies of Mr. Madison himself. The Navy was resuscitated, not as a temporary defence, but enlarged beyond the ideas even of the Federal administrations, to be relied on as a permanent protection of our commerce and our coasts.

After the election of Mr. Madison, the Republicans had regained their ground in New England, having control of the government in each State of that section, except Connecticut. As the war policy, however, became more apparent, the opposition were again aroused throughout the North, and were soon in possession of all the New England States and New York. The administration party was alarmed by these successes, and more by the determined opposition to their policy of the New York Republicans, who had already resolved on the support of De Witt Clinton against Mr. Madison, at the approaching election. However, under the lead of Clay and Calhoun, they were brought to the war point, and a caucus of the administration members having resolved on the extreme measure, a committee, of which those gentlemen were at the head, was sent to make known the determination of the party to the President. They found him, in his anxiety for peace, engaged in a fruitless negotiation with the British Minister. They informed him that the party was resolved, and would not retrace their steps; that the people would no longer tolerate a hesitating policy; that if the act was postponed until after the Presidential election, he would probably be defeated of a re-election; and that, in fact, unless he yielded to the sentiment of his friends, his nomination, even, was not to be relied on. In this dilemma, Mr. Madison reluctantly assented. The war bill passed the House 79 to 49, and the Senate 19 to 13.

Immediately on the passage of the act, an address, signed by 32 of the Federal members, and written by Hon. Harmanus Bleecker, of New York, was put in circulation. It was a mild, well-written, dignified document, arguing the inexpediency of the war, either to satisfy our honor, or to compensate our losses.

(*To be continued.*)

STATE OF TRADE.

THE COTTON INTERESTS.

In our last article on the State of Trade, we gave a condensed summary of the first part of an argument given in an editorial of the "Plough, Loom, and Anvil," in confutation of the views taken by the New York correspondent of the *Union*, who is also the financial writer of the *Democratic Review*.

We now proceed to an examination of the statistics of that correspondent.

While speaking of the cotton trade, our argument will be taken chiefly from the "Plough, Loom, and Anvil."* In the general argument, we shall indulge in some reflections of our own.

In his tables, the cotton crop of '46-7 is set down, as usual, for that of '47, and that of '47-8, for that of '48.

The whole business relative to the crop of '47-8 was closed in July, '48, just at the time when the tariff of '46 came into direct and practical operation upon the business of the country. One effect of the system was, however, felt before that time. The failure of the large English cotton brokers had disabled them from acting as usual for the American growers, and funds had fallen in consequence; this bankruptcy, the *fifth* of that class of dealers in one quarter of a century, being attributable to unforeseen causes in England, of which we shall not now make mention.

The crop of the present year's consumption is the first that came under the operation of the tariff of '46; and yet the *Union* gives us tables showing a large increase of consumption of cotton during three years, under the operation of a tariff whose practical effects could not be felt by any crop previous to the one of the year that has just ended.

Observe—the crop produced and sold in '47-8 is the crop of '47. The increas-

ed sale of this crop was, by the *Union's* tables, 103,805 bales. Just at this time, the practical effects of the tariff of '46 begin to be felt; and the increase for the succeeding year is only 20,000! and the price, until very lately not above the cost of production.

When cotton was low, the purchasers sent their orders early and purchased largely. Thus, of the crop of 1847-8, 281,497 bales were taken in the first seven months, being at the rate of 40,000 a month, leaving for the last five months, 250,000—i. e., 50,000 a month.

Of the crop of '48-9, there were taken in the first six months, 307,303 bales—51,000 per month, leaving to be taken, to equal the last year, less than 83,000 a month.

Thus it appears that low prices, and a large supply, induce larger sales in the early part of the year, and *vice versa*.

"If our readers will now re-peruse our extract from the *Union*, they will find the whole effect of the article to be produced by comparing the early purchases of the present year, which were *large*, with the early purchases of last year, which were *small*.

The real facts we will now show, made up to the time at which we write;

On hand in Northern ports, 1847-8.	1848-9.
Sept. 1.....109,909	57,997
Shipped to Northern ports.....619,381	759,833
	729,290
Exported from do.....186,892	252,551
On hand in do.....59,317	246,209
	82,919
	335,470
Taken for consumption....	483,081
	482,360

The quantity taken by spinners, thus far, is shown to be 700 bales less than in the previous year. There remain yet about five weeks to make up the year, and we may now estimate what their consumption is likely to be, by ascertaining what has been that of the few past weeks.

* For a critical notice of this important periodical, see Critical Notices of this number.

The first six months gave.....307,393 = per month 51,200
March 1 to June 14, gave.....139,600 = " 40,000
June 14 to July 25, gave.....35,000 = " 26,000

The remaining period may give 30,000, but that is exceedingly doubtful, for within a month we have seen notice of the total stoppage of three or four large factories in our own immediate neighborhood, and the same causes that stop them must tend to produce the stoppage of others. Allowing, however, that 30,000 additional bales will be required, we obtain as the consumption of the year, 512,360; against a consumption of the previous year of 531,772; *being a falling off of 20,000 bales in a year, instead of an increase of 20,000 in ten months.*

The consumption and exportation of cotton cloth for the year, notwithstanding the low prices, will thus fall short of last year not less than 20,000 bales; and then the following will be the result of the years affected by the tariffs of 1842 and 1846:—

Tariff of 1842.	Tariff of 1846.
1842-3 increase.....	57,379
1843-4 ".....	21,615
1844-5 ".....	42,262
1845-6 ".....	33,591
1846-7 ".....	5,380
1847-8 ".....	103,805
1848-9 decrease.....	20,000

This, however, tells but a small part of the story. Every one knows that the consumption is greatly affected by the price.

1843.	Crop 952 millions pounds, average price 6 cents—consequent increase in home demand of 57,000 bales.	
1844.	Crop 812 millions pounds, average 8 cents.	Increase in ditto, 21,000.
1845.	Crop 958 millions pounds, average 6 cents.	Increase in ditto, 42,000.
1846.	Crop 840 millions pounds, about 8 cents.	Increase in ditto, 33,000.
1847.	Crop 711 millions pounds, average 10 cents.	Increase 5,000.

Total increase, then, over 1842, 16,000 bales; increase of home demand over do., 70,000 bales; *showing the extraordinary permanence and certainty of the home market over the foreign one.*

1848.—Crop again large—price seven cents. Home consumption increased 103,000 bales, and exceeded by 206,000 the quantity taken in 1843, when the crop was nearly the same, showing a large decrease in the power of consumption abroad.

1849.—Crop 1100 millions pounds, average price eight and a half cents; and yet the consumption, so far as seaboard is concerned, has, *for the first time in some years*, absolutely gone backward, while our population has increased with immense rapidity.

Now, if the consumption of 1847, with a crop of 711 millions, average above ten cents, increased 5000 bales, what would be the increase of the present year, with a crop 389 millions larger, had the tariff of

1842 remained unchanged? Would not we now be consuming 250,000 additional bales? And would not the demand have sustained the price at ten cents, as it now stands, instead of the low rates that have prevailed through the year? And is not this the price that has been paid by the South, not less than \$55,000,000, for refusing to allow the products of the land to be consumed on the land?

And now upon the topic of the Southern factories, upon which the correspondent remarks that they have no protection against New England. It is true they have no legal protection against New England, but they have the prodigious advantage over the New England factories, of having their raw material growing almost at the door of the factory. Against England, however, the South maintains a protection for herself in the shape of the tariff of 1846, and there is every probability that if that were removed, she would be deluged with cheap and worthless goods of foreign manufacture, and her new and flourishing factories be broken down.

Another topic of importance, touched upon by the "Plough, Loom, and Anvil," is that of emigration. Every emigrant to the West is an additional *producer* of corn or cotton in the West, whose competition tends to lower the price of Eastern and Southern products, and, we may add, to raise the price of manufactures; and every individual workman who is kept at home and employed in manufacture, is an additional *consumer* of Eastern and Southern products, whose competition lowers the price of manufactures, and raises that of corn and cotton.

"We are gravely assured that the consumer benefits largely by the low prices, but whence come the low prices? Is it not from the depression of the South? And can the South consume as much cloth with cotton at five cents, as they could do at ten? Certainly not. The South is now clothing the world at its own loss, and the power to consume cloth is there diminished, and would be still more so, were it not that it is to a certain extent maintained by the introduction of a new species of employment, that would long since have been naturalized there had the plough, the loom, and the anvil been permitted to come together. The consumption of the North diminishes, notwithstanding a vast increase of population, and notwithstanding the great diminution of cost, and it does so because the

people who worked in mines, and furnaces, and mills, are idle and unable to sell their labor to obtain the means of buying food, or cloth, or iron.

"Every increase in the ratio of consumers to producers tends to raise the price of food and cotton, and of all other agricultural products, and to enable farmers and planters to consume more largely of cloth and iron, shoes and hats, paper and books, and the producers of these latter commodities are thereby enabled to consume more largely of food and cotton, and thus it is that the owner of land benefits by an increase in the home consumption of the products of the land. Every man that is *driven* to seek the West, there to raise food or cotton, tends to diminish the power of farmers and planters to consume cloth and iron, and to diminish the power of the makers of cloth and iron to consume food or cotton, and thus it is that the owner of land is injured by a diminution in the home consumption of the products of the land."

—*Plough, Loom, and Anvil.*

It is a fact but little attended to by the enemies of protection, that the wealth of the farmer is not to be measured by his production merely, but by his power of exchanging his surplus products. A sheaf of corn rotting unused in the stack is not wealth; but when a market opens for it, then it becomes wealth. Now, by the free trader's plan of trusting to the contingencies of an European market, the wealth of the United States is to be gauged by the wants of Europe. A good crop and low prices in Europe is to bring the entire trade of America to a dead stop. Let us suppose that not a single manufactured article was produced on this side of the Atlantic, that our entire commerce consisted in an exchange of breadstuffs for manufactures, which would be the paradisaical condition of free trade, we are then under the necessity of keeping the prices of breadstuffs down so low as to compete with the farmers of England and the grain-growers of Europe, who produce at a half or one third the price that we do; and being subject to this competition, we should be obliged to pay our own freights and brokerages, and run our own risks of insurance, and other expenses, while we have twice or thrice the distance to travel over, and the political contingencies of corn-laws, embargoes, and maritime wars hanging perpetually over us; to say nothing of the certainty of a time to come, and that not far distant, when the improvements in

agriculture shall furnish Great Britain, even without the aid of corn-laws, with a full supply of better food than the stale corn, rancid meal, and withered potatoes, which our farmers send across the Atlantic.

1. Either the farmer depends on the contingency of a deficient supply of food in foreign countries, raising prices to the famine point there;—or, in times of plenty—

2. He must expect to undersell the European producer, who is able to produce at half the cost.

Again,

1. At all times, the wealth of the farmer depends upon his ability to exchange his surplus products for manufactured articles, or for money wherewith to purchase such articles.

2. The increase of his wealth is limited to his ability to dispose of his surplus: that is to say, to the ability of the foreign manufacturer to supply him.

3. The foreign manufacturer will supply him at prices regulated by the dearth or abundance of grain in Europe and Great Britain.

4. If food is abundant in Great Britain and Europe, the home demand in those countries for manufactures will raise their price, while at the same time it raises the price of food in America.

5. Thus it appears that the American producer has a double disadvantage of selling less food, and getting less for it, whenever the price of food falls in other countries.

But there is still another consequence to be taken into the account.

The surplus of the farmer is that which remains over, when he has fed himself and his dependents. The home market is therefore composed of those who are not engaged in farming.

But these are chiefly the artisans, and handicraftsmen, and those connected with them.

The farmer is almost always able to produce a considerable surplus, the sale of which is his source of wealth; and the more there are of handicraftsmen and others who consume this surplus, the greater will be the wealth of the farmer.

When the number of handicraftsmen and operatives is sufficient to supply the farmer with all he needs, both parties will sustain

each other, independently of foreign aid, and free of the contingencies and fluctuations of the foreign market:

But the process does not stop here. The handicraftsman is able to produce more than is necessary both for himself and the farmer. Over-production reduces the price, and the farmer is the gainer.

But, if there is an over-production of food, in the hope of a foreign market, the handicraftsman gains, and the farmer is the loser.

The foreign market for grain stimulates the over-production of grain; and being unsteady, always inflicts more mischief than good upon the producer. And,

The foreign market for manufactures stimulates the over-production of manufactures, reduces their price, and is in that sense gainful to the farmer; *while, at the same time, it is not subject to one half or one third the extent of fluctuation suffered by the market for food.*

Strange as it may appear at first view, we make bold to insist, that no country was ever made wealthy by a foreign demand for breadstuffs:—while we equally insist that a foreign market for manufactured goods, creating a home market for the farmer, has been the great source of riches time out of mind.

Let us consider it. The raw material exported, pays a certain profit. The same material *manufactured* and exported, pays the same profit, and *an additional* one for being manufactured. A pound of cotton worth ten cents, pays perhaps 1 cent profit; worked into a piece of cloth valued at \$1, it pays 10 cents profit. Other things being equal, the more a substance is wrought up, the more is gained by its exportation. It is therefore a much better plan to have the raw material worked up as much as possible at home, *in order that all the profit that can be got out of it may be got at home.*

It is a very common error with the shallow free-trade economist, in whose ears the word *free* tingles with a deceitful talismanic power, to suppose that a country must export the staff of life, in body and unchanged, in order to be considered a food-exporting country.

It has been long noticed, we believe in the first instance by Mr. Carey, that as the home manufactures of a country are as

much the produce of her food producers as of her artisans, her agricultural resources must be measured by the value of her manufactured exports, less her imports of food and raw material. Let us suppose for instance, that England and America export equal values of home-manufactured articles. Then, if America *produces* the raw material, food, and machinery, which made these articles; while England, a mere workshop, *imports* the food and raw material for hers; America reaps *three* profits where England reaps *one*. America reaps the profit—1st, on the raw material—2d, on the food sold to operatives and manufacturers—3d, on the manufacture itself, and the machinery employed in it. England, importing food and raw material, reaps only one profit, viz., that on the manufacture and machinery.

The unexampled increase of wealth in England, from the time of Cromwell down to the time when American manufactures began to compete with hers in the markets of the world, is doubtless to be attributed to the policy pursued by England, of securing all the profits to herself, excepting, of course, that upon the raw material of cotton fabrics, which she was never able to command.

Thus, the navigation laws secured to her the profits of transportation, and created a wealthy merchant marine, besides enriching the growers of English forest-trees.

The corn-laws raised the value of lands, and enriched the aristocracy. The protection on every species of chemical and mechanical manufacture created a powerful and wealthy manufacturing interest.

These several branches of protection were part of a grand system of protection, and the one supported the other.

It was the policy of England first, to cultivate her waste lands, and to carry agriculture to the highest possible pitch. This was the work of the aristocracy. To enrich the aristocracy, it was necessary to provide a home market for their surplus, the foreign market for grain yielding little or no profit, because of the excessive costs of production.

Her next step was to make herself the grand manufactory of the world; and one of the first consequences of her doing so was the enrichment of the land-owners,

who found at their doors a constant and free market for the sale of their surplus products; they thus, indirectly, became producers of food for all parts of the world, and the protection, extended to navigation and manufactures, became indirectly a protection to agriculture.

Now, however, under the regime of Peel and Cobden, England has abandoned her protective system, and on the following principles, of which we do not mean, at present, to dispute the policy as far as regards herself. Having three objects to accomplish, the cheapening of raw material, the cheapening of transportation, and the cheapening of food—the cheapening of manufactures having been carried to the lowest possible degree, by the effects of competition—it was proposed to subject the home producers of food to a foreign competition, in order to bring food to bear some just ratio, in price, to manufactures. It was proposed, also, to subject transportation to a foreign competition, in order farther to lower the prices of manufactures in foreign markets; and, as a part of the same system, tariffs were to be lowered on the raw material of industry, to enable manufacturers to work with a smaller outlay of capital.

This entire system, constructed not for the benefit of England or Great Britain, so much as to sustain the interests of the manufacturing classes, now deemed, by themselves, to be the leading interest, and therefore entitled to subordinate the others, cannot be subjected to criticism in its details, but only in its principle; that principle being to support one interest by the sacrifice of all others. It is diametrically opposed to the grand protective system of Great Britain, of which the design was, to make the plough, the loom, and the anvil, neighbors and equal partners in the great firm of the national enterprise.

To return, after these desultory remarks, to the argument in the "Plough, Loom, and Anvil."

"In 1842, we imported little, and were unable to pay the *interest* on our foreign debt.

"In 1846 and '47, we imported largely, and paid off much of the *principal* of our debts.

"In 1849, we import about the same amount per head, and run largely in debt.

"In 1846, the demand for labor was great, and men consumed largely of coal, the produc-

tion of which trebled from 1842 to 1847. In 1849, men are unemployed, and the consumption of fuel is stationary.

"From 1842 to '47, the consumption of iron doubled. In 1849 it has become stationary.

"From 1842 to '47, the consumption of cotton and woolen cloth was doubled. In 1849 it has become stationary.

"In 1846 and 1847, there was universal activity. In 1849, there prevails a 'masterly inactivity,' because houses and ships, and roads, and mines, and mills and furnaces, have ceased to be profitable. Capital, food, cotton, wool, cloth, sugar, shoes, paper, and all other commodities needed for the convenience and comfort of men, are surplus, and the universal desire is to diminish production to the level of consumption, while tens of thousands of laborers can purchase neither food nor clothing. The 'war against labour and capital,' agreeably to the doctrine of the *Union*, has ceased, but with each successive day labour and capital become less productive."

A great deal of the private and commercial distress of the present season has been attributed to pestilence, and it is very certain that the business of the cities and towns has been immensely disturbed by that cause. No species of property feels the lighter fluctuations of the general interest more keenly than periodical works. From our own observation, we can say, with confidence, that there has not been a time since 1827 when persons of moderate means, indulging in moderate degrees of luxury, were more straitened or alarmed for their incomes, or more disposed to be economical than during the past season. Popular magazines have, in general, as an article of almost pure luxury, been an excellent and true index of popular feeling in regard to private expenditure, as they have, perhaps, never suffered more than during the last four months. Other interests have been affected in the same way. Of works of art, fewer than ever have been disposed of at reasonable prices, Paintings, an article of pure luxury, can be hardly said to have sold at all.

The lithographic print establishments in New York, whose business is a very good index of the amount of pocket-money and feeling of pecuniary ability among the poorer classes of the community, both in city and country, are at present making but few sales, and those moderate; nor do they look forward to any immediate improvement of the business—that is to say,

they do not look forward to an abundance of pocket-money in the country for the coming winter.

Many persons are surprised at the present moment, by the good price of cotton; those prices are to be attributed to several causes, which we will enumerate. First, the very large investments of capital in New England, made during the last five or six years, in manufactories, compel the employment of those manufactories, even at unremunerative prices; while, at the same time, it is not to be forgotten, that the entire continent, and the people of foreign countries, must continue, as heretofore, to purchase clothes.

So much for the natural and ordinary causes of the rise in the price of cotton. If we now add, what is notorious, that the supply of lowlands cotton is unusually small, a great part of the crop having failed or been destroyed, an additional two per cent. may be added from that cause.

Lastly, we have the cheapness of transportation. Merchandise can be conveyed across the ocean, at present, for prices which make navigation the least profitable investment of capital.

Other causes might be added of considerable importance, such as the existence and probability of an increased foreign demand; but those enumerated are sufficient to account for the present prices.

With the opening of the manufactories, the price of iron may be expected to advance in some small degree; and as we learn, from good authority, that vastly

less anthracite has been mined this year than will prove sufficient for a full demand, a considerable rise in that article may be expected.

Nothing can rescue the iron manufacturers from their present deplorable condition but an adequate protection. It is not generally understood how small profits the English producers of iron are contented with; the owners of furnaces, there, being generally either gentlemen of large estates, or very rich companies, they are able to export the iron which they produce, sometimes for successive years, at prices which pay only the expense of production: depending upon the home market for a steady demand, they trifle with the foreign market, and are able to exist without it.

We have gone farther than we intended at the commencement into the discussion. Our first design was merely to set forth the arguments of the "Plough, Loom, and Anvil," but we have added many of our own. Want of space prevents our entering more at large upon the great and absorbing question of the cotton trade and manufacture. It is our intention to return to the subject at the earliest opportunity.

A scurrilous attack has been made upon us, because of our previous article. As it is with arguments, and not with passions, that we have to do, it is unnecessary to take any farther notice of that attack, although it seems to have been written by the same commercial writer whose opinions we have been controverting.

ANDERPORT RECORDS—NO. II.

REGINALD, SON OF ANTHONY.

CHAPTER II.

RENNOE, so unexpectedly baffled in his first effort, was forced to a complete change in his tactics. Laurence Seymour had returned, and all that could now be done was to make the best of it. A new and undesired element had been thrown into the game; it could not be neutral, and must be so managed as to contribute to final success. Miss Chesley evidently regarded the Englishman with no dislike; indeed, if she made any distinction between the two suitors, it was in his favor. Rennoe saw no other scheme so simple and so likely to have a favorable issue, as to increase this bias by every means in his power. He knew that whenever Reginald found Matilda irrevocably lost to him, disappointment and disgust would be strong persuasives to the choice of a different scene and a different life.

Rennoe's plan precluded any very active measures at the outset. Seymour could doubtless make love on his own account better than any one else could make it for him.

Reginald, on the other side, felt convinced that it was only by energetic play that he could overcome the many advantages of his handsome rival. He watched eagerly, therefore, the appearance of some opening which might enable him to interpose a skillful move.

Mr. Chesley had a distant connection, a wild, dissipated sort of fellow, supposed to be reformed, who, in setting up a store, had worked upon the old man's generous nature so far as to induce him to become his endorser to a heavy amount. The spendthrift cousin failed, and Mr. Chesley found himself called upon suddenly to pay three thousand six hundred pounds sterling. The planter lived fully up to his income, and his estate being chiefly

landed, was by no means capable of meeting extraordinary demands. He must therefore borrow; but borrowing in those days was not the easiest thing accomplished. His neighbors pursued the same system of management as himself, and were not accustomed to keep large funds in hand. Thirty-six hundred pounds could nowhere be raised.

The anxiety of the family was not unobserved by Reginald, yet for awhile he seemed not to notice it, nor to be aware of the source whence it issued. At last Mr. Chesley alluded to his situation, and threw out hints before him—he was too proud to speak urgently—that no friend could do a more acceptable thing than to advance the sum so much needed. As young Ander received the information in silence, the inference was at once drawn that it was either inconvenient or impossible for him to be of any service. The faces of the whole household became very gloomy. It was decided that the only alternative left was to dispose of two or three families of slaves, and how painful such a necessity is, a Southerner can understand. Reginald and Matilda, in walking together one morning, chanced to pass by the quarters. Matilda burst into tears, and as her companion stood gazing upon her with an air of concern, said—"Excuse me, Mr. Ander; but old Nelly, my nurse, lives in that cabin, and she, too, must go into the hands of a stranger. Her sons have to be sold, and she will not be parted from them. Oh! it is terrible to think that all those familiar, honest faces must be banished."

"I trust it may be dispensed with," said the young man.

Matilda looked up inquiringly through her tears, and Reginald added:

"I have delayed speaking till to-day, for fear of making promises which I might

not be able to perform. Immediately on hearing of your father's difficulty, I wrote to the overseer on my lower plantation, directing him to sell the last season's tobacco crop, which I had been reserving in the prospect of a better price. He has done so; and I am rejoiced at being now able to furnish your father with the sum he wishes."

Matilda's face beamed with gratitude.

Reginald felt that something was accomplished, but not enough. And all his faculties were in restless pursuit of a new and more decisive measure. Simon Rennoe learned what had been done with little gratification, but he saw no need as yet for his own interference. "She will not marry him for a loan," was his reflection.

Anderport received a visitor. Gilbert Jordan, a "professional gambler," of rare dexterity, was otherwise a man of mark. A face of the style called gentlemanly, rich, though flashy clothing, and an easy, off-hand address, introduced him to the favorable notice of the townspeople. His hand was fair and delicate, like a lady's; his wrist small enough to be clasped with thumb and finger; but the arm above swelled rapidly towards the shoulder, and a judge of thews and sinews could discern the development of great muscular power. Indeed, Jordan had obtained a terrible celebrity for feats of prowess. Besides his expertness at pistol, knife, and rifle, and a pugilistic skill which had extricated him unscathed from many a tavern brawl, he could boast the further distinction that no single man had ever offered him a wrestling "shake" without having cause seriously to repent his temerity.

Reginald had heard of the gambler, but had never seen him, when, on an afternoon in July, a heavy thunder-cloud drove him suddenly home from a ride. As he reined in his horse at the gate in front of the mansion, he noticed a man coming rapidly down the road from the opposite direction. One glance enabled him to recognize the personage who had been described to him. During the moment which was occupied in raising the latch, a thought shot through his mind, and turning towards the road, he called to the stranger, and invited him to take refuge in the house from the threatened

gust. Heavy premonitory drops had already fallen, and Gilbert Jordan was nothing loth to find so convenient a shelter.

Rennoe, it was found on inquiry, was not in the house; and Reginald, pleased that he had no interruption to apprehend, produced wine and fruit, and soon engaged his guest in a desultory conversation.

After awhile, Jordan inquired whether he played.

"No, sir."

"I should think," rejoined the gambler, "that in the country here you would find yourselves compelled to resort to cards in order to pass away the time."

"It might be so, if the weather every day were such as it is now; but when the sun is shining, and a man has out-of-door sports open to him, I see little amusement in bending over a parcel of bits of painted pasteboard."

"But in travelling, though," suggested Jordan, "how dull it is to spend long evenings counting the flies on a tavern window!"

"Yes," said Reginald, "and therefore I hate to travel. Young Edward Chesley (who has some money to take for his father down to St. John's) invited me yesterday to go with him, but I declined. He afterwards persuaded Mr. Seymour, I think, to be his companion."

There was a peculiar expression in the gambler's eye, and Reginald observing that he had taken the bait, added—"Such a tedious journey as that now, might well need to be relieved by some excitement."

"I should think so, too," replied the other. "When did you say Mr. Chesley started, sir?"

"This morning; but the shower must prevent them from getting further than Shenkins' to-day."

"I have business at Shenkins' myself," said Jordan, walking to the window.

"It's rather a gloomy sort of place," remarked Reginald, "and I doubt not my friends will be glad of your company. You will not get Ned Chesley to play with you, however."

"Why not?" asked Jordan, quickly.

"Oh, he's rather a wild fellow sometimes, to be sure, and is easily excited by wine; but he never plays, and, indeed, ought to be particularly careful at this

time, when he is intrusted with thirty-six hundred pounds."

"That's a good deal, sure enough," said the gambler, vacantly.

"Perhaps Seymour might play with you," Reginald continued, after a pause. "I don't think he is principled against cards."

"No. I had a game with him myself, the other day; he won a trifle, too."

"It is very well for Seymour to win," observed Reginald, in a dry tone; "for I don't think he has a great deal to lose. He may play without danger; but Ned Chesley ought to be careful."

"Certainly," replied the guest, rising, "but I see that it has cleared off—I'll be obliged to you to have my horse brought."

Within ten minutes Gilbert Jordan was on his way to Shenkins', chuckling at the thought of how neatly he had pumped his late entertainer. About nightfall he reached the tavern, and found there the party of two, which he was so desirous of meeting.

Edward Chesley was a good-hearted youth, but thoughtless, and a little too prone to the wine-cup. His father, aware of his infirmity, was unwilling to send him with the money, unless in the company of some steady, reliable person. Reginald had no fancy to go; Seymour, also, would greatly have preferred remaining by the side of Matilda, but he felt that as his rival had already done so much in the matter, it was incumbent on himself not to refuse any opportunity of rendering a service.

Seymour played occasionally, rather in accordance with custom, and to occupy a vacant hour, than from any love of gambling.

At the tavern, therefore, he sat down with Gilbert Jordan, as a mere affair of course. Young Chesley stood and looked on.

"Won't you take a hand, Mr. Chesley?" said Jordan.

Ned shook his head.

"You had better," observed Seymour: "we only play for small stakes, so there can be no risk."

"Well," answered Ned, but the word should have been "*Ill*," for he yielded and made a party at the table.

In the course of an hour or two, Jordan

perceiving that Edward Chesley had become much interested, while Seymour was yawning, cunningly drew forth his watch. "Half-past ten," he said.

"So late?" replied Seymour. "Don't you think it's bed-time, Ned?"

"Yes," responded his friend, "as soon as the game is up."

The game finished, Seymour exchanged his boots for a pair of slippers, and was about to start for the chamber.

"Are you not thirsty, gentlemen?" observed Jordan. "Here, boy," he added, addressing the negro in attendance, "can't you get us a pitcher of fresh water from the spring?"

"I don't think I shall wait for it," said Seymour. "You'll be up to bed right away, Ned, will you not?"

"Yes."

As soon as Seymour's steps were heard on the passage staircase, Jordan proposed to Chesley to take a little game while they waited. The young man's assent was promptly given. One game led to another. Wine was brought forth, and at a time when Seymour was calmly slumbering in the room above, the youth whom he had been charged to watch over had madly commenced to draw upon the sacred fund of which he was the bearer. Hours swept by, the victim became more and more fascinated, and at the end, having been stripped of the last of the thirty-six hundred pound notes, staggered to bed, dizzy, stupefied, and almost unconscious.

In the morning, neither of the friends awoke until summoned by the servant, announcing that breakfast was ready. The scene then may be imagined. Agitated beyond measure by the information which Edward's halting tongue stammered forth, Seymour's first impulse was to rush below and seek Jordan. The successful gambler had been gone several hours.

The two young men rode back sorrowful enough. When they reached Anderport, Seymour stopped, as if to enter his lodgings. Edward said,

"Don't leave me, Laurence; I dare not meet my father alone."

Seymour hesitated, and replied, "Ride on slowly, then, and I will overtake you."

Edward, for a mile or two, was quite absorbed in thought, but after that looked

back frequently, in expectation of Seymour. Seymour did not come, and the poor youth found himself at the gate of home, to him, at that hour, the most wretched spot on earth.

Mr. Chesley, after one sharp ejaculation, listened to his son's account in profound silence. Then burst the storm.

Matilda was sitting in the adjoining room. The loud voices penetrated the oaken partition, and she heard nearly all that was said. When, at the close of the interview, Edward, burning with anger at himself and at the whole world, rushed into the garden, his sister's soft step followed him. Into her sympathizing ear he poured all his vexation and his sorrow. Before his father, he had been too proud to seem to apologize for himself by throwing any share of blame upon another. Now, provoked with Seymour for having violated his promise and deserted him, he told Matilda how his companion's persuasions constituted the temptation which had led to his ruin. Matilda, all her tender feelings enlisted by her brother's suffering, partook of his resentment against her lover.

But where was the young Englishman? As soon as he entered his apartment at the Anderport tavern, he shut himself in, and paced for some minutes up and down the floor, distracted by the keen reflections which he could not repress. Never in his life before did he so curse his poverty as then. If, by the sacrifice of every shilling he had, he could but have made up the amount so unluckily lost at Shenkins', he should have felt relieved and happy. From the window he could see the white front of the Ander mansion. The sight made him stride yet more furiously. It suggested the picture of Reginald supplying Matilda and her father, out of his wealth, whilst he himself, in worse than beggarly wretchedness, had not only to witness the spectacle of his rival's munificence, but to bear the shame of making it, by his folly, utterly fruitless. Remembering, however, the promise to Edward, he hastened down stairs. A voice which he had heard before sounded from the bar-room. He hurried thither, and met Gilbert Jordan.

"Mr. Jordan! a word with you."

"Well, sir."

"You won a large sum from Edward Chesley last night?"

"Yes, I did, and fairly, I believe."

"Hardly so, Mr. Jordan. He is a young fellow, perfectly inexperienced at play, excited with wine at the time, and besides, the money was not his own."

"I cannot help that; he ought to have been more careful, or his friends should have looked out for him."

"Indeed," urged Seymour, "you will inflict great wretchedness upon many parties by not restoring that sum."

"I don't dispute your word, sir," replied the man, with civil insolence, "not in the least, sir. I feel bad myself, when I lose."

"Come," shouted Seymour, fiercely, "I'll have no more words. That money must be given up."

"So I hear you say," answered the gambler, coolly.

Seymour's rejoinder was a grasp upon his collar. Jordan immediately grappled with him, and after a brief struggle Seymour was hurled to the floor stunned, and with a dislocated arm.

It was unfortunate for Laurence Seymour that Matilda did not hear of the danger he had incurred, until she was informed that he had escaped from it with no serious injury. There was nothing in the mere fact of a bar-room brawl to relieve his character from the reproach of the previous fault. It only showed that after foolishly neglecting, not to say perverting, a trust which love for her, if every other consideration were wanting, should have made sacred, he was so inconsiderate as to rush straightway into further difficulties.

The young man, in pain from his arm, was tortured by the ill-tidings which gossiping tattlers were ready enough to give him. Mr. Chesley, it was said, exhibited signs of great distress, but was, moreover, exceedingly incensed with his son Edward; while his daughter walked daily with young Mr. Ander, and evidently received comfort from his society. The black waiter said that the young lady, chancing to meet him on one of these occasions, had inquired how Mr. Seymour was.

"And how did she ask it? Did she seem anxious?"

"No, sir,—she weren't at all oneasy,

but smiled mighty pleasant at something Master Reginald was a-saying."

"Ugh!—how my arm hurts!" exclaimed Seymour.

"There's somebody comin' up," remarked the black. "The doctor, I s'pose—no, 'taint, but Mr. Rennoe.

It was even so. That shrewd individual found affairs taking a direction which required something to be done on his part very speedily; for Reginald seemed nearly to have gained the day without allowing even an attempt at opposition. The thing to be done was very evident. A lover was baffled and discouraged. He must be visited, for what more in accordance with Mr. Rennoe's disposition than to raise and comfort the mourner?

After an hour's soothing discourse Rennoe went away, leaving Seymour deeply and gratefully impressed with his disinterested benevolence.

"I am satisfied," the visitor had said, "that Matilda really loves you. She does not love Reginald, though she may possibly marry him under the belief that she does. In that case, neither can be happy. So, on every account—my young friend's, your own, and the lady's—I could not but grieve at such a union. I go now to see Miss Chesley, and to prepare the way for a visit from you."

Rennoe was as good as his word. Matilda showed much pleasure at seeing him—indeed, his mild, courteous manners, and the kindly sympathy which he ever manifested, had quite won her regard.

"This is an unhappy business," he said, alluding to her brother's loss at Shenkins'.

"It is, indeed," was her reply. "Poor Edward!"

"Laurence is greatly to be pitied, too," said Rennoe, turning his full, lustrous eyes upon her. "I saw him this morning. He looks wretchedly."

"Is he, then, much hurt?" inquired Matilda, with interest.

"No, not dangerously as to body; but he sufer, much in mind."

"Ah, that he should have acted so!" Matilda stopped abruptly.

"Yes," replied Rennoe, "it was incon-siderate in him to have left your brother alone, even for a moment, with Gilbert Jordan."

"But, sir, I do not think that was so

wrong as his asking Edward to play in the first place. Why, indeed, did he play himself?"

"You should blame those who educated him," returned Rennoe. "Taught from his youth to look upon games of hazard as entirely innocent, and preserved by his own excellent judgment from their fascinating influence, is it wonderful that he forgot that what was safe for him might not be safe for another? Besides, no harm did in fact result while he was present—it was only after Edward failed in his promise to follow him immediately to bed, that Jordan, by the aid of wine—behold in that the true seducer!—was enabled to rob him of his valuable charge."

"I should not have supposed, though," said the lady, "that Laurence—that is, Mr. Seymour—would have been so overcome by fatigue as to need to retire sooner than my brother."

"It is possible that Jordan managed to drug the wine which he drank."

"Does not Seymour think so?"

"No! he said nothing to me about it; yet the suspicion arose in my mind while he was giving the account. However this may be, must you not confess, that it is unreasonable to require even a vigorous young man to be as wakeful at a late hour of a sultry night as he is at sunrise?"

"If this be all so," replied Matilda, "why is he thus backward to visit us? If it proceeds from no consciousness of fault, we can only infer that he has become reckless and indifferent as to our estimation."

"He *does* reproach himself grievously, my dear Miss Chesley. He thinks—he has heard—that you have learned to dislike him; and as regards your father's disapproval, he is willing that it should fall upon him, if poor Edward may thus escape. His last word to me was to ask whether I thought he might venture to implore your forgiveness of his momentary neglect."

"Oh, I am sure," said Matilda frankly, "that I should be pleased to see Mr. Seymour!"

The next day Laurence did present himself, and was so received by his mistress that Rennoe had good reason to felicitate himself upon the consequences of his manœuvre. Mr. Chesley, however, the

father, looked coldly upon him. The old man's affliction had greatly soured his temper. He had no heart to seek again for a loan. In the bitterness of his spirit, he was prepared to see land, and slaves, and all, swept away.

Edward Chesley, as he felt his father's eye following him like a blight and a curse, was indescribably wretched. Finally, he could endure it no longer, but determined to see Jordan, and recover the money from him, or sacrifice his life in the attempt.

His departure, not known till after the lapse of a day, was received by Mr. Chesley with unmoved apathy. But it caused Matilda many apprehensions. Seymour, whom she informed of her brother's flight, shared her alarm, and promised to follow him and induce his return.

Reginald alone had foreseen the event, and taken measures to guard against any dangerous result to the young man. Four days previous he went to Moxon, who kept a store, groggery, and house of low entertainment, about three miles north of Anderport. This man's place was a notorious resort for gamblers, cock-fighters, and other classes of knaves who find their prey in the dissipated and drunken. Jordan had thought it prudent to leave the neighborhood soon after the scuffle with Seymour, but Reginald had every ground to believe Moxon well informed of his whereabouts. Calling him aside, therefore, he said—

"Mr. Moxon, I want you to supply me with some information, for which I will pay you liberally. Here are two guineas to start with."

Moxon, a bluff, oily-faced rascal, took the gold, and paid close heed to what was said.

"You know precisely, I am sure, where Gilbert Jordan keeps himself these times, and as I may have occasion to see him, I wish you to inform me regularly whenever he changes his stopping-place. I mean no hurt to him."

"Why, as to that," replied the man, with a grin, "it's none of my business, and I reckon he can take care of himself. I'll let you know faithful. He's now somewhere about five miles this side of St. John's."

"There's another thing, Mr. Moxon—Edward Chesley or Laurence Seymour

may possibly seek the same information. I wish you by no means to give it to either. Jordan is not a man to be trifled with, and he might hurt one of them."

Moxon nodded, and said, "He's a buster, you may depend he is, and he carries tools."

"Abide by your engagement now, Mr. Moxon—you know I can make it for your advantage."

"Ay, ay, sir,—I'll keep honor bright."

"And for my part," said Reginald, leaving him, "I shall visit you again shortly."

On the morning of the second day of Edward's absence, Seymour saw Matilda, and sorrowfully informed her that his search had hitherto been fruitless. He had heard of Edward in various directions, but in spite of every effort, had been unable to come up with him. It was his purpose, however, he said, to procure a fresh horse and start out anew.

Laurence had hardly left her when Miss Chesley received a call from Reginald. His manner, always quiet and composed, was now even cheerful, and Matilda's mind, oppressed with anxiety, and meeting no encouragement in her other suitor's report, was naturally disposed to lean upon him who had on other occasions manifested not only the will, but the ability, to serve her. There was something in her gentle glance, and soft, confiding tone, which must have sent a thrill through a heart older and more callous than Reginald's.

"Do not be alarmed," he said, "for your brother—I believe I have already provided amply for his safety."

"Yet, if Edward should meet that dangerous man—that ruffian, Jordan?"

Reginald stood for a moment in silence, as if meditating. "I think there is no cause to apprehend it. Gilbert Jordan will certainly not seek the man he has plundered, and I have taken measures to have such information given to your brother as must lead *him* in a wrong direction."

"Ah, but what is to become of poor Edward?—how long must he wander about the country thus distracted?"

"But a short time, believe me—and perhaps his distress is less great while he keeps in motion than it would be here."

"Indeed, that may well be," replied Matilda, her eyes half filling with tears—"Heaven knows we are all unhappy enough—my father! my father!—I reproach myself for forgetting *his* distress, even in anxiety for Edward. How changed these misfortunes have made him—he will not be comforted. Only yesterday, mother ventured to suggest that he might procure another loan—father at once answered, in a voice we never heard from his lips before, that if three thousand and six hundred pounds were offered him that hour, he would not take them, though he himself and all his family were to go to jail. 'Yes,' he added, 'that heartless boy, Edward, shall have the satisfaction of knowing that he has finished the ruin of his father's house!' Oh, it was fearful, Mr. Ander, to hear him. A father curses his son—and I, the sister and the daughter, witness it."

"Dear Miss Matilda," said Reginald, pressing her hand gently, "let not your mind dwell upon it—all shall be well!"

"I would I could think so—but I know my father—he will never be moved. The money so generously furnished by you is hopelessly gone; he will not borrow to supply its place, even if he can—unless, indeed, something terrible should happen to dear Edward—*then* he might relent, but how horrible the prospect of such relief! To think of father and son divided—my poor mother, too, her heart riven with blows from every side—and the rest of us helplessly beholding this extremity of wretchedness!—And all owing to a little miserable gold—if *Heaven* had stricken the family, I think I could be more patient."

Reginald walked about the room; Matilda's eyes followed him as she remained in her seat; and so strangely are our feelings modified by circumstances, that she who thought him a few months previous the homeliest youth imagination could conceive, now fancied that there was dignity in that awkward gait, and nobleness in the expression of those stolid features. The young man's own thoughts—how were they occupied? Was he, as the admiring girl supposed, engaged in devising means for the extrication of the family from its difficulties? Not at all. He who caused all this perplexity and

distress, had long since fixed upon the means of terminating it. In truth, he enjoyed the situation of affairs. The sorrow of the lovely being by his side (which alone was capable of affecting him with grief) but increased his complacency, by suggesting the reflection that he, Reginald Ander, was the person who could restore the smile to her blooming cheek, and wipe away the tears that dimmed those sparkling eyes. In that very parlor, he had been stung by the proud Englishman's scornful curl of the lip—who had the best right to be disdainful now? But the thought of Simon Rennoe probably gave the youth more satisfaction than anything else. How delightful to consider that that adroit and able man, after exhausting all the resources of experience, would have to confess himself defeated by a youth!

At this instant the door opened, and a servant entered. "Somebody wants to see you at the front door, Mr. Ander."

"No—I'm here!"

The individual who thus oracularly announced himself stepped from behind the negro, and made his whole person visible. He was one whom you would hesitate whether to call man or boy. In size he did not bear comparison with a well-grown lad of fourteen, but his upper lip was adorned with a black streak, which, on the supposition that it was not dirt, testified to an age much more advanced. His complexion was a swarthy yellow, and his long jet-black hair, braided into small cords, hung curling about his shoulders in a manner so peculiar, that the beholder, with no great stretch of imagination, was reminded of the classic locks of the daughters of Phocys. "From Mr. Moxon," said the agreeable figure, extending a dirty scrap of paper.

The manuscript was quickly read, for it contained only these words: "Gil Jordan's at Reveltown. Sorry to tell you (but couldn't help) that Ned Chesley's got wind of it, and is off. Better get there yourself in a hurry, if you want to stop trouble; but look out, for G. J.'s got many friends down there."

"I must leave immediately," said Reginald.

"Is anything the matter?" inquired Miss Chesley. "Is my brother in danger?"

"Not yet, but he may be. This note tells me that he has learned where Gilbert Jordan is. Yet do not be alarmed," he added, observing her become suddenly pale. "I shall be able to get there before him, and prevent any harm."

"I thank you. Save my brother, Mr. Ander, do save him; but may you not incur danger yourself?"

"No! none whatever. Keep a brave heart, rely upon me, and you shall find all difficulties disappear. I must learn, however, the road to Reveltown, for I have never been there."

"Stay a moment," said Matilda, "and a servant shall accompany you."

"I know the way to Reveltown," observed Moxon's messenger.

"Do you?" said Reginald. "Is it hard to find?"

"Mighty."

"Perhaps, then, you can go with me. You shall have a sovereign if you take me there in four hours."

"Agreed."

Reginald hastened to mount, but as he did so, cast a dissatisfied glance at the steed of his guide. "You must have a better beast than that, my good fellow, or we shall be a long while in getting over thirty miles."

"Better!" I 'aint so high-minded as to wish for a better. This critter's one of 'em, you may be sure. I don't like to see a horse pompered up."

"Yours certainly does not seem to have suffered from too much oats."

"No, sir—I give her air for breakfast, and water for dinner, and am careful, besides, that her supper 'aint over heavy."

"But can she travel on such fare?"

"She had ought to, for I'm certain she can't do much else."

"What's your name?" inquired Reginald.

"Buck Weeks—some name me Squeeks, but they miss it."

"Well, Squeeks or Weeks," added the gentleman, scanning him from head to foot, "what color do you call yourself?"

"You ought to be best judge of that," answered the guide, "being as I can't see more of my face than the tip of the nose. If it's any satisfaction, though, I don't mind saying that my mother was counted a

white woman—perhaps it was my father that weren't the beauty."

When they got opposite Ander's mansion, the young man alighted, and going into his sleeping-room, provided himself with a small bundle which he found in the secret drawer of a desk. He also put into his pocket a pair of loaded pistols. These preparations speedily made, he was again on his way to Reveltown.

The road answered well to Buck Weeks' prediction of the difficulty, and Reginald congratulated himself upon not having attempted to thread its intricate windings alone. The speed with which they journeyed for about two hours quite precluded conversation; then, however, ordinary prudence, as well as humanity, required some relief to be given to their severely-tasked steeds. Buck Weeks, evidently tired of holding his tongue so long, was the first to avail himself of the opportunity afforded by the more moderate gait.

"So you see now, sir, don't you, that my nag knows how to handle her legs as well as if she had been to dancing school?"

"Yes, she travels very well for such an ill-looking creature. We have made pretty good use of our time, I think; how much further have we to go?"

"It's hard tellin', sir. The miles never was measured down here, and folks call the distances mostly by hap-hazard, I judge."

"Are you well acquainted with Reveltown?" said Reginald.

"Yes, sir, you may be sure there isn't a grown person there this minute, from Gil Jordan down to the parson, that I don't know like a book."

"Why, I thought Jordan was a stranger about here."

"Bless you, no," answered Weeks, "he's been in this neighborhood afore; besides, I've seen him in other parts—especially in Maryland, where I've been with race-horses."

"Jordan is quite famous for his strength and activity, I believe?"

"He is that—and he shoots to perfection."

"Good at boxing, too, is he not?"

"Why, you don't think of tackling him *that* way, do you?" inquired Weeks, with an air of surprise.

"Of course not. I have no intention to meddle with him in any way."

"Umph.!" muttered Weeks. "All in my eye;" and then added, "Yes, certain and sure does he know how to box. He never had but one match, and that man had a right to be sorry for it."

"Indeed! how did Jordan manage that?"

"Why, I'll tell you," said Buck Weeks, giving himself a jerk in the saddle. "Gil took his chance to get the man first, half-drunk, then a-playing cards, and last of all in a passion. The fellow, like a fool, picked up a chair to knock him down. This was what Gil was waiting for; so quick as a wink, out flew his pistol, and the man dropped a little suddenner and surer, I reckon, than if ever a fist had struck him. The beauty of it was, too, the law couldn't touch Gil, seeing it was all in defence, you understand."

Buck Weeks afterwards regaled his companion with several other tales almost equally bloody, and of all of which the redoubted Gilbert Jordan was the hero.

"You make this man out a great rascal," observed Reginald, at the close of one of them.

"I never said so," replied the other. "He's savage when his blood's up—that's all. I once knew him do a very nice thing."

"Ah! let me hear it."

"It was at a nine-pin alley. Jordan was there; and, among a lot of others, a big butcher named Murdock. This man made several bad rolls, and laid it to the boy's settin' up the pins wrong for him. 'Twas not so, but he got very wrothy, and began staving the balls straight at the boy. The little chap—his name was Buckner—couldn't get away, because the end of the alley was boarded up tight, so he had to caper and dance as frisky as you please, to save his bones. It might be a funny sight to look on, but 'twan't no fun to him. There was a big chest full of balls, and Murdock kept dashing away like mad. Buckner got so tired he was most ready to faint; but every now and then, as a ball would come humming along, he'd have to jump most to the rafters. It was easy to see his chance got slimmer and slimmer. Gil Jordan bounces up from the bench, and said, 'Stop, Murdock, for shame!'

The butcher then swore he'd knock him down if he meddled. At that Gil ran up, and gave him such a thrashing that he was glad to sneak home."

"That was very well done, certainly," observed Reginald.

"The story's not through though, quite," said Buck Weeks. "Gil Jordan after a while went way off to some other place, and this boy, Buckner's mother, as I was tellin' about, gettin' very poorly in health, bound him till twenty-one to that same butcher, Murdock, on condition his master should give her dog-meat and so forth to keep her alive as long as she lived. Murdock's spite was green as ever, and he now had the boy in such a fix that he could do what he pleased with him. The way he treated him was a caution. All butchers' boys, I reckon, are used to hard times, but others live on loaf-bread and buttermilk compared to him. What with the work, and the starvation, and the unpitiful beatings, he would have run away but on account of his weakly, afflicted mother. After a while he got a chance to send word by a drover's boy to Mr. Jordan about how he was abused. Buckner, to be sure, had little hope of any attention being paid to it—for what was a shriveled wretch of a lad to one like Gil? But what do you think? Gil Jordan, as soon as he heard the account, came right back, a hundred and fifty miles, to see justice done. He went to the slaughter-house. There was Murdock and his brother—as stout a man as he was, and a big hired fellow besides; all three got at Gil. Then he showed what he could do. First he pitched his fist into the brother's cheek, and laid him out as stiff as dead. The hired man came at him with the cleaver. He wrenches it out of his hand, and, when the chap runs, slings it after him so true that the handle struck him betwixt the shoulders, and that was another off the track. Last, he turned to Murdock himself, picked the big villain up like a log, slammed him twice across the chopping-bench, and then let him wriggle on the floor with a broken back. That's the way to do business—'aint it?" And a gleam of intense satisfaction shot from Buck Weeks' small black eye.

"What became of the boy?" inquired Reginald.

"Gil Jordan took him off from there, and said that, 'prentice or not, nobody should lay a finger on him; and they didn't. Gil fed his mother, too, till she died, and then buried her like a lady."

Reginald, who had been as much entertained by the singular gesticulations with which Buck Weeks had illustrated his story as by the narrative itself, now looked at his watch. "It is getting late," he said, "the four hours are nearly passed."

"Oh, sir, it's a long track to Reveltown, but we'll reach there safe; I don't see the use of bein' in such a hurry."

"I do," said the other.

"But why are you so anxious to run afoul of Gil Jordan? you'll find him a rough customer."

"I don't care whether he's rough or smooth, I must get to him by the time Edward Chesley does."

"Why in the world didn't they go together?" Weeks muttered to himself; then added aloud, "This is the road, Mr. Anderson."

"It does not seem as much used as that other—are you sure you are right?"

"Of co'se I am."

The bridle-path which the guide adopted plunged down the steep bank of a ravine, and after following the meanders of a small brook for a distance of about half a mile, turned off into the depths of a forest which the hand of man seemed never to have entered. The different majestic varieties of oak, the graceful ash, the maple, the black walnut, the tulip-poplar, and the sycamore, stood in all the uniformity and robust development of unmolested nature. Reginald's impatience, however, effectually prevented him from enjoying the wildness of the scenery, and as the narrow road, after growing more and more faint, became at last totally undiscernible, he expressed his uneasiness to his companion. Weeks showed no signs of discomposure or faltering, but wound about among the trees just as alertly as if the highway had been before him. Some miles thus passed, brought them to the brink of a large creek; here the guide halted.

"Well, what now?" asked Reginald, sharply.

Buck Weeks, after a sufficient time spent

in meditation, replied, "I don't think you ought to bother with Gil Jordan."

"That's my own business," said Reginald; "pray leave me to manage it."

"Not altogether; Gil's a desp'rate chap. Indeed, sir, candidly, you had better keep hands off."

A glimmer of light flashed upon Reginald. His companion had evidently taken up the idea that he intended engaging in a fight with the gambler; hence the object of all those accounts of Jordan's ferocity and feats of strength. He assured the fellow, therefore, that he might dismiss every apprehension on this score. But Weeks was by no means convinced.

"It will do no harm to stay out here a while; I can't reconcile it with conscience to take you to Reveltown to-night. I won't be the cause of Jordan's hurt."

Reginald repressed the angry exclamation that rose to his lips, and forcing a laugh, said, "How ridiculous to be afraid of such a man as Jordan receiving any injury from me! Do I look like one apt to seek a scuffle with a bully who is the dread of the strongest? If you were leading Chesley or Seymour, now, you would have some little reason in your suspicion."

"Not exactly," said the guide; "Gil knows well enough how to handle those big, strappin', loud-jawed chaps; but you are of another grit—I'm afeard of you. All so civil, and smooth, and quiet, you understand how to go about things; you watch with other people's peepers, and, maybe, fight with other people's hands; them's the folks that are dangerous. I noticed something curious in the fix of your lips the first day I laid eyes on you. I shan't lead you any further."

Vainly did Reginald expostulate, using every motive which he thought likely to overcome his obstinacy. Buck Weeks would not budge. Finally, he resorted to threats, and raised his whip.

"Oh, I can give back cut for cut," said the guide.

"See how you like something else, then," and Reginald drew forth a pistol.

Weeks became pale, but persisted, saying, "I reckon you won't shoot; it would not help you to Reveltown. At any rate, I'll stand the chance. I'm the boy Gil stood up for in the ninepin alley, and hang me if I flinch from him now!"

Reginald was exceedingly vexed; time was flying, and it chafed him sorely that his purpose should be balked at the moment of execution, and by the stupidity of such a being. He galloped up and down the bank, in hope of striking some road. None greeted him. An object, however, which he discerned in his exploration, determined his mind as to the course to be pursued. His restless eye detected a smoke arising from behind a hill on the other side of the creek, and mounting a high bluff a little further along, he was able to distinguish the jagged outline of a log chimney. He could doubtless gain there the information refused by his intractable guide. The stream was rapid and swollen, and the banks here were quite steep. He returned, therefore, to the place where he had first stopped, and which, as it seemed to him, offered the promise of a safer ford.

Buck Weeks, who had remained there very composedly, with his right foot withdrawn from the stirrup, and thrown at ease over the withers of the horse, watched his approach to the water's edge with a good deal of interest.

"Better not try to cross; you'll be sure to get drowned."

Reginald made no reply, but gave his horse a blow with the whip.

"Hanged, if he 'aint in with his *martingale* on! he's a gone case, certain!"

Reginald fortunately heard the guide's exclamation, and stopping, before it was too late, drew his pocket-knife and severed each strap of the martingale just below the ring. This precaution taken, he plunged boldly into the creek. The swiftness and depth of the current would have made the passage dangerous to any one, and Reginald was by no means a very expert horseman. At length, however, after being carried a hundred yards down the stream, and narrowly escaping several thickets which threatened to entangle both steed and rider, he landed on the opposite side, drenched from head to foot, and almost exhausted. Without an instant's pause he urged his horse forward, and soon reached the cabin, where he found a man chopping wood.

"Can you put me into the road to Reveltown, sir?"

"Take that wagon track yonder—it

leads straight to the main road; then turn to your right and you can't miss your way."

"Thank you—how far is it?"

"Nigh about four miles."

Soon after reaching the high road Reginald noticed a black man ploughing in a field close by, and calling to him, inquired whether he knew Mr. Edward Chesley, and whether he had passed by there that day."

"Yes, master, he went along about half an hour ago."

"Then he must be at the town by this time."

"Hardly, I judge; his horse was lame in one fore foot, so he can't travel very swift."

Reginald now urged his own tired animal to his utmost speed. The straggling village he was in search of soon came in view. Just as he entered the outskirts he perceived a horseman turning up to the tavern at the other extremity of the street. A fierce cut of the whip brought his own horse thither but few minutes later. Dismounting and hurrying into the bar-room, he found a tumultuous scene. Close by the bar itself was a group of sallow, cadaverous-looking beings, whom rum and the ague were fast carrying to destruction. In the middle of the floor were three or four others of different make—bloated, burly men. Two of them had hands in their breast pockets, and one displayed a knife already drawn. A few steps in front stood Gilbert Jordan, his arms crossed upon his breast. Edward Chesley was just opposite, holding a cocked pistol, with the muzzle, however, turned to the floor. Jordan had uttered some observation, and Chesley, his cheek flushed and every vein distended, made a stride forward, and was about to raise his arm. At that instant Reginald suddenly interposed:

"Ned—Ned," he said to the young man, "be calm! I can arrange all this. Mr. Jordan, I should like to see you alone for a few minutes."

"For as many as you please," answered the gambler, leading the way to a back room.

When the door was closed upon them Reginald said: "Mr. Jordan, have you still those thirty-six bank-notes which you won the other day of young Chesley?"

Jordan, after a slight hesitation, answered, "Yes; what of it?"

"I want you to give them to me."

"I'll take a trip to the other world first."

"Understand me, Mr. Jordan, I have a particular use for those notes, but I am willing to give you thirty-six hundred pounds in other money for them."

"Ah! that alters the case entirely," replied the gambler, his countenance relaxing.

The business was then very soon completed, and the exchange made.

"Now, Mr. Jordan," said Reginald, before leaving the room, "it will be as well not to say anything about this transaction. You must be aware, yourself, that it will relieve you from some danger to be supposed to have generously given up the money won from Chesley, when informed by me calmly and without any threats of the real circumstances of the affair."

"Yes, sir," returned Gilbert Jordan, "you speak very much like a gentleman; I am happy to have dealings with you, sir, and to have made your acquaintance."

At this, Reginald shook hands with him, rejoined Ned Chesley, and, as well as the latter, only waited long enough to allow the horses to be fed before starting back for home.

It being late when they got to Anderport, both young men slept at the mansion, and in the morning proceeded together to Mr. Chesley's. According to arrangement, Edward kept himself in a back room, while his friend sought a private interview with his father. The old gentleman was even more depressed than when Reginald had last seen him. In spite of anger, which for a time seemed to have smothered every paternal instinct, he had become quite anxious as to the fate of his son. His first question, therefore, was:

"Mr. Jordan, what do you know of Edward? Matilda tells me you have been to look for him."

"I found him, sir, at Reveltown."

"Was Gilbert Jordan there? Is Edward safe?"

"I saw Jordan, sir," answered Reginald, purposely evading part of the question, "and persuaded him to restore the

money which he so shamefully won at Shenkins'."

"Is this, then, really the same money that Edward lost?" said Mr. Chesley, opening the package with tremulous fingers.

"Assuredly; the very same thirty-six notes of the Bank of England."

"And Jordan gave them up willingly?"

"Yes, sir; willingly."

"But what of my son? Is Edward safe? Ah! I see it—Jordan has wounded—perhaps killed him, and gives up the money to escape prosecution. But as sure as I have life and power to lift an arm, he shall *not* escape! for every drop of Edward's blood he shall pay with ten—ay, a hundred—of his own; take the money! I'll not have it."

"Mr. Chesley, your son is well. He is in the next room, and only waits your permission to beg his father's forgiveness and restoration to his favor."

Reginald left the apartment, and returning immediately, led in Edward. There was another grand witness of the reconciliation—Matilda, who followed after them.

At the close of that scene Mr. Chesley said in a serious tone, "My son, as you hope for happiness and virtue, never again approach the gaming-table!"

"I have already made that promise to this truest of friends," replied the young man, much affected, and laying his hand on Reginald's arm.

After dinner, Laurence Seymour dropped in, and frankly and cordially uttered his congratulations upon Edward's return, and the recovery of the important sum of money. Then, finding that his rival manifested no inclination to leave the field clear to him, he took occasion to say privately to Matilda—"To-morrow morning I must go away from this vicinity to be absent several days—perhaps a much longer time; I have business, too, requiring attention this afternoon; if I call, then, at five, may I not hope to find you at home?"

Matilda replying in the affirmative, Seymour bowed and withdrew.

Soon after his departure, Reginald, rising, proposed a walk. It chanced, curiously enough, that Matilda was the only member of the family whose engagements permitted her to join him. Though some

light fleecy clouds moderated the glare of the July sun, they found it advisable to seek the additional shelter of the fine grove which extended in the rear of the garden, till it became lost in the unbroken woods. As they strolled there, arm in arm, Reginald entertained his companion with an account of the incidents of his ride to Rev-eltown. He dwelt upon Buck Weeks, that most provoking of guides, and admitted, at the same time, that he could not help feeling a degree of respect for the fellow's grateful remembrance of Jórdan's protection.

"Yes," observed Matilda, earnestly, "I think gratitude is a trait in frail human nature capable of redeeming many faults, while its absence cannot be supplied by a constellation of virtues. A grateful being must enjoy life itself the more from the hope that an opportunity may be afforded of serving those from whom benefits have been received."

Reginald next excited her interest by a description of the creek that flowed through that sombre forest, and in expressive, but brief terms, told of the danger he had undergone in crossing it. Of what occurred at the tavern, however, and particularly in his private interview with the gambler, he mentioned very little. Matilda did not fail to notice the abruptness with which he turned to other and quite foreign topics. Indeed, Reginald's aim throughout had been to direct her curiosity to this point.

"Mr. Ander," said she, with some timidity and hesitation, "I cannot understand how this Gilbert Jordan could have been induced to relinquish his prey—yet you have told us that he gave you the very bills which Edward staked."

"Miss Matilda," replied Reginald, "I am sure you will be willing to say nothing about a matter which I have determined to mention to no one else"—and he paused.

"I promise cheerfully," she answered, "to disclose nothing which you may confide to me—without your consent."

"The case is simply this," said Reginald: "Jordan had won the money as fairly probably as money is generally won by a gamester. At any rate, it was impossible to recover the sum by legal measures, and to attempt forcible ones was evidently the

merest folly. I did, therefore, the only thing it was possible to do. I saw the man, exchanged other notes of equal value for those in his possession, and convinced him that it was for his interest to have the impression prevail that he had restored his ill-gotten gains freely and without consideration."

"And my father, then, owes you an additional thirty-six hundred pounds?"

"Listen to me, I pray you, Miss Matilda; I could have offered your father the amount at once as a loan, but you know he would not have accepted it—and supposing he had, might not the anxiety arising from the knowledge of the doubled debt have tendered to shorten, or at least embitter, the remainder of his days?"

"Yet it is a debt, notwithstanding," urged the young lady.

"There is another consideration, however," rejoined Reginald, "which deserves to be attended to—think of Edward, does not his peace of mind depend upon the matter remaining on its present footing? My dear Miss Chesley, I beseech you to allow it so to remain. What are thirty-six hundred pounds to even one day's happiness of your nearest and dearest relatives? For my part, I should willingly see the original loan itself as easily canceled.—Ah! indeed, if I could but hope that the time might arrive when that very disinterestedness of spirit which now forces you to restrain me, would become my prompter in every liberal thought. If"—and Reginald paused.

Matilda's breath came and went faster than usual, and her eye sought the ground. But Reginald did not pursue the declaration which he seemed to have commenced. Perhaps he thought he might appear to be taking a selfish advantage of the service that he had rendered. Matilda felt relief when the conversation changed to a different subject, and if it be thought that there was anything strange in this, those best acquainted with the female heart may decide whether an ingenuous maiden does not ever feel relief at the postponement of the most agitating question she can be called upon to answer.

The walk was protracted to a considerable length. Neither of the parties heeded the lapse of time. When they returned to the house, Matilda saw by the great

clock in the Hall that it was half past six. Laurence Seymour had been waiting full two hours. Reginald, who, in passing the offices in the rear, had directed a servant to bring out his horse, did not enter the parlor, but walked directly through the house.

That Seymour was vexed was natural, for he was not only a jealous lover, but one who had a sufficient cause to be. Everything seemed to have conspired in his rival's favor. Was any excellent and judicious action performed—who could it proceed from but Reginald Ander? Did any undertaking prove fruitless and full of humiliation? Laurence Seymour's name must be coupled with it. Was there sorrow at evening?—Laurence was the ill-omened bird of night. Did joy come in the morning?—Reginald was the harbinger of dawn. And even now, Matilda, so punctual and true, could neglect a most sacred engagement without scruple, for was she not in company with the triumphant lord of Anderport?

Matilda noticed the gloom upon his brow, and hastened to say in apology that her walk *had been* unconsciously extended so far from the house, that when she started to return, the space proved too great to admit of her arrival at the hour promised. In the same breath, she expressed her regret that it had so happened.

As she uttered all this, a tinge of shame rose to her cheek, for in truth she had not thought of her engagement from the moment when she left the hall to that in which her eye, on re-entering it, fell upon the clock.

Seymour, who was in a mood that makes men keen-sighted, noticed the blush, and replied ironically, "You omit, Miss Chesley, the best apology for your detention—the presence of so agreeable a companion as Mr. Ander."

The flush on the young lady's cheek grew deeper. Seymour thought he had gained an advantage by his spirit, when—unlucky fellow!—he was pressing to the brink of danger. He added, in the same tone: "Yet one might have supposed that, transcendent as the merit of that young gentleman undoubtedly is, Miss Chesley might have spared a single hour from his society to bestow it upon the most devoted of her friends just at the eve of departure."

Matilda answered with quickness: "I regret that Mr. Seymour finds my apology insufficient—especially as I have none other to offer."

"Pardon the hasty word," said Seymour, feeling that he had gone too far, "my faithless tongue would better have obeyed my heart by expressing gratitude for the bounty which bestows the light of your presence on me even now. If the privilege of being with you were less highly prized, I could more patiently bear its abridgment."

It was the lady's turn to receive an excuse with coolness, and the only reply made to the lover was a slight inclination of the head.

"Laurence added, impatiently, "Had I not some right to expect so brief an interview from Miss Matilda Chesley?"

"A right, sir?"

"If I am presumptuous, dear Matilda, does your heart say that all the blame should fall upon *me*? Have I weakly misapprehended those minute signs of returned affection, in which I have fondly been content to see a full reward and encouragement for the truest homage that man ever paid to woman?"

Matilda replied not a word.

"If another," continued Laurence, "is now preferred to me, will you refuse to admit that it was not always so?"

Miss Chesley answered: "I am conscious of no change in opinion. At this moment, as heretofore, no one holds a higher place in my esteem than Mr. Seymour."

"Would you have me contented with such a position?" said the lover, impetuously. "No, Matilda, precious as your favorable regard is, it is nothing to me if it must be shared equally by any other—nothing? It is worse than nothing; far better that I had never known you, than that, after madly devoting every faculty of my soul in the effort to win your heart, I should be compelled to sink down at the end, convinced of the inestimable value of the prize, but in hopeless despair of its ever becoming mine. Possessing your love, I see around me a glorious world—a present full of happiness, a future holding forth the brightest hopes; without you, all is blank, dismal, void. Declare which is to be my fate. Others may have more

than one prospect of happiness. For my part—I confess the weakness—on a single thread depends everything that makes life a blessed boon! Shall that thread become a cable fit to anchor a soul on heaven, or will your hand sever it? Decide.”

“Mr. Seymour,” replied Matilda, hesitating and embarrassed, “have not I said enough? I sincerely respect and esteem you—I respect and esteem no one more highly. Can you reasonably urge me to say more than this?”

“Let it be, then, that I am *unreasonable*, dear Matilda; but think who has made me so. I *am* unreasonable to expect what yet my soul cannot but hope for. No! Decide. I will not have a moiety, even of your heart. Say that you love no other, and then I sink at your feet grateful and contented. You make me no answer. Shall I allow my heart to give the interpretation of that silence? I dare not; perhaps it has already deluded me. The time has come for certainty. Let your lips pronounce that you do not look upon Reginald Ander as you look upon me?”

“Mr. Seymour, I cannot.”

“Oh, Matilda, recall that declaration! Think that this moment decides forever. I solemnly assure you that I rest everything on the issue of this answer. I look for no other. Say—whisper—show by the slightest sign—that you prefer me to Reginald Ander.”

“I cannot,” replied Matilda, firmly.

Laurence Seymour, without uttering a syllable, rose, bowed, and moved to the door. As he put his hand on the knob, he turned and gazed earnestly in Miss Chesley’s face. Her eye quailed, but no sound issued from her lips, and Seymour left the parlor.

As the rejected lover galloped furiously along the road to Anderport, he scarce noticed a man who was standing just within the fence that enclosed the shady grounds in front of Reginald’s mansion. This individual, who, with a little hammer in his hand, had been engaged in chipping fragments from the corner of a large mass of whitish stone, called out as the horseman came opposite him, “Mr. Seymour, you are in haste.”

“Ah, is that you, Mr. Rennoe!” exclaimed the young man, throwing his horse upon his haunches.

“Yes, sir,” replied the figure, “I have been amusing myself with mineralogy—I was always fond of dabbling a little in the natural sciences. This rock here, by the way, is of quite an unusual formation to be found in this locality. I take it to be what is called heavy-spar, though the yellowish tinge in it makes it bear no little resemblance to a very rare mineral found in one of the Orkneys. Let me hand you a specimen.”

“Never mind—don’t trouble yourself, sir. I am not inclined just now to finger bits of stone.”

“Indeed! pray what is the matter?”

“I have been to see Matilda Chesley.”

“Ah, I understand the luxury of her society has spoiled your taste for lighter entertainments!”

“Pshaw! she has jilted me.”

“How?” said Rennoe, with sympathy that was not assumed. “I really trust you are mistaken—what brought it about?”

“Why, I was determined not to be trifled with any longer, as I told her to decide at once—and *she has*.”

“This is most unfortunate,” rejoined the other. “How precipitate and ill-advised you have been to urge matters at the very moment when circumstances have made your rival appear most favorably! Do you not see that she and all her family lie just now under such a weight of obligation to Reginald, that they cannot but be anxious to avoid treating him with any appearance of harshness? How could she in common decency choose the very moment in which he had restored to the house peace, and happiness, and a brother, to inflict the sudden mortification of rejecting his suit?”

“Do not harass me with such reflections now,” said Seymour, bitterly; “the matter is past remedy. Good evening to you.”

“Past remedy!” echoed Simon Rennoe, gazing after the young man. “How wretched to have to rely on such tools! Past remedy! Is it indeed? Not yet. I have another resource, and luckily, it is one of which I can avail myself without a coadjutor. Would that I had never depended upon any head but my own! How stupid that lover!”

As these and similar thoughts passed through his active brain, Rennoe turned towards the mansion, for his geological in-

vestigations suddenly lost their relish. Upon the terrace he met Reginald, who, from his elevated position, had noticed both the fierce speed of Seymour and its interruption by the colloquy with his friend. The pair looked at each other intently. With all his art, Rennoe could not totally conceal the vexation which stirred him, and Reginald, at once inferring what had taken place, saluted him with a meaning smile. After standing thus some seconds, the young man broke silence—"Laurence rides home fast."

"Yes," replied Rennoe, "he seems quite discomposed. I think he will be ready to ask for mercy, and plead that his punishment is already sufficiently severe."

"Is it so?" said Reginald. "That should not be. A noble-born youth ought to have more spirit." Then he

added, in a quiet, mock-persuasive tone—"Do you help him?"

Rennoe shook his head.

Reginald repeated the words—"Help him. It may result in your advantage, for if Seymour succeed in winning Miss Chesley, I am ready—you know for what."

Rennoe answered, catching his tone as nearly as possible, "You may not act safely to urge me."

"Oh!" returned the youth, "have no scruple. It is only the animation of the struggle that gives the enjoyment. Better defeat than uncontested victory. So try your utmost. Adieu till supper."

Reginald, hastily returning to Rennoe, said softly—"Hark you, sir! one caution. In whatever you may say to Miss Chesley, make little mention of *me*—no misrepresentation. That is all."

(*To be continued.*)

FREILIGRATH.*

Of the two great agents in the attainment and establishment of political freedom, the lyre and the sword, it is difficult to say which is the more potent. The captive trumpeter in *Æsop* gave but a lame apology for the position in which he was found, when he alleged in his behalf, that he bore no weapon, and that his profession was not that of a soldier. It was a blind and undiscerning policy that led the Athenians, when applied to by the Spartans in obedience to the commands of the oracle, to give them a general, contemptuously to nominate the poet *Tyrtaeus* as a fit person to fill that important post, in the hope of thus insuring the defeat of their rivals; for though unused to action in the tented field, and possessing no physical advantages, either in strength or appearance he was enabled, by the inspiration of song, to impart hope to the desponding, endurance to the weary, courage to the timid, strength to the weak, and valor to the faint-hearted. He could arouse, by the magic of his strains, the spirit of those whom he directed, without which the material powers of an army, "the limb, the thews, the stature, bulk and big assemblance—of millions are as nothing. *Mazarine*, a keen observer of human nature, justly appreciated the influence of popular lyrics on the character and habits of a nation, when he uttered that celebrated apothegm—"Give me the making of a people's songs, and I care not who makes their laws." The assertion may at first view appear a bold one; but when we bear in mind, that the laws of a people can never, for any long period, be at variance with their national feelings and characteristics, we shall readily recognize its substantial truth and correctness. The tongue that has been accustomed from the cradle to lisp the praises of liberty, can with difficulty be tutored, in maturer years, to sing *Io* pæans before the throne

of arbitrary power. "The child is father of the man," the impressions received in early years, through the gentle ministries of the household circle, outlast all other recollections and survive all other changes. Our nature becomes imperceptibly moulded and formed by the associations of childhood, and if, in after life, when we arrive at a more perfect knowledge of good and evil, we find our sympathies enlisted on the side of the former, it seems like an act of domestic treason, a sacrilege committed within the sacred circle of the home sanctuary, to deny them free scope and utterance.

It would be a curious and interesting problem, were a satisfactory solution attainable, to ascertain how far the recent revolutionary movements in Europe are to be attributed to the diffusion of free sentiments among the masses, through the medium of songs and pasquinades. Though not, like the "power of armies," a "visible thing," who can doubt that a chant like the *Marseillaise* may be used, at certain critical periods of political ferment, as a formidable revolutionary agent? The might of song has been a fertile source of terror to those who have wielded over their fellows an authority neither founded in reason, nor administered with wisdom. How often did the gloomy cells of the Bastille, while that stronghold of despotism yet stood, receive within their narrow space some luckless rhymist, whose wit had outrun his discretion, and whose sense of the ridiculous had momentarily triumphed over the instinct of self-preservation! What a record of sufferings that harrow up the soul, does the story of *Pellico's* captivity reveal! Some of the songs of *Béranger*, too, breathe of the bitterness that is born of captivity and chains; and yet, though volumes on volumes of inflammatory odes have been condemned by the public censor, or burned by the common

* *Gedichte von Ferdinand Freiligrath*, 8th ed., 1845. Ein Glaubensbekenntniß, von F. Freiligrath, 1844.

hangman, the universal mind of man must and will find utterance in words, which, when the fit occasion comes, are embodied in deeds. As that subtle investigator, and eloquent expounder of the philosophy of life, Ralph Waldo Emerson, has observed,

"The inviolate spirit turns their spite against the wrong doers. The martyr cannot be dishonored. Every lash inflicted is a tongue of fame; every prison a more illustrious abode; every burned book or house enlightens the world; every suppressed or expunged word reverberates through the earth from side to side. The minds of men are at last aroused; reason looks out and justifies her own, and malice finds all her work vain. It is the whipper who is whipped, and the tyrant who is undone."*

During the last few years, a number of political poets have sprung up in Germany, who, believing that the national mind requires for its full development the removal of those restrictions to which the despotic policy of the government has subjected it, have called upon their countrymen, in the name of freedom and right, to shake off the galling yoke which they have so long and so patiently endured. These "quick spirits," sensible that the true happiness of a people depends not merely on their external condition, but is intimately connected with their moral and intellectual being; that, in the words of Guizot, the true idea of civilization comprises another development beyond that of the social element, "namely, the development of individual life, the development of the human mind and its faculties, the development of man himself," have endeavored to arouse their fellows to the necessity of insisting on liberty of speech as the inalienable heritage of man, not as a boon dependent on the will of a monarch, or the toleration of a cabinet. They have felt, and mourned for those who could not feel the bitterness of that most abject state of slavery which denies to the oppressed the utterance of his woes, stifles the rising throb in the patriot's bosom, and forbids the wretched captive even to clank his chains, lest others should take alarm at the sound. "Strike," said the Spartan Eurybiades to his colleague Themistocles,

on receiving a blow from the latter, in the heat of debate,—*"strike, but hear."* In Germany, alas! the vigilance of the censorship has anticipated the possibility of such an appeal; for as dead men tell no tales, so sentiments and opinions, on which the ban of prohibition is pronounced, can never betray, in their effects on the popular mind, any trace of their existence. The authors, therefore, to whom allusion has been made, feeling that

"There is a bondage worse, far worse, to bear
Than his, who breathes, by roof and floor
and wall;
Pent in, a tyrant's solitary thrall:
'Tis his who walks about in the open air,
One of a nation, who, henceforth, must wear
Their fetters in their souls;"

and yet unable, while within the confines of Germany, and under the cognizance of the public censor, to embody their thoughts in language adequate to the expression of their feelings, have been driven, as a measure of necessity, to select some place beyond the jurisdiction of their native land, for the publication of their works. The event has justified their expectations. Their poems have found their way by thousands into the very heart of Germany, and though it is true that the sale and circulation of these productions might have been forbidden, experience has proved such a measure to be a most dangerous method of checking the evil against which it is directed. The mischief once done, as it never would have been done, had the offending passages received the supervision of the censor, the King of Prussia, who has always professed a great veneration for constitutional liberty, was sufficiently politic to make a virtue of necessity, by displaying an assumed toleration, produced by the exigency of circumstances. To murder a publication in the embryo, when none can witness the crime, is a much less hazardous expedient than to attack it in a developed state, when its form and bearing have become familiar to the eyes of thousands.

Among the poets whose powers have been thus devoted to the task of arousing the free spirit of Germany from the degradation and abasement that have hitherto cramped its energies and stunted its growth, that of Ferdinand Freiligrath de-

* Essays, 1st. Series, p. 99.

serves honorable mention. He was born at Detmold, in Westphalia, in the year 1810, and is said, at a very early age, to have given indication of those poetical powers which have since rendered him so conspicuous. He seems, indeed, "to have lisped in numbers," as we learn from a biographical sketch now before us, that at the age of seven, he delighted his father by the production of his first copy of verses. Freiligrath, however, was not allowed to dream away the morning of life in Arcadian visions or Parnassian reveries, having been placed at the mercantile desk at the age of fifteen. During the period of his commercial novitiate, he applied himself diligently to the acquisition of English, French and Italian, and the translations which appear among his poems indicate a familiar acquaintance with each of these languages.

Commerce and poetry are not, in the general estimation of the world, connected by any close affinities; yet amid the dry details of the warehouse and the counting-room, Freiligrath found materials for the exercise of the poetic faculty. The varied products displayed in the crowded marts of Amsterdam, led his imagination to the climes from which they had been brought, and suggested those vivid pictures of many a far-off region, which are among the most pleasing features of his verse. He seems to have realized, in fancy, the yearning desire which haunted the last years of Schiller, and which has been so gracefully described by the pen of Bryant.* He deals almost exclusively with the external world, and leaves to others the domain of sentiment and passion—a peculiarity which will not detract from his merit in the opinion of those who have been feasted *ad nauseam* with the subjective idealisms and metaphysics which constitute the staple commodity of much of the recent poetry of Germany.

Freiligrath's poems, which were first published in a collected form in 1830, were received with marked favor, and rapidly passed through several editions; the eighth, published in 1845, is now before

us, from which we propose to make a few translations, for the purpose of exhibiting the prevailing tone and spirit of our author's productions.

First, then, for a flower fancy, more acceptable, perhaps, to the taste of German than English readers; romantic and sentimental, but graceful, easy and imaginative.

THE REVENGE OF THE FLOWERS.

Resting on a snow-white pillow,
Slumbering soft the maiden lies,
Drooping sinks each dark-brown eyelash,
Glow's each cheek with purple dyes.

Glimm'ring on the chair beside her,
Stands a vase, of beauty rare;
In the vase bright flow'rs are blooming,
Sweet in odor, fresh and fair.

Now a dull, oppressive closeness
Thro' the chamber seems to spread,
For the windows close are fasten'd,
And the breeze of spring has fled.

All around is deepest silence,—
Sudden, list! a murmur low,
From the flow'rs and leafy branches,
Whispering voices seem to flow.

From the flow'r vase softly stealing
Elfin forms uprise in air,
Faintest mist wreaths are their garments,
Coronals and shields they bear.

From the rose's purple bosom,
Glides a slender maiden fair,
Loose her flowing locks are streaming,
Pearls like dew-drops glitter there.

From the helmet of the monk's-hood,
With its leaf of darkest green,
Forth, with gleaming sword and visor,
Stalks a knight of noble mien.

On his casque there streams a feather
From the heron—silvery pale;
From the lily floats a maiden,
Fine as gossamer her veil.

From the tiger lily's calix
Comes a man with haughty brow,
On his bright green turban proudly
Gleams the crescent's golden bow.

Gaily from the crown imperial,
Walks a sceptre-bearer brave,
And his henchmen from the Iris
Follow, each with shining glaive.

From the leaves of the narcissus,
Forth a dark-eyed boy there trips

* "Tis said, when Schiller's death drew nigh,
The wish possess'd his mind,
To wander forth, wherever lie
The haunts of human kind," &c.

Tow'rd the bed, and warmly presses
Kisses on the maiden's lips.

Then round the couch there float and hover
Other shapes in airy ring,
And while thus they float and hover,
In the sleeper's ear they sing.

"Maiden, maiden, thou hast torn us
From the earth's protecting shade,
Now to grace thy gaudy chalice,
We must wither, droop and fade.

"Oh, how softly late we rested
On the earth's maternal breast,
Kiss'd by glowing sunbeams stealing
Thro' the forest's leafy crest.

"There glad spring's delightful breezes
Bent each stem with gentle pow'r,
There by night like fays we sported,
Rising from our leafy bow'r.

"There, rain and dew pour'd softly round us,
Here, a dismal pool we see,
We must die—yet ere we perish,
Maid, our curse descends on thee."

The song is still—the forms surround
The sleeper as before,
And with the former silence comes
The whispering voice once more.

What a whispering! what a murmur!
Flush'd the maiden's cheek so fair!
How the spirits breathe upon her,
How the fragrance fills the air.

Soon the early beams of morning
Laughing chased the shades away;
On the couch in death's cold slumber,
Lovely still, the maiden lay.

Like a blossom early faded,
Scarce the tint her cheek hath fled,
Sleeps she with her fragile sisters,
Kill'd by odors round her shed.

The early reminiscences of childhood, when the world of hope was all before us, and disappointment was unknown; when no pang darkened the recollections of the past, and no fear dimmed the expectations of the future, have furnished the subject of many a beautiful and touching verse. The following extract from the record of Freiligrath's boyish experiences, must come home to the feelings of every reader whose memory is not barren of all that forms the joy of after life:

THE PICTURE-BIBLE.

Thou folio dusk and olden,
My friend in early days,
When loving hands oft opened
Thy secrets to my gaze,
Oft o'er thy pictures bending,
Delighted I would stand,
My sports forgot, while dreaming
About the Orient land.

Thou openest the portals
Of distant zones to me;
In thee, as in a mirror,
Their glitt'ring stores I see.
Thanks! for thro' thee are glimpses
Of strange, far regions sent,
Of camels, palms, and deserts,
The shepherd and his tent.

More near to view thou bringest
The hero and the sage,
By gifted seers depicted
Upon thy priceless page,
The fair and bride-like maidens,
As well their words portray,
Of each a living semblance
Thy figured leaves display.

The patriarchal ages,
What simple times were they,
When men on every journey
Met angels by the way.
Their wells and herds of cattle,
How often have I seen,
While on thy pages gazing
With quiet, thoughtful mien.

Again thou seem'st, as lying
Upon the stool, of yore,
While I, intently musing,
Upon thy pages pore,
As if the old impressions,
So oft with rapture viewed,
In fresh and brilliant colors
Before me stood renewed.

As if, more bright than ever,
Again before me placed,
I saw the quaint devices
Around thy borders traced;
Branches and fruit combining,
Round every picture wrought,
Each to some picture suited,
And all with meaning fraught;

As if, in days departed,
My eager steps I bent,
To ask my gentle mother,
What every picture meant;
As if some song or story,
I learned of each to tell,
While beaming mildly on us,
My father's glances fell.

Oh! time, now fled forever,
 Thou seem'st a tale gone by;
 The picture-Bible's treasures,
 The bright, believing eye,
 The glad, delighted parents,
 The calm, contented mien,
 The joy and mirth of boyhood,
 All, all, alas! *have been.*

A desert appeared at first view, to be a very unpromising theme for the genius of poetry; but fancy can people even the loneliest tracts with its own wild creations, and give

—“to airy nothing
 A local habitation and a name.”

In the domain of the ideal, there is no such thing as a vacuum. The “blasted heath” in Macbeth echoes with the unearthly incantations of the weird sisters of destiny, and the lone isle of the “Tempest” is cheered by the sweet melodies of Ariel. The wilderness, as well as the field, has its poetry and traditionary lore; and though to the eye of sense its barren expanse presents no living object, it becomes to the more delicate perception of the imagination a “populous solitude,” haunted by spectral forms, and vocal with “airy tongues that syllable men’s names.” A superstition connected with the deserts of the East has been made the subject of one of the most vivid and spirited of Freiligrath’s descriptive poems:

THE TRAVELLER’S VISION.

By night, amid the desert waste, we camped
 upon the ground,
 Beside our reinless steeds outstretch’d, Be-
 douins slept around.
 Far on the mountains of the Nile, the yellow
 moonlight beamed,
 And many a camel’s bleaching bones from out
 the sand-waves gleamed.

But sleep I could not; on my saddle pillow’d
 lay my head,
 And piled beneath the husky fruit from lofty
 date-palms shed,
 My outspread caftan’s flowing folds o’er
 breast and feet I drew,
 Beside me lay my naked sword, my spear and
 musket true.

Deep the silence—but a moment crackles the
 low fire,
 Or wandering and benighted screams the
 lonely vulture dire;

In his sleep but for a moment stamps the un-
 bridled steed,
 Or turns some rider in his dreams to grasp the
 barbed jereed.

The earth is shaken to and fro, and shadows
 dusk and dun
 Obscure the moon, wild beasts athwart the
 desert howling run.
 Fierce prance our snorting steeds, while grasps
 our flag the foremost man,
 Then drops it as he murmurs low, “the spectre
 caravan.”

Lo! it cometh—on their camels sweep the
 ghostly drivers past;
 Secure aloft the women sit, no veil around
 them cast.
 Beside them maidens wander, bearing pitchers,
 like Rebecca
 At the fountain;—riders follow, sweeping on
 to Mecca.

More yet? Who can their number tell? it
 seems an endless train;
 Yes! all these camels’ bleaching bones with
 life now glow again.
 And this brown dust in whirling masses heav’d
 so oft on high,
 Is changed to dusky-visaged men, who guide
 the camels by.

This is the night, when all who ’mid the sand-
 waves sleep forlorn,
 Whose scatter’d ashes parch our tongues, by
 sultry breezes borne;
 Whose skulls beneath our horses’ hoofs
 moulder in dust away,
 Arise and haste in crowded ranks at Mecca’s
 shrine to pray.

Still on they come! The rearmost guard our
 troop hath scarcely passed,
 And yonder comes the van again, with loose
 rein driving fast,
 From the green hills that skirt the shore of
 Babelmandel strait,
 Before my steed can break his cord, they hurry
 swift as fate.

Steady now! our beasts are startled! and
 mount each man to horse,
 Nor basely shrink, like timid sheep, before the
 lion’s course.
 What tho’ their floating robes ye touch, as
 on their path they hie,
 At Allah’s name both man and beast will pass
 for ever by.

Wait till your turban feathers float in morn-
 ing’s dewy breeze;
 For morning’s dawn and morning air are
 death to things like these.

When daylight gleams, these spectre pilgrims
fade to dust away ;
Night wanes e'en now, my neighing steed sal-
lutes the welcome day.

The following verses contain a spirited
and picturesque description of one of the
finest scenes which a poet could select as
the theme of his song, the arrival of the
great leader of the Israelites at the bor-
ders of that promised land which Provi-
dence had decreed that he should never
enter.

NEBO.

On Jordan's verdant borders,
The tribes of Jacob lay,
The pilgrims there from Mizraim
Kept joyous holiday.
In camp at length reposing,
The multitude found rest,
Thro' years of weary wandering
The sandy deserts' guest.

Then dropped the toil-worn travellers
Their staves from out their hands,
And from their loins ungirded
Each one his linen bands.
Then in the cool, white vestments,
In varied groups were seen,
Dusk forms, with dark beards curling,
And pale and wasted mien.

Their, too, their pilgrim dwellings
O'er all the plain appeared,
And high within each centre
The tent-pole stood upreared ;
Their verdant boughs excluded
The sun's too fervid beam,
And filled was every pitcher
By some cool, gushing stream.

Their limbs fatigued and dusty
Were freely laved with oil,
And there the drivers tended
Their camels worn with toil ;
There flocks and herds lay scattered
Upon the verdant mead,
And wild with recent freedom
Far roamed the unbridled steed.

And there, with loud rejoicings,
Tired hands were raised on high,
That now of this long journey
The end was drawing nigh ;
And there stout swords were sharpened
By many a sturdy hand,
To fight for the green pastures
Of Israel's fatherland,

That seemed beyond the river
Their footsteps to invite—
A land of boundless plenty,
Like Eden to the sight,
That land oft seen in spirit,
While journeying to and fro,
That land is now before them,
Where milk and honey flow.

Hark ! from the valley's bosom,
Glad shouts of "Canaan" rise,
As toward the rocky summit
Their valiant leader hies.
Upon his shoulders floating,
Rest locks of purest white,
And 'neath his forehead flashing
Two golden rays shed light.

And when at length arriving,
He gains the mountain's brow,
And tremblingly bends forward
To look on all below,
His eyes grow bright admiring
The scenes beneath him spread,
Which though he longs to enter,
His feet can never tread.

There pleasant plains are lying
Where corn and wine abound,
And brooks of flowing crystal
In ev'ry field are found.
The bee-hives there are swarming,
There neighs the teamster's span,
Thy heritage, oh ! Judah,
From Beersheba to Dan.

"Now thou hast met my vision,
I ask not here to stay,
Oh Lord ! in tranquil slumber
Thy servant take away ;"
Then with bright clouds around him,
The Lord of Earth drew nigh,
And from the wearied pilgrims
Their leader bore on high.

To die upon a mountain !
How glorious must it seem,
When early clouds are glowing
With morning's ruddy beam ;
Beneath, the world's wild tumult,
Woods, plains, the river's tide,
Above, Heaven's golden portals,
Extended far and wide.

The little poem entitled "The Emi-
grant" is doubtless a sketch from nature,
taken probably on some of the wharves of
Amsterdam.

I cannot choose but look upon you,
I still must gaze while there ye stand
Busy, your worldly goods outstretching,
To place them in the steersman's hand.

Ye men upon your shoulders bearing
Baskets beneath whose weight ye tire,
Filled with the bread your fields have nour-
ished,

And ye have baked by home's glad fire;

And ye who sport long braided tresses,
Black-forest maidens, slim and brown,
Who on the sloop's green bench with caution
Your pitchers and your pails lay down;

These are the self-same pails and pitchers
Oft plenish'd at your native spring,
These to the banks of still Missouri
Fair images of home shall bring:

The stone-built fountain at the hamlet,
O'er which so often ye have bent,
The household fire so brightly blazing,
The shelf they served to ornament.

They soon shall deck the rough log-cabin
In some far region of the West,
Soon, with cool waters overflowing,
Ye'll hand them to the thirsty guest.

From them the Cherokee o'erwearied
Shall drink, exhausted with the chase,
But from the vintage, borne rejoicing,
Green leaves no more their forms shall
grace.

Oh! wherefore are ye thus departing?
The Neckar vale bears grapes and corn,
The Schwarzwald's fill'd with gloomy tannin,
In Spessart rings the Alpine horn.

How often in those strange, wild forests
For home's green mountains ye will pine,
For Deutschland's fields with ripe grain
waving,
Her hills thick planted with the vine.

How must the shade of days departed
Come glancing oft athwart your dreams,
Till like some joyous, calm old legend,
Standing before your soul it seems.

The boatman calls—depart in gladness;
In God's good keeping may you all be
found;

May joy forever be your pastime,
Your fields with plenteous harvests
still be crown'd.

The "Sunken City" is a wild and irregu-
lar lay, founded on a tradition which rep-
resents a town of the name of Julin, as
having been submerged by the waters of
the ocean.

O'er the silent waters my course I keep,
Calm is the surface, and hush'd each wave,

The buried old city beneath me deep
Flashes to view from its watery grave.

In the dim old times of legend and lay,
A king his fair young daughter exiled,
A home she found o'er the hills away,
With seven small elves of the forest wild.

And when she died by her mother's hand,
That mingled the poison'd draught, alas!
Her body was laid by the elfin band,
In a coffin of crystal glass.

There in a spotless shroud she lay,
Enwreath'd with blossoms fragrant and fair,
In her youthful beauty's bright array,
And they all could behold her there.

Thou liest e'en so in thy crystal shell,
A corpse in its cerements, oh! sunken Julin,
Thro' the gleaming water's transparent swell,
The halls of thy pomp are seen.

The turrets arise, gloomy and tall,
And mutely their tale of woe recite,
The arch of the gateway pierces the wall,
And still are the minster windows bright.

Yet 'mid thy grandeur, solemn and still,
There cometh no footstep, nor mirth, nor
song,
But fishes in myriads roam at will,
Thy markets and streets along.

They gaze with a vacant and glassy stare,
Thro' the doors and windows abandoned and
lone,
Drowsy and mute are the tenants there,
Dwelling in mansions of stone.

Thither I'll hasten, and there recall
The glories departed, the pleasures flown,
And the magical realm of death shall fall,
When the breath of the living is o'er it
thrown.

Then people were more for war and gain,
The pillar'd halls and the markets vast,
Ye maidens no longer asleep remain,
But ponder the dream that's past.

"Downward—no farther ye row with me,"
Powerless sink both his arms and feet,
Deep over him closes the briny sea,
As he hastens the city to greet.

He lives among halls of the olden day,
Where the sea-shells glisten, the amber
glows;
Beneath, gleam splendors past away,
Above, the boat song flows.

"The Mirage" has been regarded as one

of Freiligrath's best productions. Few descriptions of this ocular illusion, and the deplorable effects which it frequently produces on its victims, displays so much vigor and power of delineation, as the following verses :

Around the harbor, gay with flags, my restless vision strays,
But this gay plume of mine, I see, attracts thy smiling gaze ;
While roar the waves around our barque, I gladly would be taught
About that desert realm of thine, from whence that crest was brought.

"Well ! be it so"—my forehead rests, supported by my hand,
Mine eyelids fall, in slumber closed ; *there* glows the desert sand !
Within your tents the people dwell, whom first my childhood knew,
There, clad in dreary weeds of woe, Sahara greets thy view.

Who late hath crossed the lion's realm ? the prints of paw and hoof are here ;
Tombuctoo's caravan perchance—far in the distance gleams a spear.
Lo ! banners wave ; the Emir's robe streams thro' the dusty cloud,
While peers the camel's stately head above the motley crowd.

In serried ranks they ride along, where sand and sky together blend,
Now lost to sight, as o'er their march the yellow sands extend ;
But yet with ease thine eyes can trace the fugitives' broad way,
By many a token, here and there, these level wastes display.

The first, a dromedary dead—a way-mark here is left—
Two vultures on the carcass stand, of half their plumage reft ;
The famished pair but little heed yon turban's gorgeous cost,
Which in the journey's reckless haste, a youthful Arab lost.

Now round the tam'risk's thorny stem see shreds of trappings fly,
And close at hand a dusty skin lies empty, torn, and dry.
Who is it spurns the gaping pouch, with looks of sorest need ?
It is the dark-haired swarthy chief of Biledul-gereed.

Last in the rear his courser fell, he wandered far astray,
His lovely wife his girdle clasps and languishes away ;
On horseback, late before him placed, how gleamed her eye with mirth,
Now o'er the desert waste she trails, like falchion from its girth.

The sand which but the lion's tail by night had swept before,
The helpless fair one's flowing locks now drag unheeded o'er ;
It dries her lip's ambrosial dew, it fills her waving hair—
Her feeble limbs, fatigued and faint, its flinty pebbles tear.

The Emir sinks ; within each pulse the life-blood boils and glows ;
His eyelids swell, his brow's blue veins dilate with mortal throes ;
He wakes, with one last burning kiss, his lovely Fezzan bride,
Then, on the sand with one wild curse, falls prostrate by her side.

With wandering gaze she looks around—"Ho ! sleepest thou, my love ?
How changed the sky's late brassy hue ! it gleams like steel above.
Where is the desert's yellow glow ? 'tis dazzling light all round,
And shimmers *there*, as 'twere the sea, in Algiers' rocky bound.

It gleams and surges like a stream, its cooling waves advance,
A liquid mirror shining clear ; wake ! 'tis the Nile, perchance ;
Yet no—our course was southern bent—the Senegal 't may be ;
Or, with its billows' foaming spray, perhaps the open sea.

At least 'tis water ! on the bank my vestments soon shall lie.
Wake up ! to soothe our fevered frames, its virtue we will try.
A grateful draught, a bracing bath, will nerve our wasted powers ;
Yon fortress gained, how soon will close this pilgrimage of ours.

Around its dusky gates I see bright scarlet banners fly ;
Beyond its turrets, thick with spears, proud min'rets tow'r on high,
A gallant fleet of stately ships lies tossing in the bay,
And boundless riches fill each mart and caravanerai.

Belov'd! my tongue is parch'd, awake! the
twilight shades are nigh."
He gave one glance around—"The Mirage!"
was his sad reply.
"More cruel than the simoom—of wicked
fiends the sport and play."
He passed—the phantom passed—dead on his
corpse his partner lay.

In Venice harbor thus the Moor did of his
country tell;
On Desdemona's listening ear full sweet the
story fell,
And as the prow, with sudden dash, plough'd
up the sandy shore,
Brabantio's only child in silence to his home
he bore.

THE WAKER IN THE DESERT.

Where flows the Nile through desert sands,
A noble lion proudly stands,
Dusk as the parched and arid ground,
Dusk as the simoom floating round.

About his breast, his broad mane free,
A royal mantle seems to be,
Than kingly diadem more fair,
His brow thick set with bristling hair.

With angry roar he lifts his head,
And hollow rings his voice and dread;
It fills the desert's weary round,
And Mæri's swamp perceives the sound.

Bristles the panther's spotted hide,
The wild gazelle flees far and wide,
The crocodile and camel hear
The monarch's wrathful voice in fear.

Back from the Nile the echoes fall,
And from the Pyramid's high wall;
The royal mummy, brown and weary,
Wakes in his silent chamber dreary.

He rises in his narrow cell,
"Thanks, lion, for thine angry yell,
Long ages here of sleep I'd known
Until I heard thy thrilling tone.

Yes! long indeed the time appears;
Where are the glorious olden years,
When royal banners round me flew,
And sires of thine my chariot drew?

In lofty state I sat erect,
The shafts with massive gold were deck'd,
Each spoke and wheel with rich pearls shone,
And Thebes' proud tow'rs were all my own.

This foot, though now no strength is there,
Oft trod upon the Moor's crisp hair,
On the dark brow of India's child,
And on the neck of Arab wild.

This hand, that once the world controll'd,
Now rests within the byssus' fold,
And what these hieroglyphics tell,
This breast has known and pondered well.

This tomb, in which at last I lie,
These hands of mine rear'd proud and high,
Around my throne rose many a spear,
My viceroy was the overseer;

The Nile's broad stream, my willing slave,
My light barque rock'd upon its wave;
The Nile, whose current still rolls by—
How long in deep repose I lie.

And now 'tis growing dark once more."
Then sudden ceased the lion's roar,
The sleeper's eye dim shades o'erspread,
Again he seeks his quiet bed.

Under a quotation from the book of
Psalms:

"Thou breakest the heads of the dragons
in the waters.

"Thou breakest the heads of Leviathan in
pieces, and gavest him to be meat to the people
inhabiting the wilderness."—Ps. lxxiv. 14.

We find the following verses:

I walked, 't was one of Autumn's early days,
beside the ocean strand,
With forehead bare, and downcast look, the
Psalms of David in my hand,
High rose the sea, loud roared the surf, the
fresh breeze from the eastward blew,
When in the far horizon west, a white-sailed
barque appeared in view.

And as from out the book of songs of Israel's
minstrel king I read,
Now looked around, now turned the leaves, my
wandering glance was led
To where you find the verse above, when lo!
there neared the barren strand,
With gray sails furled and closely reefed, three
fishing boats well manned.

And in their rear, where crests of foam o'er-
topped the billow's darkish gray,
Towed by a cord—in bulk immense, a strange
and shapeless monster lay.
The surf swelled high, loud creaked the mast,
the prompt harpooner anchor made,
And on the dry sand's barren waste the gal-
leys with their prize were laid.

At brother's and at husband's welcome call, in
quick succession pour,
From out their huts, with song and shout, the
wild free dwellers on the shore ;
They see the son of ocean there, with fatal
gashes covered o'er—
All crushed and broken lies that head, whence
briny jets shall rise no more.

A few years past yon dripping mass the frigid
polar region bore,
Untaught as yet his course to guide, he strayed
to this low shallow shore ;
He sought again the open sea, but shoal and
sand-bank checked his vain career—
Jehovah crushed the youthful giant's head be-
neath the fisher's spear.

Around their bleeding prey they danced and
sung, but unto me it seemed
As if, e'en yet, the half-closed eye on that rude
concourse fiercely gleamed ;
It seemed as if the purple tide reproved me as
it ran,
And faltered forth, amid the breeze, " Oh, mis-
erable race of man !

Oh, pigmies ! 'tis by stratagem alone your con-
quest ye have won,
Base reptiles of the barren earth, who my do-
main must ever shun ;
Poor puny things ! in hollow ships alone ye
tempt the wat'ry way,
The despicable shell-fish like, that never from
its shell can stray.

Oh, barren shore and little worth ! Oh, base and
wretched dwellers here !
Oh, sorry race ! when'er I snort, how do ye
start with fear !
Upon the sands your village stands, a wretched
group of huts hard by ;
And, Poet, art thou better, then, than they who
thus behold'st me die ?

I would I were where earth and sea together
reach their utmost bound,
Where, crashing 'mid the gloom of night,
floats winter's icy palace round.
Would that a sword fish 'gainst the ice his
weapon there might whet,
And pierce me through the breast at once ; then
here I should not linger yet."

'Twas one of autumn's early days, the sea rose
high, the east wind shrilly blew,
When, in the far horizon west, a white-sailed
barque appeared in view ;
But in my way I wandered forth—I threw my-
self upon the sand—
The Lord had crushed Behemoth's head, and
given him to the fisher's hand.

The following vivid but rather revolting
description is entitled :

UNDER THE PALM-TREES.

Mark yon manes athwart the bushes ! in the
wood they're waging war,
From yonder palm grove hearest thou the tu-
mult and the roar ?
Come, let us mount this teak-tree—gently ! lest
thy quiver rattling
Should disturb them—see the tiger and the
leopard madly battling.

Around the body of a white man, whom the
tiger snatched away,
As on this slope reposing, pillowed 'mid scarlet
blooms he lay,
Round the stranger—who for three months
past had shared our tent in quiet,
Collecting plants and insects rare, the fierce
destroyers riot.

Alas ! no arrow now can ransom him ; his eye
is closed in night—
Red his slumber as the blossom of the fiery
thistle bright ;
Like a coffin seems the hollow of the hill
whereon he's lying,
On his cheek the tiger's claw-mark, and the
blood his couch is dyeing.

Oh, white man ! many a tear for thee shall dim
thy mother's eyes—
Mark ! at the tiger furiously the raging leop-
ard flies ;
Yet still the former holds the prey, his left paw
on it placing,
And with the right, in anger raised, his fierce
opponent facing.

Oh, what a bound ! the dead man's arm the
leaper seizes fast,
And rushes on, but yet the other battles to the
last :
Fiercely fighting, swol'n with fury, rampant
now they're raging,
While 'twixt them stands erect the corpse for
which the strife is waging.

Lo ! gliding from the boughs above, what is
it strikes my view,
With vengeful hiss, and poisoned fang, and
skin of greenish hue ?
Oh, monstrous snake ! thou leav'st to neither
that for which he's toiling,
Thou crushest tiger, leopard, man alike, thy
folds around them coiling.

In 1839 Freiligrath retired from com-
mercial pursuits. In 1842 he derived a
small accession to his pecuniary resources,
from a pension bestowed upon him by the

King of Prussia, who, doubtless, hoped by this display of munificence to control the course of his beneficiary, and render his talents subservient to the cause of despotism. This design was speedily made apparent in the mutilation or suppression of the poet's productions; and he soon became convinced that his duty, as an independent writer, required the sacrifice of his pension. Acting in accordance with this conviction, at the expiration of the year 1843 he refused any longer to receive it. In 1844 he published a volume of poems which he called his "*Glaubensbekenntniß*," or confession of faith; in the preface to which, while he disavows having ever entertained other than liberal sentiments on political questions, he does not scruple to acknowledge a progress in the formation and development of his opinions. He repels the idea of being a traitor or a renegade, but wisely and justly observes, that "he who stands at the goal, should not deny even the circuitous route by which he has reached it." His position, at this period, is thus defined:

"Firmly and unflinchingly I take my stand by the side of those who are resolute to breast the current of despotism. No more life for me without freedom! However the lot of this book and my own may fall, so long as the oppression endures under which I see my country suffering, my heart will bleed and heave indignantly, and my mouth and my arm shall not be weary of doing what they may towards the attainment of better days. Thereto help me, next unto God, my countrymen. My face is turned towards the future."

The poet had prudently crossed the frontier of Germany before this publication appeared; and it was well for his personal safety that this precaution had been taken, as an order was immediately issued for his arrest, as well as for the suppression of the work. "The author," says William Howitt in an article in the *People's Journal*, "retired with his accomplished wife to Brussels, where he resided some time. But here he found himself not safe from the long arm of Prussian influence. A Herr Henizen, who had been obliged to flee from Prussia to Paris for a similar cause, was, while living there in the utmost quiet, ordered to quit

France in eight and forty hours. He came to Brussels, and with him Freiligrath concluded to seek an asylum in Switzerland. Within six hours of his quitting Brussels, another German, singularly enough of the same name, and residing in the same place, was arrested for Freiligrath by mistake." Freiligrath continued to reside in Switzerland until the autumn of 1846, when he took up his residence in London, where he was employed as a clerk in a well-known German banking-house. Here, however, he did not remain long. During the revolutionary crisis of 1847-8, he visited Dusseldorf, where he was arrested and tried for seditious publications tending to destroy the authority of the government. His celebrated poem, "*Die todt'en ans Lebenden*," (the dead to the living,) founded on a well-known incident of the revolutionary struggle in Germany, was more especially selected as the basis of this prosecution. His trial, which, we believe, the first instance in the history of German jurisprudence, where the fate of a political offender was referred to the decision of a jury, resulted in the triumphant acquittal of the poet, and the complete discomfiture of his opponents.

A translation or two from the *Glaubensbekenntniß*, exhibiting Freiligrath's capacity for that difficult task—*proprie communia dicere*—will close our remarks on his life and writings. Most of the poems comprised in this work contain political allusions to local politics, with which none but a German can be presumed to be familiar—a circumstance which lessens the utility, while it increases the difficulty, of presenting them in an English version. The following song, apart from its intrinsic merit, derives additional importance from the fact of having been honored by the censor's veto.

FREEDOM AND RIGHT.

Oh! deem not in Death's cold embrace they
are sleeping;

Oh! think not from earth they have taken
their flight,

Though eloquent voices deep silence are keep-
ing,

And cruel oppressors denying the right;
No! though the faithful in exile are lying,
Or tired of the thralldom 'neath which they are
sighing,

In chains by the hand of each other are dying,
Still flourish immortal both Freedom and
Right,—
Freedom and Right.

Let not one failure our courage take from us,
'Twill make our last triumph more perfect
and bright,
The future will doubly fulfil its glad promise,
More loud be the echo of Freedom and Right.
Evermore in our being the twain are now
blended,
And each by the other is boldly defended :
Where Right is, you find her by Freedom at-
tended,—

Freedom and Right.

Let the thought, too, console us, that never in
story
Did the twins, as to-day, rush to fight after
fight,
In the soul of the serf waking visions of glory,
As it drinks in their breathing, so free and
so light ;
Their course through the path of the world
they are taking,
On each shore that they visit the deep echoes
waking,
The shackles of serfdom already they're break-
ing
From the limbs of the negro as well as the
white,—
Freedom and Right.

On all sides their banners are floating and
flying,
That the reign of oppression and wrong may
be past,
Though at times unsuccessful, each danger de-
fying,
Erect and undaunted they'll conquer at last.
Then proud be the wreath round their fore-
heads entwining,
The leaves of all realms in one garland com-
bining,
Where beside the green shamrock the olive is
shining,
And the oak-leaf of Germany, dear to our
sight,—
Freedom and Right.

Though that day will bring quiet to many sad
weepers,
Their rest shall be calm, their repose shall be
light ;
See, standing beside the cold graves of the
sleepers,
Whose virtues we owe to them—Freedom
and Right.

A health, then, to those who our cause are de-
fending,
Their pathway of sorrow undauntingly wend-
ing,
And bearing the wrong while for our rights
contending ;
Eternal is freedom, eternal is right,—
Freedom thro' Right.

From the treatment which Freilgrath
experienced at the hands of the govern-
ment, we are not surprised at the indig-
nation which he manifests towards the
censorial office, in his poem entitled,

WHEN ?

Our journals tell of sturdy headsmen,
Who scornfully have cast
Aside the axe and mask, exclaiming
" Enough—be this the last.
Within our souls a voice cries ' Murder !'
We give its tones full sway,—
Henceforth your own delinquents punish,
For we no more will slay."

When shall we hear within our limits
A nation's voice condemn,
E'en while his ruthless office waiting
One headsmen more like them ?
When, throwing off his blood-stained vest-
ment,
Will he cry, " Nevermore !"
No, rather tear my limbs asunder,
But let this work be o'er.

No, never ! and a base betrayer
Each German we will call,
Who dares with cold, unfeeling malice,
On helpless words to fall ;
Who dares invade Thought's free domi-
nion,
Of all things the *most* free,
Who of the mind—the God within us
A murd'rer fain would be.

If mind be such a gross offender,
Yourselves, then, root it out !
Draw up your four-and-twenty pounders,
And put its powers to rout.
Our scissors, flung into the ocean,
The Rhine sweeps far away :
No German hence, no man of honor,
Will wield the Censor's sway.

W. B.

A D R E A M.

At that time of night when darkness, fading into dawn, begins to press less heavily upon the soul, Imagination wakes, while the slumbers of his sterner brother are unbroken; and, holding for an hour the sceptre of shadow-land, summons Fancy to entertain his brief regency with impossible devices. Out of her dream-wardrobe and limbo of forms she dresses out monstrous puppets. Ink-blots swell into dragons, hairs into serpents; eyes become windows of enchanted palaces. Then is the soul capable of both infinitudes, expanding to a universe where all floats in spherul harmony, contracting to an atom of intensity where the time of a breath is fuller than an age of years.

Sometimes these dreamy devices of the shadow-king and his cunning minister take on, by fits, the exterior of an entire world, in pageantries as like as they are unlike reality. Funerals of impassive corpses glide after coffins that contain the living; the dead rise and rebuke the living; the living have no fear of the dead, but are tormented with inexplicable distresses, objectless cares, regular confusion, silent turmoil, swiftness without progress, rage without force, fear without caution; these are the delights of the shadow-king and his parti-colored slave. * * * * *

I saw an ocean, heaving in immense unbroken undulations, under the gray haze of morning. Eastward, a broad, leaden cloud lay upon the sea, concealing the sharp peaks of an island. The cloud rolled away, in part, to the north and south, leaving a chasm through which glimmered the roofs and white walls of a great city, built upon the shore, where the sea broke, throwing up a surf against walls and turrets. But, for a time, there was no sound. Now, the city lay neither near nor far, but as if the fantastic power were itself the thing that it had shaped; for all became visible within the walls, not only by the lights and shadows of parts presented to the eye, but, as it were, en-

sphered in imagination. A countless population moved through the broad and regular streets; all seemed to be informed with a common life, and all were human; there was no secrecy, no privacy; each was what his neighbor was; knew what he thought, or seemed to know it; but each seemed to feel himself an illusion, pretending to no other than a spectral existence; nor did any communicate to his fellow, by word or sign, the common feeling of the whole. Among the throngs of variously-habited figures that hurried along thoroughfares, none stumbled or struck against another, so perfect was their unanimity of existence.

The faces of all were strangely pale and haggard, as though subdued by a perpetual dread of annihilation; nevertheless, every countenance had the ghastly semblance of a smile; though none smiled inwardly, the souls of the whole city being at once vacant and severe with a kind of dry seriousness. From all the multitude came up a stifled murmur, like the sigh of wind in a forest, but mixed with a cackling noise of laughter, that reminded of the vacant smile it accompanied. I heard a thousand other sounds mingled with the uproar, as of mills, the rush of engines, the crashing of a thousand wheels and rollers; and the intuition shaped itself into the infinite industry of operatives toiling at their various work, but still qualified and mixed with the horrible cackling, and the moan of vacant woe. The sooty artisan grinned spectrally under his paper cap, and cackled to his companion, who, in turn, cackled to him; and none heard the still cry of sorrow that the one universal spectral world sent out, but all glared upon each other, grinned, and laughed in suppressed, dismal echo.

In secret dens and hiding-places, the chambers of the myriad houses, the shadow-king shaped himself into infinite shapes of spectral beings of all ages, likened to embryos, children, sexes, in every act and

posture, living all manner of lives, dying all manner of deaths, but all impressed with vacant woe, sending up the universal moan. Only the grin and cackling laughter marked all that moved about, and saw, spoke, and were among the living. Those who slept, and embryos, were serious; but these, too, were vacant, and all living sent up the wailing, murmuring cry. Over the city hung a vast, dense cloud, smoky and sulphurous, that shut out the dawning splendor of the morning, that lighted up the azure heavens and scattered a flood of golden purple over the whole east. Over this cloud and in it, so that both were mysteriously incorporate, brooded a shapeless form, that even the impassive king of dreams conceived with a kind of horror. The dragon wings of the cloud-demon dipped down, and shut in the city on all sides; and his misty bulk swelled and heaved in billows, as the wailing cry rose and sank fitfully, as though swayed by a wind—but no wind breathed in streets; and from the entire body of the cloud-demon an invisible, deadly dew distilled, ceaselessly, covering the whole city and the streets with a moist rime, so that in all there was no dust. And all the living forms breathed it, and it passed into and deranged their frames, but filled all with intoxicative fumes, so that the shadow-king knew then why the pallor and ghastly vacancy, but of the cackling laughter he conceived no cause.

In the middle of the city rose a great dome over a hall of council, where a concourse of the living were assembled before an elevated pedestal, on which stood, high above the crowd, a shadowy figure of humanity. The figure, tall, but stooping, wore a gray, coarse robe, wrapped nervously about the body, showing the angle of the long, lean arms; and in front tapered the fingers of a black hand, tipped with talons, sticking clenched in the folds of the tightened robe, that showed perfectly the broad, sharp shoulders. The face of the figure was like that of a man, but with eyes red and small, overwhelmed with sooty eyebrows; on the head a skull-cap, of dingy metal, concealed, all but a few straggling locks of wiry black hair. The nose seemed aquiline, but the whole face was strangely like that of a rat.

A foot, escaping from the robe beneath, showed talons like those of a dog, the toes cramped in, callous, large, and filthy. Of the vast assemblage that stood about the pedestal all seemed men, chiefly artisans, and stood agape with their eyes fixed upon the figure, who moved as if to speak. And as it slowly stretched out the bony right arm, keeping the talons clenched in a fold of the robe, the breast appeared like that of a corpse sunk between the ribs, and defaced with greenish blotches of decay. Then the vast assemblage swayed to and fro like a sea about to sink in a chasm, and strange, rattling, cachinatory shouts rang under the empty dome, swaying a rag of dingy cloud that hung like the shirt of night over him that stood upon the pedestal. He turned his red ferret eyes slowly from side to side, and lifted the rattish countenance; and, though he stooped all the more, his gaunt, corpse-like figure stretched up, and seemed to rise to meet the cloud that descended over it. "Ye have chosen me," he began in shrill, elevated tones, "ye have chosen me to be your master! you have chosen me in your hearts." Then the cachinatory shouts grew louder as the speaker touched his breast significantly: "Yes, in your hearts; your sincere voices, rising in joyful acclamations, confirm the choice. Ye know, dear subjects, under what woes we lived ere the blessed protecting cloud-god came over us; ye know with what sorrow, day after day, for long years, we felt the hot light smite our eyes; and the cold dews of night dropped from the afflicting stars; ye know that I, by my power, studying for ages in the bosom of earth the sacred incantations, have drawn over you the beneficent shadow, whose soft, misty haze, like a perpetual gray dawn, mitigates your day, and protects you from the heavy glooms of night. All this in your sincere hearts you know, and, with a gratitude that would make itself eternal, have erected this temple to the benignant influence, and under its propitious cope have set me up to be your sovereign lord." Then again the vast assemblage swayed and billowed, sending up louder and louder cachinatory acclamations; and the sound spread along the city streets as the moaning sound of a

wind spreads and traverses the glades of a forest. Then the figure lifted with its hand the metal skull-cap from its own head, and disclosed a circlet of glowing, gold-like fire bound about the bristling head; and this crown was set regally with flames of blue electric light instead of stars; and the tips of the large flap ears were tucked under the circlet, and held up by it; and the whole head was that of a vampire, with a face half human, half rattish.

"Know, then," he continued, "that I have not won your homage without worth on my part; since this crown that ye see upon me, though ye deem it golden and regal, is indeed of ethereal fire, and burns into me with unalleviable torment. Once I tell you these things, and now I replace this cap, that you shall not be too constantly reminded of my glory, or my worth, and thus forget that high awe that is the due of kings. I decree that once every year ye assemble in this my temple, that I may give you now this proof that by endurance I am able, and by honor given by the gods am worthy, to be your supreme lord and master. Give me for this time the devout homage of your hearts, for the god waits, and I must descend."

Then the whole assembly bent themselves to the earth, and when they had made obeisance, the king continued: "I must now leave you, descending into Hades, whence I arose. But beware lest, not seeing a visible being always present to command and determine things, and govern by the word, ye forget your

sworn homage, and fall under the anger of the cloud-god, who, if his mercies are what you feel in yourselves, how terrible must be his anger! And for me, though your eyes behold me not, I shall be present where you least imagine; and in every shape vigilant and terrible, though unseen, shall know and punish every action not agreeable to my law. These things lay to your hearts, and as ye remember the vision of the burning crown, remember also the words and the majesty of him who wore it." Then again the awe-stricken people bowed their heads, and shouted as before. "First," said the king, "I decree that, as worship is the foundation of the state, and the preservative of all law and discipline, ye shall venerate the cloud-king with morning and evening rites; in these ye are instructed by your priests. Life is tedious, and a weary burden; it is not desirable to live long; therefore look forward with joy to the final day when, saturated by the merciful dews, ye depart out of this death in life into that abyss that has neither place nor limit; think, that as I have been to you a glorious and awful king, victorious over the fire and light in this life, I will not fail you in that extremity; for in me, as ye are now legally and sensibly, so shall ye be then spiritually incorporate." Here a confused murmur arose, the whole assembly testifying in that way the love they bore their great monarch, who would not even in that extremity desert them. And with the sound of their acclamations I awoke.

RETRIBUTION.*

NUMEROUS and dissimilar are the works that from time to time have taken the lead in this class of literature. The creations of the widely-differing genius of a Bulwer, a Maturin, Marryatt, Bremer, Dickens, Eugene Sue, and a host of others have had, in turn, their admirers and their followers; and with that happy mingling of pliancy and energy characterizing the tendencies and tastes of the lovers and producers of light reading, one fountain is no sooner exhausted than another is sought and supplied.

Follies and vices exemplified in the progress of a well-written novel bear a better defined and a more repulsive aspect than when glossed over by the etiquette and disguised in the sophistries of life. Thus presented, they awaken a stronger disgust than the most forcible argument could produce, and point a moral which would be unread and unnoticed in the ever-open page of experience.

Fielding was so highly impressed with the importance of novel literature, that he placed it in rank with the epic; and in his own "Tom Jones" illustrated and gave force to the opinion. There is certainly no kind of light literature which finds such immediate circulation, and becomes so popular in despite of prejudice; none that affects society more widely, that affords a larger field of pleasant, general discussion, that operates more powerfully on the heart, or more diversely on the mind. A novel is either weak or strong; in either case its effect is decided; if weak, the effect is to weaken: says Johnson, "They who drink small beer will think small beer;" if of a powerful character, it contaminates like "The Mysteries of Paris," or it elevates like "The Citizen of Prague."

A novel that can stand the test of criticism is of rare occurrence; among such cannot be ranked the "Tale of Passion" before us, the very title of which, by the

way, is in bad taste; "Retribution" sounds well, but "The Vale of Shadows" is weakly mysterious. It is, nevertheless, not a book to be dismissed without farther comment than is given to the common run of entertaining fiction. It is, perhaps, not entitled to be called a novel, for it has no plot, no comic action, and the characters are few, and placed in circumstances of not uncommon occurrence. In the great drama of life similar events and characters are enacted; like passions are covertly at work; like weakness and strength, reliance and treachery. Not, truly, do we meet such in the daily routine of domestic life, but they are known to exist, and the point of distance taken, shows more distinctly and strikingly the golden-threaded moral running evenly throughout the fabric. The sufferings and penalties are greater, perhaps, than the average sufferings and penalties of humanity; but they illustrate as fully; and after all, who shall say how often the great features of the tragedy have been acted, and still are, beneath the approving smile of the world, ignorant of the hidden springs of motion? who shall say, beneath the surface of life, what tide of feelings and passions may be flowing? who shall say how many a Hester has died, and how many a husband and friend triumphed under the "inky cloak" of *seeming* sorrow? The moral of this tale is not only forcible in itself,—it is well-timed.

"Retribution" has literary deficiencies enough to satisfy the desire of any carping critic; but we have no especial "itching to deride," and in the power of the story to

—"affect our hearts,
Forget the exactness of peculiar parts."

It is based on a sound principle, and sustains itself thereon; a fine, serious thoughtfulness, significant of an elevated mind,

* Retribution, or the "Vale of Shadows." By Emma D. E. Nevitt, Southworth. New York, Harper & Brothers. 1849.

pervades its whole continuity, but there is not a syllable of misplaced theological discussion, and where a religious spirit predominates it is unobtrusive, and good taste modifies its expression.

We hesitate not to say that its freedom of sketch, warmth of color, and accuracy of detail place "*Retribution*" (a mere tale, as it is unpretendingly called,) among the first ranks of attractive fiction; and that, with far less assumption, it exhibits a power of imagination and delineation not inferior to "*Jane Eyre*." It will not become so popular,—for though the interest of the story is equal, the individuality of character as striking,—though it is less extravagant and in better taste, it is of the school, and not its originator. The pupil who equals, or even surpasses his master, can never bear the like sway, owing to the difference of position.

When "*Jane Eyre*" first appeared it was attributed to the female pen, partly from a doubt whether one of the other sex could so understandingly have depicted the finer workings of a woman's heart under such diversity of influences. A similar doubt might be suggested whether any woman, looking into the heart of such a man as Ernest Dent, could have discovered, and brought out from its great depth, all its mingled sternness and tenderness, weakness and strength, humiliation and pride, passion and magnanimity. This doubt is silenced by a glance at the dedication, "To Mrs. J. Laurens Henshaw, from her DAUGHTER."

In comparing the spirit and interest of "*Retribution*" to that of "*Jane Eyre*," we must not withhold that the defects of that remarkable production are not altogether avoided. Some of the incidents are too evidently contrived to bring out traits of character, and with the characters the dialogue, though spirited and well sustained, is not always consistent. We instance the eccentric and coarse manner in which Col. Dent accuses the timid Hester of loving him, and offers to make her his wife. This is too much after the style of Rochester, and in keeping with that rough and absolute genius, rather than with the polite dignity of Col. Dent. Descriptions are often marred by too liberal use of epithet, and incidents lose force by too immediate a suggestion of their moral.

The book is perfectly American, and the author has (we thank her) not considered it necessary, in order to make it so, to crowd an Indian warrior or his squaw upon the canvass. In as far as they go, the representations of Virginian manners and mode of life are graphic and true. The whole, indeed, bears the impress of being taken from life. The "*Legend of the Vale*" is professedly so; and allusions to the fate of the Nozzalini, impel the belief, that the scenes of which Juliette forms the prominent interest, are not entirely creations of the imagination. We are well pleased to remember that "*La Circe Américaine*" was in fact no countrywoman of ours. The whole highly-wrought portrait is diabolically Italian. In this character, as well as in that of Ernest Dent, the author has attempted to show forth "intangible crimes," not amenable to human laws, as deserving of punishment, and as sure to receive it, as are those which can be legally arrested;—crimes for which no punishment can be imagined more terrible than arises from the operation of their own spirit carried out to its utmost development. To spiritual pride in the hero, and vanity in the heroine, are traced back the great misery and sin of their lives. In Ernest Dent's fall from the high estate of his rigid virtue, the former is amply illustrated; but in Juliette, the agent is insufficient, inordinate though it be, to produce such overwhelming consequences. Vanity may, and for the most part does, destroy the healthful action of the soul that harbors it—that deadly upas tree may kill the verdure and beauty of the fair isle in which it springs, but its poisonous influence extends not beyond that soil. The widely destructive guilt, the shame and misery that mark the course of Juliette, even as the pestilence followed in the path of the "*Wandering Jew*," were the result of stronger and more violent passions. We would not detract from the evil of vanity—we acknowledge its baneful power; but the seeds of other and baser passions were of native growth in this demoniac character. If there was a time "when Juliette Summers had been innocent, guiltless and disinterested," it is not set forth in her history; pride, selfishness, ambition, the love of luxury and of sway,—traits like these, relieved by no softer shade, unless it be

that short-lived but intense love for her husband, which reduced the haughty woman to the subdued and pleading child, were the groundworks of her character.

In the conception and development of the character of Ernest Dent great skill and knowledge of human nature are united. His great qualities are not permitted to blind us to his faults. When he falls from the lofty pinnacle of his stern integrity, we see no cause, and feel no desire to excuse his offences. He is degraded in our eyes as in his own, and our interest only revives as he becomes again more worthy of it. The free, warm-hearted, wild-brained young Southerner, Marcus Derby, is one of the most natural personages that ever figured in fiction. His devoted love for Hester; his hasty, imaginative, short-lived passion for Juliette; and his true affection for Fanny, are all perfectly in character. The mixture of courage, conceit, and fickleness, with true, staunch integrity, renders him welcome whenever he appears, and relieves the sombre hue of the surrounding moral atmosphere. But the most interesting character is that of Hester. In her dove-like simplicity and abused good faith she is another Clarissa Harlowe; and to this is added a serene unconsciousness, which is her chief charm—unconsciousness of the wrong that is done to her love—unconsciousness of the frailty of the reed which she has mistaken for friendship—unconsciousness of the approach of death. Her quick and feeling appreciation, the timidity of judgment, the purity of sentiment, and tenderness of heart, are beautifully and strikingly feminine. It is faith that seems ever to bear her up, floating like an angel above the strife of passion that is working harm around her; and it is faith that gives her an unconsciousness so child-like and simple, that the heart bleeds even while rejoicing in it. It was through faith and love, that while sacrificing everything to its object, she could not, by the broadest insinuations, the most startling suggestions, be awakened to the slightest passing suspicion of wrong. Had Hester known her misfortune, had the faintest dream of her injuries dawned upon the placid purity of her soul, it might have lessened the intensity of our indignant sympathy, and detracted from her exquisite loveliness.

From the very outset of the story we are haunted with a presentiment of its sad termination. We hear, in the distance, even while the scene is bright with sunshine, the low warning of the storm, and all the events, characters, and conversations are skilfully made throughout to converge towards the inevitable catastrophe.

Hester Grey, an orphan heiress to an immense estate in Virginia, is first introduced to us at a boarding school, where she has been placed by her guardian, Gen. Dent. From her peculiar temperament, and from her isolated position, having no near connexions, she feels keenly the necessity of a friend; and she forms a strong attachment to a fascinating but unprincipled girl, who like herself is friendless and an orphan, but unlike herself is penniless and a foreigner; misfortunes which are the strongest claims upon the generous and lovely disposition of the young heiress. Juliette is of the Italian family of Nozzolini: the name of Summers was given to her by adoption, when left, a child, upon the charity of Gen. Summers, reduced circumstances in whose family obliged the beautiful orphan to make an effort for her own subsistence, and through the influence of one of the teachers she has obtained admission into the seminary to prepare herself for becoming a governess. Hester, delighted at the opportunity of conferring happiness, devises the plan, afterwards carried into execution, of relieving the pecuniary wants and averting the hardships impending over the future of her chosen friend. The enthusiastic unselfishness of a romantic girl of sixteen is exhibited in soliloquy after hearing that the new comer was to share her room. "Juliette shall not go out governessing; I have heard that it is a hard and trying life: Juliette shall be my own sister; she shall come and live with me when she completes her education: I shall never marry; no man will ever love me.—I will throw myself into Juliette's welfare for happiness:—Juliette, and Juliette's family, when she marries, shall be my care."

The arrival of the young lady produces a slight disappointment; she is less serious, gentle and timorous, than, from her misfortunes, Hester had anticipated: but at six-

teen one is not far-sighted, and Hester least of all: she is fascinated by the princess-like bearing of the superb beauty, and happy in having found "a channel and reservoir for the flow and deposit of her love and benevolence."

At the demise of Gen. Dent, Hester is summoned to take possession of her own estate at the "Vale," and wanting yet three years of being of age, the guardianship is transferred to Col. Dent, the son of the late General, who, somewhat contrary to customary proprieties, continues a resident in her house, with no other society than Mrs. Wimsat, the housekeeper, and a young man, the Colonel's nephew.

At parting, Hester arranges for Juliette to remain at the seminary another year to complete her studies, and thenceforth to share her own home and fortune: an arrangement to which the finesse of some slight, delicate objection is opposed, but which is determined upon, to the perfect satisfaction of both.

Through a series of letters from Hester to her friend the thread of the narrative is now continued, in the course of which the character of her guardian comes strikingly into the light. He imparts to his ward the long-cherished plan of his father and himself for the emancipation of her slaves, which she readily engages, at her coming of age, to carry into execution. Her slaves, setting aside their bondage, have already received monthly wages,—an experiment, thus far, productive of good results. The farm is described occupying a circular valley surrounded by hills, and again, beyond these, by mountains, with groups of forest trees between, and watered by a clear stream. In its centre is the homestead, with its slanting roof and long piazzas, according to the usual taste and expediency of Virginian architecture, and scattered around it are the white huts of the negroes. Miss Grey takes long rides over her plantation, and the adjacent country, with her guardian and his nephew, whose combustible, Southern heart takes fire, as a matter of course, under the circumstances, while Col. Dent appears far less regardless of the person of his ward than of the business matters of her estate, and thinks more of duty than of love and gallantry. Hester also is impressed with the

spirit of active benevolence, taking an interest in the management of her farm, and a decided position as mistress of all domestic affairs. An incipient affection is evidently making progress towards her "dear guardian," her "honored guardian."

"No, I will never leave him; I will never marry; for now that his brother-father is dead, he has no companion but his ward, his pupil, who thanks God and her parents for leaving her in his care, and investing him with authority to guard and guide her. And I have no one on earth but my heaven-appointed guardian to look up to. My veneration is undivided—is concentrated upon the wisdom and goodness of my guardian. I am his child; my eyes wait on him all day; I could sit at his feet forever and learn; I am happy when he makes me a suggestion—happier if his suggestion involves a self-sacrifice on my part—happiest of all when my compliance wins his grave, beautiful smile of approval. His slightest intimation has for me a divine authority; it is happiness, enthusiasm, religion, to obey it."

Her description of their daily life and of the internal arrangement of the house is perfectly Virginian.

I said that it was a triangular building—that is, it consists of two long wings, that meet in a triangle—they have long piazzas that meet at a central portico, through which is the principal entrance to the house. Immediately over this portico, in the second story, is Colonel Dent's study, a small but pleasant room. At the front end of these two long wings are two large bow windows; in front of these two windows grow two large elm trees, and old forest trees are left standing all about the yard. Now for the interior of the house. The south wing is always shut up to keep nice for company, and state occasions of that sort. We do not live in it, and therefore I will not give you a minute description of it. On the first floor is the saloon, drawing-room, &c., and above, the spare bed-rooms (guest-chambers, as Mrs. Wimsat grandiloquently styles them.) All these are furnished in a grand, old-fashioned, very inconvenient style. But *our* wing, where we live, I must introduce you to that. There are three rooms on the first floor, all in a line. The room at the end of the wing is our parlor; it has windows on three sides—that is, windows opening on the piazza, a large bow-window in the end, and windows opening on the garden; so it *ought* to be very light, but it is not; for the elm tree in front of the bow-window, and the shadow of the east mountain in the morning, and the shed of the piazza, and the locust

trees on the garden side, throw the room into deep shade, rendering Mrs. Wimsat's paper blinds and dark chintz curtains worse than useless. The floor is covered with a home-made, red and green plaid carpet. And straight, tall, high-backed old chairs made of carved oak, black with age, and covered with leather, and stuffed—with *pebbles*, I think, they are so hard—are formally ranged round the room. There is an old-fashioned settle, that is, a sort of short sofa, with an exaggerated high back. This has been stuffed with shucks, and covered with blue cloth, by our thrifty housekeeper. And then there is an old-fashioned family work-table, invented by my great-great-grandmother, for the use of herself and her seven daughters; it is octagon-shaped, and each division of the octagon contains a little drawer that goes off in a point towards the centre of the table, so that all the little drawers meet at the centre, like the spokes of a cart-wheel. Each little drawer was labelled with the name of its owner, and had a lock and key. On the centre of this table stood a tall lamp; around it of an evening the lady and her daughters would gather to sew patch-work, embroider aprons, or knit. This table is still wheeled up in front of the ample fire-place, and the tall old grenadier of a lamp is still lighted, at night; but now a solitary girl sits at the table, plying her needle, or wielding her pen. Opening from this room towards the centre of the building, is our dining-room, and behind that, the *still-room*. This room, in all our old Virginia houses, is as indispensable as pantry or kitchen, and takes its name from being the place where all domestic perfumeries and essences are distilled; where cordials, and the like, are prepared, and preserves and jellies are put up. What his library is to the student, what her bower is to the bride, is this still-room to our housekeeper—her sanctum-sanctorum, her heaven of heavens. Though pickling, preserving, and distilling days last only a few weeks in summer and fall, yet this room is never vacant. Every winter Mrs. Wimsat has two looms, a cotton and a woollen one, brought into this room, and set going under her own eye. Here, of an evening, when the house-servants have eaten their supper, she brings them, and sets them to work, spinning and weaving the family cloth; and here she brings fifteen or twenty of the negro children to pick cotton—that is, to separate the cotton seed from the cotton wool. Though cotton is not named among the products of Virginia soil, yet, here in the Valley every thrifty housekeeper has her patch of cotton, yielding, with careful cultivation, enough for home consumption, and the children on the plantation pick it, and the house-servants card, spin, and weave it. You should see Mrs. Wimsat, of evenings, sitting among her industrious hand-maidens. They are spinning and weaving a nice blue and white carpet for my chamber,

now (*entre nous*, you shall have it, Juliette, for your room, when you come home; I love my mother's old brown carpet best, because it was *hers*.) They are also making some beautiful counterpanes to match the carpet; you shall have them *all* in your room. I should like to pass much of my time in this still-room if I might, for I love housekeeping, but Mrs. Wimsat will not permit it. For instance, after the preserving season was over, when they got regularly to work of evenings with the looms, cards, and spinning-wheels, one night, as we all arose from tea, I followed Mrs. Wimsat into the room; but the women and girls all suspended their labor, and Mrs. Wimsat, observing me, gravely inquired whether I wished "to *inspect* their work." I smiled assent. After she had shown it all to me she remained standing, as if in readiness to attend me from the room. I seated myself without an invitation, telling her that I preferred passing the evening with her. She said nothing, and the people went on with their work; and the clatter of two looms, and the whirr of two spinning-wheels, prevented conversation. This happened to be Saturday evening, and so she suspended work at eight o'clock, and called up all the children to say their catechism. This is her custom every Saturday night. I thought she disapproved of my presence; nevertheless, I wished that she should get used to it in time, for I want to keep my own house, Juliette. However, *some one else* had an opinion about the propriety of my spending evenings in the still-room. Monday, as we arose from tea, I prepared to follow Mrs. Wimsat, but Colonel Dent, taking my hand, said, "The parlor is comfortably warmed and lighted, let me lead you thither, Miss Grey." I went, (that was last winter, and I have regularly repaired to the parlor every evening after tea, since then.)

After a while, it appears that the serious and dignified Colonel had not been so encased in his gravity but that a vulnerable spot was to be reached; and he acknowledges himself guilty of having covertly worn in his bosom a certain little lost glove, and on various scraps of paper to have written the name of its owner, coupled with his own. This naturally results in a union between the artless, unsophisticated girl of eighteen, and the high-souled, intellectual man of forty; some ridiculous, yet startling objections to which are raised, from time to time, by the nephew, Marcus Derby.

While we paused on the staircase until some guests, who had just arrived, entered the drawing-room, I felt my arm grasped tightly

from behind, and Marcus, who stood with Alice behind me, put down his lips close to my ear, and said, in a thrilling whisper—

“Hester, I tremble for you. Hester, at this moment I am tempted to take you up bodily, and run off with you! *He is not*—this demi-god of yours—what you take him to be. He is a cold, hard, black, marble Colossus, whose altitude will intercept the dear sunlight of heaven itself from your life, and in whose damping shadow you will wilt, and wither, and die. Oh, Hester, *pause!* It is not too late yet. Make a scene, rather than make your misery. Create a nine days’ *wonder*, rather than a nine years’ *torture*. Oh, Hester! say the word, and I’ll kick up a row here directly.”

“Marcus! child!” said I, “*I will marry Ernest now!* though he should eat me up next week—there!”

“Go to Old Nick, then, for a fool! *He’ll* pay you for it—*that’s* a blessing—the self-righteous old Pharisee!”

And our little party moved on.

And again—

Marcus Derby left us this very morning; so now we are at last alone. He almost took my breath away by a caper he cut just before he left us. He came into my room to bid me good-bye; and not seeing, or not caring to see Colonel Dent, he delivered himself in the following strain:

“Good-bye, Hester! Yes, I am going, Mrs. Dent. Yet, deeply injured as I have been, if ever you should need a friend, call upon me. You have no father or brother, Hester! no, not even a mother, to take your part, or a sister to quarrel for you. Nevertheless, Hester, *bad* as you have used me, if you ever *should* need a protector—if that old Jephtha *should* take it into his head to offer you a living sacrifice upon some altar of his fanaticism, call upon me, and I’ll shoot him! I will, if I’m hung for it the next day! I will, so help me—”

“Hold your tongue, Marcus! How dare you? You’re mad! I’ll give you a few hours to recover your senses, and if at the end of that time you don’t ask Colonel Dent’s pardon, I’ll never speak to you again. Leave the room,” said I.

“Let him alone, Hester. If his cure were possible, I should undertake it myself. His attack must work itself off, and then he’ll feel thoroughly ashamed of himself. Leave him to the action of his own mind.”

Before this speech was concluded, Marcus had obeyed me, and left the room.

Shortly after their marriage, Colonel Dent purchases, while absent from home, a young girl, a quadroon, whose romantic and improbable story makes rather a

graceful episode, and who is, at a later period, the innocent occasion of one of the most exciting and highly-wrought scenes of contention between Colonel Dent and Juliette.

Hester becomes a mother; but previously to the birth of her child, is smitten with the calamity, hereditary in her family, of sudden blindness. The first perception of her misfortune is overwhelming—not so much in the darkness that had shut out the light of Heaven, and the deprivations thus involved, as in the reflection that she should become a burden to her husband, and lose the dear privilege of creating his happiness. This is true to nature, but her tenderness of conscience goes beyond warrant, in the conclusion that this pure and unselfish love is the *sin* which it had been necessary, by a descending fire from heaven, to exterminate. By meek submission, by earnest contest with her own rebellious heart, she doubtless blunted the edge of this terrible affliction; but it is going too far to say either that the affliction was a judgment upon her idolatry, or its removal the reward of her penitence. Hester’s sight is restored as suddenly as it was withdrawn. The little domestic scene which follows is one among the many from which we are permitted to draw our own inference of character, without the aid of hint or description.

Judging by the lapse of time, I thought it was near day when I awoke out of my first sleep, after the birth of my infant. Some one has said, “How dreadful is the first awaking after a great sorrow!” True; but then how exquisite is the first awakening after a great joy. I awoke to a joy that I could scarcely believe in, until I had felt about, and found my little child, to assure myself that it was no dream. Yes, there she was indeed—the dear, wonderful little creature—it was no dream, and neither had she been spirited away while I slept; my hand was on her soft cheek, as she lay in her crib by my couch. I was almost afraid to touch her, so I drew my hand away. As I raised my head, two oblong squares of dim light appeared where the windows should be! A hope, like a sharp pain, so mixed with intense desire and fear—was it, darted into my heart. I placed my hands over my eyes, and then opened them again; there were the dim lights still. Oh, that I might not be mocked with an optical illusion!

“Mimny! Mimny!” cried I, “get up; get

up; light a candle quickly. I can see—I hope—I think—I can see!”

Quick as thought, the faithful little girl jumped up, and struck a light. It flashed into my eyes, and through my brain, like red hot daggers. “’Twas confirmation strong as proof from Holy Writ.”

“But oh, dear, dear!” thought I, covering my aching eyes, “my haste may have destroyed my vision again.”

“Minny, carry the candle behind the curtains, and presently I will try if I can see it through the curtain.”

She did so, and after my eyes were done burning and smarting, I uncovered them, and looked again. Yes! there was a transparent red spot glowing through the curtain; it was the candle behind it, and its rays were caught up and reflected all about the room—by the tops of the candlesticks on the mantle-piece, by the points of a cut-glass pitcher on the stand, by the face of the mirror, and even the brass rings of the bed-curtains. Yes, thank God! Oh! thank God! my sight was restored. Oh, joy! My soul felt as though it must break through my heart, and go and seek the All-Merciful, to have his footstool with my overflowing gratitude, before I could even look upon my babe.

“Now, Minny, take my babe up very softly, and lay her before me.”

She did so, and I looked for the first time upon the face of my first-born.

“You may put out the light now, Minny; day is dawning. Lie down until the family are astir. Indeed, I wanted to contemplate the dear, curious little thing before me, without the inquisitive eyes of another being fixed upon us. . . . Day was growing lighter and brighter, and I saw the crimson flush of the rising sun above the distant blue hills. “Oh, vision! unparalleled blessing!” exclaimed I, as I turned my eyes from the view of the glorious morning landscape to the contemplation of my babe’s sweet face. “When I forget thy mercies, oh, my Father, may all I love cease, to love me!”

Just then the door opened, and Mrs. Wimsat came in.

“Is there anything the matter with the babe? Why didn’t you have me called up?” asked she, noticing my occupation.

“Nothing. I am only looking at her, Mrs. Wimsat. I can see now.”

“Indeed! Really! Oh, I’m so thankful. Are you sure? Let me look at your eyes. Yes, indeed, so you can! Oh, I’m so thankful. Colonel Dent is come.”

“Colonel Dent come! Oh, why didn’t you tell me so before? Where is he? Why don’t he come up? When did he come? Do go and fetch him,” exclaimed I, much excited, in my turn.

“He came last night, after twelve. You

had just fallen asleep, and he would not suffer you to be disturbed.”

“Did you show him the baby? Is he up yet? Oh, do go for him!”

“My dear Mrs. Dent, don’t agitate yourself so. No, we didn’t show him the baby. Men never go distracted about babies, particularly girls. He is up now, though, and sent me to see if you were awake.”

“Tell him yes. Oh, go and bring him up, Mrs. Wimsat, do.” And she went.

“Men don’t like girls.” It was ill-natured in her to say *that*, thought I, sobered a little.

In the next moment Ernest entered. I raised myself up to receive him, but overpowered by the rapidly-succeeding emotions of the last few hours, I grew very faint, and sunk upon his bosom. He held me there some moments, and then his sweet deep tones gently broke the silence. “And so you have been blind, my poor, dear little wife. You have been dark and desolate, and wouldn’t let me know it. Why didn’t you send for me? No one has served you so well or so willingly as I would have done. Why didn’t you send for me?”

“I couldn’t bear to make you miserable, or to take you from your business.”

“No dispensation of Providence can make me miserable, dear wife; and as for business, I would have left the field at the very crisis of the electoral strife, to have come to your side.”

I could not talk much, I was so exhausted; but I pressed and kissed his hands.

“Mrs. Wimsat tells me that Minny and Marcus have been very attentive to you. I shall never think that I can too well repay them. Nevertheless, dear Hester, it should not have been their voices that read to you, or their hands that guided your pony over the hills, but mine. Now show me our babe, dear wife.”

I tremblingly raised the babe, and placed her in her father’s arms. He held her in his arms in silence a moment, and I knew he was returning thanks to Almighty God.

“Mrs. Wimsat says that men don’t like girls, Ernest.”

“Mrs. Wimsat is mistaken, I think. I am very grateful for this sweet little girl, dear wife, and shall love her better than anything else on earth, except her mother.”

“Ah! but if she should ever be afflicted with blindness!” said I, the fear for the first time coming upon me.

“It is not at all likely. I think that *that* hereditary affection is nearly worn out, from what I have heard. Nevertheless, Hester, you should have told me of this hereditary infirmity before we were married. I feel constrained to say that your concealment of that fact seems to have been disingenuous, and I would find in you perfect truthfulness,” said he, very seriously.

“Indeed, indeed, I had totally forgotten it. In the school where I passed nearly all my life,

the circumstance was not known, or, if possibly known, was never mentioned; so there was nothing to keep in my mind a fact casually made known to me in my infancy; and I should most probably never have recalled the circumstance, had not the calamity overtaken myself. Indeed, indeed, I would never deceive you, Ernest; and your rebuking glance cuts my heart in twain."

"There is no occasion, dear Hester; I believe you. You are too *sensitive*. A few minutes ago you were completely overcome with joy. Now, for a very insufficient reason, you are distressed. You must try to regulate your feelings, Hester."

Now I knew and felt the truth of what he said, and could not say a word in defence. When shall I ever cease to be a child? I, who am already nineteen years old!

Miss Summers is now sent for, and takes up her abode at the Vale. This young lady had cherished certain misgivings, first in regard to the continuance of Helen's patronage and friendship, and afterwards concerning the favor she might expect from Colonel Dent. Her penetration soon discovers that self-confidence is the weak point in his character, and her tact enables her to use this discovery for her own purposes. Like a noble steed who blindly rushes into the fire, Colonel Dent plunges heedlessly into the charmed circle, and is overpowered in the destructive element of passion; but we will not anticipate. The following scene reminds one of a serpent, seen for a moment, and then suddenly withdrawing from sight:

"Are you short-breathed, dear Hester?" inquired Miss Summers, keenly regarding her friend, as the latter paused in speaking, and pressed her hand upon her chest.

"Oh! no, love; only when I walk so much, or come up a long flight of stairs."

Again Hester breathed short, and labored for breath, and her face flushed.

Juliette took her hand and held it an instant; then said, as she looked upon her burning cheek, "You have a very fine color now, dear Hester; you have entirely lost that sallow complexion you had at school."

"Oh! yes; my complexion has cleared off. I'm glad of it. I like to be a little less homely on my husband's account."

"Yes; but I always thought you pretty, Hester; and so, no doubt, does Colonel Dent, and Marcus, you know. Marcus thought you too pretty for his peace—and now you are very much improved. You have such good

spirits, also," continued Miss Summers, looking at her friend's bright eyes.

"Oh! yes, excellent spirits; why should I not have, with so many blessings, and *Juliette home*, too? Let's see; it is now one o'clock, dear Juliette. I must go and see to my custards. Kitty is a good creature, but a sad bungler at confectionery. Amuse yourself for an hour, until my return. Shall I send Minny to you? Oh! by the way, how do you like your little attendant?" asked she, eagerly.

"Oh! very much, indeed. Ah, Hester, I have seen and felt your kindness deeply. I've no words to thank you. I had best not make the attempt. I should fail to express—"

Hester cut her short with a kiss, and slipped out of the room.

Miss Summers went into the library, and, after a search, returned to her room with a medical work in her hand, locked her door, and sat down to turn over its leaves. She found the chapter on CONSUMPTION, and perused it attentively. At last, closing the book, she sunk into a reverie; then she muttered low, "Yes, Hester is marked for the GRAVE. No one sees in the brilliant color, bright eyes, and high spirits of the once pale and serious girl, the burning of a hidden fire that is consuming her life—no one but me! Well, perhaps, after all—" and here reverie dropped into silence again.

"But this is wrong; this is wicked; this is diabolical," said Conscience, breaking in upon her reverie. "Your friend! your benefactress! Oh! this is fiendish, and you must stop it!"

"The lady of the future governor!" interrupted Pride.

"Now is your best opportunity. Now you have no rivals. In the future you may have many and successful ones," insinuated Duplicity.

"And now you would be sure to succeed in winning him. And how perfectly such peerless beauty and grace as yours would adorn the station to which you aspire," whispered Vanity.

A clear, silvery, happy laugh, rang out upon the air, and, like an angel's mandate, dispelled the gathering and consultation of evil passions in Juliette's bosom. They shrank down into the depths of her heart, like guilty things, as they were, as Hester's sweet laugh floated upon the air.

At the meeting of Congress, Colonel Dent removes his family for the winter to Philadelphia. Hester's declining health revives for a time, and they enter into the gaieties of fashionable life. She finds delight in lavishing the elegancies of dress and jewelry which are at her command upon the person of her friend—her "*poor*

Juliette," who "with the diamond mines of Golconda," she says, "could not be as happy as I am, because she has no Colonel Dent." The effect of which upon "poor" Hester is, that her husband pointedly admires the good taste in the costume of Miss Summers, and hints his displeasure at the contrary in her own.

In all her extravagance, Hester, from sheer forgetfulness, had purchased nothing for herself. In her extreme self-forgetfulness, she did not even remember that though little Hester in her valley home was at liberty to wear anything she pleased, so that her dress was neat, graceful, and becoming, yet the custom of city society required that the wife of Colonel Dent should dress in a style proper to his rank. No, she did not even recollect *that*, until one day, a lady, very richly attired, called on her. When the lady was gone, Colonel Dent, who had been present, remarked—"Mrs. — is a very elegant woman, do you not think so, Hester?"

"Yes, but not so elegant as Juliette! Now you must confess, Ernest, that among all the ladies we have seen, even among the crowds of splendid beauties that flock to the state-house, we have seen no one to compare with our superb Juliette. You must confess *that*."

He did confess it in the bottom of his heart, but he answered—"Yes, I approve Miss Summers's style of costume; I like to see women *well dressed*."

And now the truth broke on Hester's mind. She had been mortifying her "Colonel Dent" to death by her self-neglect. She looked down at her drab merino gown, and blushed to the edges of her hair, and then looked up and smiled, as she met her husband's conscious look. She said—"Yes, it is too bad, Ernest, I acknowledge it. What *have* I been thinking of? Why didn't you mention it before, dear Ernest?"

"Really, Hester, you *are* rather ridiculous. Such matters, I think, belong to yourself, your milliner, and your hairdresser, not to me."

With a sudden impulse she started up and threw her little arms around his great neck, in a free, frank, and child-like manner, exclaiming—"Do you not think, Ernest, that if I fancied I should like you better in any particular coat, I would not tell you so?"

This was not like Hester. Ernest Dent was surprised and pleased. He returned her caress, nearly crushing her slight form in the embrace of one strong arm; and then he released and seated her where he knew she loved to sit, on the low ottoman by the side of his large chair, with her arm resting upon and half embracing his knee—with her face upraised in loving reverence to his countenance.

"You are strangely changed of late, Hester," said he; "you, who were such a demure girl at school, and such a sedate little matron at home, are now really in some danger of growing wild."

"Oh! I know I am, Ernest; I have such gay spirits—what can be the reason? My blood is always racing through my veins, and my heart is always dancing in my bosom—I have constantly to recall Senator Dent's dignity and gravity, to keep myself in order," said she, smiling.

He placed his broad palm under her chin, and supported her face while he gazed upon it. He noticed her pure white forehead, her clear, brilliant eyes, the bright, hectic flush upon her cheeks, the fever-glow of her crimsoned lips, the beautiful transparency of her complexion, and the high spirituality of her countenance, and a suspicion of her *real* condition dawned on his mind. His heart was touched—he became agitated—arose and walked to the front window, and looked out to conceal his emotion. Juliette Summers, splendidly arrayed, was just entering the front gate—she looked up—met his eyes—and smiled a flash of light and love down into the depths of his soul. A new thought struck and electrified him—he turned away—evil spirits were mustering thick and fast to his soul, and presenting the possible future, he ardently desired, yet loathed himself for desiring. His great strong heart was laboring terribly—his face was flushed and paled—he went to the table and poured out and swallowed glass after glass of cold water. His fever cooled, his agitation subsided, conscience and reason began to resume their sway, and pity entered in. He went to Hester, resumed his seat, and drew her to his bosom, saying, as he stroked her soft hair—"Hester, you are not well, my love—this excitement of your spirits is unnatural—feverish—diseased. I have neglected you too long—I must send for Dr. Rush to see you."

"Is *that* what troubles you, Ernest? I saw something troubled you when you started up just now, and I thought that it was my wildness—and I felt so sorry; but *that*—dear Ernest, how kind you are to me—" and the tears welled up to her eyes as she spoke—"but, dearest Ernest, your fears are quite groundless, believe me, they are—I never felt half so well, or so happy in all my life before."

"Hester!" he replied, "this exciting city life will never suit you, the season has scarcely commenced yet—you have no idea what it will be—you will be constrained to join in every sort of fashionable dissipation, and it will destroy your health, for you need repose, Hester. I think I shall take you all back to the Vale, Hester."

"Not for the world, if you please, dear Ernest, on my account. It would be such a disappointment to Juliette—she has anticipated

so much pleasure from this, her first winter in town—(it is *my* first winter, too, but no matter for that). Oh, no, dearest Ernest—Juliette will be the queen of beauty and of fashion here—she is so transcendently beautiful. I have quite set my heart upon marrying Juliette splendidly this season, to some noble man whom she can adore as—I—”

He nearly pushed her off his knees as he exclaimed “Disgusting! if there is anything on God’s earth I despise, it is a match-making woman.”

And rising angrily, he left the room.

It is startling to think how, amid the trivial interests of our daily life, such scenes, so full of the operation of strong feeling, so fraught with impending change, pass by unheeded. Of an opposite character to the foregoing, and immediately following it, we have the following:

“How shall I thank you, Miss Summers?”

She raised her eyes to his face; her dusky eyes were suffused with tears. She replied, and her voice was full of tears, and round, full-toned and melodious as the rippling fall of water.

“If I can deem myself so happy as to have been of any real service to you, Colonel Dent, I am richly overpaid.”

Her manner electrified him, he started, looked earnestly at her. The excitements of the day, the exhilarating influence of his late political triumph, his surprise at finding Juliette alone in the library, engaged so successfully in his service, his admiration of her genius, his gratitude, his flattered self-love, the silence and loneliness of the room, and the irresistible fascinations of the Circe temporarily bereaved him of his reason. He gazed on Juliette, and as her eyelids fell, and her figure dropped away from him, the truth, or what he deemed the truth, her dazzling, bewildering falsehood flashed down into his soul, inflaming his passions, and blinding his intellect. I said her eyes and tones were full of tears, his voice and manner grave and deep, yet he felt the walls of that room expanding into infinitude, the world, with its pursuits and purposes, receded; he was alone in infinite space with his beautiful companion; he sunk down in a seat by her side; he caught her soft brown hand, and almost crushed it in his strong grasp; he pressed it to his lips and bosom, he caught up the heavy masses of her hair and pressed them to his face, inhaling the perfume; he stole his arm around her waist, and sighed forth his whole soul in the syllables of her name, “*Juliette! Juliette!*”

Miss Summers arose with calm dignity, her whole manner had changed. She, too, for an

instant, had felt the earth crumbling beneath her feet, but resolved to hold a firm footing. She felt that she had ventured too near the edge of the precipice, to secure her prize, and was in danger of both breaking her neck, and losing her prey. She receded. Not deigning to notice the personal liberty he had taken, except by her haughty demeanor, she raised her cold, proud eyes, and fixing them steadily upon his face, said—

“Colonel Dent, when gentlemen do me the honor of addressing their conversation to me, they call me *Miss Summers*.”

Thus she brought him suddenly to his recollection. The flush faded from his face, leaving it of an ashy paleness—a tremor shook his great strong frame. He sat down to recover himself. What a supernatural power of attraction and repulsion this dangerous woman possessed, and could wield at pleasure. She had lured her victim from his high flight of honor, integrity, and self-confidence, and now brought him hovering to her bosom; but now, when she felt his talons, with a word, a look, a gesture, she cast him beneath her feet, and his pinions, formed for soaring in heaven, were fluttering in the dust. A strong emotion, heaving and setting in a strong heart, how long before its waves subside. He recovered himself, at last. He arose, and with his usual grave and stately suavity, offered his arm to conduct Juliette to the carriage.

It may readily be imagined that the passion of Colonel Dent had not been thus far indulged to be at once arrested and controlled: affection and principle are blown away like ashes before its breath; but the ambition and wily policy of Juliette are more powerful, and they effectually resist it.

Hester, sinless, disinterested, faithful, and confiding, in the midst of selfishness, perfidy, and guilt, dies; and thus is removed the only insurmountable obstacle to their union. Col. Dent manoeuvres to obtain a government appointment, serving to excuse the unseemliness of haste, and takes his bride to Paris. At the superb court of Napoleon the transcendent grace, beauty and genius of the American ambassador, far from being eclipsed, radiates, like the diamond, more brilliantly amid the blaze; and now it is that the first workings of moral retribution commence. Colonel Dent’s eyes are opened to the peril he has blindly braved: he is tortured by jealousy: he sees in their true light, the past ingratitude of Juliette to her benefactress, her faithlessness in friend-

ship, her art and treachery : she who has deceived her friend may deceive him—she has once harbored an unlawful passion, and may repeat the offence. On Juliette, too, now begins to fall the same retributive justice : coldly selfish and calculating as she has been in action, a strong and passionate love has kindled within.

Her whole countenance would irradiate with a haughty, a voluptuous, an audacious joy, as she would turn her proud eyes from the adoring gaze of some starved and gartered hero, to rest them upon the august form of Colonel Dent. In the light of Napoleon's court, the presence of Ernest Dent was imposing. Yes, I repeat it. She idolized her husband, and with the proud recklessness of her character, she chose to reverse all the rules of good society, by letting her worshippers *see* that she did. She knew and felt her power in society, and the latent element of haughty defiance began to develop itself in her character.

When she finds herself now suspected, where, for the first time, she is true ; when the tender tones of adulatory love are converted to stern rebuke and angry denunciation, she, too, feels the iron enter into her soul. Some passages, highly dramatic, ensue—the first nuptial outbreak, and, after a few days, a tender, but not enduring reconciliation : which of the two scenes exhibits the stronger passion, or the most thorough converseance with the human heart, it would be difficult to decide. Had we space we would extract both.

At the termination of the first year in France, Colonel Dent has sobered down into a perfect realization of the miserable mistake he has committed : the spell of the enchantress has become powerless—his soul is haunted by remorse for the wrong done to Hester and to his own better nature : the fiend, jealousy, is transferred from the husband to the wife : Ernest is cold and unhappy—Juliette suspicious, revengeful and miserable. In this state of feeling they return to America, and there, alternately, in the seclusion of the Vale, and in society at Washington, gradually still progress the personal charms and the daring character of Juliette ; the one to a more matured and excelling beauty, the other to a more refined selfishness, a more reckless abandonment to evil :

her unrequited love has died out. "Some few old persons are yet living," says our author, "who remember, and speak of the almost fabulous charms of this Circe—of this strange siren, singular alike in the wonderful beauty and grace of her person, in the magnetic attractions of her glance—her tone—her touch ; in the irresistible fascination of her manners ; in the dazzling brilliance of her short, meteoric career, in the darkness of her crime, and in the horror of her doom."

Her husband, throwing himself more completely than ever into political life, attains the highest distinction abroad, and feels its insufficiency to atone for the absence of happiness at home. Through the artful manœuvres of Juliette, who finds "democratic America too narrow a field, and too plain a theatre," General Dent now receives a second foreign appointment, and we are introduced to the residence of the American minister at the court of —. Here three portraits are presented, two of which we readily recognize, though the first has been battered about, and mildewed by the touch of time. It is a large, strong, heavy man of sixty, with a bronzed face, an iron-gray head, sombre and respectable in his dress, deliberate and dignified in his gait ; in his air senatorial and imposing ; a disappointed, anxious old man. The next is a beautiful woman of thirty-seven, apparently twelve years younger, "in fine health, with a luxuriously-developed vital system—another Cleopatra"—"her form matured to the perfection of roundness, fullness and grace—her complexion richer, darker, and brighter than ever—her hair longer, softer, and more abundant—her eyes deeper, fiercer, more alluring—large, tender, and brooding beneath their long, black lashes, or blazing with demoniac beauty and power."

At the shrine of this goddess, standing before her, in an attitude of deep respect, worships the young Ippolyto di Nozzalini, the new-found cousin of Juliette, an officer in the suite of Augustus William, Grand Duke of —, and the "Caballier Servante de la belle ambassadrice."

As he left the room she gazed after him—the smile vanished from her face—the shadow gathered, darkened, and deepened on her brow

—and her beautiful lips writhed with scorn as she muttered—

“What a sham, what a mockery, this humble service, this deferential air—as of a subject to his sovereign—to one who, if she were, indeed, a queen, would raise him to her throne, and do him homage. Oh! that I were free—I *would* be free—I would, myself, strike the fetters from these wrists, but that I know thy high and gentle nature would shrink from touch of the crimsoned hand, Ippolyto. Thy *weak* nature, cousin—fearing God too much to be true to the devil—loving the devil too well to serve God. Fool! that will neither enjoy this world nor the next—”

The frenzy of her vexation broke out in soliloquy, as she arose and hurriedly paced the room, exclaiming passionately—

“I *would* that he were dead—I *hate* him! this coarse, ugly, corpulent old man! This ox, this beast, this old rhinoceros of an Ernest Dent!—this Quilp, this Caliban, this grizzly old horror!—this incubus, this picture of Time in the primer!—this hateful, strong, old man, who will live—I *know* he will—a hundred years!”

A hand of iron fell heavily upon her shoulder, and turned her round; she turned deadly pale—General Dent stood before her!

There they stood, facing each other; no longer the impassioned lover and his beloved—that was passed years ago; no longer the indulgent husband and the spoiled wife—that was over also; but the exposed, unprincipled woman, and the wronged, stern, old man.

What possessed Ernest Dent? He stood there like a Colossus of iron—that hard, strong, resolute, implacable old man—with a brow of rock and an eye of fire, gazing upon Juliette. He had heard every word she had spoken, and they had transfixed him. The old man was almost sublime in his deep wrongs and his concentrated rage. His glances, as he contemplated her, began to leap like forked lightning from under the thunder-cloud that blackened his brow. Juliette quailed before him. She turned away her head and bowed it, until her beautiful ringlets fell around her like a veil, concealing her countenance from his eyes. He caught her wrists with his icy grasp, turned her round, and drew her towards him, looking steadily in her eyes with a lurid glare the while.

She had quailed but one instant, when, quickly recovering herself, she attempted to withdraw her hand from his grasp. He held them with the gripe of a vice, keeping his eyes fixed on her face. Too proud to struggle, she gracefully relaxed her effort, and seeing that she was detected beyond all possible doubt or duplicity to mend, and that nothing was left her but defiance, though her heart was shuddering and quailing in her bosom, she assumed her almost superhuman self-command, cleared her

brow, and raised her eyes proudly and steadily to meet his scathing glance.

A terrific scene ensues, terminated by the last *petty* artifice to which, amid the subsequent hurry of her far-reaching revenge, our heroine has leisure to stoop. Her next step is to send for Ippolyto, and throw herself upon his protection; but here she goes a step too far: the young man is honorable, and affectionately reminds his dear cousin of the gratitude due to his friend, and her husband, the General.

She averted and upraised her face. Well had it been for his safety, could he have seen the expression of intense anguish and hellish malignity that tortured that horribly beautiful countenance! He only saw, as she raised and turned away her head, her tiara of rubies flash and gleam like Satan's diadem of fire. She was still and silent for a few minutes, and then, in a quiet, ay, even humble tone, she said—

“Leave me, Ippolyto, and return three hours hence, to attend me to the palace.”

Choking with fury at this defeat, she conceives the diabolical purpose of bringing, at the same time, death upon her cousin, and a shame, worse to him than death, upon her husband. This purpose is effected through her influence with the Grand Duke. We cannot do better than to quote the scene at a fête given to celebrate the recent nuptials of the Grand Duke with the Princess Bianca of Este:

Drawn up before the vast illuminated front of the palace, whence issued streams of light and bursts of music, were some hundred carriages. The equipage of the American ambassador was the last to arrive. Juliette entered the magnificent saloon leaning on the arm of the Signior Ippolyto di Nozzalini. He wore the full-dress uniform of a colonel in the German Hussars. She was arrayed in a splendid white satin, gorgeously wrought with gold. Her long black ringlets fell glittering like jet below her waist; a wreath of diamond rosebuds, with emerald leaves, flashed above her brow. The room was filled with the high and mighty, the brave and the beautiful. It was a scene of royal state, of splendid display, and of voluptuous indulgence. He led her through the whole length of the room, to a seat at the upper end—a chair of polished and gilded ebony, raised on a platform covered with crimson cloth, and canopied by crimson satin fringed with gold. Reader, this was not a

throne, though Juliette assumed it with imperial hauteur. Many such seats as this were arranged about the walls and recesses of the vast saloon. He led her to this regal seat with an air of graceful and stately deference. Her glorious form was thrown out into beautiful relief by the crimson chair and canopy. From the ceiling above this gorgeous chair, hung a large chandelier, with a thousand pendent crystals flashing as they turned a flood of rainbow-tinted light upon the brilliant beauty in the rich chair below. He had taken his stand beside, and a little behind her. While she, with her own superb air of haughty indifference, overlooked the scene below. Her proud eye passed coldly, unconsciously, over the heads of many a fair and noble lady, many a brave and high-born cavalier, to settle with more interest upon a group at the opposite end of the saloon. This group was composed of the Grand Duke Augustus William, his fair young bride, the Grand Duchess Bianca, with the lords and ladies of their *suite*. Upon the Grand Duke she looked with the cold, scrutinizing glance of a depraved woman upon her doomed but abhorred victim. He wore the rich and tasteful uniform of a general of the German Hussars; yet even this superb dress, the most martial and imposing, the *chef d'œuvre* of military costume, failed to confer dignity upon one naturally insignificant in form and mean in expression. A shade of loathing stole over the face, and a slight shudder agitated the form of the voluptuous beauty, as she contemplated him. Her eyes next fell upon the form of the young Grand Duchess. She gazed upon her with the interest with which an arrogant and determined woman gazes upon a possible obstacle to her plans. But as she contemplated the delicate figure, the pale face, and cold manner of the young bride, a slight smile, half of scorn, half of triumph, writhed her beautiful lips; and she gracefully elevated her own luxuriously-rounded form to its proudest altitude, then drooping languidly, gave herself up to the web of fascination she was weaving. She reclined forward in her seat, a little on one side, her elbow resting on the arm of the chair, her chin supported on the palm of her hand, her long, black eyelashes drooped upon her cheek, her long, black ringlets sweeping to her lap, her attitude half soft languor, half haughty disdain. A careless looker-on would have pronounced her a proud, indolent beauty half asleep. Yet those veiled eyes never lifted their covert gaze off of one object—the Grand Duke Augustus William. There *appeared* nothing in that look a Puritan might cavil at. It seemed a dreamy, half-unconscious gaze, tender as love, gentle as charity, earnest as worship. Superficial observers would have supposed her fine eyes merely veiled in languor. None but the victim felt the power of this covert gaze. Let us look at the siren

through the eyes of the Grand Duke Augustus William. Heartily weary of the cold reserve of his bride, who had married his crown and not himself, weary of the flat inanities of the circle around them, bored with being obliged to act the gracious to the one and the gallant to the other, his eyes roved wearily round the room for something to rest upon—they were caught, fixed, riveted by one object—the rich, dark, bright, glorious countenance fascinated his gaze; then, the still, long, black, drooping eyelashes piqued his curiosity—he longed to see the soul beneath them. He watched to see them raised; he gazed with interest, with intensity. Those eyelashes were not lifted, did not move, did not even quiver. Yet as he gazed he unconsciously became the subject of a potent influence emanating from them—steady, powerful, piercing to his inmost soul, attracting him irresistibly as destiny. He moved to his fate. A half-defined feeling, as if inanity, apathy, death, were behind and around him, and excitement, exhilaration, life, before him, drawing him forward, lured him on. This was emotion only. Thought was composed. He moved, scarcely knowing at first whither, or to what end he moved.

In ten days from the evening of the royal festival, the beautiful *ambassadrice* had vanished from the court of —, leaving no trace of her flight, a lost Pleiad from Italia's sky.

In twelve days from the same date, the Grand Duke of — and *suite* had left the city. She assumed her family name—a name that she had never before been known by—so that there were few, very few, who recognized the beautiful and dangerous Juliette Summers in the powerful and infamous Baroness N—, the mistress of the Grand Duke of —; that fell woman, whose stupendous crime and awful doom thrilled with horror the whole heart of the Germanic Confederation—whose very skull, taken down from a pole above the city gate, is now, in these phrenological days, exhibited as the *chef d'œuvre* of demoniac subtlety and malignity. The soul sickens and the heart shudders at this revolting allusion. The story is well known.

In a deplorable state of mind, inert, apathetic, the elasticity of his organization gone, General Dent returns to his once happy home in the Valley of Virginia. Here he is met and welcomed by our old acquaintance Marcus Derby, and his pretty, placid little wife, who present to him his young daughter Julie, Hester's child, now grown to the verge of womanhood, and here, his fortune squandered, his political career ended in undeserved dishonor—humbled, disappointed, worn in mind and body, commences a dawn of peace and

love that spreads itself over the remainder of his yet lengthened days. Julie, on coming of age, impoverishes herself by giving freedom to her slaves, which has the effect to awaken her father from the apathy that had been setting upon his mind. "The old man roused himself up in his strength, like an old lion from his lair, full of vigor, and energy, and enterprise; and happier, far happier than he had been for fifteen long years."

With this conclusion no one will quarrel; but there is a want of skill in the manner of closing. Everything is dove-tailed in, with too minute exactness; an impression of the common-place impels the reader to go back to the tender sympathies awakened in the life and death of Hester, and to the excitement produced by the passionate and guileful Juliette, in order to close the volume with that commendation its general tenor deserves.

INFLUENCE OF MUSIC.

WONDERFUL as the influence of music on the human system seems to us, it can hardly be wondered at, when we consider its effect on even inanimate bodies. Pillars and arches, which the force of an actual mechanical power cannot move, tremble by the sounds of the organ's powerful swell; strong walls between which, by way of experiment, chords had been stretched, fell together the moment these chords were set into vibration. It is hardly necessary to mention here any of the marvellous effects which the ancients ascribed to their music, since we have so many convincing proofs within our own reach. Many a one has, perhaps, observed that by striking a particular note on the piano, he could make those windows of his room clatter, which by the sounding of another, perhaps much more powerful note, remained firm. A string on a guitar would vibrate, the moment that an acoustically related sound would be produced on some other instrument. Glasses of enormous strength have been broken into a thousand pieces, by merely singing a particular note into them.

Bourdelot mentions in his "*Histoire de Musique*" some curious illustrations, together with the eye-witnesses thereof, relating to this subject. He speaks of a china ware-room, wherein, by the sustained note of a flute, all the plates, cups and dishes, were set into a trembling motion, and would have undoubtedly been broken, had not the virtuoso discontinued to use his mysterious power. He speaks, also, of a large mirror, which broke suddenly into six pieces, through the sustained unison of two singers, who were gifted with extraordinarily beautiful voices.

We have many examples of the influence of music on animals of low and higher species. *Goëthe*, speaks in a little poem, "The Rat-Catcher," of a man who, by means of a peculiar song, accompanied by a few chords on the guitar, enticed all the rats from their hiding-places. The old chronicles of Silesia speak of a blind man,

who, by whistling of a few notes, called all the crabs of a pond from the depth of the water to its surface, and charmed them to any particular spot, in such a manner that they could be caught with the greatest facility. A lady, in New York, could call a mouse from his hiding-place by merely singing a short strain. While the lady continued singing, the mouse would perform all kinds of curious manœuvres, and the moment the music ceased, the mouse would rush back to his secret abode.

The spider also evinces a great susceptibility to music, evidences of which have been gathered by various writers. Dogs, cats, and other domestic animals, are all more or less influenced by music, and if we believe the authorities of some celebrated writers, some possess this susceptibility to such degree, that they are even differently influenced by different chords. The feeling for rhythm seems to be particularly developed in the horse. It is astonishing, on witnessing the manœuvring of Prussian cavalry, to see the horses execute the manœuvres before their riders have fairly understood the signal. A Prussian lancer in one of the battles with the French, rode a horse that had been previously captured from the enemy; and the horse had hardly heard the French signals, when it rushed right into the midst of the French squadron, spreading a panic amongst the French, but ultimately causing the capture of its rider. The *Leipzig Musical Gazette* mentions a dog, whom the key of *A major* made restless, and whose sensibilities were so wrought upon by a strain in *E flat major*, that he became crazy and died under the most dreadful convulsions.

But if music produces such effects on animals, so indifferently organized, need we to wonder at its influence on the human system—a system infinitely superior in its tenderness and susceptibility to that of any animal? Let us think but for a moment of the disagreeable sensation pro-

duced by the sharpening of a slate-pencil, the scratching of a fork on a china plate, and many other equally annoying sounds; or let us recall the effect of the rippling of the water, the rustling of the leaves, &c. &c., and if these undefined sounds already produce a definite emotion, how much more capable of doing so is a combination of well-regulated sounds?

Gaillard, in his "*Vie de Charlemagne*," mentions a lady who, by the notes of the organ, was transported into such a state of ecstasy that she never recovered, but died on the spot.

It would only be a waste of space, were we to recount all the numerous instances of such effects. Almost every one will find, on retrospection of his own life, that he has experienced such influence at one time or other.

These effects are not merely caused by the greater irritability of the nerves, but to use the language of Dr. Schilling, "On the extreme border of nature are those wondrously interwoven fibres, the vibrations of which sound over into the mysterious spirit world."

But this mysterious spirit world forms the apple of discord between the materializers and spiritualizers in the musical world. So much depends, here, on the organization and different intellect of men, that we cannot wonder if on the one side it is insisted upon, that music does not reach beyond the mere sensual conception of it, while on the other side it is just as seriously maintained, that music forms the transition from the material into the spiritual world. Without undertaking here, to decide the question by argument, we will continue to cite instances of its effects, and leave music to defend its own cause by force of illustration and convicting proofs.

E. T. A. Hoffmann, the author of "*The Magnetizer*," "*The Golden Pot*," &c. &c., thus interprets in his *Kreisleriana* the effects of various chords upon him:

A flat major. "What rushes so wondrously, so strangely around me? Invisible wings move up and down. I float in fragrant ether. But the odor sparkles midst flaming and mysteriously interwoven circles. They are the friendly spirits who flap their golden wings in gloriously rapturous chords and sounds."

A flat minor. "Ah! They carry me into the land of eternal longing; but as they seize me, the pain awakes, and strives to escape from the breast, as it violently tears them."

E major (first inversion.) "Keep firm, my heart! Break not, touched by the scorching ray which shot through the breast. Up, up, my brave spirit!—move and mount thee into the element that has born thee and is thy home!"

E major. "They have extended to me a magnificent crown, but that which glimmers and sparkles in its diamonds, are the thousand tears I shed, and in its gold there glisten the flames that devoured me. Courage and power,—trust and strength to him, who is appointed to rule the spirit world."

I have cited this rather as a proof of the height to which, by force of imagination, our susceptibility can be carried, and of the exaggeration mentioned in some former chapter, than for its importance in regard to our subject, and those who have an inclination for this musical transcendentalism, can find a continuation of these effusions in the second volume of the "*Phantasie Strecke*" (Fancy Sketches.)

Before parting from this chapter we must not omit to give some historical illustration of this subject.

Alessandro Stradella, a celebrated composer of the 17th century, was born at Naples. While yet a young man, and having acquired great reputation at Venice, he was employed by a nobleman of that city to give instruction in music to a young lady of noble birth, named Hortensia. She was beautiful and accomplished, and had been seduced from her parents by this nobleman, who kept her almost a close prisoner. A mutual passion sprung up between the instructor and his pupil, and they agreed to fly together from the house of her oppressor. The enraged Italian, on discovering their flight, vowed that nothing short of their death should satisfy his vengeance; he hired two bravoës, and gave them instructions to follow the fugitives and execute his purpose, wherever they should be found. The bravoës proceeded to Naples, the birth-place of Stradella, supposing he would most probably return thither. After a vain search, however, in that city, they

learned that he and the lady were living at Rome, and thither accordingly they went. They soon discovered his residence, but hearing that an oratorio of his composition, in which he was himself to sing, was to be performed in one of the churches, they determined to waylay and murder him on his return home. They entered the church while Stradella was singing; and such was the exquisite beauty and pathos of his music, that these savages were melted by it. Yes! these assassins, who shrunk not at the innocent smile of a sleeping babe, who were unmoved, perhaps, by the heart-rending despair of a fond mother, were moved to tears by the simple strains of music. They could not bear to take the life of a man who had procured them such sweet and unwonted emotions. They waited for him in the street; but instead of plunging their poignards into his heart, they warned him to fly with his lady to some place of greater safety, lest the revenge of his enemy might reach him at Rome.

We can see quite as forcible an illustration of the power of music in the French national air, "*La Marseillaise*." Every one of my readers knows its effects when it was first composed; all are acquainted with the part it played during the memorable three days of July; and no one, I presume, is ignorant of the late events in France, when again the *Marseillaise* was made the powerful agent to excite the ever ready Frenchmen. Powerful and characteristic as the poetry is, it is barely possible that it could have excited the French to all those heroic, sometimes terrific deeds; but couple them with the music, and you have an appeal that cannot be resisted. It overpowers the reasoning of the prudent, the fear of the coward, and together they rush on to the shrine of their country, where streams of blood chronicle the power of music.

The "*Ranz des vaches*" of the Swiss has not even words with which to appeal to the heart, and still it produces the most astonishing effect on the Swiss, who in foreign lands is reminded by it of his home. It awakes a longing in his breast, which can never be satisfied until he sees the snow-clad peaks of his own native country, until he hears the tinkling of the cow-bells in combination with the

roaring of the wind as it brushes through the fearful ravines. In France it was forbidden at one time, by pain of death, to play the "*Ranz des vaches*" for the Swiss regiments in the service of that country.

The Scotchman has the same affection for the sounds of the bagpipe, as the Swiss for the notes of the *Ranz des vaches*. In the battle of Quebec, the Scotch, generally so brave, began to give way. General Wolfe reproached their colonel for this, but the answer of the latter was as characteristic as it was true. "Why have you taken from them those instruments," said he, "to which they were accustomed to sing their war songs?" The bagpipes were returned to them, and they fought as bravely as ever.

Music has been successfully applied to the cure of various diseases, arising from the nervous system. *Mesmer*, in his magnetical experiments, frequently made use of it to accelerate the crisis. We find already in the Bible that David conquered the evil spirit of Saul by means of music. We have similar instances of more recent date.

Philip V., King of Spain, had for a long time labored under a mental disease, which exhibited itself in a dejection of spirits, rendering him incapable of attending to business, or of taking ordinary care of his person. He would not even allow himself to be shaved, and remained in a state of total apathy. The most celebrated physicians were called to his assistance, but he neither attended to their prescriptions, nor did he take at all the least notice of them. The queen was almost in despair at this melancholy state of things, but suddenly she recollected that her royal consort had always shown a great love for music, and a great sensibility to its effects. She determined at once to call music to her aid. At this time Farinelli, the greatest singer of the last century, was in his highest glory; his reputation spread far and near, and no sooner had his fame reached the ears of the queen, than she invited him at once to come to Madrid, and undertake the cure of the king. Farinelli accepted the invitation, and immediately on his arrival, the queen contrived that there should be a concert in a room adjoining the king's apartment. The singer performed one of his most pathetic airs.

Philip started; he seemed to awake at once from his lethargy; he appeared at first surprised and then moved. Gradually he seemed to return to his former self, and at the end of the second air, he called the singer into his chamber, loaded him with compliments and kind expressions, asked him how he could sufficiently recompense such talents, and assured him that he could deny him nothing. Farinelli, who had been previously instructed, only begged that his majesty would allow his attendants to shave and dress him, and that he would endeavor to appear in council as usual. From this time the king's disease gave way to medical treatment, and the singer had the honor of the cure. Farinelli was taken into the service of the king, and during the first ten years of his residence at the court of Spain, he sang every night to the king those magic airs which had worked his cure.

In the lunatic asylums of Europe, music is made one of the chief agents for the cure of its inmates, and I wonder that such course has not been tried in the similar institutions of this country.

But its noblest use is undoubtedly in making it the aid for the education and improvement of mankind in general. Its influence, though mysterious, is nevertheless strong, and from the most remote times to the present day, it has proved its efficiency for such purpose.

Plato says on one occasion: "The harmony whose vibrations are related to the emotions of our soul, seems not to have been given to us for unreasonable, sensual pleasure, but to classify and resolve the dissonances of our soul; as the rhythm serves to assist in regulating this inwardly confused state." At some other place he says, "Thus exists music for the education of mankind; it should develop the soul of man; and as such, it ought to be the second element of all education. It extends thus to all parts of the soul; not only improving the faculties of the mind for arts, but those for sciences also; awakening, finally, the love for the beautiful as well as for the good."

The Chinese say, "The knowledge of tones and sounds is intimately connected with the science of government; and he who understands music is able to govern."

Their characteristic of different keys fully bears out this idea. "The tone *Koung*," they say, "has a solemn and serious modulation, and, therefore, rightly represents the emperor. The tone *Chang* has a powerful and acute modulation; it represents, therefore, the minister, and his intrepidity, who must be able to practice the demands of justice even with severity. The tone *Kio* has a simple and soft modulation, signifying the modest submission to the laws. The tone *Tché* has a quick modulation, that carries one onward; representing the affairs of state, and their rapid execution. The tone *Yu* has a loud and brilliant modulation, representing the quintessence and connection of everything."

The best teachers of youth, in general, admit that music forms one of the most superior means for *ennobling* the mind of their pupils; that the tender soul is tuned harmoniously by it; that the feeling of time stimulates the corresponding feeling of order, and that melody gives to their ideas the line of beauty. But there are other, even exterior advantages, which the study of music offers to the pupil. Vocal music renders the throat smooth, makes it flexible, and thus improves the euphony of language and beauty of declamation; it strengthens the lungs, extends the chest, and purifies the breath; while the playing of instruments affords a wholesome motion and exercise.

Music offers the best letters of recommendation in foreign lands. No art, no science unites hearts more rapidly and firmly. It is the only universal language of the world. We need but look at the host of foreigners that come to this country day after day. Of all the various vocations they follow, that of music offers the greatest advantages to them. Long before merchants, tradesmen, and literati have settled on any plan of life, the musician is surrounded by a circle of friends, who, without even understanding his language, are connected with him and attached to him by that mysterious link which levels rank and birth, and elevates all into one higher and better sphere.

"But if music has all these ennobling properties, how comes it that those who follow it as a profession are generally distinguished by the lack of those very qualities which it purports to cultivate?" This

is an objection generally raised by those who merely judge after a superficial observance, and who try to hide under their abhorrence of immorality their utter want of susceptibility for music. But a glance at the social and political institutions of the European continent (for to foreigners this objection is more particularly applied) will correct this error. We might even admit the fact, and still account for it by the standard of morality, which differs in almost every country; and if German, French, or Italian artists are condemned because of their moral character, their respective countries should at least share the same fate; for, generally, public opinion sanctions, or at least overlooks, this laxity of morals. And does not America, with all her boasted superiority of moral character, overlook and pardon in her great statesmen those very faults which she condemns in less distinguished individuals? Can the faults of those men be laid at the doors of diplomacy? Can it be said that diplomacy prevents them from reaching that high standard of morality at which the whole nation aims? We have to consider, also, that in spite of the enormous sums of money expended for musical purposes, and in spite of the flattery and approbation lavished upon musicians in this country, there remains, owing to old prejudices, a secret feeling of mental superiority in the hearts of the Americans. This gives to them an air of overbearance, which no one is quicker to discover, and no one less willing to bow to than just the musician. Therefore, but little inducement is offered to the real artists of the old country to desert a domicile where they are appreciated, and to exchange it with one where the prejudices of society have thrown a barrier between them and their fellow-beings, which requires the efforts of years to be removed. Owing to this circumstance it is, then, that with but few exceptions, the artists who come to these shores do not come as apostles of their art, to teach its principles, or to bring its blessings, but they all try only to stretch, by means of that art, the purse-strings of their audiences as far as possible; and, in return, give naught but empty sounds. They draw music down from its lofty sphere, perform mountebank feats on their instruments, or with their

voices dazzle the senses of their listeners, but leave the heart untouched. I call these "artists" because, unfortunately, there exists no word to distinguish this class from those who, by selecting music as a profession, have subjected themselves at the same time to all its ennobling influences, and the pages of whose history shine as brightly on account of their musical talents as of their moral character.

Let us look for a moment at the histories of celebrated musicians. Can one have read the life of *Sebastian Bach*, of the pious resignation which sustained him throughout the different stages of his checkered life, or of the holy flame which inspired him for his compositions, without at once recognizing the influence of music? Can one read his letters to his sons, or the conversations with his daughter, without loving that man, and admiring him for his noble soul, and for the purity of his thoughts?

And *Joseph Haydn*, from the moment when with his father and mother he sat in the arbor, to sing the evening hymn, to that when for the last time he listened to his own work, the "Creation," was not his life characterized by everything noble and good? It was on the 27th of March, 1808, when he entered the church to hear the Creation. He sat there, at the side of his princess, surrounded by artists, pupils, by ladies and gentlemen of the first nobility. And from all he received proofs of the highest estimation, and of the tenderest care for his feeble age; all were rejoicing that he lived to see such a day. At the celebrated passage, "And there was light," the audience, as usual, gave vent to their delight in the most deafening applause; but Haydn turned towards heaven; "It comes from there," he said.

Farinelli, the same artist whom I have mentioned already in connection with the medicinal virtues of music, also deserves a place here, for his noble character. After having cured the King of Spain of his melancholy, he was taken into the service of that king, and a pension of £3,000 per annum was settled upon him, which prohibited, however, his singing in public. By singing to his majesty every evening, his favor increased to such a degree that he was honored with the order of St. Jago, and acquired so much influence that

he was regarded as the king's first minister. Raised to such a height, most men would have been giddy with their elevation; but Farinelli never forgot his true position; so that, instead of becoming an object of jealousy and hatred to the Spanish nobility, he gained their confidence and esteem.

One day, as he was going to the king's closet, to which he had access at all times, he overheard an officer of the guard curse him, and say to another, "Honors can be heaped on such scoundrels as this, while a poor soldier, like myself, after thirty years' service, remains unnoticed." Farinelli, without seeming to hear this reproach, took occasion to remind the king that he had neglected an old servant, and procured a regiment for the man who had spoken of him so harshly. In passing out, after leaving the king, he gave the officer his commission, telling him that he had heard him complain of having served thirty years without promotion, "but," he added, "you did wrong to accuse the king of neglecting to reward your zeal."

In Metastasio's correspondence with him we find abundant evidence of the nobleness of Farinelli's character. In one of his letters he says: "The Spanish minister plenipotentiary, Don Antonio de Azlor, has arrived here. He is interrogated by everybody concerning you, and all are extremely satisfied with his answers. He assures us that your prosperity has not in the least altered the gentleness and moderation of your character; a rock, according to ancient and modern examples, extremely difficult to avoid; and much more amid the favors than the persecutions of fortune. To obtain forgiveness for your prosperity, I can easily conceive how wise, how disinterested, and how beneficent must be your conduct. I congratulate you on those inestimable characteristics which are your own, and not the gifts of fortune."

If we consider the ultimate object of art, we find it impossible for any one, devoid of a morally good character, to produce an artistical work. Such a one cannot represent the high immortal beauty which stamps the artist, and if there are men who have, in spite of their badly-regulated life, presented us with immortal works, they had their lucid intervals, which

interrupted the obscurity of their path, while they composed those works.

I will conclude this chapter by quoting Beethoven's view of his sublime art, and leave it to the reader to judge whether an art which inspires us with such thoughts can do aught but make us better. Madame d'Arnim, who communicates these remarks, prefaces them thus:

"... Je puis bien l'avouer que je crois à une magie divine qui a pour élément la nature spirituelle; cette magie Beethoven l'exerce dans son art. ... Qu'a-t-il à faire du monde, celui que le soleil levant trouve à son œuvre sainte, et qui au soleil couchant regarde à peine autour de lui; qui oublie la nourriture de son corps et emporté par le torrent de l'inspiration, passe sans s'y arrêter devant les ravages de la vie journalière? Il me disait lui-même:

"Quand j'ouvre les yeux, il me faut soupirer, car ce que je vois est contraire à ma religion, et je dois mépriser le monde qui ne soupçonne pas que les musiques est une révélation plus élevée que toute sagesse et toute philosophie. La musique, c'est le vin qu'inspire les créations du génie. Je suis le Bacchus qui prépare pour les hommes ce vin sublime qui enivre leur esprit; et quand cette ivresse est passée, leurs filets sont pleins, et ils n'ont plus qu'à retirer sur le rivage le produit de leur pêche. ... Je n'ai pas d'amis, il faut que je vive seul avec moi-même; mais je sais bien que dans mon art Dieu est plus près de moi que des autres hommes. Je m'entretiens avec lui sans crainte et je l'ai toujours reconnu et compris. Je n'éprouve pas de crainte pour ma musique, qui ne peut avoir de mauvaise destinée; celui qui arrive à la comprendre est affranchi de toutes les misères dans lesquelles se traînent les autres hommes."

After once admitting all these influences of music, the next question presenting itself to our consideration is, "How can this influence be brought to bear upon us, or do we possess a sufficient degree of susceptibility for music to warrant its cultivation?"

The latter part of this question refers principally to this country, and I can safely answer it by "yes." There is as much talent in this country as there is in any other on the globe; but it is in a rough state, and it requires careful cultivation before it can bring a harvest. But even if there were no taste or talent for music in this country, I insist that it can be grafted and cultivated, as you would do with a

foreign tree or plant. In proof of this, I will relate some of my own experience. A gentleman in this city who had five daughters, but who himself had not the least talent for music, determined that his children should at least be musical. Accordingly, he engaged teachers for his two eldest daughters, who, if they had no talent, had at least perseverance to carry out their father's plans, and he soon had the satisfaction of seeing them at least enjoy music. Meanwhile, the younger daughters grew up, and by the constant hearing of their sisters' music, they became already somewhat predisposed to music, while their ears were much more cultivated than those of the elder sisters. They, too, learned music, and by the time the youngest daughter began to play the piano, she showed a talent and a susceptibility truly astonishing. I have frequently observed such instances, and a glance at Germany and Italy fully bears out my assertion. If in Italy the cultivation of music is not carried on so systematically as in Germany, they have the advantage of a better organization and more predisposition. Neither Romans nor ancient Germans were renowned for any great degree of musical intellect; the latter, in fact, were the last to awake from that lethargic slumber which kept possession of almost all nations during the middle ages, and now by dint of perseverance and judicious cultivation they have outstripped all other nations in musical respect, not even the Italians excepted, who can only boast of one advantage, which they not even owe to themselves; I mean "superior organization."

But let us follow the life of a German from beginning to end. If he happens to be born in a small country town, he has no sooner issued from his mother's lap, than the town-musician (a personage of whom I shall speak hereafter) announces the joyous event by playing some lively air from the loophole of the spire, which is generally his domicile. The child is sung to sleep by the most melodious lullaby, and on awakening, the tinkling of little silver bells, which his nurse shakes before him, makes him already susceptible to sound. The child grows up, and his first toys are cows, sheep, &c. &c., which rest on little boxes, from which, by turn-

ing little cranks, harmonious sounds are produced. His next toy is a tiny trumpet or a violin; next comes the harmonica or accordion, and by this time he will surely have acquired some of the simple melodies, which he requests his nurse to sing for him. He is then sent to school, learns to read, write, and *sing*, and by the time that he is thirteen or fourteen years of age, his parents have perhaps made up their mind to make a little musician of him. The town-musician is called upon for advice, and he no sooner discovers a correct ear than he at once admits him amongst the number of his pupils. But my readers will inquire, "Who is this all-important personage, the town-musician?" Accompany me, dear reader, to some little town in Germany, and if it happens to be New Year's day, you will see him in all his glory. He is the one who rings the old year out and the new year in; he is the one who first salutes the new year by a solemn strain of music; in fact, on such a day he is all and everything. But you want to know what are his duties?

He is, if not the most important, certainly one of the most indispensable personages of a small town. A child is born, and the town-musician announces it from his lofty throne, in music's sweetest strain; for I have already observed, that generally his abode is above the belfry of the church, and it is his duty to announce such important events, either by music, or by ringing of bells. A child is baptized, and again it is the town-musician who in lively strains expresses his gratitude that another member has been added to the mass of believing Christians; a wedding takes place, and the ceremony is hardly over, when our good friend begins to congratulate the happy couple on their entrance into matrimony's holy bonds, to say nothing of the balls and serenades which always take place on such occasions, and where it is the chief privilege of that worthy functionary to officiate. But, after having taken so much interest in the welfare of a fellow-being, it would not do for a town-musician to desert his protégé, and accordingly, when a weary wanderer is brought to his last resting-place, the town-musician expresses in solemn and mournful strains his sorrow for the dead, and his sympathy for those he left be-

hind. Besides these various duties, he has to ring the bells at four o'clock in the morning, at noon, and at eight o'clock in the evening. At eleven o'clock A. M., he favors his patrons with some lively airs, performed by his assistants. A stranger, at such time entering the town, is entirely taken by surprise. He hears music from above, and on looking up to the next church-spire, he discovers some half dozen trombones, clarionets, horns, &c. &c., protruding from the loopholes of the spire. He can perceive no human being, and imagines probably that the angels from heaven have made a descent upon earth, to delight the poor mortals with their spherical music, but on inquiry at the hotel, the mystery is explained.

"The town-musician's only recompense for the various duties above mentioned consists in free lodgings and the sole privilege of 'making music' wherever it is wanted. Should any mortal being dare to engage the military band of the town, or any other band, he has to pay a heavy forfeiture to the town-musician. His band consists mostly of his own pupils, and numbers from ten to twenty. A boy of twelve or fourteen years is bound apprentice to him, and from a bass-drum player he has opportunity to work himself up to the first standard of art. When one thinks how many instruments these apprentices have to learn at a time, it is astonishing how so often they turn out good musicians. The first year of their apprenticeship is generally employed in cleaning boots for the master, carrying the instruments of the band to the place of performance, running on errands for the lady of the house, learning the names of notes and instruments, and playing the bass-drum or cymbals by ear. Very often it is also the duty of the youngest apprentice to ring the bells for vespers, announce the half and quarter hours by means of a tin horn; but this latter custom is already fast growing out of fashion. The second year he is employed in playing second violin, flute, or clarionet. Oboes do not generally exist among this band. The third year is passed in learning the violoncello, double-bass, horn, fagotto, trombone, etc., and during the fourth year the pupil is at last admitted to the first part of any instrument. After that he is pronounced journeyman; and now he has to wander for four long years throughout half the world. Then only he can, after having returned to his native town, lay claim to that highest and most enviable position, the musician of the town. It is easy to be seen that these years of toil and trouble are now amply made up for by the knowledge of all the in-

struments the apprentice has gained; and no wonder that Germany should boast of so many good instrumentalists and instrumental composers, when, perhaps, in no other country so much time is bestowed upon learning the mere rudiments of the art.

"The little town I came from boasts of such a musician, who lived in the highest apartment of the spire. A very magnificent view of the town and its environs, for miles around, was to be had from his room, and this induced me to visit him frequently. The appearance of the interior of the spire and its inmates was invariably the same. The first floor contained fuel for the winter and various household utensils. The second floor was occupied by a few chairs and the youngest apprentice, who, walking in the greatest agony from one corner of the loft to the other, tried his utmost to commit a few notes to memory; and often, when just on the point of succeeding, the shrill call of his mistress would summon him to higher regions. The third floor presented already a little better appearance than the former. The floor was covered with boards, of which the lower apartment could not boast. A large table was in the centre, and on it were various instruments and books, and alongside the bare walls stood a few benches. In one corner a young aspirant to fame practiced the scales on the violin, while in another a young hornist almost ruptured a bloodvessel in trying to win a tone from this the most difficult of all instruments. In the third corner a little fellow of four feet six tenderly embraced a huge double-bass, and in the fourth corner a desponding lover would breathe his complaints on the melodious flute. Amidst all this confusion there was a strange unearthly sound in measured intervals, which always filled me with awe. On the next, the fourth floor, this noise was explained to me. It was the pendulum of the large clock, swinging lazily to and fro. On the same floor a band of ten or twelve of the more advanced musicians generally practiced dances or old-fashioned symphonies. The fifth floor formed the belfry, and woe to the man who on a Sunday morning ascended the tower without being advised of the enormous size and gigantic sound of these bells. One has nothing in this country to compare them with. In the tower which I now describe there were three bells only; but these were enough to fill the whole loft, leaving hardly room for the narrow stair-case, which led to the elysium of the town-musician, on the sixth floor.

"This floor was divided into four apartments, which were all handsomely furnished. The walls were covered by various instruments, and piles of manuscripts met one's eyes wherever they turned. The four loopholes of the tower gave here four magnificent views of landscapes, and it was well worth the trouble to ascend the tower just to get a sight of the

beautiful country around. The town-musician reclined comfortably on a sofa, a pipe in his mouth, a black velvet cap on his head, and a score of some overture on the table before him. His better half was busily engaged in household affairs, and, together with the blundering servants, the frightened pigeons, the barking of lap-dogs, and the mewing of cats, this scene presented a picture of the liveliest interest. Directly the clock would strike the hour, the youngest apprentice would perform on his tin-horn, and I, after having taken a cup of coffee with the hospitable master, would retrace my steps to my humble abode.

"But, to return to our first subject: I said that the town-musician announced the end of the old and the beginning of the new year. Almost simultaneously the young ladies of the town go to work, and while one of them questions the oracle by means of little lamps and nutshells how long she is destined to be a maiden, another one, by means of molten lead and basin filled with water, informs herself of the age she is going to reach. The old gossips never neglect this moment to examine the sediment of their last cup of coffee, and the traveler who at such moment passes the Blocksberg, or other reputed haunted places, mistakes the screeching of owls for voices from the infernal regions, and an innocent bat is sure of being taken for some evil spirit in bonds. The pallid moon peeps through the curtains of a ball-room, and dazzled by the brilliant light and more brilliant wit therein, passes on to seek another place where she can shine to more advantage, or hides her face beneath a merciful cloud. At one o'clock the watchman, who at twelve had sung the old year out, sings the new year in. His melodious voice is accompanied by a rattle, or sometimes a symphony is played on a horn of simple construction. This same gentleman is generally the first one who on New Year's day makes his appearance at the house of his patrons, and a bottle of wine or a small sum of money is the reward for his congratulations and the many times where he sang out 'All is safe,' 'Praise the Lord.'

"New Year's day, which has now fairly been opened by the watchman, runs along its course, and with it all the officers and functionaries of the whole town. From house to house they bring their congratulations, here receiving a piece of cake—there a vest pattern, at another place a sum of money, and at another they are sent off with a simple acknowledgment of their good wishes. Directly an old friend of ours makes his appearance; he is no less than the youngest apprentice of the town-musician. The tin-horn which has been his constant companion for a whole year, and which before has often announced the hours, halves and quarters, now announces his arrival in the house of his patrons, and what it has never done before, it now brings money into his pockets. The over-

joyed apprentice then returns to his lofty abode, and after having given one last blast on his good old tin-horn, he gives it to the younger apprentice, who by this time has generally already arrived. The master and his band follow in the wake of the apprentice, though it takes them generally a week or two before they can get through with their congratulations, for, while the apprentice gives one shrill blast on his horn, the band has to play two or three pieces before every house; but while coppers are the reward of the youngster, the town-musician pockets the silver pieces, besides carrying home in his large coat pockets, as well as in those of his journeymen, any quantity of wine bottles, cakes, etc.

"I had nearly forgotten another musical prodigy. It is the herdsman, who, leaving his flocks and pastures, enters the gates of the town to bring his mite to the festivities of the occasion. His trusty dog accompanies him, and the long cowhorn hangs on a leather-strap over his shoulders. From house to house he wanders, and whether its inmates have entrusted their sheep to him or not, he receives his bounty.

"The military band now makes its appearance. After having first played in the houses of their officers, they now visit the citizens; and often the two bands (the town-musician's and the military) meet in the same house, where, while one performs up stairs, the other delights those living on the first floor. There are certainly a great many nuisances connected with these customs, and in consequence thereof they are gradually discontinued; but I must confess there is a charm in these homely usages for which once a year these nuisances might be endured.

"Thus far instrumental performers have kept possession of the field; but now a vocal choir makes its appearance, to which again I shall devote a few lines of description. This choir consists of a Præfect with some fifty or sixty singers, from boys of ten years up to men of fifty. The choir is called 'the Currende,' and I suppose must have derived its existence from the cathedral singers of the Catholic Church. They are all candidates for the 'cantorship' of some little town or village, and often these singers get gray hairs, or die, even, without having attained that for which they toiled so hard for many years. These chorists or seminarists, as they are sometimes called, are a curious sort of people. Their face, their figure, their language, their very motion, is enough to tell the initiated—'that is a chorist.' Their face looks haggard in consequence of severe study; their figure is thin, in consequence of their not being blessed with too many of the good things of this life. Their dress is always old-fashioned, their motions and gestures are stiff, and their language high-flown, as it generally is, abounds with faults against

the construction and pronunciation. But with their music no fault can be found. They sing generally the most classic music, motettes, masses, etc.; in fact, they are now the only ones who sing that class of music. During the year they go about the streets at dinner-time, singing three pieces before the houses of all those who contribute to their support; and on New Year's day they receive small donations from the hands of all, wherever they sing. They are generally the music-teachers of the town, and together with giving lessons in the elementary branches of education, they manage to get through this life without being in anybody's way.

"This custom has also been discontinued of late, and the choir now only sings once every week in the church, though I am sorry to say, they find few listeners. The musical abilities of these cantors, that are to be, are by no means indifferent. All of them are well versed in the rules of composition and thorough bass, and could they but divest themselves of that pedantry which always distinguishes them, they might be of much more general benefit to the world than they now are.

"These cantors form generally the greater part of the 'Liedertafeln,' and many of them play, besides the piano and organ, which they all must know, on different instruments. The cantorship, to which they all aspire, is occupied by rotation, and the situations themselves are divided into different classes, according to the salary which they can afford to the cantor."

I have thus largely digressed from my original design, because I could not resist the temptation to give the reader a view of musical life in so humble, yet elevated a sphere, and the little apprentice has doubtlessly been anxiously watched as he toiled on towards that goal which it is the object of all to reach.

But now a look into some larger city. In Germany, vocal music is taught in all the public schools. Thus the ear of the pupil is early trained, and the heart is made susceptible to the influence of music, which throughout the whole life showers its blessings upon those who thus early prepared themselves for it. The boy leaves school and becomes apprentice to some mechanic; his time is no longer his own, but he sings when at work; he visits the Sunday school, where again singing forms a principal feature. The apprentice becomes journeyman, and has to enter on his wanderings. His comrades accompany him to the nearest village, singing their guild-songs, and wishing him "God speed"

in unanimous musical chorus. The journeyman returns and becomes master. He has heard in his wanderings "many lays of foreign lands," and these have only increased his love for an art which early has been instilled into his heart. He joins some singing club, visits public places of amusement, where he submits willingly to the influence of those bewitching strains of music which is performed by an excellent band. Of such places there are a great many throughout Germany, and government, well knowing its influence on public morals, encourages music in this and every other way.

And now a word of the public schools in this country. If singing is at all taught in them, it is done by indifferent teachers, on more indifferent systems. It is therefore not understood by the pupils, makes it a drudgery to them, and the moment active life begins, it is either thrown aside altogether, or but the very lowest species thereof is cultivated.

But if music were taught properly in these schools, if it were continued afterwards in institutions of a higher character, it would not alone improve the morals of the community, but it would actually open a new field to them to gain a respectable livelihood. There would be, after but few years, no necessity of *foreign* teachers, bands need not consist of foreigners, and a proper appreciation of music, which in this way would be most promulgated, would not fail to carry its own reward with it.

But to carry this out fully, our clergy, presidents of academies, colleges, and universities, should bestow somewhat more of their attention on this subject. The work begun in the public schools should be continued by them. If in the one music was taught merely practically in their institutions, its theory should be explained. Theological students, most of all, should have a thorough knowledge of music. This is by no means as great an undertaking as it sounds to be. Let music be stripped of all the pedantry which has clung to it for centuries, and it becomes at once plain and intelligible; much has been done towards this of late, and much more will be done.

And is it not really the duty of a minister to make himself acquainted with music? Ought he not to have sufficient

knowledge of the art to keep out of the service of a Divine Being all those melodies which, in themselves trifling, have been rendered still less worthy of a sacred use by profane associations?

"It is the object of all church-music to awake the man, who, by the outer world, and cares and anxieties of busy life, has been distracted, somewhat, to a consciousness of his heavenly origin and high destiny; to turn his mind, which has been imprisoned in the bands of reality, of earthly joys and sorrows, from the trifling machinations and the jealously-pursued interests of the moment, and to lead it to God and eternity, and to fill it with the high forebodings of immortality, and the holy longing of another and better world."

Is there a higher and nobler office in existence? and yet we see the greatest indifference to it exhibited on the part of the minister as well as of the congregation; frivolous and sensual music usurps the space which should be filled by the highest of its class, and while the same persons would be ashamed to offer to a friend anything but the very best in their possession, they offer to their Maker the very vilest of all music.

The secular music of this country exhibits the same faults. Time and money is wasted on music and musical instruction, and the only equivalent to the pupil is rapid execution, or flexibility of voice. No one ever thinks of informing a pupil how to derive benefit from his music beyond the mere gratification of vanity, and thus we

are compelled, sometimes, to listen for hours to fantasias by De Meyer, or variations by Herz, without having room for any other feeling but fear, lest the performer, in his musical gymnastics, might break his fingers or sprain his wrist. In vocal music we are generally regaled by the latest cavatina of an Italian composer, in which the latter has paid about as much regard to interpreting the words properly, as the singer does to interpreting his music.

Vocal music offers the best means of training a pupil properly. Here he can compare the ascending and descending of the notes to the inclination of the voice in language. He can observe the chords, which good composers of music have made use of, to represent certain feelings or passions. In one word, it should form the elementary study of music, and only after having properly investigated and understood this branch, he can throw aside the leading strings, (the words,) and venture into the higher regions of the art. By degrees the intimate relation between this and other arts will be discovered; in fact, music will become a representative of all the arts. "A landscape will expand before him as he examines the light and shade of melody and harmony; a palace will arise before him as he analyzes the rhythmical construction of a composition; and in the combination of all these elements, *man*, with all his joys and sorrows, passions and emotions, will be represented to him."

H. S. S.

SOCIALISTS, COMMUNISTS, AND RED REPUBLICANS.

J. F. CORKRAN, in his *History of the the National Constituent Assembly of France*, from May, 1848, at the sittings of which he was in daily attendance, has given a series of admirable sketches of the style, manner, appearance, opinions and conduct of the leading men of Paris, during the sittings of that famous assembly, up to the suppression of the insurrection of June. No such picture of Parisian politics of the present day has been given to the English reader, as this of Mr. Corkran's: his style, his manner, choice of subject, choice of language and reflections, show a finely tempered intellect, an open and observing spirit, and a character developed by reflection and society equally. Mr. Corkran writes, *par eminence*, like a gentleman, not like a Yankee or an Englishman: his book, however, has, if we may use the term, an American flavor: nothing on the title page of our copy of his book indicating its English origin, we supposed it to have been written by an American, and immediately classed the author among our most polished and cultivated minds; not, indeed, among men of genius, but among men of sense. It is not our intention to review his work, nor to eviscerate it. After the reader has perused the extracts which we shall give from it, he will be only in a better condition to begin the work and read it regularly through: it is a history of the time, and more especially a history of the causes and transactions of the great insurrection of June: it is probably the best history that will be written of that event; for its political value we venture to say that a better work could not be written on the subject: it gives men and their conduct, without malice or favor, with a true historical feeling, heightened by the interest of a personal observation and familiarity.

This work, and the *Travels of Sir Charles Lyell*, in the United States, noticed in our last, seem to us to be works of very

equal merit, though the interest of the time, and the greater variety of the subject, together with a freer and more imaginative handling, gives to that of Mr. Corkran a superior interest. For their use of language, these works are the most perfect examples we have met with of the style of English proper to this republican age: there is no more ornament allowed than is necessary to avoid monotony; the words chosen are the words equally of conversation and of oratory; the sentences have no antithesis, and the reader is borne along rather by the spirit and *view* of the author, than by the narration itself. Sir C. Lyell is esteemed a classic among scientific writers, but his style of English has not been formed by the reading of scientific authors; and we should say of Mr. Corkran, that although there is not a Latin quotation in his work, and scarcely a French one, that he is well read in the languages, and a thorough classical scholar. It is very noticeable that quotations from the learned languages are less than ever employed by good writers, and then chiefly for illustration; rarely as a rhetorical resource.

The names of the leaders of the Social Democratic Revolution in Paris, (the results of universal suffrage forbid us to say in France,) are, as given by Mr. Corkran, as follows: Barbès, the idol of the ultra revolutionary clubs, of the school of Robespierre, or rather of Marat; Flocon, a democrat of the destructive school, a disciple of Louis Blanc; Raspail, also an imitator of Marat, a democrat of the destructive school; Blanqui, the founder of a secret society for the promotion of massacre and insurrections; Sobrier, the editor of a newspaper called "*The Commune de Paris*," also a destructive and an enthusiast; Marc Caussidière, the people's Antony—the melo-dramatic hero of the Revolution, a tribune of the people, a man of all place and all conditions; Emile Thomas, a young engineer of talent, who

first suggested the plan of the national workshop; M. Cremieux, of Jewish birth, an advocate, appointed minister of justice, a man whose opinions are according to necessity; Babaud-Laribiere, a sentimental writer, who cultivates a magnificent beard, which, it is said, if promenaded through a field of nightingales would tempt them from the bosoms of roses; Ledru Rollin, a politician and a democrat of the school of Danton, who makes Danton his model, but who, unlike Danton, is without ideas; Pierre Leroux, a writer of heavy, speculative treatises upon the history of human society, who would have it that the world has gone wrong from the beginning; in and out of the Assembly this was his eternal theme; Marrast, the Voltaire who preceded the Revolution of February; one of the coolest and sharpest of periodical writers, but now an enthusiast; Victor Hugo, the novelist; Louis Blanc, the historian of the ten years of Louis Philippe; Proudhon, who declares that property is robbery, and has a panacea for all the evils of society; proposes a Barter Bank, in which objects of utility shall be deposited instead of specie; Considerant, the representative and disciple of Fourier; Duvergier de Hauranne, the suggester of the reformed banquets, a born oppositionist; a student of English parliamentary history; not, however, a socialist. The name of Felix Pyat, a democratic writer, in whose eyes all society is rotten, and must be utterly destroyed, closes the list.

Before passing to the series of sketches which we have taken from Mr. Corkran's work, it is, perhaps, proper to enter into some explanation of the condition of society which has brought such men to be influential in the State. Until the act of universal suffrage of May, when the Assembly met, it was taken for granted that the opinions of Paris, or rather of the Parisian press, represented, and was the opinion of the French people. Universal suffrage, however, discovered the fact that Paris did not represent the provinces; and while the city, itself, teemed with ultra revolutionists and reformers, the body of the nation were conservative. The nation did, indeed, accept the Republic, as they had accepted the Constitution of 1830, for the sake of peace, and in the hope of a good

government: for, of all people in Europe, the French people of the provinces care the least by what form of power they are governed, so it be just and efficient. If one principle prevails over another in their prepossessions, it is, perhaps, that of the monarchy, possibly the empire. Paris, however, is very differently constituted; here, instead of a diffused indifference, we have a number of opposing factions created by speculative influence, operating through the periodical press. Since the days of Voltaire, revolutions in Paris, and their effects upon the provinces, have been created by men of letters, aided and strengthened by the place-seekers and political agitators.

A list of the journals that appeared between February and June of last year, gives the names of one hundred and seventy-one, of which a very large proportion represent revolutionary, republican, socialist, and communist clubs. The editors of these periodicals and their proprietors, manage them with the understood intention of exciting the passions of the people, and disseminating such views of society as may serve to shake the popular confidence in the established powers. Socialist and communist opinions, conveyed by the most attractive forms of novel and romance, constitute a very great proportion of this periodical literature. The theatres, which are very numerous in Paris, are employed in the same service; and the play, like the romance of the week, is made to inspire the passions which lead to insurrection. But it is by the declamations and debates of the club that the most extravagant political opinions are impressed upon the belief of thousands who are taught by them to attribute the ordinary sufferings of humanity, and the poverty which results from the inherent vanity, indolence, and avarice of human nature, to the influence of the existing government and of the wealthier classes; and, more especially, to the oppression and scheming tyranny of those persons who make good manners a study, and who, having disciplined themselves into a correct behavior, see no harm in the correction and suppression of irregularity in others. To be proud, if pride leads to exclusiveness and reserve, or to be vain, if the vanity is of a good extraction, or of

polished society; to be affected, if the affectation is of delicacy and of propriety of behavior, are crimes more heinous, in the eyes of the club moralists and friends of the people, than to have organized the sacking of cities, or to have contrived the deaths, by assassination or the guillotine, of a thousand innocent persons. French democracy, as it emanates from the clubs, is a spirit which subdues the moral nature, and forces it to bow to the vilest and most cowardly suggestions.

Between this spirit and that of a constitutional government, there is a perpetual and necessary war; for as all just government moves, without passion, to its ends, and knows no distinction between rich and poor, as it is fixed, and dependent upon no will, either of one or many, but acts always from a certain set of principles established in perpetuity for the defence of the individual and of his property, there can be no harmony between such a government and that of a nest of ambitious paupers, robbers and murderers, whose first and constant aim is to establish a despotism of terror for their individual aggrandizement and the gratification of the most malignant passions. Of Republicanism, as it is understood in America, the French nation, and more especially the clubs of Paris, are profoundly, and, perhaps, hopelessly ignorant; they exhibit despotic ideas; they attribute everything to government. Both Communists and Socialists, and still more the club Terrorists, agree in the one idea that the State is everything, the individual nothing.

American "democracy" thinks that government the best which governs least; but the French Communists wish to have everything in the hands of government—the entire property of the country being in the hands of the State, to be used for the benefit of individuals; and, as a first step, for the realization of the communist idea, the rail-roads, and other corporations, were to have made over their enterprises in perpetuity to the public commissioners.

Fourierism, although it pays more respect to individual property, yet looks to the State, that is to say to a few leading minds, to govern the minutest details of private conduct. As for red Republicanism, it is simply the effort of a faction to

seize upon the government, divide the offices, and exercise their malice against the rich and respectable.

We have selected, in this article, the names of the most notorious leaders of the three orders of agitators in France, Communists, Socialists, and Red Republicans.

BARBÈS.

Barbès occupied the highest bench of the extreme left of the assembly; he took an active part in the *émeute* of May, 1839. The secret societies were, even then, well organized; but they failed to effect the revolution.

"The main charge against him destroyed the romance of the political conspirator: it was a cold-blooded assassination. He had driven up to a military post in the *cité*, in a cabriolet, with a brother conspirator, hoping to effect a hardy *coup-de-main*, by frightening the officer in command into a surrender. While parleying with the officer, and on his refusal to surrender, Barbès drew a pistol and shot him. Such a dastardly act destroyed all sympathy in his fate. He himself became ashamed of it and pleaded that the murder had been committed by his companion, who fell, subsequently, in the combat. He was found guilty by the Chamber of Peers, and condemned to death. His sister, who loved him dearly, was the means of saving his life. She obtained an interview with the King, and so wrought on the feelings of the monarch that, although it was resolved at a cabinet council, to resist all recommendation to mercy, his Majesty declared, "that having suffered his hand to be bathed by the tears of the man's sister, he could not sign his death warrant." The sentence was commuted to imprisonment in the Luxembourg, and the convict was so touched with the King's clemency, that he declared his political career to be forever over. His own account is, that in his cell he offered up his orisons to *Saint Robespierre*, *Saint Couthon*, and *Saint Just*.

The Revolution of February freed Barbès, and the Provisional Government, with that studied love of effect which characterized so many of their actions, created the prisoner of the Luxembourg the governor of the Palace, from which had all ready been expelled the Peers who had tried and condemned him. A more startling freak, in the way of poetic justice, was to strike the citizens of Paris. The National Guards of the 12th arrondissement, composed now of all classes, of one of the poorest and most populous divisions of the city, elected Barbès for their colonel! Thus was this *victim* of the tyranny of the Monarchy, invested with rank and honor, and, as it may be

called, military power, and subsequently elected to a seat in the National Assembly.

"He looked, as he impetuously ascended the tribune, like a man whose head could easily have been turned. Report says that he was once a handsome man. He did not now look very prepossessing. His figure was light and active, and he might be considered within forty years; but his face had that peculiarly pallid color, produced by long, close confinement—the color of the cold wall—with that banishment of open cheerfulness, replaced by a dark brooding over his position, such as cannot fail of producing a repulsive effect. His forehead was high, but narrow, and somewhat bald. His speech was rapid and thick, as if he gargled his words in his throat, and sounded like vulgar scolding."

FLOCON.

"The leadership of the House devolved on M. Flocon, for neither the Foreign Minister nor Home Minister could answer the simplest question; and who and what was M. Flocon? His own description of himself is, that he 'had been a conspirator all his life.' He did not look a Pierre; he was not 'a bold-faced villain.' Fancy a small, bent, thick-set figure—a white, swollen visage—a dull, smoked eye; and yet this *habitué of the estaminet* had, by his attendance in the stenographer's gallery of the Chamber of Deputies, and his subsequent contributions to the *Réforme* journal, acquired sufficient use of speech and language to enable him to shine, by comparison with his colleagues, although his shining was not brilliant. Flocon belonged, by sentiment and temperament, to the democrats of the Blanc and Albert school; but he could not make up his mind to separate himself from Ledru-Rollin, who had appointed him editor of his journal, the *Réforme*. It was in the office of this then obscure paper, that the conspirators met on the 23d of February, and resolved upon striking a blow for the Republic. Flocon shouldered his gun bravely, and next day fought at the Château d'Eau, and helped to burn and destroy that post opposite the Palais Royal, in which, for a long hour and a half, some threescore Municipal Guards resisted till they perished to a man. Heated with this achievement, the mob, comparatively a handful of desperadoes, rushed to the Tuilleries, through an army that might have crushed them, but which stood without leaders or orders; entered the Château; caused a panic that at this day appears absurd; frightened away the royal family, in presence of a magnificent display of horse, foot and artillery; crossed the undefended bridge of the Chamber of Deputies; smote down the Regency; were about to shoot M. de Lamartine by mistake; then followed him to the Hotel-de-Ville. When a dynasty fell so, Flocon

d deserved to rise! Between cigars, billiards, and the leadership of the Assembly, how pleasantly must have passed away the brief period of his ministerial existence!"

RASPAIL.

Raspail was one of those who headed the mob that invaded the National Assembly during the discussion of the Polish question.

"Raspail is a man of European celebrity as a chemist, although of a somewhat spurious kind. He can boast no diplomas or university degrees, and is what would be glorious, if regarded as an unfriended conquest over difficulties of patient force of will—a *self-taught man*; but which, if it signify a presumptuous self-confidence, unwarranted by extraordinary natural abilities, is only another name for what some call him—a *quack*.

"For a genius who broke a lance with Orfila, on a point in which Orfila is an authority, that of Arsenic—which Raspail said could be found of itself in the human body, or in old chairs and tables, and so protested against Orfila's evidence in the case of Madame Lafarge, on whose testimony she was condemned for having poisoned her husband—(into what pleasant by-paths of parenthesis are we not occasionally diverted!)—for so bold a genius, it has to be recorded, that his name is not associated with any higher discovery than that of camphor for *migraines*, and camphor substitutes for cigars. He is a bold man, however, this Raspail, and headed a mob, determined to overthrow the Provisional Government, when there was a whisper of backing into a regency. Like Marat, he lived among the Faubourgians of the left bank of the Seine, and set up a journal, which he called after that of the victim of Charlotte Corday, *L'Ami du Peuple*."

BLANQUI.

"Blanqui, like Barbès, was an old conspirator, and bore, like him, that unmistakable clay-colored color, which is communicated by the constant presence of the prison wall. His features, when examined, were spirited and regular; a long, thin face, high nose, and high, but narrow forehead, such as marks men of enterprise rather than thought. But there invested the whole countenance a sardonic expression—an intense enjoyment of mischief—that would have formed a model for a Mephistophiles. This man had founded, in June, 1835, the secret society called *Des Familles*, which merged subsequently into that of *Des Saisons*. He had known Pépin, who was executed for the part he had taken in the Fieschi massacre, and had been apprized in the morning of that

fearful attempt, by Pénin himself, of the intention to fire an infernal machine. Blanqui was the leader of the *émeute* of the 12th of May, in which Barbès covered himself with infamy by that cold-blooded assassination of an officer, to which reference has been already made. Over this Blanqui there hung a cloud of suspicion. In the archives of the police had been found, by the Provisional Government, a paper, giving the history and composition, the designs, attempts, and causes of failures of the conspirators' agents and followers; and it was concluded that Blanqui had furnished this confession to the Government of Louis Philippe, for the purpose of having his own life spared, and the rigors of his confinement mitigated. The Provisional Government knew so well the dangerous power of Blanqui, that, in order to destroy his influence, they gave it to the 'Revue Retrospective.' The paper produced an immense sensation; but Blanqui protested with such energy, that the whole had been concocted to ruin so great a patriot, that he contrived to maintain a certain leadership. The consciousness that he was not wholly trusted made him more desperate, and it would not be going too far to assert that this man, in whose heart, according to the energetic expression of Ledru-Rollin, was not blood but gall, was capable of equaling the most bloody prototype that could be found in the revolutionary list, from Marat to Couthon. Such was the man who had been lifted into the tribune. He began, in his dry, caustic voice, by an allusion to the massacres of Rouen; but, as if the thread of his discourse had been broken by the wild shout of execration the allusion had raised, he turned to the subject of the miseries of the people; and his words being lost again in the shouts and tumult, he took up the cause of Poland, and demanded an immediate decree that France should not return her sword to the sheath until Poland had been re-established."

SOBRIER.

It would be remarkable if there were not one among the many revolutionists, who mingled a religious and a patriotic with his revolutionary enthusiasm; and yet the following picture hints rather of a sensual and heathenish enthusiasm, than of a mistaken religious fervor:

"Sobrier, a man of talent—and, if M. de Lamartine be not yielding to his amiable credulity, a man of religious enthusiasm, full of the poetry and passion of revolutionary idealism—issued a newspaper from his fortress, called the *Commune de Paris*, and it would be hard to say whether this paper, or the aspect of the wild and savage sentinels, in their red sashes, holding guard over their mysterious magazine,

inspired more anxiety. There were strange whispers about the doings inside. It was said, that, indulging in some drunken freak one night, a body of myrmidons seized on passers by, bandaged their eyes, and led them before a revolutionary tribunal, at which the future Coffinhals of a coming Reign of Terror were rehearsing their parts. After a severe warning against *bourgeois* selfishness, the prisoners were released, with a hint to hold their tongues."

MARC CAUSSIDIÈRE.

In Marc Caussidière we have a "noble" specimen of the barbarian; a man of tumults and insurrections; a complete human animal, vigorous, generous, shrewd and commanding, but devoid of principle; a stage-hero, in whom harmonious passions and fine senses take the place of that high and calm intelligence which confers its peculiar dignity and *severity* upon the truly great.

"Marc Caussidière is a study. Even in so thickly clustering a gallery of revolutionary portraits, he stands out alone. He is the melodramatic hero of the Revolution; a sort of Grindoff, such as we recollect to have taken, in our boyish days, as the type of pleasant picturesque ferocity, in that perfect mockery of the unities, called the 'Miller and his Men.' Perhaps it is the hat that suggests Grindoff; for Caussidière has inaugurated a broad-brimmed, slouched beaver, with a high-peaked crown, around which there ought, for the sake of perfection, to curl a red feather. This hat was not chosen out of indulgence of a capricious taste; it was the rallying sign of the chief of a new-hatted party, to which it was to be in the day of battle as the white *panache* of Henry IV. at Ivry. As Caussidière is a tall man, the hat added to his height, and he looked, as he desired, remarkable.

"This tribune of the people—whose soul lay with the very poorest of the poor; who had himself in that weary chase after a calling, so often the lot of men, who, brought up to no honest business, are afforded the opportunity of displaying a versatile aptitude for all—from coaxing orders for goods or advertisements, to anything within the range of the world of politics, from the premiership to the police—this now emancipated man from the galling chain of want, bedecked his ample person in the gewgaws of the newest fashions. The best-dressed, most varnish-booted, white-waistcoated and fancy-cravated man on town, was the great champion of the *République Démocratique et Sociale*. Like George, in the opening chapter of Kenilworth, he might enact the gen-

tleman as he pleased, but under all, the *ci-devant commis-voyageur* was present. The head of the man is set on a short thick neck, which, with the low brow, looked animal-like and sensual. He, of all the fierce democrats, wore no beard, because his satiny, soft, florid cheek, could not put forth so oriental an appendage in sufficiently becoming luxuriousness. Besides, this hero was not a man of half-measures; he would be bearded like the Grand Turk or not bearded at all. The artful, yet daring soul, looked through a sly, watchful eye—the eye of the crouching leopard. So much for the external man, which pictured harmoniously the inner. The mind was well supplied with samples of all kinds of knowledge, and exhibited with the incoherent profusion of an agent, pressed for time, in pursuit of customers. He seemed to have picked up some loose scraps of the heathen mythology, some disjointed axioms of moral and political philosophy, with a copious capital of slang, which he did his best to hide under the choicest Arabesque imagery, but which would ever keep oozing out, like damp from mortar, in which had mingled sea-sand. Like another chief to whom he bore a sort of resemblance, for he might be called the Rob Roy of the Faubourgs, he would, when excited, drop into the real emphasis of his native dialect; and even the imposing aspect of the National Assembly could not restrain Caussidière from a rolling fire of *sacrés* that would rival a Gallic driver exercising his brutality on a horse; for of all men, the French drivers are the most cruel to their animals. As a specimen of style, to which no description could do justice, we need only repeat one conciliatory adjuration from Caussidière, when collapsing into softness: ‘Let us put our differences into a sack, and throw them into the river Lethe.’ Perhaps we should add a profound political reflection in favor of brilliantly illustrated emigration: ‘That society was like a bladder, and when too full will burst.’

“A man so active and so accomplished, whose pen and sword made him a Faubourgian Cæsar, ran through all the casualties of a life devoted to the working classes, through the effective principles of conspiracy. He had been tried and imprisoned, and when let out, returned to wallowing in the mire. He was one of the Council that sat at the *Réforme*, on the night of the 23d of February, and voted for battle. The victory was such as surpassed the wildest expectations or the deepest calculations, and Caussidière won with his good sword the Prefecture of Police. Installed there, he set about the erection of a Pretorian guard of his own, who took the name of *Garde Republicaine*, acknowledged no allegiance to any but their chief, and amused their leisure hours doing police duties in the way we have seen, by letting loose such ‘falsely’ accused prisoners as Huber and Blanqui, until Marc

should sound the signal for the *Republique Démocratique et Sociale*.”

EMILE THOMAS.

“M. Emile Thomas, a young engineer of talent had first suggested the plan of the *Ateliers Nationaux* to the Minister of Public Works; and when the plan was approved, the direction was bestowed upon him. A charming villa, which had been the private property of Louis-Philippe, situated in a beautiful park, called Monceau, in the faubourg of that name, was assigned to the young Director, and became the head-quarters of the institution. If report speaks truth, the villa was restored to the festivities practiced under the Regency that preceded and prepared the first great Revolution. The example set to the rank and file of the national *ateliers* was by no means one of self-denial, while waiting the coming millennium of the *Republique Démocratique et Sociale*. Luxury ran riot at Monceau, while beggary trundled its wheelbarrow on the Champ de Mars. M. Thomas was taken without ceremony by the Republican Government, put into a coach, and carried off to Bordeaux, after the fashion in which a Duc d’Enghien would have been seized by a Napoleon. The romance was heightened by a letter, written with a pencil to Madame Thomas, the mother of the captive, who committed it to the winds and the high road, as the sinking mariner commits the secret of his fate to a bottle cast into the sea; and, strange to say, the letter arrived. Such being the state of things, it became impossible for the National Assembly to avoid feeling its share of the agitation which prevailed so generally without.”

M. CREMIEUX.

A grosser picture of the vulgar lawyer, a man who prospers in every thing except a moral part, could hardly be drawn, than the following of M. Cremieux. Anarchic revelations require an assemblage of many elements of destruction; the subtle demagogue and advocate is perhaps not the least important of these elements. Some person was wanted to give the form and appearance of regularity to anarchy—M. Cremieux supplied that want.

“The portly and rather prematurely corpulent M. Ledru-Rollin, who had succeeded the slim, graceful, and ideal form of Lamartine, was followed by the unprepossessing Crémieux, (of Jewish birth,) Minister of Justice, the very expression of an *avocat*, whose factitious warmth could rise with the amount of his fees, and on whose face and bearing the pro-

professional necessity of adulation to courts and juries had stamped an artificial *bonhomie*, which, offspring of cunning, as it were, disarmed any disposition to hostility. The habit of seeking to exercise influence by look and voice does become influence eventually. With the easy assurance of one habituated to extemporaneous effusion, he quickly abandoned his written report, and in an unembarrassed, colloquial fashion, described the good deeds of his ministry. Now, these good deeds might be resolved into two that were very bad. He audaciously violated the principle of the permanency of judges, justly regarded, under well-regulated government, as the best security for their independence; and he excited a ferment throughout the length and breadth of the land, by an intimation of his intention to facilitate divorce. Apologizing for the first and main branch of his administration regarding the magistracy, he dwelt upon the corruption of the monarchy, which had, he alleged, inseparably bound up politics with the administration of justice. Without stopping to inquire into the truth of his assertions, it must yet be said that, of all the audacious usurpations of the Provisional Government, anticipatory of rights belonging to the National Assembly, this violation of the magistracy was one of the most unjustifiable; but for the moment it was allowed, like all the rest, to pass. It is right to notice, that M. Crémieux's exordium, like M. Ledru-Rollin's peroration, contained a Socialist flourish, for he described the first duty of the Republic to be the providing of the instruments of labor for all members of the community; another mode of expressing *le droit du travail*, the consequences involved in which were in all probability but little suspected by the *avocat* at the time, and only uttered because the Revolution had, at the very moment of its achievement, taken a Socialist form. It behoved the Minister of Justice to make profession of the new faith; and he did so, like many a hasty convert at the sword's point, without understanding very clearly what he was about."

BABAUD-LARIBIÈRE.

Babaud Larivière is not without his analagon in New York, and elsewhere in America—a man who butters over with sentiment the bitter, poisonous sop of anarchy and sensuality.

"If we forget the countenance of M. Sevaistre, we can well call to mind that of Babaud-Larivière, one of the most zealous defenders of the Republican Executive. He is a small, neat, pretty man, with an enormous beard, to which he bears a lover's devotion. No pet cat was ever treated with more affectionate tenderness; all the perfumes of Arabia nestled like

spirits of the air about it. Such a beard *promenaded*, as the French idiom has it, through a field of nightingales, might tempt them from the bosoms of roses. His strength lay in his hair; for he had the city shuffling, rather than the round, rolling, oriental gait; and, except the beard and head, but little more could be seen above the tribune. As a writer of *feuilletons*, Babaud was sentimental, and introduced a new line, for the purpose of doing away prejudices about *mésalliance*. In his soft semi-columns at the foot of the newspaper, Counts abandoned prejudices that had clouded the misunderstood perfection of the *blanchisseuse*; and if the coronet was forever dashed from the brow of high-born beauty, the superior *grisette*—steeped to her pretty little bonnet in philosophy—would not stoop to pick it up. At the tribune, Babaud was a Boanerges—a son of thunder. He blamed the Government for its longanimity. It had left the enemies of the Republic in the enjoyment of situations bestowed by the Monarchy, and had neglected those who had sacrificed all in its service—'even their honor.' There was an escapade!—A sacrifice of honor! What a letting out of the cat! But we must not be vulgar in the presence of Babaud-Larivière."

LEDRU-ROLLIN.

M. Ledru-Rollin, we have been told on good authority, was once a business agent in New York, and is probably a democrat of the school of Tammany Hall, but with this difference, that Tammany Hall professes to hold that government the best which governs least—Tammany Hall itself having a respect for individual liberty and property—while the modern would-be-Danton would have the State absorb both liberty and property.

"Ledru-Rollin and the Government were beaten. And now a word about Ledru-Rollin. Notwithstanding that I was under the influence of prejudice against this gentleman, entirely on account of his public conduct—a prejudice too generally shared, to make the avowal a shame—I must confess that his oratorical power took me by surprise. Sincerity of conviction is admittedly a main element of oratorical success; and there could be no doubt of the sincerity of Ledru-Rollin's love for the Republic, and of his apprehension of a second Bonaparte. The Revolution had thrown up many men, but of those who had hitherto lain in obscurity, very few proved of any value even in the way of talent. The names that still shone out most conspicuously were old familiar names. The Republic had not yet found its incarnation. The nearest representation of its spirit seemed to be Ledru-Rollin.

In his novel position, this revolutionist exhibited qualities, such as almost caused him to be regarded as a new man. The Chamber of Deputies was not his sphere. He entered it under the repugnant fame of a prosecuted, and if not pardoned, neglected speech. Violence so great, as to provoke the arm of the law, and so pointless, as on mature reflection to inspire but contempt, proved but an unpropitious herald. Nor did the new hero, who aspired to the leadership of the republican party, inspire much reverential dread. He looked a man that would elbow others out of his way, take the first place by storm, lose his breath, slip and tumble, amidst jibes and laughter.

"His person is large and bulky, his face full, round, and ruddy, his eye small and restless; and, taken altogether, one would say that he was a jovial, reckless fellow, full of animal spirits, who, while aspiring to lead, was likely to become an instrument in the hands of acute schemers, whose bidding he would do, be that bidding what it might, rather than not be chief. His nature is rather thoughtless than bad; but capable of badness, through a readiness to accept, as inevitable necessities, the most perverse rules of political conduct. He might be used as the powerful, blind, battering-ram of factions, to level the walls of the State, but never could he rise to the rank of an intelligent leader, or evince firmness sufficient to act as moderator. M. Ledru-Rollin possesses one quality, which of itself explains much of his showy, but ephemeral success. He has concentrated his attention upon one subject—that of the history of the Revolution. He knows it in all its details. He has it at his fingers' ends. Few Frenchmen ever so concentrate their faculties upon one point; more generally do they imitate the versatility of their Voltaire, aspiring to be thought acquainted with all possible subjects."

LOUIS BLANC.

It would be hardly possible to conceive a person more removed from the ideal of a true statesman than M. Louis Blanc; it is said that in his youth he suffered the contempt of aristocratic society, because of the littleness of his person, and that he vowed revenge against the aristocracy: failing in his efforts to become a distinguished member of society, he became its critic. A more deeply-seated hatred does not exist than that which is generated against a class, by the vanity and pride of one who has been rejected by that class. The work of Louis Blanc on the *Dix Ans*, although, both polished and piquant, lively in the narrative, and sparkling with antitheses, yet affects one as a hot, undigni-

fied, and on the whole, a contemptible production: it is the boiling over, the effervescence of a desperate and venomous conceit. Of statesman-like, or truly philosophical views it has not a trace; and moves laughter by the perpetual effort of the author to appear more judicious and politic than the actors in the scenes he describes. The moral of the work is, had I had the direction of affairs, things would have gone differently, I trow. And yet we find fault with our author for attributing to this man more importance than he possesses. "He was looked upon as a dangerous fanatic, prepared to carry out his views at all hazards. Had a serpent reared its crest at the tribune, it could hardly have excited more fear and aversion than did that juvenile looking man, with shining, well-brushed hair, and fashionable blue coat, glittering with bright buttons, and for whose accommodation a stool had to be introduced to raise him to a level with his audience." "There was something of a provoking character in the well-assumed fierceness of tone and aspect with which the orator faced the assembly: he looked and spoke as if he held the force of the Revolution in his small hand, and could, and would let loose the destroying storm on the assembly, should it not respond to his expectations."

"The true hero of this day's scene, M. Louis Blanc, ascended the tribune next. The true hero, because the truly dangerous man. Figure to yourself a very small person—the very smallest you had ever seen above the species of the dwarf. With his back turned to you, you would be inclined to suppose that the glossy black hair and drooping shoulders belonged to a girl in male disguise; the face turned round, you were struck by the prominent, clear, dark eyes, the olive complexion, and the disappearance of effeminacy in the strong jaw and chin. The general expression was rather melancholy. Had you heard of him only as the author of the "*Histoire des Dix Ans*," a book so polished and so piquant, of such lively narration, such sparkling antithesis, such finished portraiture, you would rather have believed that you had a hero of the *salons*, than the president of the delegates of workmen—the evil genius of the Revolution. The work which formed Louis Blanc's title to a seat at the table of the Provisional Government was probably, in the minds of Lamartine and Marrast, the elegant satire that had done so much to undermine and discredit Louis Philippe and

his family; but the work which gave him credit in the eyes of the working classes, and on which he himself took his stand, was a *brochure*, unknown or forgotten by the republic of letters, on the organization of labor.

"It has been said that Louis Blanc possesses the sensuality and sensibility of the southern races, with a deep-seated pride, that induces him rather to shrink from the society of gross men; that he is touched with misanthropy, and little respects the masses whose champion he became. Such inconsistencies find their explanation in marked sensibility and deep-seated ambition. It is not the philosophical temperament; and no man can be less a philosopher than the ardent apostle of a new society. The "*Organisation du Travail*" is a true picture of the author's mind. His analysis of the composition of society, his painful statistics of beggary, prostitution, ill-regulated labor, of lives closed in hospitals—all this is in the most painfully-fascinating style of narration; the cry that rises from his pierced soul against society, thrills through the reader; but there stops the part of the inquirer."

FELIX PYAT.

In Felix Pyat we have the author, (for they are all, or nearly all authors) who, in the true spirit of modern sentimentalism, makes squalor, vice and corruption appear amiable and excusable by mixing pity with his descriptions of them in themselves considered, and insinuating, by strong contrast, hatred against those in whom neither squalor, vice, nor corruption make their appearance. He would have the people love the poor, the filthy, and the idle, because they are poor, filthy, and idle, as though a dignified humanity suffered under that exterior. To become the subject of the feelings and sympathy of such writers it is necessary to become almost a brute; but this is natural, for sentiment looks downward; and those who stand, themselves, upon a low level, to exercise sentiment, must look, if possible, on a still lower.

"The organ of the Mountain on this occasion was Felix Pyat, a man who, like all the conspicuous members of his party, was full of paradox. Pyat is a dramatic writer, who does not halt midway, like Victor Hugo, but goes the whole length of the principle from which he takes his line of departure. He would despise, as so much trick, the diluting a heap of vice with some impossibly isolated virtue. All society is rotten in his eyes. It must be pulled down utterly, that the dregs may rise to the top. He is the most sombre of misanthropists—

the most acrid of cynics—the fiercest of demagogues. Hugo degrades royalty by his pictures, and would uphold it—debases aristocracy, and yet would maintain it—he describes the objects of his worship, and finds in his own desecration further motives for reverence. It is only another form of pride—"Behold what he may do with impunity." There is no such egotism as this in Pyat. He is thinking altogether of his work, and that is destruction. A little before the Revolution, Pyat employed the theatre, as Sand and Sue had employed the *feuilleton*, as a means of irritating the poor against the rich. His "*Chiffonier de Paris*" was to most persons a repulsion; to some an attractive drama.

"The sojourner in Paris is well acquainted with the appearance of the wretched Chiffonier, as he sallies forth at night, a lantern in one hand, a short stick with a hook at the end in the other, a basket strapped to his back, and his little, wiry-haired dog, helping him in his search for rags, bones, shreds, and patches. The dwelling of the Chiffonier, in the remote and filthy Rue Mouffetard, is miserable in the extreme. His room is the storehouse of his diggings in the dust and ashes of an exhaustless California. Pyat takes for his hero the Chiffonier in all his hideous squalidness, fills him with all virtues, and by way of contrast, presents some characters, taken from the titled and wealthy classes, whose lives are stained with the foulest crimes. No one will attempt to say that a Chiffonier is not deserving of all sympathy—or that there is any creature of the family of man who ought to be held irrevocably doomed to misery; but that which is condemnable, is this way of showing off assumed virtues by assumed vices; as if the virtues were the property of one class and the vices of another.

"The moral intended to be drawn from a story in which the poor are painted all good, which they are not, and the rich all bad, which they are not either—that moral is neutralized by the predetermined bad faith of the author. He writes not to shame and subdue obduracy in high places, or to soften and elevate the suffering, but to inflame and irritate passion, to whet vengeance, and to hound on to crime. This repulsive work had been preceded by a play of his, in which the most daring liberty was taken with a piece of familiar history, for the sake of indulging the mind in its propensity to paradox. Pyat chose Diogenes for his hero, and the famed Aspasia for his heroine. Animated by whim or caprice, the fascinating dame, in all the lustre of her charms and dress, and attended by an illustrious train of admirers, pays a visit to the tub of the cynic, at the moment when he is more than ordinarily ungracious, and she falls in love with him.

"And yet M. Pyat is far from presenting in his own person that taste for rags which strike

his imagination so agreeably. He wears a long beard, it is true, but it is carefully attended to. His head seems, at least, to be under the constant care of the coiffeur. Nor is his manner in the tribune unattractive. His countenance is striking and intelligent—his eyes are lustrous and fine, with a somewhat gloomy expression. His speeches have sometimes thrown the Assembly into a fever of indignation, by the savageness of his attacks on the *bourgeoisie*; yet he not unfrequently extracts a laugh by the bitter pungency of his well-prepared, well-polished, and well-finished antithesis. A Revolutionist, Red Republican, Socialist, Communist, scowling at palaces, and *habitué* of the haunts of misery, he is still but a *littérateur*. Above all, and before all, being an artist, he would overthrow society with a view to art. The conflagration would first be made for the sake of the picture, and then—*nous aviserons*."

M. PROUDHON.

Mons. Proudhon is perhaps the most remarkable fanatic of the day; he represents the madness of the intellectual faculties, as Louis Blanc represents that of the passions. Our author enters upon a long refutation or examination of Proudhon's Labor Bank plan, which, after all, and this is the sole criticism we have to make upon it, is a plan for the establishment of an irredeemable paper currency to take the place of specie, and to represent perishable commodities of food and clothes.

Amidst the general wreck that followed the Revolution of February, there arose a prodigious number of speculations and plans, the adoption of any one of which would, in the opinion of the author, change the face of society. It was remarked that the inmates of the mad-people's hospital at Charenton had caught the general infection, so that it became a question whether it was all Paris that had grown mad or all Charenton wise, for, in truth, all distinction between both had ceased. Every piece of a wall or practicable corner had assumed the most picturesque appearance; placards of all colors—red, yellow, green, pink and striped, or one half-length this color and the other that, like a pair of pantaloons made according to the fashion of the middle ages, fascinated attention by the most colorable schemes of prosperity. It was an *embarras de richesse*; a patriotic finance-minister, anxious not merely to relieve public distress, but desirous of letting in a flood of milk and honey, had only to go to the nearest wall for an idea, more bright than had ever dawned on finance-minister before. The people, instead of employing their hands at toil, thrust them into their side-pock-

ets, fixed their eyes upon visionary California, and enjoyed ecstatic illusions, as if the golden boughs of the gardens of the Hesperides were stooping of themselves to their mouths. Was it not worth while making a revolution for such an opium dream? Reverie and passion are near neighbors; it is better to set the hand than the brain to work. There was a very ominous and very menacing speculation mania in that mad-hare month of March of the year of grace 1848. Even so sober and shrewd a man as Emile de Girardin elaborated *une idée par jour*. Amidst the dancing shower of rainbow bubbles one project, that of an exchange bank by Citizen—they were all *Citoyens* in those days—P. J. Proudhon attracted some attention, and men of approved sagacity gave way to it; the proprietor in order to make converts to his system published a newspaper called *Représentant du Peuple*, and to help his Exchange Bank, the banker-in-chief proclaimed property to be robbery. Such doctrine ruined the speculator, but it made the man, for to the astonishment, rather let us say to the affright and bewilderment of all who clung to existing society, the author of this terrific sentence was returned a member for the department of the Seine, by an imposing mass of upward of 60,000 votes. *The Représentant du Peuple* could no longer be poked at. It was the organ of a man, who, if he had 60,000 votes, had the faubourgs for readers.

It was soon discovered that this hitherto little known name was attached to treatises of a philosophical and an economical character. The publisher of M. Proudhon, to his surprise, found himself, amidst the general deterioration of property, one of the few men who was in the way of making money, and that by means of a man whose mission was to effect its destruction. The effect produced by the perusal of the author's works was such as, perhaps, few readers could satisfactorily describe to themselves; all that man is accustomed to hold dear, was denied. Paradox, such as made Rochefoucauld appear tame, and Rousseau in his most fitful moment of misanthropic sensibility rational and calm, came from the apathetic hand of Proudhon as the soberest common-place. His works formed a series of negations. He would admit nothing. Construction, according to his fashion, should be preceded by universal destruction. By a daring analogy, he claimed, for his special convenience, a universal chaos as a necessary preliminary to order; he went further, for he painted man as the rival of his Creator, and did not shudder at drawing the creature of beneficent disposition, and the Maker the contrary. He did indeed create, for he created God according to an image of his own, and so went beyond the dullness of Atheism into the perversity of blasphemy, for the sake of indulging in which, he condescended to make a Deity. The man who could

think thus and act thus, had a vigor of his own. Proudhon can clothe his sophisms in powerful language; he is a very nervous writer, one who imposes on himself no less than on others.

PIERRE LEROUX.

Among the intellectual oddities and abilities which have been thrown to the surface by the surges of the Revolution, Pierre Leroux, the communist, is not the least remarkable. In the Assembly, on Saturday, the 17th June, this agitator made a speech on the subject of a collision that had taken place between the people and the tax-gatherers, in the department of La Creuse. This was an opportunity of developing his favorite idea; his plan for the remodelling of society. He saw, in the fatal collision in La Creuse, at which it had become necessary to fire upon the people, to enforce the collection of the tax, an evidence of the hollow foundation on which modern society, as it is at present, rests. M. Leroux is a speculatist, a dreamer, taken from his closet and converted by the voice of the people into a legislator. The workmen of Paris, ignorant of theories, took from his closet a theorist ignorant of practical life. In America it is our custom to appoint men of business, or men of law, versed in society and in the arts of life, who understand the value and the merits of things, of transactions and of men, to be our representatives. In Paris the case is otherwise:

"A less dangerous Diogenes never rolled his tub into the haunts of civilized men. His appearance was that of a man innocent of the ways of the world, and absent even to the point of forgetting the wash-hand basin and brush. Beneath a prodigious mass, or mop of black hair, as wild and entangled as the brushwood of a virgin forest, slumber a pair of misty, dreamy eyes, while the spectator's ears are regaled with the sounds of a sing-song voice, going through an interminable history of human society, from the earliest days to the present times, for the purpose of showing that the world has hitherto been on a wrong social track, and struggling in the toils of a great mistake. So little have Leroux's treatises been read, that a couple of speeches were listened to with comparative attention. By degrees they began to be as tedious as twice-told tales. The auditory would begin to doubt if they had not heard the same sentences before. Memory, that people call treacherous, by a

modest self-application, proved doubly treacherous with regard to her devoted worshiper, Leroux, all whose efforts proved to be but one well-learned theme. No; he did not learn his lesson by heart, but used to read it. If he did not tax his memory, as we were by a strange lapse of our own forgetting, he was not sparing of his industry, for he used to commit to paper his endless dissertations. One day, however, a wicked wight, determined to extinguish our light, produced one of the philosopher's printed books, and proved that the essay or speech to which they had been listening was a mere transcript by the philosopher himself from his printed publications.

"Pierre Leroux never well recovered this blow. When he attempted to read afterward, a resolution was gravely proposed that no books should be read at the tribune. Well do I recollect the scowl with which the philosopher slowly ascended the Mountain.

"The return of Leroux was an indication of a dangerous state of feeling among the lower orders; but a better antidote to his pernicious doctrines could not have been afforded than his investment with power, which enabled him to make himself and his books equally ridiculous by a public performance in the National Assembly.

"Let us conclude with an example which paints of itself the mind of this fantastic monomaniac. In a project of a Constitution which he published, there appeared the following odd article:

"Article 100.—Poplars shall be planted, and kept up with care, in all the communes of the Republic. The State shall have for its seal a cylindrical altar, surmounted by a cone, on which shall be a spherical ray. This seal shall be placed in the hands of the National Management, to be stamped *en relief* of wax, on all treaties with foreign nations, and on all laws. Each of the three corps of the representation shall have for seal one of the *solides* of Revolution, whose unity composes the seal of the State. The Executive body shall have for seal the cylinder, or its cubical profile; the Legislative Corps, the cone, or its profile, the equilateral triangle; the Scientific Corps, the sphere, with rays, or its profile, the circle surrounded with rays. The seal of each of these three bodies of the national representatives shall be placed in the hands of the president of the corps, to be applied to all its acts."

VICTOR HUGO.

The return of Victor Hugo, the novelist, to be a representative of the people of Paris, is another example of the slight regard which is paid by Frenchmen to the quality and kind of men whom they select to be their representatives. When

it was enquired, with some surprise, why Victor Hugo had been created a Peer of France by Louis Philippe, which happened a short time before the fall of that monarch, the reply was, "*La Roi s'amuse.*"

In the House of Peers it is admitted that he failed; "elderly gentlemen who had passed into the Chamber of Peers through the magistracy or the ministry, or the stern discipline of the camp, did not view with much favor the entry of a writer whose freedom with history, and what is more sacred still in the eyes of either the French courtiers, with language even, was not atoned for by his genius; his eccentric bearing was not suited to any assembly where *convenance* presided with extreme rigor."

He had already committed himself by an Ode on the birthday of the Duke de Bordeaux. Public opinion would hardly allow him to be a republican; he is not believed in—he is not trusted—he has no consistency—he follows the most brilliant light—his imagination is picturesque and applausive; of moral firmness, cool consideration of the rights and duties of man, without which no man can be a legislator, much less a statesman, there is not the faintest trace in Victor Hugo.

"M. Victor Hugo is a born actor. His writings have the florid varnish of an acted style. The high gifts with which he has been endowed by Providence, have been perverted into a sleight of hand dealing with language. Where he might have soared, he has stooped to pick up odd discoveries, and make the queerest contrasts. His mind has become a kaleidoscope, and his tongue can only utter puerile conceits. He believes that he has discovered the antithesis, or that at least, he has revealed its power, and he thinks, speaks, and acts, by a sort of double key—a new-found harmony created from a forced consonance of things, the highest with things the most mean. He swoops from an Alpine altitude, to pick up a bauble; and although he may display agility, he is no longer the eagle looking unblenchingly at the sun. In the Chamber of Peers, the Vicomte Victor Hugo acted with an overstrained, deferential courtesy. In the Assembly he tried to put on the air of a great champion, at one moment of the Republic, at another of endangered society. His large, prominent, fair, and remarkable brow, would seem charged with frowns; his voice would issue like avenging thunder, and his gestures perform their fitting accompaniments of extravagance. Yet he failed. With a good

appearance, good voice, commanding action, and high fame, Victor Hugo utterly failed. More than once has he been driven from the tribune by clamorous impatience. Why? Because he is an actor; because he is artificial, vain, and inconstant; because he thinks more of himself than of his cause; because he is not animated by a lofty, self-sacrificing sincerity.

"It is remarkable how few of the popular novel writers of France found their way into the National Assembly. Alexandre Dumas tried constituency after constituency, and failed. Eugène Sue, whose romances were written with a view of advancing Socialist doctrines, and which were imprudently admitted into such journals as the *Débats*, *Presse*, and *Constitutionnel*, was mentioned on some lists, but hardly attracted attention. Victor Hugo, who did find his way into the Assembly, received little respect. Dumas and Sue certainly did much to corrupt, the one the morals, the other to pervert the ideas of the reading and play-going public—and what part of the Parisian public is not *feuilleton*-reading and play-going?—and by this double corruption to prepare the *Révolution Démocratique et Sociale*; and yet these precursors of ruin were thrown aside into obscurity and neglect, the moment that their disciples began to put their doctrines into practice. Their own tales present no moral so good. The fanatic may find favor, but never the mere corrupter. With this introduction of Victor Hugo, we come to his speech regarding the national *ateliers*.

"He acknowledged that those *ateliers* were the result of a necessity. Nevertheless, he could not conceal from himself that the money expended on them was so much lost. The result of four months had been nothing, or rather worse. The Monarchy had made *oisifs*—the Republic, *fainéants*. Such *fainéantisme* was fatal to civilization in Constantinople or Naples, but never would the reading and thinking workmen of Paris act like Lazzaroni in time of peace, to become Janissaries for a day of combat. Having paid many handsome compliments to the Parisian workmen, he proceeded to show that the civilization of Europe would be affected by the deterioration of the character of the Parisian populace. What Rome was formerly, he considered Paris to be now. What the *thinkers* of Paris prepared, the workmen of Paris executed. The workman was the soldier of the idea, and not of the *émeute*. It became, therefore, necessary that the national *ateliers* should be transformed promptly from a hurtful into a useful institution.

"While the orator was thus indulging in general reflections, he was interrupted by voices reminding him that they were all agreed as to what he was saying, but wanted a practical plan for accomplishing what all equally wished; but the orator could only throw out those

general recommendations which were on every tongue, although by few expressed so eloquently. What added, he continued, to his inexpressible grief was, that while Paris was struggling in her paroxysm, London was rejoicing—her commerce had trebled; luxury, industry, and wealth had there found refuge. Yes, England was seated laughing at the edge of the abyss into which France had fallen.

"This speech resumed with completeness the vain prejudices of the *café*. Paris, the modern Rome—although Rome was the powerful organizer of ancient times—although Rome gave municipal government, and multiplied life throughout her members, while Paris can not colonize abroad, and the French have yet to learn how to manage their local affairs without a full reliance on the capital! Paris, the great initiator in literature and philosophy!—although she has borrowed not only from the classics, but from England, from Spain, from Germany—and notwithstanding the attempt to revive the diatribes of the *café* against England, and re-excite popular hatred, which had subsided in presence of the calm impartiality and perfect good faith of England, while France was in the throes of her revolution! It is enough to say that the character of the statesman was in his speech."

M. CONSIDERANT.

Although M. Considerant is the most prominent disciple of Fourier, and the chief expounder of his doctrines, he is by no means to be classed among the vulgar crowd of speculative reformers. He is a mild and temperate controversialist, and is perhaps, to Fourier, what Melancthon was to Luther. When challenged to meet M. Thiers at the tribune in open argument, he asked permission to develop his doctrine in four lectures, on four successive evenings, in the lesser hall of the old Chamber of Deputies. His request was not acceded to. And yet, it is nothing to the disparagement of a theory which looks to the reformation of even common abuses, that it asks for time and study to be understood. The doctrine of Christianity, simple as it is, requires more than four lectures to teach it; the discussion of a bill for appropriations often consumes the sessions of a month, even when everything is known and prepared. Much more, then, should the complicated system of Fourier, which first discovers new laws for the organization of society, and plunges into a detailed application of them, ask for a se-

ries of lectures for its explanation. Fourierism, even were it a true system, can never be popular: it asks too much for its comprehension. It is a philosophical and intellectual curiosity, for the amusement and exercise of a highly-cultivated intellect, and in no sense a system capable of a practical and common application. It has, moreover, the disadvantage,—or rather, its author has committed the fatal error, the unforgiveable sin against common sense, (the good manners of philosophy,) of giving new names to old and simple ideas; and worse than that, of announcing as laws, such ideas as are merely forms of organization. A law is discovered by its effects as they appear. Fourier's so-called "laws," are imaginary principles which will by and by appear, if they are ever established by experiment. The laws of gravitation are detected in the present order of the universe; the universe is governed by them; the laws of what we commonly call human-nature produce all the phenomena of society, as they are, and regulate them:—if we wish to discover by what principles society can be harmonized, we must study some harmonious example;—a family for instance, or a well-governed monarchy, or a republic, or perhaps, an ancient collegiate establishment. By these three different instances, as by the observation of the motions of sun, moon, and planets, we may with great observation and thought detect the principles of their several organizations; and then we have discovered the laws of social organization;—as in the family circle, *love*, with honor and courage:—in the state, self-interest, with liberty and justice:—in religion, knowledge with sympathy, obedience and reverence. But when we come to examine Fourier's laws, we find that they are mere *inventions*, and have been imagined merely, and not deduced from observation. He, for example, leaves quite out of view the fact, that the first desire of a liberal nature is liberty, and its first necessity to isolate itself, and stand free of all but merely moral and natural restraints: whereas by Fourier's arrangement, men are to go in gangs and companies, and to be led through life by the harmonic passions, to the total exclusion of the individualizing and isolating principle. Indeed, the theory of Fourier, is perhaps, more intensely

the opposite of republicanism than even monarchy itself. In a phalanstère, men would be constantly under the supervision of a wise superior, who would anticipate all their necessities and desires, and find a vent for every passion that might arise; while in a republic, the first and last impression upon the mind is that of the necessity of individual energy and freedom, of the government and discipline of desire, and the invention of means for answering the demands of nature. This is the true and perfect condition of man,—natural impulses and desires, under the powerful discipline and teaching of necessity. Fourier's plan is fit only for companies of boys and girls, or for Undines, a kind of creatures without souls. But to return to M. Considerant.

"The founder thunders at abuses, shakes down the walls, causes lofty seats to topple, and is, in the eyes of an affrighted world, a harsh and grim destroyer. To some mild, enthusiastic, studious pupil he reveals, in the genial solitude of his home, and in well-seasoned table-talk, the depths of tenderness and love, which form the real springs of outer indignation. Captivated with such teachings, and imbued with such revelations, the mild pupil becomes the testamentary executor of the great will, which he performs with faithfulness and devotion. M. Considerant is tall and slight. His pale features bear the marks of study, and, with his abundant dark hair arranged with some view to effect, make what, in the language of painters, would be called a good head. His dress has a certain priestly cut; and, should the Phalanstère ever be erected on the banks of the Loire—according to that captivating design exhibited at the Phalange Office, within a door of the house where Voltaire was born, on the quay that bears that witty scoffer's name—Victor Considerant, the opposite of Voltaire in all things, will look, as he paces through its pleasant gardens and orchards, or along its social halls, the sentimental, mystical, philosophical genius of so happy a place. Considerant speaks fluently and well; but when it is laid down that the student of Fourier must, in order to become acquainted with his system, go through several volumes, beginning with Fourierism-made-easy books, general treatises, commentaries, preliminaries, etc., before he can venture to enter the bewitching labyrinth of the Phalanstère, then M. Considerant stands excused for having asked four nights' revelations in that quiet cemetery in which lies hushed the spirit of the old Charter of 1830."

M. Considerant's views are pretty fully expressed in his little tract called *Principles of Socialism*, (1847).

"Like all Socialists, the author finds the root of misery in unlimited competition and the tyranny of capital. Taking a rapid view of past history, he finds that the societies of antiquity had *force* for principle and law, *war* for policy, and *conquest* for end; while their economical system was expressed by the word *slavery*. The feudal system was not less one of war and conquest, with slavery modified into serfage, owing to the humane sentiment that came with the first rays of Christianity. The new order of society disengaged from the feudal system, rests upon common law and the Christian principle of the unity of all races in humanity, from whence sprung the political principle of the equal rights of citizens in the State; and this spirit he calls the Democratic."

M. Considerant lays down that a new organization of society should be upon the democratic, not revolutionary, principle of equality. It is a distinction rarely made by democratic writers and reformers, but the absence of which will explain half the confusion of their ideas, the distinction between democratic equality, equality before the law, and individual liberty. Equality before the law may exist for the mass of the people in a despotical State, under a despotical constitution, over which they themselves shall have no power. Democratic equality is a mixture of political and social; of manners and political rights. In a pure democracy the majority is despot, and there is no constitution. In a constitutional republican government, there may or there may not be social equality, but there is always perfect equality before the law, and what is of still greater value, there will be perfect individual liberty; the entire constitution of society under such a government, being a system for the defence of the moral and established rights of the individual; "natural rights," so-called, being entirely set aside by the very idea of a government of any kind.

Now the idea of M. Considerant is that of a new organization of society upon a principle either of equality before the law, or of social equality, we know not which, perhaps both. There exists, says he, at present, no organization of industry whatever, and in consequence, while political rights are theoretically possessed by all, a

new aristocracy has arisen, who monopolize everything, while the masses of the people are reduced to misery. Absolute liberty without organization means the abandonment of the feeble multitude to the mercy of the powerful few.

We discover here a most important conception, for which we are obliged to give all due honor to the memory of Fourier, who first announced it, and who was, perhaps, the first clearly to conceive it. The idea of substituting for a vague and lawless competition, a system by which the industry of the weak and the ignorant shall be made available to their natural needs and lawful desires, and themselves liberated from the tyranny of the knowing few. To explain this idea more perfectly to the reader, let us make use of an analogy, as follows:

The end and purpose of a Republican Government, is to maintain for each their moral, not natural, rights and liberties; the aim of a true industrial organization is to secure for each a just return for his industry, according to the measure of his capacity and usefulness. This return will not always be in money; it will be in every species of social advantage. It is, we believe, unquestionably, the great merit of Fourier, to have put forth this idea as a basis of regular legislative action, or rather of organic action in society. Let us not dispute what cannot be denied, nor allow our contempt for the errors and scientific ignorance of Fourier,—for, of all the men who have written upon science with equal ability, with whose writings we are acquainted, we are obliged to pronounce him the most ignorant,—to bias our judgment or tempt us to deny him what is pre-eminently his, the honor of being the first who has applied a scientific intellect, and a modern philanthropy, to the problem of industrial reform.

But to continue our analogy. To render each man his due, the advantage which he claims for his industry and ability, is it not as necessary and as just, as to maintain his political rights, to defend him in his liberty and his legal equality?

The greatest honors have been accorded to those heroes and statesmen, who, regarding men, not as slaves or tools, but as brothers and equals in the eye of God, have, during their life-time, by a direct

personal influence, maintained justice and equality throughout their dominion. The character of the wise and philanthropical hero, as embodied in the fiction of Ulysses, excites our love and veneration. The character of such a man, enlightened by Christianity and science, is represented in the traits of a free and perfect republican constitution; the man is taken away, and no longer governs; his wisdom only remains embodied in the laws, which govern after him. A republican constitution substitutes a body of laws for personal wisdom and philanthropy; this wisdom and philanthropy being purged of all individuality, becomes perpetual, and represents the mind, or presiding genius of the State. We are no longer dependent upon the accidents of mortality for a good government: for, when our Washington, our modern Ulysses, perishes, he leaves his soul behind him, incorporated in the laws—he and his fellows.

—So at length it must be with those rights which belong individually to, and are created by, the mind and labor of each man. There will, by and by, we doubt not, be a system of industrial organization, that will give each man his due; we say of the future state that it is under God's government, and that there each man has his due, and the efforts of wisdom are to assimilate human society more and more nearly to the divine ideal.

But to the analogy. When a just man employs laborers, all get their due, according to their ability and industry, as far as in *him* lies; when a good despot governs, all men are equal before him, as before God. We have now established a substitute for a *good* despotism, in a system of laws; we wish now to establish a substitute for a *good* master, in a system of industrial organization. So far the analogy, and so far the praise of Fourier.

The odious mechanism of unlimited competition continually traverses the justice of the republican State; it breaks in upon the system of the State in its minuter details, and renders justice abortive; the workman strives against the workman; the capitalist against the capitalist; life becomes a silent and secret warfare; existence becomes strategic and dishonest, and were it not that every man, as a consumer of products, becomes so far a master and

employer himself, society would become utterly heartless and corrupt. By the equalization of conditions in the republican state, by the equal distribution of property, by the accumulation of wealth by every individual, a balance is maintained, each man being at once master and slave, employer and employed, which is indeed the solution of the problem; for, in this solution, we find that as the capacity, so will be the production and consumption—production and consumption are equal when the individual is fully employed. With all the necessary means and appurtenances to a healthy employment, we shall find that his production exceeds what he consumes, by at least the sum that is necessary for the support of those that are dependent upon him by nature.

Practically, therefore, the problem is, that every man's industry and ability shall be employed and paid. If his industry alone were paid, other things being equal, he would support only himself; but human nature is so constructed that it is necessary for one to support many, and to this end we have *ability*, talent added to industry, to enslave the powers of nature, and with less labor, to produce a greater result.

And now, perhaps, we are able to state clearly the secret of the mal-condition of industrial society. It is that ability employs, as its tools, not merely the powers of nature, but man himself; it openly, and by violence, or cunningly, and by stratagem, entraps and employs the industry of men at a disadvantage to themselves: this is ability operating apart from justice.

To secure for labor its just reward, and to give to all ability its proper employment is, therefore, a problem of the same character, but operating in a narrower, though not a less difficult sphere, as that which occupied the mind of that man, whoever he was, who first conceived the idea of a constitutional Republic.

Industrial organization of workmen in bands, classes, troops and phalanxes, according to their several talents, at the several times of the activities of this talent, under the supervision of a college of industry, to which we must add,—clothed, (of necessity!) with absolute control—is the remedy proposed by Fourier.

The first condition of his phalanx, and the reason of the failure hitherto of all experi-

ments in this wise, is, that there must be somewhere lodged an absolute controlling authority, supported by the law of the land, like that of a ship master or an army officer, or of the superintendent of a penitentiary, to enforce the industrial regulations and carry out the idea of the founder; for it is the singularity of this idea, that it takes for granted, that each man will prefer to employ that talent with which he is most largely gifted, at such time as it may be best exercised: this, however, is not the fact; and hence the necessity for a despotic organization.

Again—society and not the individual stands first in the system of Fourier. It is not Jack or William, whose happiness is of so much importance, but society—the entire mass. There is, however, in the little soul of Jack and William a principle which obliges them to regard themselves, individually, as of greater importance than all the world beside: that principle is pride and the love of self. The individual will not work for society; a man will work for himself, and for those he loves, and for those who depend upon him, but we deny absolutely that he will work for abstract society.

The first necessity, the fundamental stimulus, the prime mover of any industrial system, that means to have an existence, must be, that each person in it works not for the common good, but for himself, and for those he loves, and for those who depend upon him.

We conceive, therefore, that the idea of Fourier, though excellent in its spirit and design, fails utterly in the plan of its accomplishment; for the proof of which we appeal to the experience of the past twenty years.

Again—it is seldom considered that this new power, miscalled a monied aristocracy, and sometimes a Bank Baronetcy, is not an aristocracy, and has in it nothing of the aristocratic. Aristocracy consists in the inheritance of political privileges, conferred upon families by law, and supported by the perpetuity of estates. The power given by the possession of large sums of money, is a power that lapses rapidly from hand to hand, and is, when possessed, an adventitious and accidental, and not an acknowledged, personal authority. Society is the antagonist of the monied power, a power which slips, like water,

from hand to hand, in the transmission of a coin. The beggar boy who carries coppers to the apple woman, and commands her obsequious attention by the outlay of a cent, is momentarily, by the possession of the brass, a monied aristocrat; but we make bold to say that society suffers little damage by the momentary rise of so absurd a relationship; the coppers being transferred to the apple-woman, so much of power and confidence as they carry with them goes over to her side, and things, as in heaven, are made even.

Hence it is that we are not disposed to indulge in invectives against the rich. The rich to-day are not the rich to-morrow. The monied body is a soulless and irresponsible idea.

Nor are we more disposed to give way to an exaggerated passion for the suffering and virtuous poor; since the poor of to-day were, perhaps, the rich of yesterday, and will be the rich of to-morrow. The poor are not, with us, a class or a caste: we, too, have been poor, it may be, but we scorn to take pity upon ourselves.

In seeking, therefore, for a cause of the mischief, for a something to blame, we must look to the incompleteness, the imperfection of the means and ways of industry, and of the slowness and difficulty with which the wants and surpluses of one man are made known to the rest of society. This evil is to be met by a more complete and uniform system of public education, by the establishment of labor associations on the system of mutual aid; by the protection of the industry of the country against an unjust and overpowering foreign competition; (the Fourierite is, of necessity, a protectionist,) by facilitating the means of exchange, both of money and of goods; by the extension of the system of roads, bringing each man nearer to his neighbor; by the suppression of every trace of monopoly or corporate privilege, except such as are necessary for the development of new resources, and the encouragement of new inventions. In short, by proceeding, as we have begun, in a broad and liberal system of industrial reform, embracing every department of education, of labor, and of control; above all we must be patient; ideas themselves move slowly, much more do the reforms which follow them.

"Society," says Considerant, "is tending to a division into two great classes, the capitalists, and those who live dependent upon capital;" but this is not what M. Considerant would make it, a phenomenon which characterizes civilization; for, in America, which now forms a very considerable portion of the civilized world, property changes hands, passing from rich to poor, and from poor to rich, with such wonderful rapidity, that a period of twenty years is sufficient to alter the grades of society, from highest to lowest. More than ninety men of business out of a hundred fail once in their lives, and the great majority several times. A property of £4,000 sterling is luxury in the country, respectability in the cities. The ruling members of society are the lawyers, divines and editors; merchants being not frequently educated men, control public movements as a body; rarely by individual influence: it is esteemed easier to make money than to keep it. Speculators lose all in the end in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred. Of monied corporations, for one that is rich, an hundred are in debt; the money lenders are chiefly the banks—combinations of small capitals and savings of labor. In America we know of but one class who transmit political power from father to son, and who are to be regarded as strictly and properly a ruling class, viz., the large planters of the South; who, taken altogether, with their families, will not make a population equal to that of the city of New York. The power which they hold is political, and is the result of constitutional arrangements; since the property which they represent, is not equal in the value of its products to those of the single State of Massachusetts.

A great deal is said of the power of the manufacturing classes who represent and control a greater part of the personal property and floating capital of the North; but even they cannot procure a protective duty to enable them to employ their riches to advantage; they are, with few exceptions, men of moderate capital, who have entrusted their money to the management of skillful business men, and to the manufacturing agents. It is also to be remembered that there is no consolidation of the great manufacturing companies; they are rivals to each other in the different States

of the Union, and their political efforts have been thus far confined to the procuring of protection for the artisans who work in their factories, against the depressing influence of English competition. There is no monied aristocracy in America; for, the reason, first, that there is no aristocracy proper, and that fortunes are made and lost within the year; and that the son wastes the accumulated riches of the father. Nor is it possible for the possessor of vast estates in America, who has been the maker of his own fortune, to exercise political influence; the habits of his life forbid it; he is not eloquent, he is not courteous; his tenants are not for life, and if they do not like him they will leave him; his agents and dependents are not controlled by him; they can leave him and seek other situations; he cannot hinder their success; his time and his thoughts are wholly occupied in keeping together the monstrous aggregate of his possessions; he is looked upon even with pity, as a man overpowered with care, and whose anxieties can terminate only with his life.

The monied aristocracy in Europe, says M. Considerant, has become the master of kings and governments; but it is not so with us; our government is not dependent for its existence upon a loan. The monarchies and aristocracies of Europe, making a virtue of necessity, have adopted the maxim that a public debt is in some measure necessary to the stability of the State; the art of government seems to have been summed up in a sentence: borrow to make war, lay taxes to pay the interest. The refunding of the principal does not enter into their calculations, and therefore it is that financiers become the masters of governments; that money lenders and brokers are able to advise and manage kings and parliaments; that great fortunes are great political powers; that the rich become richer, the poor poorer; that Europe is continually rushing into revolutions.

M. Considerant, borrowing from Fourier, claims that capital, labor and talent, are the three elements of production; the great primitive means of social development. Talent, or more properly ability, gives to labor a wider and more profitable direction; for the development of ability a stimulus is needed; the stimulus of want or of necessity. By the system of Fourier,

we venture to say, this stimulus would be taken away, and men would be content, working for the common good, with a moderate provision, such as might be attained with a moderate ability. The great Lord Hardwicke remarked, that successful English lawyers, who had come to great honors in the State, attained to eminence chiefly because they began with nothing. The finest productions of human genius, the most enchanting works of art, the most daring and fruitful enterprises, and the deeds of greatest generosity and magnanimity have been the offspring of necessity and pain; or of what is almost an equal stimulus, of solitary ambition, working out for itself, alone and unregarded, out of such rude material as chance might offer, some imperishable memorial; and the happiest moments of a virtuous and cultivated life are those which place us, by a powerful and delicate sympathy, in communion with minds thus struggling; as with heroes achieving victory against hope—with investigators detecting a law of nature by some rude experiment—with philosophers, like Epicurus, pressing the wine of consolation from the bitter fennel-leaf of adversity. Let us imagine, for a period of a thousand years, if such a sensual monotony can enter the imagination, the history of a nation reared in phalanxes, educated by scores and thousands, confounded in a well-ordered army, so well-ordered and so conducted as to sink the individual in the system; would not one rather struggle through a short life, and perish early, leaving some memento of character developed in the strife against fortune, were it only to have it written upon one's tombstone, to be overgrown with moss after the fourth generation, that he, whose remains lie here, strove well with adversity during his honest life, and was a good citizen, a good father, a good neighbor in the ancient fashion, than to live a second century vegetating undistinguished among the industrial herd of a well-ordered, well-governed, well-fed phalanx?

Capital, labor and talent—capital possessed by an individual with all its risks and contingencies is a source of pride and of enjoyment; the possession of it, if it be but ten dollars, and be true capital, which he may lay by and not use.

ORTHOGRAPHIC REFORM.

THE author of the ensuing essay has no reference to, and is but imperfectly acquainted with the Phonographic or Anglo-Saxon system of Mr. Pitman of England, and of Messrs. Andrews and Boyle of Boston, which notwithstanding the prejudices so generally entertained by scholars towards innovations of this kind, or against any attempts to disturb the orthographic standard and fixed forms of the language, appears to have met with some degree of favor and encouragement from the public. The strange and uncouth form, however, of some of the characters devised by the authors of the system to express diphthongal and other sounds, are little calculated to recommend them to general adoption; or to improve or beautify the aspect of the language, which as we humbly think, ought to form a part of every such scheme. The attempt, also, to effect a *literal adaptation* of the spelling to the pronunciation, can only be productive of discord and confusion; or will neither tend to symmetrize the former, or soften the hissing hardness of the latter, which occasions it to grate so unpleasantly on the ears of foreigners, and renders the English the least agreeable of the cultivated languages of Europe—though it otherwise yields to none in copiousness and significance, or in dignity and force. A superior degree, therefore, of tact and taste, a nice sense of symmetry, and a finely attuned ear, should be possessed by those who undertake to modify, or who would simplify and improve it. But before entering upon the main subject of the ensuing essay, we will offer a few remarks upon a topic intimately connected with it; which though it has been much discussed of late, both in England and this country, is still, as we humbly think, but imperfectly understood by the public, or by authors and publishers, who are particularly interested in having it put in its true light, and finally set at rest.

In an article on Griswold's "Prose Writers of America," which appeared not long since in the "Westminster Review," the

following remarks occur on the subject of International Copy-right. "The system of legalized free-booty, that right of border-foray, which enables an American publisher to appropriate the labors of an English author, and defraud him of his hire, has been, by a most just retribution, the bane of American literature. Thanks to this system, authorship by profession, is in America, a career if not impossible and unknown, at least one to which the entrance is fenced off by difficulties that must deter many from venturing upon it. On this point, Mr. Griswold speaks with authority." The Reviewer then quotes at length a passage from Mr. Griswold, of which, however, the following portion alone has any direct bearing on the subject. "A short time before Mr. Washington Irving was appointed Minister to Spain, he undertook to dispose of a production of merit, written by an American who had not established a commanding name in the literary market, but found it impossible to get an offer from any of the principal publishers." They even declined, he states, "to publish it at the author's cost! alledging" (and truly) "that it was not worth their while to trouble themselves about native works, of doubtful success, while they could pick and choose among the successful works daily poured out of the British press—for the *copy-right of which they had nothing to pay.*" We cannot but think, that both Mr. Griswold and the Westminster Reviewers, are equally mistaken in considering the disadvantages under which our literature labors, of being thus in a manner thrust aside, and thrown into the shade, by that of the mother-country, as mainly owing to the want of a copy-right law, which shall secure to English as well as American writers, an exclusive and equitable property in their works. The passage of such a law, which has been so long and so urgently called for, as a measure calculated to promote the interests of our literature, and an act of justice due to foreign writers, would, we are persuaded,

do but little towards effecting the objects aimed at by its advocates, and which they so confidently expect to accomplish by it. For the true source of the evil complained of, and which it is designed to remedy, lies far deeper than is generally supposed, and forms a difficulty, that must first be clearly understood and appreciated, before the radical treatment which the case requires, can either be attempted, or successfully entered upon.

The injustice practised towards English writers, by American publishers, and the discouragement under which our own literature labors, from the ascendancy of that of the mother country among us, are evils properly due—not so much to the want of a *copy-right law*—as to the *community of language* existing between the two countries—a circumstance, unusual in the relations of independent nations, and which is necessarily attended by disadvantages and inconveniences, which no act of ordinary legislation can either effectually counteract, or partially remedy. In addition to this, the almost actual contact into which the two countries have been brought, by means of the space-annihilating powers of steam; or by the rapidity with which the transit over the Atlantic is now effected, renders a work published in London, nearly as easily accessible to readers on this side of the water, as one simultaneously issued in New York or Philadelphia. Hence, the intellectual influence which the mother country necessarily and naturally exercises over us, through her literature and language, is artificially extended, and daily strengthened and confirmed, by the increased facility of communication between the two countries; and this again leads, by necessary consequence, to the practices on the part of our publishers, so much complained of by British writers. In a word, we naturally enough, under such circumstances, demur to giving the English author a *second monopoly* in this country, where a reprint of his work, at least, operates to extend its circulation and fame—though it may diminish the profit which he might otherwise derive from it, both at home and abroad. For the *copy-right* which he enjoys thereby, securing to him all that he can ask from his own government, gives him more than he can reasonably ask or

expect from any other.* If the fame of his writings extend to other countries, those countries stand towards him in the relation of posterity, or in a position so far analogous to it, as to render it unreasonable for him to expect from the one anything more than he hopes to receive from the other, or that wide-spread renown, which is so nearly equivalent to the after-glory, which forms the reward and crowning recompense of genius and true ambition. Nor can he, as a non-resident, with any justice demand to be placed on an equal footing, as respects the right of property, with the alien or denizen; who owes the protection he receives to actual inhabitation; or on a better footing than the holder of a *patent*, whose privilege is confined to the land of his birth. The relation we bear to England, as her juniors, or descendants, places us, in this country, still more in the position of *posterity* towards her; and we may surely, at any rate, be allowed to pluck from the exuberant *tree of knowledge*, which she has so effectually secured against domestic depredation, the fruits that hung over the highway which a common language has established between us: the more especially, as we are cultivating a promising crop of our own, to which we are perfectly willing that she should help herself in turn, and continue to do so, however rich and abundant it may become. If, then, we desire to put an end to the injustice complained of by English writers, and to give an impulse to our own literature, by freeing it from the chilling adumbration to which it is at present subjected, by that of the mother country, we must gird up our loins for some stronger and more comprehensive measure than that of passing an *international copy-right law*—which, we repeat, can do but little towards effecting the object aimed at, and realizing the advantages which its advocates so fondly anticipate from it. Though it may give a just protection to the authors of both countries, and, in so far, promote their

* In the instance of a *translation*, no claim of this kind is set up; and the community of language, which happens to exist between this country and England, surely does not vary the principle involved, or add any feature of injustice to the case between British writers or American publishers.

individual or pecuniary interests; it can do little towards counteracting the "influence unbenign," which the elder country exercises over the minds of her descendants, and must ever exercise, while this unpropitious state of things lasts, or is permitted to continue. The following views and suggestions, therefore, will, we hope, be indulgently received, as they are submitted without any ambition or wish to constrain the opinions of others, but are merely intended to pass for what they may be worth, among the theories and speculations of the day :

"TO THE EDITOR OF THE KNICKERBOCKER :

"SIR : Having seen it it stated more than once in the public papers that I declined subscribing my name to the petition presented to Congress, during a former session, for an act of international copy-right, I beg leave, through your pages, to say, in explanation, that I declined, not from any hostility or indifference to the object of the petition, in favor of which my sentiments have always been openly expressed, but merely because I did not relish the phraseology of the petition, and because I expected to see the measure pressed from another quarter. I wrote about the same time, however, to members of Congress in support of the application.

"As no other petition has been sent to me for signature, and as silence on my part may be misconstrued, I now, as far as my name may be thought of any value, enrol it among those who pray most earnestly to Congress for this act of international equality. I consider it due, not only to foreign authors, to whose lucubrations we are so deeply indebted for constant instruction and delight, but to our own native authors, who are implicated in the effects of the wrong done by our present laws.

"For myself, my literary career, as an author, is drawing to a close, and cannot be much affected by any disposition of this question; but we have a young literature springing up, and daily unfolding itself with wonderful energy and luxuriance, which, as it promises to shed a grace and lustre upon the nation, deserves all its fostering care. How much this growing literature may be retarded by the present state of our copy-right law, I had recently an instance, in the cavalier treatment of a work of merit, written by an American, who had not yet established a commanding name in the literary market. I undertook, as a friend, to dispose of it for him, but found it impossible to get an offer from any of our principal publishers. They even declined to publish it at the author's cost, alledging that it was not worth their while to trouble themselves about native works of doubtful success while they could pick and choose among the

successful works daily poured out by the British press, for which they had nothing to pay for copy-right. This simple fact spoke volumes to me, as I trust it will do to all who peruse these lines. I do not mean to enter into the discussion of a subject that has already been treated so voluminously. I will barely observe that I have seen few arguments advanced against the proposed act that ought to weigh with intelligent and high-minded men; while I have noticed some that have been urged, so sordid and selfish in their nature, and so narrow in the scope of their policy, as almost to be insulting to those to whom they are addressed.

"I trust that, whenever this question comes before Congress, it will at once receive an action prompt and decided, and will be carried by an overwhelming, if not unanimous vote, worthy of an enlightened, a just, and a generous nation. Your obedient servant,

"WASHINGTON IRVING."

"I had a little talk with Morier on copy-right. I told him that the English novelists, spite of our injustice to them, were 'dogs in the manger.' No publisher would *buy* a novel from *me*, for instance, when they could get all his, and Bulwer's and D'Israeli's, and everybody's else, for *nothing*. The consequence is, that American writers shrink from elaborate works, and spend their efforts on periodical writing, or do anything—follow any profession—rather than help the national literature and starve. The question then came very naturally, 'Why does not Congress see this, and agree to mend the obvious injustice by a proper copy-right law?' *Answer*—because it would slightly raise the prices of literature, and short-sighted demagogues find excellent stuff for speeches in the advocacy of 'cheap books for the people.' *Result*—that the people get no American books, and are impregnated exclusively by foreign writers, and with English and monarchical principles! But this begins to read like an essay."—*Willis's Letters*.

As the want of an international copy-right law does not produce similar consequences in England, or operate to the discouragement of literature there, we cannot but wonder that Messrs. Irving and Willis should persist in attributing the state of things which they describe, and so eloquently lament, to a cause thus partial and unilateral in its effects. The ascendancy of the literature of England is, we repeat, the true cause of the depression of ours; and this, again, is due to the *community of language* between the two countries; and the superior capital possessed by British publishers, which enables them to embark more boldly in literary

enterprises, and to exhibit more liberality and spirit in their dealings with authors, than those in the United States have it in their power to do.

The disadvantages under which we labor, both in an intellectual and national point of view, from our being compelled to use the language of a contemporary and rival nation—alien to us in many respects, and ages in advance of us in every department of knowledge and science—are so manifold and obvious, that we should deem it unnecessary to enlarge upon them here, if it were not our purpose to suggest the means by which, as we humbly think, we may at least partially relieve ourselves—(if we have only the will and spirit to do so,) from the humiliating and *tongue-tied* condition to which we are virtually reduced, through the want of a *national speech*, and the brow-beating course pursued towards us by our arrogant and jealous parent, who, not content with the almost exclusive possessions of the literary arena, and as if fondly striving to arrest the progress of time, would ever keep us, if we may judge by the censorious and dictatorial tone assumed by her travelers and writers whenever they condescend, or have occasion to notice us; in a state of pupilage and mental dependence, or in the position of *minors*, who are never to come of age. Affecting to regard the youthful errors and defects of her persecuted offspring, as indications of an original moral proclivity, and intellectual inferiority; or as the results of inherent vices in their character, she would convert the disadvantages under which we labor, from our juniority as a nation, into foils to her own greatness and perfections, or to those attainments in civilization and social improvement which she owes, in part to accident, and in part to time. While, then, we thus occupy for the present, this subordinate or rear-rank position, in relation to the mother country, it cannot but be seen, that we must be condemned ever to hold that position, while we continue to use a language common to both countries; by which we are in a manner, forcibly confined to the beaten circle of British precedent and British literature*—a literature which,

however deeply embedded may be our prejudices in its favor—is greatly and radically defective in most, if not all of its departments; and is animated by a much less liberal and catholic spirit, than that of France, Germany, and Italy: countries, in which the human mind took an earlier start, and achieved far more brilliant triumphs, both in letters and the fine arts, than it has ever done, or is ever likely to do in England. To the *mother marks* or womb spots, which a colonial people are ever doomed to bear about them—like the offspring of diseased parents—(as such a people always are—) it is to be added, (according to British writers,) the peculiarity of a blundering pronunciation, and provincial style of writing, *patience* of expression, nearly as impossible to be got over as original lameness, or any other hereditary defect. As respects our own case, another evil connected with this state of things is, the too near or familiar approximation in which we are thereby placed, to our tongues-men, and elders in civilization and refinement, which exposes us to a species of *domestic* espionage, and scrutiny, which they avail themselves of for the most illiberal and often for the most treacherous purposes. The language in a word, serves as a species of intellectual microscope, or magnetic telegraph in their hands, and deprives us of that arms-length and independent position, which it is as necessary for nations, as for individuals, to maintain towards each other. England, not only triumphs in the mental dominion, which she thus despotically exercises over us, but deeming herself secure in dictatorship, apparently so firmly founded, uses it as she did her colonial power, only for the purposes of tyranny and oppression, and not merely refuses, with a Turkish jealousy, to “bear us as brothers near the throne,” but would, as of yore, “bind us in all cases whatsoever;” assuming “to read to us,” and haughtily bidding us “get behind her,” whenever we venture or attempt, *artibus infirmis*, with yet trembling steps, to enter the intellectual arena, and contend

foreign countries, by imbuing our minds with British prejudices, of all others the most illiberal and inveterate, and shutting out the information and enlightenment which, but for the interposition of this offuscating medium, we might derive from other sources.

* The community of language, also operates to draw a screen or dark curtain between us and

with her there for the crowns and prizes of literary glory. Our condition then is indeed an unfortunate one, in thus having to deal with a rival, who, contrary to all *fair play*, regards our errors and defects, not as the deficiencies and imperfections of youth, but as subjects of invidious comparison, or as foils to her own accomplishments and superior attainments, and to those advantages which she owes partly to accident, or to ancestry and time. She is hence, ever exhibiting the unnatural spectacle of the grown eagle, making war upon her yet scarcely fledged, and once cherished offspring, and maliciously plucking and scattering their young plumes to the winds, through an envious apprehension that they may one day bear them to a loftier and more sunward flight than her own. The *community of language* at present existing between the two countries, while it tends to confine our range of thought and study within the beaten track of English literature, and render us the *Follower*, rather than the *Rival* of our great Parent, in the race of improvement and renown—engenders also, an imitative and unnational spirit, that insensibly leads us to mould our manners and habits, and even our *modes of thinking*, into a species of colonial conformity to the standards prescribed to us by the mother country, so that, though freed from her civil control, we still bear, like released captives, the wrist and ankle marks of the political and intellectual manacles by which we were once bound to the wheels of the crushing Juggernaut of her mighty power. For whatever may be the natural intelligence, or inborn genius of a people of exotic origin, the early impressure of antiquated ideas, hereditary manners, and parental prejudices—is always too strong to be overcome, or entirely effaced, either by the process of growth, or the file and burnisher of education—or even the more potent influence of political institutions.*

* Otherwise, it must be admitted that the progress of truth and social amelioration, is always more facile and rapid—as being less obstructed by custom, and rooted prejudices—among such a people, than in older nations, and they are much more apt to suffer from an *embarrass de richness*, or a superflow of knowledge, running superficially over the public mind, than from any want of information, or of the means of improvement. Hence it is, that we exhibit as a people, the anomaly of

Of the extent to which the arrogance and huffing insolence of British criticism is now carried towards this country, some faint ideas may be formed from the following passages, extracted from an article in a late No. of the *Foreign Quarterly Review*, a work published in England, and extensively circulated on the continent, as well as on this side of the Atlantic. "American poetry," the Reviewer tells us, "always reminds him of the advertisements in newspapers, headed, 'The best substitute for silver;' and if it be not the genuine thing, it looks just, as handsome, and is miles out of sight cheaper." The following is another specimen in the same vein: "We are far from regarding it as a just ground of reproach to the Americans, that their poetry is little better than a far off echo of the Fatherland, but we think it is a reproach to them, that they should be eternally thrusting their pretensions to the poetical character in the face of the educated nations." Hence, then, the publication of an American volume of poetry, designed to attract attention abroad, is considered as an act of presumption, requiring to be checked and sharply reprehended by our self-constituted censor and still unappeased foe, on the other side of the water. We should wait, we suppose, for an introduction, or an endorsement of our respectability, from our more accredited Parent and Preceptor, before venturing upon the mere strength of our own merits, and our independent position as a nation, into the company of our elders and superiors in knowledge, intellect, and civilization. We see by the quotations just given, that not even the voice of the Muses, whose magic tones of old—

"E'en soothed the gloomy King of Hell,
And calmed to rest the stormy flood—" *

an overgrowth of body, and precocity of knowledge, combined with an unadvancing character, and comparatively stationary state of intellect, which, though not incompatible with that mere physical greatness, which springs from a prosperous condition of the industrial arts, or those that contribute to the conveniences and social comforts of life; are adverse to, if they do not wholly preclude anything like a successful progress in solid wisdom, or in moral improvement, and true glory.

* Chorus to Electra.

or the ardors "committed to the lyre,"* by a Bryant, and a Clifton, a Dana and a Longfellow, can suspend for a moment, or lull to silence the malignant barking of the triple-headed Cerberus, who has planted himself before the portal of Fame, to prevent the ingress there of the young *Hercules of the West*; who, bearing the Hesperian fruits of Liberty in his hands, and crowned with the wreaths of prowess and renown, advances with never faltering steps to the accomplishment of his glorious and immortal destiny. Mr. Cooper, our distinguished novelist, in one of his recent works, has expressed his regret that there is not more independence of mind among us, particularly as regards England. "Speaking," he says, "the same language, and reading the same literature, we are particularly in danger of *thinking English thoughts*, and that too, with too great prejudices," &c. He again observes that, "No nation can be truly great which does not *do its own thinking*, or which has not a method peculiar to itself. The time is yet to come, when a new American book, from a new or unknown author, shall be received as an English one," *cateris paribus*." It is somewhat remarkable that Mr. Cooper, while expressing himself thus justly and boldly, seems not to be aware, or to perceive, that the arrogance on the part of English authors, and the want of intellectual independence in ours, of which he complains, is the necessary result of the *community of language* existing between the two countries. For, though we have cast off the political or governmental ties, which once connected us with the mother country, we must ever remain bound in her literary leading strings, or in a state of intellectual pupillage and dependence, while we continue to speak and write her language. † But though the formation of

a new language, would probably require by no means so high an exertion of ingenuity and genius as is generally supposed—as the elaborate and perfect structure of the *Sanscrit*, believed by many scholars to be a Brahminical invention, and the famous *Formosan* imposture of the celebrated Psalmanazar would seem to prove—an attempt to introduce it into use would, as the French phrase it, be *another affair*; and however conducted, would only end in exemplifying the truth of the old adage, that though one man may take the steed to water, a hundred cannot make him drink. Such, we say, would be the case, whatever might be the merits of the new tongue, even though it should roll upon the orb'd accents, the polished vocables, and ever recurring vowels of the Spanish and Italian, or were worthy, like the "glorious Greek," to grace the lyre of Apollo, and the mouths of gods. The introduction, then, of a new language, among any people—however superior it might be to that in use, or which it might be desirable to displace—is not to be thought of; or could only be effected by a repetition of the miracle by which the builders of Babel were each so suddenly endowed with the gift of a separate, and before unknown speech. Nevertheless, through the quickening effects of emigrations, conquests, and other equally modifying causes—the more primitive tongues undergo, in course of time, various changes, or become divided, sooner or later, into distinct dialects, which like vigorous offshoots, spread at last so far from their native stems, as to serve in the end, or for all practical purposes, as so many separate languages, to nations of related races, or that are descended from the

* "Spirat adhuc amor,
Vivuntque commissi calores
Eoliæ ifidibus Puelce."—HORACE.

Breathes still the love
And live the ardors of the Eolian Maid,
Committed to her lyre.

† That an entirely extraneous civilization can itself do little for a people, is equally undeniable—

Better a nation's life, however slow,
That is its own, than any strength, or wealth
Conferred or cultured by friend or foe.

Thus, the problem will always be found to com-

bine these two elements of progress—the acceptance of the experience of more favored nations, and the internal development of its own. This, indeed, now seems most earnestly to occupy the mind of Nicholas. While requiring and encouraging in his servants, the information and accomplishments of well-educated European gentlemen, *he labors to restore the use of the Russian language among the upper classes*. While constantly invoking the greatness and wisdom of Peter, he is detaching his people from a blind adoration of foreign models, and turning their attention to national objects and native talents."—*Edinburgh Review*, No. 160, for April, 1844—Art. "The Marquis de Custine's Russia."

same original stock. From the advanced state, however, of knowledge and enlightenment to which England had attained at the period of the plantation of her American colonies, and the high degree of intellectual cultivation that now exists in both countries, similar mutations in the parent speech, or the growth of cognate dialects among her descendants founded upon it, could neither commence, nor can ever be brought about, by any change of circumstances or lapse of time. On the contrary, any such modification of the language becomes every day less practicable, through the operation of that law of knowledge which occasions it, like fluids, ever to seek its level—or, like light, to radiate as readily from new foci as from its original sources, and with increased power and undiminished effulgence. It is only, then, in a partial degree and by artificial means, that in any case such a modification of the English can be produced as to serve the purpose in view—that of drawing a dialectical line of demarcation between the two countries, however faint it may be, or though it should be no more strongly marked than by those slight peculiarities of speech which sometimes serve to distinguish the inhabitants of different districts of the same country. For slight differences of this kind would answer equally well as national characteristics; and hence, however trivial they might be, would still serve many important purposes; would enable Americans readily to distinguish each other abroad, and sometimes save the unprotected seaman from impressment, and thus be the means of removing a frequently-recurring cause of collision between the two countries. It would, above all, serve to give distinctive features to, and stamp, however imperfectly, a more national and indigenous character upon our literature. For, though alterations in the spelling would not necessarily, or might not immediately produce any change in the pronunciation of the language, it may be expected, and would be almost sure to do so in the course of time. The disadvantages, then, under which we labor from the want of that great element of national independence, an original speech, may, we think, be in part remedied, by so modifying the language—in partial conformity to the views of Mr. Barlow, and

the authors of the Phonographic scheme—as to adapt the spelling to the pronunciation;* and next, by the adoption of a new character, or alphabet, which might be made an improvement upon that at present in use; or plainer and less complex, in conformity with our republican ideas and tastes.

The *Egyptian*† (technically so called by printers) would, from its monumental strength, plainness, and appropriate simplicity, give a new and beautiful aspect to the written language; and would alone form a broad line of demarcation between the adopted dialect and the mother tongue. In addition to these expedients, the *deling*, or dropping of all mute and superfluous letters, and the substitution in other cases of vowels for consonants, wherever this can be done without materially altering the sound of the words subjected to this process, would be recommendable, and tend greatly to promote the object in view. By dropping the *o*, for instance, in the class of adjectives ending in *ous*, as emulous, ambitious, in the same manner as the *u* has been in governor, honor, favor, &c., and the substitution of *i* for *y* in all those words in which the latter awkward letter occurs, a latinized aspect would be given to the first, and an *Italian termination* to the last, that would tend greatly to improve the written form, and simplify the orthography of the language. The class of participles ending in *ed* might in many cases be written as *proven* sometimes is for *proved*, though this we believe is a Scotticism, not yet legitimated by English writers. The whole word would then be pronounced, and would besides be rendered decidedly more euphonious in sound. The words ambition, constitution, &c., might also with advantage be spelt as in Spanish—

* In this character the letters are without finish, and by a few slight alterations might be improved, or rendered still plainer, and therefore more simple and pleasing to the eye than they at present are.

† A similar suggestion in relation to this class of words was long ago made by Mr. Joel Barlow, in "The Appendix to the Columbiad," where there occur some remarks on this subject, or on our present system of orthography, well worthy of attention; and which would not have failed to attract notice, had they appeared in any foreign publication or fashionable work of the day.

ambicion, constitucion, &c., the *c* giving the sound more nearly than the *t*, and tending to simplify the spelling.* The terminal and barbarous *w* might in like manner be elided from all those words which it now so much deforms; and sorroe, borroe, and morroe, &c., would present a soft and agreeable, instead of a barbarous and Russian aspect, and would require no change in the present pronunciation. A few of the articles might also be altered without much difficulty. An accent over the *é* in the article *the*, the substitution of *z* for *s* in *as*, and also as a sign of the plural, and of *v* for *f* in *of*, with other slight alterations that might be suggested, could be effected with little trouble, as the change in most cases would be in the spelling, and not in the pronunciation of the words thus modified. The restoration of the proper accent to all words derived from the Greek and Latin, by removing the stress on the antepenultimate, so peculiar to the genius of the English language, back to the first syllable, as recommended by Walker, would tend still further to separate the new dialect from the mother tongue, an object which we have no less in view than the simplification of the spelling. "The first general rule," observes Walker, "that may be laid down is, that when words come to us whole from the Greek and Latin, the same accent ought to be preserved as in the original: thus *horizon*, *sonorous*, *decorum*, *dictator*, *gladiator*, *spectator*, *adulator*, &c., preserve the antepenultimate of the accent of the original; and yet the antepenultimate tendency of our language has placed the accent on the first syllable of *orator*, *senator*, *auditor*, *cicatrice*, *plethora*, &c., in opposition to the Latin pronunciation of these words, and would infallibly have done the same by *abdomen*, *bitumen*, and *acumen*, if the learned had not stepped in to rescue these classical words from the invasion of the Gothic accent, and to preserve the stress inviolably on the second syllable." We

should also be for getting rid of the *th* and the *ch*, which prove such stumbling-blocks to, and are so generally unpronounceable by foreigners, even with the aid given them by Walker, in his description of the process to be pursued, or the strange distortions of the lingual organs required, in uttering the word *thin*, and which will be found in the preface to his large Dictionary. Hence the substitution of some single consonant for the *th*,* which occurs in so many words, and forms a conjunction of consonants nearly unpronounceable by foreigners, would be an eligible improvement. Even the Germans, accustomed as they are to perform miracles in the way of pronunciation, give the *go-by* (if we may judge by the general analogy existing between the two languages) to this combination of letters, and use the *d* instead, as *das* for *that*—*deis* for *this*, and so on, in numerous other words. That the present mode of spelling is not so fixed or ascertained as to render the changes we propose either so difficult, or of so innovating a character as they might at first appear to be, the following remarks of our great philologist, Mr. Noah Webster, will, we think, satisfactorily show. They eitherwise rather serve to countenance than to discourage the attempt to accommodate the spelling to the pronunciation; for as the latter is both more settled and less liable to variation than the former, the proposed change, by more closely assimilating them, would to the same extent tend to give fixity to the orthography, by placing it, if we may so phrase it, under the safeguard of the spoken speech, of which it would then convey the true sound and accent, instead of merely reflecting, in an obscure and

* By spelling the ensuing words, as here given, namely—troubel, middel, doubel, &c., which we believe is recommended by Webster, a nearer conformity to the etymology of this class of terms would be effected; while their sound would be quite as much improved as their orthography, by the alterations.

* A general complaint made by foreigners learning English, is the frequent occurrence of the letters *th*, and the difficulty which they find in giving the words containing them their proper pronunciation. It is probably not known, even by those who are best acquainted with the English language, how frequently this difficult combination occurs, and they will be surprised when told, as we were upon ascertaining, that in an aggregate of 3570 words, composing twenty-seven extracts from many different standard writers, *one word in every seven* commences, includes, or terminates, with *th*. This short paragraph, containing 100 words, includes 20, or nearly one word in five with this peculiarity. — *National Intelligencer*, May 12th, 1847.

imperfect manner, as it now does, the thousand and one dialects and derivations to which it is traced by etymologists and scholars:

"The irregularities in the English orthography have always been a subject of deep regret, and several attempts have been made to banish them from the language. . . . Such is the state of our written language, that our citizens never become masters of its orthography without great difficulty and labor, and a great part of them never learn to spell words with correctness. . . . In regard to the acquisition of the language by foreigners, the evil of our irregular orthography is extensive beyond what is generally known or conceived. While the French and Italians have had the wisdom and policy to refine their respective languages, so as to render them almost the common language of all well-bred people in Europe, the English language, clothed in a barbarous orthography, is never learned by a foreigner but from necessity. . . . To complete the mischief, the progress of the arts, sciences, and Christianity among the heathen, is most seriously retarded by the difficulty of mastering our irregular orthography. . . . From the period of the first Saxon writing, our language has been suffering changes in orthography. . . . To this day, the orthography of some classes of words is not settled, and in others it is settled in a manner to confound the learner, and mislead him into a false pronunciation. Nothing can be more disreputable to the literary character of a nation than the history of English orthography, unless it is that of orthoepy.* . . . As our language is derived from various sources, and little or no attempt has been made to reduce the orthography to any regularity, the pronunciation of the language is subject to numerous anomalies."—*Preface to Dictionary.*

Mr. Webster approves of the plan adopted by Sheridan and Walker, of adding to each word a specimen of the spelling adapted to the sound,† and pronounces it

* The above remark, from such an authority, serves to show that a field is open for American scholars, in which they might, with due industry and the exercise of a proper independence, shoot ahead of their British predecessors in philological research, and in improving the orthography, and giving fixity to the language.

† The system of Walker, however, we need scarcely say, is not to simplify the spelling, but rather to employ additional letters, and sometimes even syllables, so as to represent, as far as practicable, the minutest inflections and shades of sound that occur in the pronunciation of the language as it is actually spoken.

to be highly useful and rational. It is surely a striking instance of the force of prejudice, thus to make use of, without adopting this latter more convenient and rational mode of spelling—or to make it auxiliary to a difficult, unsettled, and pedantic system of orthography, by which the written form of language is rendered hieroglyphic, instead of phonic—or little different from the picture-writing of the ancient Mexicans—through the attempt to represent the *derivation* instead of the *sound* of its various words and terms. In addition to the considerations which we have already urged, and the views we have quoted from Mr. Cooper, and other American writers, as forming inducements for our attempting the innovation which we have here ventured to recommend, it must be seen, that a *second chop* character (to use a Chinese phrase) must necessarily attach to our literature, and the American mind be ever held in a state of intellectual pupillage and subjection, while we are enforced to speak and write the language of another people more advanced in the arts and letters than ourselves. It should further be borne in mind, that *one war* has already originated from this source, and that other similar collisions must inevitably ensue, from our growing naval strength and the difficulty of distinguishing between the seamen of the two countries. The arrogance, also, nurtured in the mind of the mother-country, by her ascendancy in literature, and her consciousness of the influence which she thence exercises over the intellect and character of her descendants, is little calculated to lessen the chances of collision between the proud parent and her equally proud offspring. A native, or national language, forms the only groundwork of an original literature; and even to this advantage superior genius and constant patronage must be superadded, in order to bring forth the higher and finer fruits of intellect and art. The genius of Rome, even with the aid of her national and noble language, could not shake off the influence of those Attic models from which it "first drew light"—her literature still bearing the stamp of *Grecian imitation* in all its departments, except that of *satire*, in which it has put forth a thorny, but vigorous shoot, which may be considered

as the indigenous growth of her intellectual soil. If such be the case with Roman literature, what must be the future character of ours, writing as we do in the language, and studying no other models than those of the parent country? *The example of Europe*, where the French has been adopted as the language of courts, and of the polite circles of society, and where the Latin was long used both in diplomacy and composition, sufficiently shows that there is nothing impracticable in the proposed scheme, which is merely to form and introduce *a dialect* of the existing national speech, and a *change of the character in which it is written*—similar to that which took place when the Roman alphabet was substituted for the old black-letter or German text.* Where nations, influenced by mere views of convenience or fashion, have adopted and effected such innovations as these, we should surely evince a lamentable want of spirit and energy, in refusing to attempt an improvement which we are incited to make by so many considerations of patriotism and pride, and which in a literary point of view alone promises advantages which might be expected to recommend it to the patronage and support of every scholar and friend of American letters. By adapting the spelling to the pronunciation, the language would be much simplified, and the rudimental parts of education rendered far less difficult than they now are to the young. By a change in a few of the particles and prepositions, &c., which might be such as would render them both more euphonious and convenient, a sufficient *demarcation between the two languages* could be established to ef-

fect the object in view, and afford to the American mind an independent vehicle of thought and separate field for intellectual exertion. By causing the proposed system of orthography to be taught in our schools and colleges, and employing it in our diplomacy and public acts, *another generation* would both speak and use the *new dialect*, and would not fail to realize the advantages which so happy a disenfranchisement of the national mind would be calculated to produce. It wants but a little national spirit and effort on the part of our scholars and literati to set a-going and successfully effect the proposed mental dismemberment from the mother-country, who at present so insolently triumphs in our intellectual subjection and dependence. The too near effulgence of British literature and genius dazzles and obtunds, rather than enlightens our native intellect, and the literary arena is crowded with foreign atheletæ, who, crowned with the laurels of previous achievements, receive beforehand the applauses of the spectators, and jostle the native competitors from the ring. The conquering stream poured from the British press crosses with a Missouri-like confluence, and colors through its whole course the struggling and exiguous current of American literature, and keeps down, like a permanent inundation, the natural growths of the soil. Committees of the scholars and literati of the country, corresponding and co-operating with each other, might easily arrange the details of the scheme—introduce it properly to the public—and cause it to be adopted, and successfully carried into effect. The language, modified in the manner here proposed, taught in our schools, and employed in our negotiations, public documents, and legislative enactments, would, in another generation, become the spoken language of the United States, and would thus lay the foundation of a national literature, no less solid, brilliant, and original, than that of the mother-country. In conclusion, the writer thinks it but candid and proper to say, that not much believing in the existence, on the part of his country, of the feelings and spirit to which he appeals; he should not have thought of bringing forward the scheme here advocated at the present time, but from the move made on the subject by

* It was not until the Germans began to compose in their own language (their literati and diplomatists having previously used the French and Latin) that their literature took a start, and acquired the splendor and repute which it now so justly enjoys. Rich and exuberant as it now is, it is not more than sixty years since Klopstock and Lessing, and a few other independent spirits, by discarding the French, and resolutely writing in, and cultivating their own racy and original language, gave an impulse to the literature and the intellect of their country, that, like a stone thrown into a stagnant lake, created a movement that has continued ever since to spread in ever-widening waves over the national mind.

others,* which, as far as he has been able to ascertain its character, is, in his humble opinion, rather calculated to retard than advance the reform which its authors desire to effect. A superior degree of tact and taste, a nice sense of symmetry, and a finely-attuned ear for euphony, should be possessed by those who would improve the aspect and pronunciation, and simplify the orthography of the language. The writer repeats, that he considers the innovations on, and improvements of the language, here proposed, as requiring only the exertion of a little national spirit and patriotic perseverance on the part of our legislators and literati, to be successfully introduced, and finally carried through. A *provincial spirit*, however, or want of nationality, but too often characterizes a people of colonial origin. The influence which the mother-country exercises by means of her literature, and through the habits, customs, and manners which she has impressed upon her offspring, is, we are well aware, not to be overcome in a day. It will require a strenuous exertion, therefore, of reflective patriotism on the part of the people to break, or set about detaching the *umbilical chord* of the speech from which they first drew their intellectual life—the speech to which they lisped their first national accents, though it occasions them *still to lisp*, and causes every word they utter to form a *Shibboleth*, or degrading test of their *school acquirements* on the part of their pedagogue parent, who sets up as the final judge of the correctness of whatever they say,† or venture to write in the language which they have inherited from her. This tyranny of the tongue, or domineering influence

which the parent country continues to exercise over the national mind, might, we reiterate, by one brave and independent effort, be forever broken and got rid of; and we trust that this effort will yet be made, in spite of the prejudices which we shall have to overcome in making it, and the ridicule which may be employed against it by shallow wits and ephemeral scribblers, for

“Fools would be always on the laughing side.”

A strict adaptation of the spelling to the pronunciation is, as we before said, no part of our scheme; as we should be for making some sacrifices of convenience, and many departures from the object in view, *euphonia gracia*—or for the sake of sound, and of symmetry and melody. But this is a matter of detail, and no specification of the instances in which this might be deemed advantageous or advisable need be made at this time.* The author of the article on the Anglo-Normans, in the 12th number of the North British Review, takes occasion to observe that the revolution wrought by the general progress of manufactures and commerce (during the Norman period) led to another equally memorable, the triumph of the *English language* over the *Norman French*, which was banished from the House of Commons at the end of the fourteenth century. “French was still, however, the official language of England, the language of all the higher classes. It was spoken by the king, the bishops, the judges, and by all the aristocracy and *gentils hommes*. It was the language taught their children as soon as they could speak; while the Saxon tongue occupied the degraded position of the Gaelic in Ireland in more modern times. . . . At the same time, the vigorous growth of a native literature favored the English, which was *permitted*, not *ordered*, to be used in pleadings before the civil courts, by a statute of Edward III. But the lawyers continued to interlard

* See the ANGLO-SACSUN newspaper, published in Boston, and printed in the new character and reformed spelling.

† English critics not only maintain that the language is incorrectly spoken in this country, but that the style of our writers is marked by *provincialisms* and inaccuracies, which seem to show that the renewed youth or national rejuvenescence enjoyed by a colonial people is, as usual, accompanied by certain drawbacks and disadvantages, among which a partial oblivion of their mother tongue, a deterioration in manners, an imitative spirit, or want of originality, are the most conspicuous; the mind not participating in it, it would appear, any of the benefits of this life-renewing process, or grinding over the body politic.

* A system of *accentuation*, by which the long and short sound of the letters should be regulated and fixed, would also form a proper and highly useful addition to the scheme. The author, however, forbears entering into any details at this time, as being uncertain what reception a scheme of so extensive and innovatory a character may meet with from the public.

their speech with French phrases for a long time after. From the year 1400, or thereabouts, the public acts were drawn up alternately and indifferently in French and English. The first bill of the lower House of Parliament that was written in the English language bears the date of 1425.

In order to be understood by the people, the Normans *Saxonized* their speech as well as they could; and, on the other hand, in order to be understood by the upper classes, the people *Normanized* theirs. . . . About the middle of the fourteenth century a great many poetical and imaginative works appeared in this *new language*; sometimes the two tongues out of which it grew were used in every alternate couplet, or in every second line."

We thus see that the English language at length forced itself into general use, in the manner above described, and in spite of the opposition and influence of the more educated classes, who belonged to the dominant or conquering race. This struggle was surely far more difficult than would have been an attempt merely to change the character or modify the spelling of the existing language, in compliance with the indications held out by the pronunciation, and the strong inducement presented by the convenience with which such an innovation would be attended. It may be said, that the obstinacy with which the English maintained the struggle with the intrusive Normans, serves to show how difficult any attempt would be, even partially, to supersede it, or to modify it in the mode here proposed. The convenience, however, attending a simplification of the spelling, and the strong-national inducements which we have to adopt the other changes which we have suggested, are calculated, we think, to recommend them to the favorable consideration of the more public-spirited and unprejudiced portion of our scholars and literati, to overcome all objections, and pave the way for their successful introduction. The present mode of spelling is, in fact, a sacrifice of convenience, and in our case, of national independence, to the mere pedantry of *etymology*, or to an object that could be as well effected by other means as by that of writing the language in a different manner from that in which it is spoken or pronounced. The objection

that the etymology* of words, as traced in the spelling, would be lost sight of, and the significance of the language in this way impaired, must be seen to be wholly nugatory and untenable; it being quite as easy to preserve the derivation of terms, or the history of their transmutations, in appropriate works, as by partially conforming their orthography to that of the originals from which they sprung. The change in the language would not be as great as that which it underwent between the time of Chaucer and Shakspeare; and nothing but a little national spirit and effort is necessary to carry it through, and effect that final separation from the parent country, which is so essential both to our political and mental independence.

Though we have noticed, and, as we trust, duly weighed the difficulties that stand in the way, and are calculated to prevent the adoption of the scheme which we have here ventured to propose, there is yet one obstacle to its success, which we have already adverted to, but which requires to be further dwelt upon, and on which we feel ourselves bound to *speak out*, with unflinching firmness and patriotic candor. We repeat, then, that it behoves us to bear in mind, as a matter for profitable consideration, that a deficiency of national pride and feeling ever characterizes, and necessarily forms, one of the earlier weaknesses of a people of *colonial origin*. For such a people naturally long continue to look back to the mother-country with mingled feelings of affection and respect, which even the most *unnatural* ill-treatment on her part cannot alienate, or wholly destroy.

* Dr. Johnson, in the preface to his Dictionary, refers to some of the projects broached in his time for adapting the spelling to the pronunciation, but speaks of them with disapprobation; giving, however, no valid or satisfactory reason for his preference of the present system of orthography, by which the language is *spoken in one manner and written in another*: merely urging that the etymology of the words would by the proposed change be lost sight of, or rendered more difficult to be traced. As we have no *academy*, like that of France, to settle and preserve the standard of the language, the *National Institute*, established at Washington, could, from its high literary and scientific standing, undertake and adjust the details of a national scheme of this extensive and innovatory character, should it attract attention or receive any countenance from the scholars and savans of our country.

This was sufficiently exemplified in the patient endurance and magnanimous forbearance exhibited by us colonists towards England during the difficulties which preceded the Revolution, and which arose out of the arbitrary and unkind course pursued and persevered in by the parent government, and which was as impolitic as it was oppressive and unprovoked. The attachment of such a people to the *Natalæ Solum*, or land of their birth, is always of gradual growth, and less strong than that felt towards the fatherland, or the nation from whom they sprung. For, as in the case of individuals, the affection of the child for the parent is, as we need scarcely observe, far stronger than the feelings of *local attachment*, being indeed the original source of the latter feeling, which is founded on the early associations and endearing recollections that linger around the parental hearth, and the home in which we first experienced the care and shared the love of the authors of our being. The slow growth of these feelings is sufficiently shown, if there were no other proof at hand, by our continued encouragement of the system of foreign immigration, which, though we are accustomed to take credit for it, as an evidence of the superior liberality of our institutions, is merely one of those *colonial habits* which we have not yet outgrown; but which, like an unshed tooth in the head of youth, forms a lingering proof of adolescence, or of our being still on the mere threshold of our national and political existence. For such a system, it is almost needless to say, could not for a moment be tolerated in an old country, or by any indigenous or long independent people, there being no instance of such a people ever admitting settlers or colonists among them—wholly alien to them in language, habits, and manners—even where they had room for them, or possessed *waste lands*, in which they might be received, and conveniently accommodated. The present low state, then, of public sentiment among us, which occasions us to fraternize so easily with strangers, and *all comers*, and which proves that we have lost even the national pride and feeling which we brought with us from the mother-country, forms the chief obstacle to the success of a scheme which requires for its adoption the highest exertion of patriotism and

national energy and spirit. A sectional feeling, indeed, much sooner grows up among such a people, than that animating and ennobling national sentiment, which informs the whole body politic, as with one soul; and which, to use the language of Fisher Ames, occasioned a Roman or Spartan "to feel as if the leprosy had broken out on his cheek, whenever the honor of his country was called in question, or its interests assailed." Of the wretched and spurious cosmopolitanism that occupies the place of true patriotism and national feeling among us, the following extract from the New York Evening Post, which we copied at the time as a curiosity, but of which we neglected to preserve the date, affords an apposite and sadly humiliating evidence: "The victory obtained by the Democratic party in the municipal election of yesterday is even more signal than we had anticipated. Not only are the *Natives* beaten, but *beaten almost out of existence*."* A great cause of triumph this, truly; but the editor thus goes on:—"The *odious principle* of exclusion from political rights, on account of the *accident of birth* in a foreign land, is solemnly disowned, rejected, flung to the ground, and *trampled upon with scorn*, by the vast population of our city." This "vast population," it should be borne in mind, is largely composed of Irish, Germans, and other foreigners—many, no doubt, very respectable people; but mixed with no inconsiderable portion of paupers and felons, vomited upon our shores from the jails, the work-houses, and the hospitals of England and Europe. Proh pudor! how could an American, even while laboring under the excitement of a recent canvass, thus publicly avow the degenerate sentiment, that he considers the tie that binds him to the land of his birth as a mere *accidental* connection, that places him in no nearer relation to it than the privileges of citizenship do the naturalized foreigner, however recently the *letters patent* of patriotism may have been issued to him—or however trifling the fee which he may have paid for obtaining them? The naturalization laws, according to the views of the demagogues of the day, are of equal force with those of nature, and by a miraculous pro-

* The italics in the above are ours.

cess, the reverse of that which of old took place in the case of *demoniacal possession*, at once fills and animates the new-landed foreigner, who may avail himself of the privileges they confer with the spirit and feelings of a true son of the soil, and with as warm an attachment to it as that felt by those who have grown up upon it—whose ancestors settled and defended it, and the bones of whose kindred repose in its hallowed and parental bosom. The slang and sophisms which the demagogues and politicians of the day (most of whom have sprung from the bar) habitually deal in, the quibbling refinements with which they have familiarized the people, have at length accustomed the latter to listen with patience, and a truly philosophical tolerance, while the plainest truths are questioned, or wantonly trifled with, and the most natural and sacred feelings of the human breast are treated as mere spurious emotions, or the offspring of educational bias and illiberal prejudice. They have yet farther been led, if we may trust to the report of one of their favorite oracles, “solemnly to disown, reject, fling to the ground, and trample upon with scorn,” a sentiment, which even the savage feels and knows how to appreciate, which he draws in with his mother’s milk—a sentiment which teaches him that the country of his birth should ever be dearer to, and has a stronger claim upon him, than any other. The Christian also, who believes the institution of marriage to be of divine ordination, knows, even better than the patriot, that religion here hallows and

sanctions the dictates of Nature, and might well inquire, “What manner of men are these, who teach a new doctrine”—who regard the sacred *Noces* by which their parents were united, and to which they owe their being, as having been a mere *accidental affair*, or casual *liaison*, which, viewed with a proper freedom from prejudice, creates no binding tie between them and the country of their birth, or—“the land which the Lord their God giveth them.” The Evening Post, as we have understood, is under the conduct of more than one editor. This we should otherwise have been led to suppose, for we could not be easily induced to believe that the paragraphs on which we have been commenting, and which wear so much of a *foreign air*, proceeded from the pen of Mr. Bryant, whose writings glow with the ardor, and breathe the true fires of patriotism and poetry, and whose name is so immortally associated with the fame and literary glory of his country. We venture once more to repeat, that the establishment of an intellectual independence, founded on an indigenous literature, reflecting the national mind, and marked by an original spirit and character, is as essential to the greatness of a people as any other attribute of glory and power, and is an object, therefore, which should be aimed at by a free and high-spirited nation, however difficult its accomplishment may be, and even where its achievement may appear, or be pronounced to be, an Utopian undertaking.

ATHENION.

POLITICAL MISCELLANY.

Prospect of Difficulties with France. (Condensed from the REPUBLIC.)

THE present prospect of our affairs in regard to France is truly unpleasant. Major Poussin, the Minister of the French Republic, has been actually dismissed by the President, and his passports tendered to him. The effect upon the stock market was immediately apparent on the knowledge of this fact, in Washington—U. S. securities fell from one half to one per cent., and other stocks in proportion. The circumstances of Major Poussin's dismissal are said to be as follows.

During the Mexican war, a Frenchman in Mexico, named Port, purchased a quantity of tobacco, which had been seized and sold as private property, and therefore subject to the rules of war, by the agents of the American army. Col. Childs caused the tobacco to be restored to its proper owner, and the purchase money to be refunded to Port;—Col. Childs was confirmed in this action, after the fact, by a commission of the army and by Gen. Scott; the matter rested for a time, but in February the French Minister laid before Mr. Buchanan, then Secretary of State, a claim, in behalf of Port, for damages, amounting to the difference of the price at which he had bought and that for which he had sold the tobacco. A court of inquiry was convened, Col. Childs examined, and the claim of Port unanimously rejected, as without foundation. Before this decision had been confirmed by the State Department, Mr. Buchanan went out of office. In answer to a note of inquiry from the French Minister, Mr. Clayton examined and affirmed the decision. A correspondence ensued. Major Poussin replied in a very haughty tone, declaring that Col. Childs had perjured himself on his examination, and had acted from the basest motives. He also used offensive expressions in regard to the action of the American Government. Major Poussin was, in consequence, sent for to Washington, and on calling at the State Department was informed that, as a special favor, he was at liberty to withdraw or to modify his letter, or to replace it in the archives of the department, as he might see fit. On being refused permission to argue the matter, which would have been a breach of etiquette, Major Poussin withdrew the letter and erased some of its most offensive expressions.

Again. During the Mexican war Commander Carpenter, of the war-steamer *Iris*, of the

U. S. Blockading Squadron, off Vera Cruz, assisted to rescue the French barque, *Eugenie*, from shipwreck on a reef, at the request of her captain. On putting in his claim for a salvage, it was refused by the captain. After detaining the vessel thirty hours, Commander Carpenter restored the vessel, abandoning his claim: his conduct was approved by Mr. Clifford, the American Minister.

The French Captain, however, complained of his detention, and Major Poussin addressed a note to the Secretary of State, advising the government to see that justice was done in general, in all such cases, and, in this particular instance, demanding the punishment, in some way, of Commander Carpenter, for the supposed insult to the flag of France. Mr. Clayton referred the matter to Mr. Preston, Secretary of the Navy, who procured a detailed statement of the facts, which was transmitted to the French Minister, accompanied with a note from Mr. Clayton expressing the hope that it would appear to the French Government that no offence was intended. Instead, however, of submitting these papers to his government, Major Poussin wrote a letter to the Secretary of State, in which he characterized, in highly offensive terms, the action of the department, and said that he was sorry to find the American Government so utterly insensible to the dignity, and so ignorant of the interest of its marine service, as it has shown itself to be, in this transaction.

The whole correspondence was transmitted, by direction of the President, to Mr. Rush, our Minister at the French Court, with instructions to lay it before that government, under the idea that immediate reparation would be made. M. de Tocqueville, however, the French Minister for Foreign Affairs, addressed a despatch to Mr. Rush, stating that the French Executive saw no occasion for its action, and that there had evidently been unnecessary recrimination and marked faults on both sides; they directly *inculcating our Government*.

President Taylor, on receiving this despatch, directed all correspondence with the French Minister to be suspended, and ordered his passports to be at once made out and placed at his disposal. At the same time, the Secretary of State, under President Taylor's direction, wrote to Mr. Rush to inform M. de Tocqueville that his opinion on the conduct of the American Government had not been solicited; that ac-

tion, and not criticism, had been expected from him; and that Major Poussin's passports were already made out.

Nothing has as yet appeared which indicates a design on the part of France to quarrel with America; and yet, if Louis Napoleon sees fit to retain M. de Tocqueville in office, and no explanation is made by M. de Tocqueville or by his government, it will suspend amicable intercourse between the two Governments for a time at least; though it is by no means to be esteemed a cause of war. The affair, however, will be taken up, no doubt, by the Government presses in Paris, and the French nation roused to a feeling of animosity. The correspondent of the *Courier and Enquirer*, from whom these facts have been taken, states that information reached this country some months ago, from the very highest source, that if France should engage in any war it would be neither with Austria nor Russia, but with the United States. Louis Napoleon may very well be supposed to have adopted the policy of nearly all French usurpers, of directing the attention of the nation upon a foreign war in order to divert it from domestic affairs. It would be a bold stroke of policy could France be committed against Republicanism as a nation, by engaging her in a war with America. It is hardly possible to conceive a step more congenial to the spirit of reaction, or of the present understanding between Austria, Russia, France, and the monarchical parties in England and Prussia. Whether such a war would be desired by England is doubtful; its effects, under her present system of public economy, will be in part, at least, injurious. If England has conspired with Louis Napoleon and with the German despotisms for the promotion of the war with America, it will be understood, at least, why she has so freely abolished her navigation laws. Looking to the destruction or temporary suppression of the American commerce, by the united fleets of France, England, and Russia, she will by that measure have secured to herself, for a time, at least, the conveying trade of all the world. Under the present difficulties of communication with the Pacific coast, France could, at a blow, wrest from us our new possessions in California, and will at the same time cut off our Mediterranean commerce and our China trade.

That France has good diplomatic reasons for engaging in a war with America there cannot be a doubt; the constant correspondence that is maintained between the radical parties in both countries has drawn the attention of all Europe upon America as the true centre and well-spring of democracy. Nothing, therefore, could more effectually suppress Republicanism in Europe than to enlist the national sympathies of the French and German people against America. The ambitious designs of our people upon Cuba, Mexico, and South America,

have roused excessive jealousy and indignation in England and in Europe. A thousand pretences may easily be framed, if necessary, as reasons of war. There has long been a feeling, openly expressed, by a large and influential body of the American press, that America ought to interfere in favor of Republicanism in Europe; these expressions are taken as a token of national hostility. In England there has been a steady effort, for many years, by those two most violent and unprincipled periodicals, the *Times* newspaper and *Blackwood's Magazine*, to inspire contempt and hatred for America in the minds of the English. Mercantile jealousy, the most potent cause of war, was perhaps never more active than at this moment in England. The favorable operation of our tariff has made us nearly independent of English skill and capital in manufactures. The establishment of a railroad to the Pacific will compel the commerce of Europe to pass over and enrich our territories. In population we are, perhaps, the equals, or nearly the equals of Great Britain; our annual products exceed by some \$200,000,000 the annual products of Great Britain, and by some \$400,000,000 those of France. Intense must be the commercial jealousy of England and France in regard to American enterprise, protected by the spirit of American Republicanism, when they see the population of America fast advancing to an equality of numbers with their own, and surpassing them in productive and warlike energy. The old governments having exhausted themselves, and incurred the danger of bankruptcy during the recent revolutions, will think it a favorable opportunity for retrieving their affairs, could they form a combination for excluding and suppressing the commerce of America, and confining her energies within her own limits.

M. Raspail, Minister of Finance, read lately before the Assembly a statement of the present situation of the Treasury; he showed that the deficit had gone on steadily increasing for the last ten years. The revolution of February has increased the expenditure of 1848 by 265,000,000*f.*, had diminished the proceeds of indirect taxation by 150,000,000*f.*, the additional tax of 45 per cent. not covering the deficit. He estimated the deficit for 1850, January 1st, would exceed 550,000,000*f.* He fixed the expenditure for 1850 at 1,590,000,000*f.*; the receipts estimated at 1,270,000,000*f.*, leaving a deficit of 320,000,000*f.* unprovided for by any species of taxation.

To cover this deficiency, the Minister asks for a loan of 200,000,000*f.*, to annul the reserve of the sinking fund, to create new taxes, and to issue Treasury bonds for the amount which may be required for the public works.

A bill of nineteen articles was passed, for rendering the collection of duties less onerous, and for amending the financial provisions of

the Constituent Assembly. This bill regulated the taxes for 1850, and was passed by a large majority.

On the day after this followed a discussion on the Papal question, and the intervention at Rome. M. Arnaud spoke against the intervention, and in favor of the revolution in Rome; while, at the same time, he defended Catholicism, and the spiritual Papacy, in the name of Democracy.

M. De Tocqueville, who is Minister of Foreign Affairs, regretted the discussion, but defended the intervention; he explained his instructions given to Messrs. Raynaval and d'Harcourt, the ambassadors; he had told them to maintain the legitimate influence of France in Italy, to establish the freedom of the Pope, and finally to guard against the return of Papal abuse; he had written to the French diplomatist at Rome, that Rome should not be treated as a conquered city, the object of the intervention having been to relieve it from the oppression of foreigners; he had directed him to consult the wishes and the wants of the population, to establish municipal administrations, to prevent violent reactions, to secure to the Roman people liberal institutions, and to occupy Rome until further orders. He added, that France notified all the great powers of Europe, that she was not actuated by a spirit of conquest, but that it was necessary for her to secure her due preponderance in Italy; that had she allowed Austria to adjust, alone, the Italian question, those very men who reviled the Cabinet, would be the first to denounce its indolence; he refuted the calumnies directed against the French army; he could not find, in history, a more extraordinary spectacle than that afforded by the moderation of that army after it had captured Rome.

M. De Tocqueville, whose Republican sentiments are well known, contended that the Roman Republic was a Reign of Terror, and that in destroying it, the French had vindicated liberty itself; that the temporal power of the Pope was essential to his independence, modified, indeed, by liberal institutions, which he could pledge himself His Holiness would grant.

In the course of the debate, M. Jules Fabre attacked the Government, and hotly condemned the intervention; he insisted that the Roman people had not called for it.

The Minister of Public Instruction read despatches showing that three thousand strangers (Lombards and others) had entered Rome under the order of Mazzini; that the prisoners made by the French were Lombards from Genoa; that the resistance was not only from the degraded population of Rome in part, but from the débris of the revolutions. He said that it was Rome and Catholicism which dispelled the darkness of the middle ages—a remark certainly in an unfortunate juxtaposition with his last.

M. De Falloux contended that the fault committed by the Government was in not acting

sooner; that Venice and the Milanese might have been rescued from Austria. The debate ended in mutual accusations.

Among the names of Representatives to be brought to trial for the affair of June 13th, are those of Ledru Rollin, Considerant, Boichet, and Felix Pyat. True bills have been found against fourteen persons implicated in the affairs of the Haut Rhin. Prosecutions are sustained, and everywhere go on briskly.

Lyons being in a state of siege, General Gemeau has closed five shops opened by associations of united operatives for the sale of food. Incendiary newspapers are uniformly suppressed.

The President, Louis Napoleon, is making the tour of the provinces; is well received by the people, and speaks to them with confidence. He said to the people of Tours, that there is no opportunity for insurrections; that they will be repressed as soon as they commence. At Saumur he was well received, and when the Mayor proposed his health as Louis Napoleon, there were loud calls for the addition of the name of Bonaparte. The President has not been yet nine months in office, but in that short time has gained wonderfully in power and popularity.

M. Girardin, the editor of "*La Presse*," has published a draft of a Constitution to be brought forward in 1852. This Constitution is as follows:—"It announces the Republic; it establishes all rights admitted by the previous Constitution; it proposes an annual election, by direct and universal suffrage, of an Assembly, to meet on the first of May, every year; the entire administrative and executive power to be in a President; he is to choose his own ministry, and to remain in office as long as he retains the confidence of the majority, that confidence to be expressed by a special vote of the majority, and by the annual vote of supplies; all taxes to be levied by the National Assembly; usurpation to be checked by the refusal of the taxes." M. Girardin's plan would end, of course, in a perpetual Presidency, a dictatorship, and an empire.

The problem to be solved by French statesmen is to defend the liberties of the provinces against the aggressions of the central power; and this can, perhaps, be done in no other way than by the interposition of a senatorial body elected by the Legislative Assemblies of the provinces, to act as a mediatorial and conservative power between the Assembly of popular representatives and the President himself. That such a body will ever be established, is, at least, doubtful; but there seems to be no alternative between that and a monarchy.

In the last number of the *Consilleur du Peuple*, M. de Lamartine publishes the following comments on the President of the Republic:—"I had no personal acquaintance with the President whom the nation has placed at the

head of the executive power. I fancied him such as my republican prejudices, and the faults of youth, which he himself nobly avowed and condemned the other day in sight of his ancient prison of Ham, made me fear him on account of my country—namely, unsteady, agitating, ambitious, impatient to reign. I was once more deceived; years had matured him; reflection had enlightened him; adversity had purified him. The walls of a prison are, as it were, the hot-houses of a soul; they dry up the flowers, they ripen the fruits. I have seen, I have read, I have listened to, I have observed, I have since known the President of the Republic, and I owe it to truth to declare, that I have seen in him a man equal to his duty towards the country, a statesman possessed of a *coup d'œil* just and calm, of a good heart, great good sense, a sincere honesty of intention, and a modesty which shrouds the glare, but not the light. I say this because I think it. I have no motive to flatter him. I have nothing to expect from him. I have, during my career, often refused—I have never asked for anything. But I believe that the Republic is fortunate, and that it has found a man when it only sought for a name. Providence has certainly interfered in the ballot which decided in his election."

England.—The Slave Trade.

It is now proved, beyond a doubt, that either the slave trade cannot be suppressed by the naval power of England, or that that power has not been sufficiently active in the performance of its duty. From statistics taken from the Foreign Office by the *Times* newspaper, and quoted from the *Times* by the *New York Tribune*, it appears that the number of slaves exported has increased pretty regularly since 1840, from more than 64,000 in that year, to more than 84,000 in the year 1847. The number captured by cruisers varying, through all these years, between about 6000 and 3000 a year. It is computed that the number exported from the African coast in 1848 will not fall far short of a hundred thousand, and between 6000 and 7000, only six and a half per cent. have been captured by the squadrons.

The fluctuations of the slave trade depend upon fluctuations in the price of sugar, as the following table will show :—

Average price of Sugar per cwt.	Rise or fall.	Increase or decrease in Slave Trade.
1825 to 1830....34s 6d	9 per cent rise	21 per cent increase
1830 to 1835....24s 3d	29 per cent fall	37 per cent decrease
1835 to 1840....29s 3d	19 per cent rise	73 per cent increase
1840.....27s 4d	13 per cent fall	53 per cent decrease
1841 to 1844....21s 1d	17 per cent fall	29 per cent decrease
1845 to 1847....23s 7d	15 per cent rise	44 per cent increase

Very little doubt can exist as to the commercial character of the whole proceeding. The numbers would doubtless have differed had the squadron not been there, but the proportions would have remained the same, and may well

set at rest any inquiry as to the causes producing the increase of the slave trade at one time, and its diminution at another.

Hungary.

Lord Palmerston's interference has drawn from Austria an apology for the war against Hungary. Lord Palmerston, it appears, admitted that the maintenance of the power and integrity of Austria was an European, and especially an English interest, and that there the Hungarian question was of vital importance, for the preservation of the balance of power in Europe. This doctrine of the balance of power, it might seem, should be a favorite one with England, since to preserve her own immense and overwhelming interest, by which she affects the destiny of two-thirds of the habitable globe, it is politic for her to allow no single power to gather force upon the Continent, but to maintain among them all an equilibrium of weakness. But let us hear the Austrian official. He says, "The separation of Hungary must have disturbed this balance, and the only object of Russia is to redress it." It seems then that Russia too, the third power in importance, after England and the United States, is deeply interested in the Balance of Power. This is a comedy upon a vast scale, with tragic consequences. Russia, to preserve the Balance of Power, annihilates Poland, pours armies into Circassia, absorbs the large part of Northern Asia, grasps at Turkey, and invades Hungary. England, on her side, to preserve the Balance of Power, usurps the freedom of her colonies, unsuccessfully, indeed, grasps at the entire West Indies, wishes to be the sole sovereign of the South Seas, and founds a despotism in Asia. The United States of America, who, though they have not yet learned the phrase "Balance of Power," yet are beginning to practice upon the principle—aim at the possession of the entire continent, and declare that the Balance of Power shall be preserved in the New World by the enterprise and valor of the Anglo-Saxon race.

But, to be serious,—what can be more evident than that it is the true policy of constitutional England to raise up constitutional Hungary between herself and Russia? Had not Hungary been destroyed, she might have become the friend and ally of England, and perhaps of France, against the Eastern despotisms,—against Prussia, Austria and Russia! and we make bold to say that the Envoy of a Lord Chatham or of a Cromwell would not have been allowed to make such concessions to the infamous pretexts of Austria and Russia, as Lord Palmerston has made. It appears that Lord Palmerston expressed the opinion that the non-Magyar races of Hungary had united with the Magyars in a national feeling, to which the Austrian official replies, we think, correctly, that it was a Magyar enthusiasm which carried

on the war. The Jews and Germans in the towns, if they were engaged at all, were unwillingly engaged in the revolution; and of the inferior and Border population, we saw the greater part arrayed against the Magyars, or passively submitting to whichever power predominated. The Croats, Slavonians, Servians and Transylvanians, and even the Saxons and Romans, who go, altogether, to compose the Kingdom of Hungary proper, by no means harmonize with the great central nation of Magyars, who are the governing population, were Hungary once detached from Austria. The quarrel on the part of Hungary is against the general constitution which was promulgated for all Austria. This argument is all that the Austrian official has to offer, that Hungary should not be allowed to separate herself from Austria, and to disturb, by this separation, the balance of States in Europe.

The two words "Balance of Power" and "preservation of order" on the one side, and the equally potent "democracy and rights of the people," are the watch-words of contending parties throughout Europe. It is very clear that the Balance of Power would then be perfectly established when all Europe should be reduced under a single despotism, and it is equally clear that under such a system, well carried out, order would be thoroughly preserved; and so it would be if the people of Europe were hung by the neck in rows.

It is nothing against the design of the Hungarians that they, an integral people, a thoroughly nationalized people, have yet among them a large intermixture of foreigners, and are surrounded by nations whose love of liberty is inferior to their own. They are still a compact body of 5,000,000, able to constitute a powerful government, and able to give free institutions and legal protection to as many of other races as may choose to live amongst them. The Czar of Russia declares that he interferes for the love of order and the safety of his Polish provinces. Austria admits that it is for the possession of Hungary that she fights, as a portion of her Empire. Against these arguments are set off the constitutional rights of Hungary itself, violated by attempts on the part of Austria to incorporate her as a province of the Empire, when she is, properly, a free kingdom; and, what is of still more importance, under our view, the necessity of allowing every nation, that is truly a nation, a free development of its own energies; by its own methods of progress and civilization. The theory of Count Stadion of a universal German Empire, the reduction of all the nations of Germany under a single inflexible system of domination, for the purpose professed of an equal and universal amelioration of the entire people, as the central power may choose to conduct it;—this theory, perfectly despotic in its spirit, while it is apparently constitutional and humane, makes

no provision for the development of the central principle of human nature, the liberty of the individual, nor for its higher development in the liberty of the state. The idea of a combination of free states, managing each its own domestic affairs in its own way, the affairs of the whole, as a whole, being committed to a central power, has not yet become a powerful idea in Europe; nor is it, perhaps, possible to construct such a system of states until the people of each separate state are ready to peril their lives for their state liberties and state rights. Political systems take their rise from the spirit of the people. According to the demand for liberty in the individuals, taken man by man, will be the degree of liberty granted by the constitution.

The unconditional surrender of Görgey to the Russian General Paskiewitch, has at length sealed the fate of Hungary. General Görgey, according to the Vienna papers, issued a proclamation, declaring the reservation of the Provisional Government, of which Kosuth was President, and the appointment of himself dictator. Hungary is now in process of being overrun, and finally conquered by the armies of Russia and Austria; and so have sunk, for the present, the hopes of Republicanism in Europe. We have, doubtless, in future, to look forward to a closer and still closer union of the despotic powers, and to an increasing jealousy on their part of Republicanism, and of the people who give it power by their example.

Germany.

The democracy of Germany look to the ill success of the Hungarians as a fatal omen for themselves.

A correspondent of the London *Daily News* writes from Berlin an account of the opening of the Prussian Chambers; Count Brandenburg, the Prime Minister, read the King's speech. The electors have sent in a great number of new members, and the character of the Assembly is not yet tried.

The King's speech dwelt much upon the necessity of order and tranquillity, and on the importance of the erection of a Federal German State: it regrets the failure to arrive at an understanding with the government at Frankfurt: it declares that the unity of Germany, with a single executive power at its head, and the freedom of the German people, secured by a popular representation, continues to be the aim of all its endeavors.

Cuba.

The Government of the United States, pursuing the policy of Washington, and in obedience to the laws of nations, have effectually put a stop to the fitting out of armed vessels in ports of the United States against the existing Government of Cuba. It would occupy too much of our space, at present, to enter upon a

detailed account of the measures taken to that end. Suffice it to say, that a United States squadron are at present engaged in blockading the private armed expedition against Cuba, collected on Round Island, Mississippi, and have prevented the fitting out and departure of armed vessels from New York.

The papers give full accounts of a revolution going on in Cuba. A considerable party there are in favor of establishing a Republican Government, and of annexing Cuba to the United States.

The fate of St. Domingo is at length sealed. President Soloque has been declared Emperor by a faction, and formally crowned.

Canada.

By some extracts from a British correspon-

dent, we learn that the great majority of newspapers in the Canadas are, at length, openly in favor of annexation. The condition of Canada is represented to be deplorable in the extreme. Business is at a stand, enterprises paralyzed, civil war constantly impending, and the whole attributed to the form and clumsy working of the Colonial Government.

Should the event predicted by good observers in Europe and this country come to pass, viz., a war of the combined European powers upon the United States, we may look, with certainty, at the conclusion of such a war, to very large acquisitions of territory in the North, as well as in the South. The first invasive act on our part, on the breaking out of such a war, would, doubtless, be the conquest of Cuba.

CRITICAL NOTICES.

The Plough, the Loom, and the Anvil, edited by J. S. SKINNER. (A monthly Magazine, devoted to the interests of Agriculture and of Home Industry.) Philadelphia: J. S. Skinner, 81 Dock street.

We have received a copy of this valuable publication, for the first time, this month, or we should long ago have taken occasion to notice it, notwithstanding that it is, in a certain sense, a rival.

Many years ago we were in the habit of reading English periodicals devoted to arts, science, and industry, and we can testify, from extensive observation, to the exceedingly skillful editorial management of this work of Mr. Skinner's.

First, as to the mechanical execution of the work: we find it clearly and handsomely printed, with a page not divided into columns, on paper of very good quality.

The number before us, for August, 1849, has a green vignette cover, representing the industry of the plough, the loom, and the anvil, in very tasteful wood-cuts, which are pleasing to the eye and the fancy.

The number contains 64 pages of printed matter, which is rather more than one half the quantity given in a monthly number of the *American Review*. The subscription is three dollars per annum, which brings it nearly to an equality of price with ourselves, if the engravings which we give are thrown out of the question.

We take occasion to say in this connection, that it is a false opinion, industriously circulated by our enemies, that the subscription price of the *American Review* is much larger than it should be. We beg our subscribers to remember that a newspaper is supported chiefly by its advertisements, and that but a very small part of the matter in a newspaper is paid for by the publishers; besides which, the different style, and superior execution of a journal with engraved illustrations and original matter, brings it to cost nearly three times as much as a daily newspaper of equal circulation.

If it were possible to sustain the *Review*, in its present size and shape, on a three dollar subscription list, the price would be \$3; but as prices are at present, \$5 per annum does not cover losses and expenses, unless by a very large subscription list.

To return to Mr. Skinner's book, "*The Plough, Loom, and Anvil*." The 64 pages of

the August number are divided into thirty articles, of which a large proportion are from the pen of the accomplished editor himself, the most agreeable and judicious periodical writer upon agriculture and topics of economy with whose productions we are acquainted.

The first article in the number is a letter to Col. C. M. Thurston, from J. S. Skinner, editor of "*The Plough, Loom, and Anvil*," on the best means of bringing into activity the resources of Cumberland, a region of coal mines in Maryland. It is a powerful argument, demonstrating the necessity for the land-owners of Cumberland to bring the artisan—the iron-worker, the coal-miner, and the manufacturer—upon their land, if they wish to ensure the prosperity of the farmer; that for this purpose legal protection is necessary to them, against the over-production and pauper production of Europe.

The third article is a lecture on agricultural chemistry, entitled "Who is the Practical Man?" by J. C. Nesbit, Esq. An article on Georgia Railroads and Manufactures; a very interesting article on Dairy Husbandry, and an account of Mr. John Holburt's splendid farm. It would occupy too much room to attempt even a descriptive list of the valuable and interesting matter of this number. The work generally avoids technicalities, and omits everything dry and heavy in its descriptions of farming operations.

On page 119, there is a really elegant engraving on wood of the magnificent horned pheasant, with a description of the pheasant family. We wish every success to this work; we believe it to be the most valuable of its class.

Two Lectures on the Connection between the Biblical and Physical History of Man. Delivered, by invitation, from the chair of Political Economy, etc., of the Louisiana University, in December, 1848. By JOSIAH C. NOTT, M.D., of Mobile, Alabama. New York: Bartlett and Wetford, No. 7, Astor House. 1849.

The work is prefaced with a very curious and instructive map of the world, exhibiting the extent of countries known to the writers of the Old and New Testaments, compared with those known to the moderns.

The entire world of antiquity did not much exceed in dimension the Continent of North America; but we are not, therefore, to conclude that the moderns have any moral advantages, any nearer and more vital knowledge of the divine law, than the writers of antiquity. Suppose it were proved that the deluge of Noah did not cover the Alleghanies, or the rocks of Australia, is the Scripture any the less the sole book of the divine and moral law? Suppose it were even proved that the writers of the Old and even New Testament, had no correct knowledge of the sciences, not even of astronomy, and that the accounts of Noah's deluge and other natural and historical phenomena described in Scripture, were merely traditionary myths, we do not find, in our own minds, that the least shadow of doubt is thereby thrown either upon the doctrine of Christ's divinity, or upon a single saving point of Christian faith.

Our author takes ground against the idea of the unity of the human race, and maintains that the negro, and other varieties of the human race, are distinct species.

Into the merits of the argument we are not inclined to enter. The author holds with Origen, "that the purpose of the Bible is not to transmit old tales, but to instruct in the rules of life." This is certainly a false opinion, notwithstanding the venerable authority of a father of the church; for, even among the modern historians of antiquity, the Scriptures of the Old Testament are regarded as the most complete and reliable collection of the records of primeval history extant. The reader will find much to elicit thought, in the work before us; but we make bold to say, the author does not treat the historical character of Scripture with the respect usually given it by the most learned and valuable authorities.

Institutes of Theology: By the late THOMAS CHALMERS, D.D., LL.D. New York: Harper & Brothers, publishers. 1848.

This is vol. 7th of the posthumous works of Chalmers. On the merits of such a work as this, we pretend not to have the slightest judgment. Dr. Chalmers' reputation is in the hands of the Orthodox clergy, by whom he seems to be regarded as one of the lights of his time.

Webster's Dictionary, the Literary "Corner-Stone."

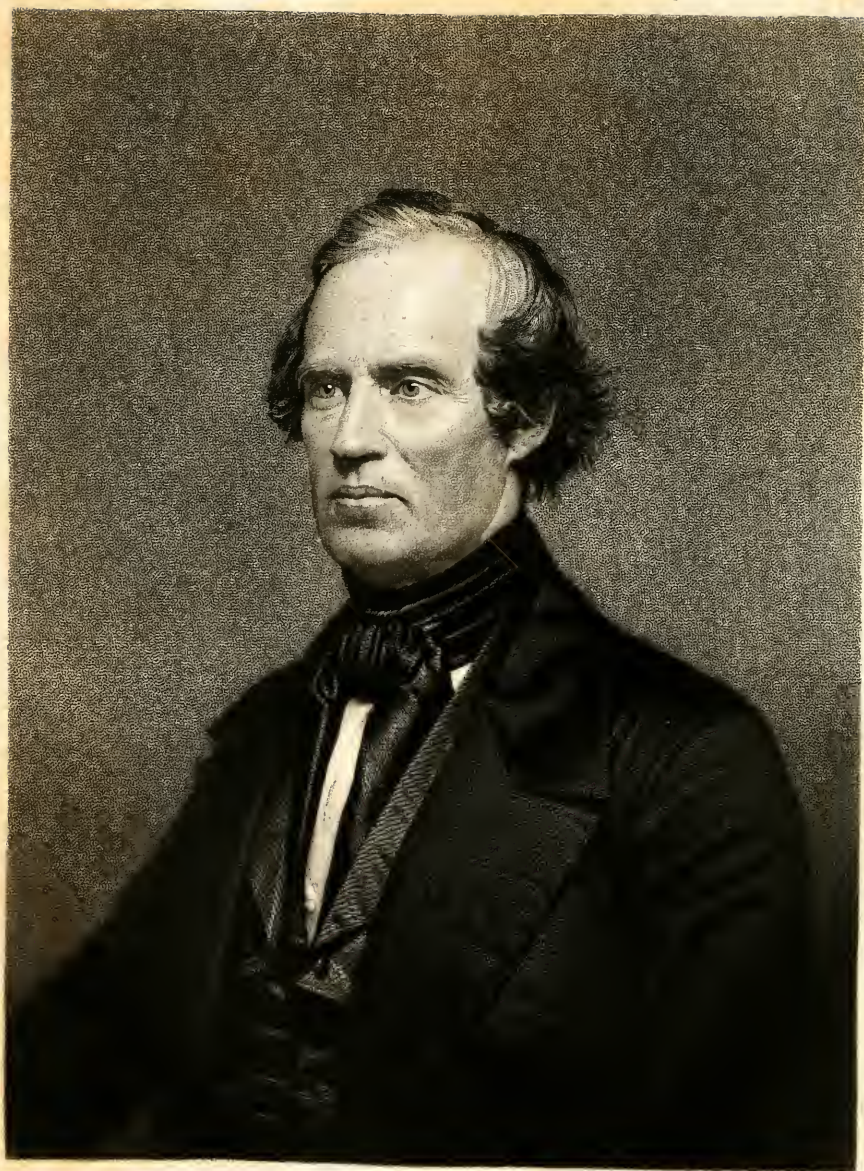
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July, 1849.

CHARLES BEECHER.

From one of the leading booksellers in England.—"WEBSTER'S QUARTO DICTIONARY is the only one to succeed here."—*London, May, 1849.* Published by G. & C. MERRIAM, Springfield, Mass., and for sale by all Booksellers.





Geo. A. Briggs

THE
AMERICAN REVIEW,

No. XXIII.

FOR NOVEMBER, 1849.

ORGANIZATION OF THE PARTY.

A GREAT deal has been said in some quarters about the necessity for a more solid organization of the party, and as propositions for a more solid organization seem to imply a loose organization, we invite the serious attention of our friends to the following considerations of the necessary grounds of Whig organization, existing, or to be hereafter.

Perhaps, after a fair examination of these grounds, and a survey of our present condition, they may be better satisfied than they are willing to admit themselves at present; for it seems to be just now regarded by some as a duty simply to be dissatisfied, waiting meanwhile for a good reason for dissatisfaction to turn up betimes.

We propose therefore, to set forth in order, the principles which seem to have actuated the party since its original organization, and to have been the real basis of that organization. If our friends are satisfied on their perusal, that there is no present cause of division upon the question of principle, then we have at least the certainty before us of *future* unanimity when our less dangerous difficulties shall have been removed by the effects of time, and the discretion of our conscientious leaders.

The Whig Party have been always distinguished from their opponents, by the attribution of a beneficent and protective power to government. And it is in regard of that attribution, that they assert for themselves the name of "republicans," believers in the efficacy of law and of the moral and intelligent functions of the government. They have, though in a qualified

sense, considered the republic as a moral power, standing for a moral person; representing not the aggregate, but the moral unity, the one-mindedness, if we may be allowed the expression, of the people.

They have always been the party of *union*, a word which conveys much. They have wished to confirm the *union*, for the sake of the harmony, majesty, and power of the idea of a nation; and of the grand and effective passion of patriotism, which is sure to issue from such an idea. They have cherished this idea as they received it from Washington.

The two parties which sprang up during the formation of the Constitution, were alike characterized by a desire for union, and a feeling for the moral dignity of the nation as a whole; and by their united efforts, the Constitution of union took its present form. It is true indeed, that one party aimed at a more centralized and powerfully constructed government; and the acts of their successors, stretching the executive sway to the very verge of unconstitutionality, show that they have not lost sight of their original aim: while the other party exhibited a proper jealousy for the independence of the State Sovereignties, as they had originally, in the Declaration itself, insisted on the inviolability of individual rights.

But for the same reason that they contended for Individual Rights, and for State Rights, they contended for the national honor; they wished the citizen to stand upon a footing of equality and liberty with his fellow citizens; they wished the sovereign

state to justify her equality with other sovereign states; and they wished the nation, as one people, to stand upon terms of equality and liberty among other nations, and to resent with a becoming spirit the slightest encroachment upon her individualities. They consequently declared war with England, when England had trampled upon our nationality, and insulted our flag, the badge of nationality.

They went farther, and urged upon the people the necessity of making themselves independent, in every way, of the mother country, by the production of every species of manufacture within themselves. It was a measure of national jealousy, and of economical policy, to make the people strong, able, and independent. Jefferson advised the application of the surplus revenue to works of internal improvement. Monroe proposed an amendment of the constitution, to enable government to enter upon a grand system of national improvement. Tariffs were voted as a protection against English capitalists, and the salutary national prejudices of the people against foreign interference, were cherished and confirmed.

It is not to be supposed that this policy of opposition and independence originated in a personal pique of those distinguished statesmen against the government of Great Britain; we are obliged, in reason, to attribute it to their sense of the necessity of fusing together into one nation the people of the several states, by compelling the several members to depend upon each other, and not upon foreigners. The effects of the system which was introduced, and successfully too, are now visible in the vast increase of our home manufacture of those fabrics which are among the necessities of life. They knew that agriculture in so rich a country as ours, would flourish of itself, and by the force of nature and circumstances, but they saw the necessity of legislative aid for the promotion of other branches of human industry. Although the doctrine of protection stands at present upon grounds more economical and more strictly defensible than in the days of Jefferson, it may serve to strengthen and vivify our faith to recur sometimes to the more passionate, and in a certain sense, the more patriotic arguments of our forefathers.

Let us now recapitulate in brief the

doctrines that have been advocated by Republican Whig Journals during the last few years.

1. They have expressed in various forms and in a thousand diverse instances, their belief that a republican government, as the functionary of the people, possesses a beneficent and protective, as well as a coercive power.

2. They have opposed the acquisition of territory as part of a system of conquest and aggrandizement; deeming it impossible for a government that is the mere representative of rights, to violate rights.

3. They have refused to elect an Executive for factious ends; and have endeavored to reduce the executive authority within its constitutional limits.

4. They have declined to interpose for the violent reformation of State constitutions; and have insisted upon restraining the Central Power from interference with the affairs of States.

5. They have conceded to the people of the territories the liberty of shaping constitutions according to their sovereign will and pleasure; and have refused to sanction the affixing of political conditions to a State charter. They would not allow a factious or a fanatical party to interpose their "peculiar institutions," or their moral usurpations, during the formation of a State. The State once formed they hold it free to establish under the constitutional guaranty, such a republican form of government as it may of itself originate.

6. They have refused to adopt as "national," the opinions of particular States, be they slave or free:—doctrines of forcible revolution in the North and South, have alike met their reprobation.

7. They have labored to defend the agriculturist from the necessity forced upon him of seeking a precarious foreign market;—by creating at hand a manufacturing population. They have established it as a principle of public as well as of private economy, that the way to wealth is to make the country feed, clothe, and cherish itself—"to cause the products of the land to be consumed upon the land." They have shown, too, that the foreign trade depends upon the quantity and variety of home production, and that commerce will grow and extend itself in proportion to the growth and extent of home industry.

8. Instead of destroying, they have upheld and protected credit. Maintaining that credit is the principal bond of communities, and even of nations, and that the protection and confirmation of credit is one of the first duties of a government, as it is of an individual, they have refused to repudiate debt, and have protested urgently against the policy of repudiation.

These three things then, they have held sacred, the public *liberty*, the public *honor*, and the public *honesty*: as the upright citizen is jealous for himself and those dependent on him, they have been jealous for the Nation, and for the sovereignties which compose it.

9. Nor have they been wanting in attention to the general progress of the people, in wealth and civilization. Wherever it has been shown that the aid of government was absolutely necessary to the commencement or the completion of important enterprises, to furnish harbors for commerce, to give the farmer a vent for his surplus products, or to furnish for him a cheap and speedy channel for the exchange of commodities, (the existence of such channels conferring all its value upon the surplus of agriculture,) they have not hesitated to appropriate the public funds for such purposes.

The party in opposition make a merit of continually protesting, and have even done us the honor to incorporate their protest into almost every "platform" and bulletin they have issued, against engaging in "a vast and unlimited system of Internal Improvements," as though the advocates of Internal Improvements were a body of insane theorists, set on by interested jobbers to engage the government in a boundless outlay of money, under the general notion of doing good.

Such, however, it is well known, is not nor never was true of the Whig Republican Party. They do indeed, as did the majority of the founders of the Constitution, especially those who impressed upon

the government its most popular features, maintain the general doctrine, that government should interpose its aid where the wealth of States and individuals is insufficient, or improper to be employed, for the completion of necessary works of improvement, in the navigation of rivers, the improvement of harbors, the establishment of military roads, post-offices, telegraphs, &c., &c., but common sense has never so far deserted them as to allow them to substitute the State or the Nation for the individual *in preference*. That were to strike at the first principle of our liberties, that the citizen is the first and primary power: and that his private energy must accomplish all the good it can, before the State or the Nation can be justly called upon. To know how far the State may be substituted for the citizen, and how far individual enterprise may be paralyzed, and individual liberty and property violated by such interference, we have only to look at the proceedings of the New Radical Party of France, that is driving that Republic swiftly to its ruin, through the ridiculous plans of those who wish to destroy all property and liberty, and make the State master alike of the *time*, the *credit*, and the *industry* of individuals, and become the director of the very bodies and souls of its citizens. As we avoid communism, we avoid the interference of the State in enterprises proper to individuals or companies.

Such, if we have rightly stated them, being the accepted principles of Whig organization, we must concede that the organization of the party is firmly and unimpeachably established, and is not affected in the main by the discontents or dissensions of the weaker members. If individuals are dissatisfied with the conduct of any particular leader, they may console themselves with the reflection that a weak leader well sustained is better than a strong one ill supported.

SHORT CHAPTERS ON PUBLIC ECONOMY.

IV.

THAT THE PRODUCTS OF THE LAND, SHOULD BE CONSUMED UPON THE LAND.

THE bold application of this first principle of agricultural economy to the entire economy of a nation, was first made, if we mistake not, by Carey, in his Treatise entitled, Past, Present, and Future. To illustrate its value and extent of application, a few striking examples may be adduced.

The shreds and tatters of worn out garments, of cotton and of linen, laid up by thrifty housewives, and exchanged for tinware and pedlars' articles, together with such as rags, are picked up in the streets, and amid the filth of cities, when collected into bales and sold to the manufacturer of paper, have an annual value of about \$5,000,000. Five millions of property are thus annually created by the saving up of shreds and tatters, an example of economy which resembles the saving up of litter by a thrifty agriculturist, who gathers together the manure, weeds, and refuse straw of his farm, and lays it in a heap, for the preparation of compost, with which to fatten his acres.

Let us suppose that the farmer, instead of an economical saving of this otherwise worthless material, sold off his hay, his milk, and his cattle, to purchase manure for his farm. The result would be that he would find himself gradually impoverished by the process; and so it would be with this nation, were they to allow the shreds and tatters of their garments to perish unregarded in the earth; and, in place of converting them into paper, were to purchase that useful and elegant result of industry and economy from other nations, more saving and economical than themselves.

By a tariff upon paper and rags, which yields but a very small return to the revenue, five millions of actual, tangible property, has been annually created out of nothing.

Let us now suppose that an old and experienced agriculturist, understanding the maxim, that the products of the land, should be consumed upon the land, was about establishing his son, or some person over whom he had guardianship, upon a new farm in his own vicinity, and observing the unthrifty habits of the young farmer, and especially noticing this neglect in him, that he allowed the refuse of his land to waste upon the land; and instead of converting this into useful compost for the fattening of his acres, laid out the little ready money he possessed, in the purchase of straw and manure from the neighboring farmers. Let us suppose, we say, that the elder and wiser father or guardian should absolutely forbid this proceeding; or, for every shilling thus foolishly expended by his ward, should deduct a six-pence from his income, in order to compel him by mere necessity, into a more judicious application of his means, and a better course of industry; this procedure of the old man in the treatment of the younger and more ignorant person, would resemble very strongly the conduct of a Whig majority, compelling a rout of thriftless free-traders, to allow the national industry to operate for the benefit of the national wealth.

The analogy however is defective, and in several points. The Whig majority on the one side, represents a thrifty old farmer, endeavoring to bring his ward to reason; and the rout of free-traders on the other side, represents some scheming store-keeper or barterer in the village, who finds means to procure large quantities of manure, and wishes to convert it into ready money, at the expense of his inexperienced neighbor.

But even then the analogy is not perfect; and to make it so, we must suppose

that the young farmer employs laborers upon his farm rather than work himself; that he prefers the easy life of what is called a gentleman farmer, and that he finds, on calculating the wages of his laborers employed in collecting litter and manure, and making compost, that they seem to cost him as much in making, as he would lay out in purchasing manure. He therefore wishes to dismiss some of his laborers, and turn their wages to the purchase of material for the fattening of his land. These laborers, thrown out of employment, establish farms on each side of him; and being willing to do their own work, with their own hands, and by industry and ingenuity to make the compost which their more luxurious neighbor buys, while he is paying money they are making it, and as he grows poorer, they are growing richer, and underselling him in the market. Thus it is with the free-trader; finding it cheaper to buy the manufactured articles of foreign countries, he allows the refuse and raw material of his own to rot upon the land, or to be sold for unremunerative prices to foreigners: he is perhaps a rich man, and the owner of large estates, a gentleman farmer; he refuses to allow the necessary protection which gives employment to the poor about him; they consequently move off upon new lands, and working them with their own hands, are soon able to undersell and to ruin the once wealthy proprietor of the old lands; and this is the history of agriculture in the Atlantic States.

Denied that necessary protection which they required for their industry, by the richer and more influential persons who over-topped them, they moved off into

new territories, and established new farms and plantations, from which a deluge of cheap production has been poured down upon the markets of the Atlantic States.

Had it not been for a certain modicum of protection, wrested by main force from the rich landholders and proprietaries, the condition of these states would have been truly deplorable; they would have supported, at this time, a pauper population sparsely inhabiting an ill cultivated and ungrateful soil. Such is indeed the present condition of a very large part of those states.

The policy and economy of New England has saved, however, at least herself from degradation. That policy has been to consume the products of the country, within the limits of the country, by a thrifty industry which converts the coarsest and commonest materials, even ice and granite, into a source of wealth—a pertinacious industry, which gathers up the shreds and fragments of every art and trade, and converts them into riches—a jealous industry, which refuses to let any material, given by nature, escape from its hands until the last degree of value has been imparted to it by labor—an industry, saving of time; which brings the anvil near to the spade and pick axe, and the loom near to the plough; which builds the furnace near the mine, the forge near the furnace; which places the factory amid farms, in order that the two may cheaply feed and clothe each other. It is this industry which has saved New England from the consequences of a ruined agriculture, the worst consequences that can befall a nation.

V.

INCREASE OF NATIONAL WEALTH.

THE profits of industry begin with gathering, reaping, mining, fishing, hunting, &c. Previous to the gathering of any product, a certain amount of labor is required to be expended, either in preparing the earth for the reception of seed, or, as in fishing, in a preparation of nets, tackle, &c., or in mining, by making excavations in the earth. If the products of these

first labors serve only to supply the immediate wants of the laborers and their families, there is no profit, but it almost always happens that the labor of one man, applied to one object, will procure more than is necessary for his immediate subsistence and that of his family. The surplus, exchanged for the surplus of other producers, constitutes *profit* or *gain*: but

a surplus unexchangeable, lying on the hands of the laborer, is not, in any sense, profit or gain. It is, moreover, necessary that the process of exchange should not be too difficult; that is to say that there should be a market within reach, or there will be no profit.

If the market is remote and uncertain, the surplus will not yield as large and certain a profit, as when the market is near at hand and sure; and thus will rise a second profit, or rather share of profit, to be reaped by a second class of laborers, whose business it is to convey these surpluses from point to point, and to make the means of communication certain and easy between the producer and the market. The business of exchanging and conveying the surpluses of the first class of laborers, constitutes trade and commerce—commerce between nations, managed by ship owners, commission merchants, importers and exporters, and secondarily, by railroad companies, and all other capitalists engaged in facilitating and cheapening the means of inter-communication.

Now, as it is evident, that this second class of laborers produce nothing, there must ensue, in order to their support, a division of profit, or rather of the surplus products, between themselves and the original producers; and, other things being equal, the original producer is a loser by the exact amount of their gain.

The object of the producer will therefore be to become, as far as possible, himself the conveyer of his own surpluses, in order that the entire profit may come to himself and his family. The farmer who sends vegetables to market, sends his son with them instead of any hired person, in order that the profit of transportation may come to himself and family.

If we now think upon our people as one family—and is it not just and patriotic to think so?—We very naturally desire that the carriage, the trade and commerce of our surpluses, may fall into the hands of our own friends and fellow citizens, in order that the nation, as one family, may reap both the first and second profits of labor; the profits of production and the profits of transportation.

From the mine to the furnace, from the stack and the press house, to the factory, may be a long distance; it may be half

the circuit of the world, and it may be a stone's throw. If the distance be a short one, the farmer himself becomes the conveyer of his products, and whatever small profit is in that way to be gained, falls into his purse; but the profit of transportation being in proportion to the distance, the dangers and the difficulties to be overcome on the way, it will be the earnest desire of the miner, the farmer and the planter, to have the furnace and the factory as near to them as possible, in order to save to themselves, the second profits of industry, the profits of transportation; or of trade and commerce.

When the iron is brought to the forge and the rolling mill, and passes through the various processes of steel making, and is then converted into instruments of utility—into ploughs, knives, scythes, &c., a *third profit* accrues, the profit of manufacture.

The processes for converting a lump of ore into a scythe or a razor, are very numerous. Let us suppose that for this purpose, a lump of ore, mined in Pennsylvania, is carried to New Jersey, and there converted into cast iron; that thence it is taken to some foreign country, to England, perhaps, and the cast iron converted into steel; let the steel, in bars, be taken to Damascus, and there converted into sword blades; let the sword blades be taken to Marseilles, and sold at wholesale. From Marseilles let them be taken to London again, and sold to an American merchant; let the American merchant bring the sword blades to New York, where they shall be furnished with scabbards and mounted in a style to please an American fancy; let them then, or let one of them, be sold by a pedler at an enormous price to the original producer of the lump of ore in Pennsylvania, and let the cunning salesman, a free trader, describe in glowing language to the astonished miner, the numerous transformations, the many and perilous voyages, and the strange countries and strange hands through which his lump of ore had passed before it came to him, a glittering Damascus blade; what visions of commercial prosperity, and of the glory and enterprise of his nation would float before the imagination of the miner! with what confidence would he not at the next election, vote for the free trade candidate!

The miner, a man of some consequence in his country, is a militia captain of horse guards, and has paid sixty dollars for a sabre; the profits on the ore from which that sabre was made, were precisely two shillings to himself, and three to the man who carried it to the forge; a small additional profit was reaped from it by the exporting merchant; it was conveyed away in a foreign vessel, worth perhaps eight shillings at the moment of its leaving the country; the remaining fifty nine dollars were fixed upon it by the navigators and the workmen of foreign countries.

In that particular instance, although we cannot say with perfect truth, that the production of the original lump of ore instead of profiting the miner two shillings actually cost him fifty-nine dollars and six shillings, yet we can say that had the ore been converted into iron, the iron into steel, and the steel into sword blades, by practised artisans working under the direction of the miner himself, the profits of all these processes, would have fallen in very large proportion to himself and his workmen, avoiding too, the costs of transportation of the heavy material, by five long voyages from place to place, describing great circles of the sphere. upon the surface of the rounded globe.

Let us now suppose, farther, that not only the third profit, or of manufacture, the first profit, or of production, and the second profit, or of conveyance, (trade and commerce,) but also the profit of agriculture, in the feeding of the workmen engaged in all these processes, and the profit of cloth manufacture, in clothing the same, and the second profit of both of these, and the third of both of these—that all these nine different profits, together concentrated in the exquisitely modelled utensil of steel, made serviceable for the scabbard of the Turk, were together and jointly retained by the industry of a single village in the state of Pennsylvania, and that this too, was wholly a surplus of industry, over and above the labor necessary for the maintainance of the village, would not that community thrive, which, retaining to itself the right of imparting all values to commodities of steel, food and clothing, left nothing to be done by others, but turn-

ed the bounties of the soil to their very last account, and striking out of their list of expenses the accumulated losses of transportation and commerce, would not that community, concentrating its energies and its intelligence, reap for itself, after a time, a profit fully equivalent, far more than equivalent to the labor expended?

Other things being equal, such would undoubtedly be the fact: but now what is the condition of that village? Without capital, they cannot build the mills and furnaces: the foreign capitalist has the mills and furnaces already built, and the village must content itself with a single profit, and that a contingent profit, namely, the first profit on the production of food, transported across the ocean to feed the laborers who work in the mills and factories of the foreign capitalist—the English capitalist, who has built the furnace near the mine and the coal-field; who has but a little way to send his iron to be converted into steel; whose brother, perhaps converts the steel into ploughshares and scythe blades; whose cousin perhaps, transports these ploughshares and scythe blades across the water, to be sold there to the first producer of the food; whose nephew, a wealthy agriculturist, is able, in England itself, to keep down the price of that food, and to enhance the value of the scythes and ploughshares by the skilful management of farms, so that, in times of plenty, that very first profit is reduced to nothing for him who sits in his log-house, on a rough hill-side in Pennsylvania, reading the costly page of the Free Trade Union newspaper—the organ of that party which has wrested from him, his neighbors and his children, half the profits of production, all the profits of transportation, all the profits of manufacture, all the profits of mining, all the profits on the supply of coal, all the profits on the supply of cloth, and all the profits of that foreign capital which, vainly seeking investment in England, would flow in upon his village, were he justly protected by the laws, to build up there the mills and the factories, which are necessary to enable him, his neighbors and his children after him, to reap all the profits of Industry.

VI.

TRADE, COMMERCE, NAVIGATION, AND TRANSPORTATION.

UNDER the head of Trade, Commerce, and Transportation is included every species of exchange of products of the surpluses of industry. Trade, as the generic term, includes all kind of barter and exchange in lesser as well as in larger transactions: commerce, the intercourse of trade between nations, or between states, or between remote parts of the same nation: navigation, the general system of means by rivers, lakes, harbors, and the open seas, of the transportation by water, for the purposes of commerce: transportation, on the other hand, includes every method of conveyance by land and sea.

It has been sometimes claimed by political economists that the conveyance of goods from place to place for the purposes of commerce, confers a certain value upon them; that a loaf of bread, for example, is worth more, delivered in the kitchen, than it is at the mouth of the bakery; but if it were true, that transportation in itself considered conferred value upon articles, an indefinite amount of value might be communicated to a loaf of bread by transporting it several times through the city before presenting it at the door of the kitchen.

The *actual* value of a loaf of bread is to be measured by its importance in sustaining life,—by its quantity, quality, and durability, applied to that purpose. It is less valuable as it is more perishable when compared with other kinds of food equally nutritious and less perishable. It has a value as food merely, taken together with all other kinds of sustenance; and a relative value, as bread, compared with other kinds of food. But the value of a commodity is actually diminished, and not increased by transportation: and the reason is, that the agent employed in transporting it, derives subsistence from it. The baker would sell bread cheaper to his customers if they all lived at his door. All the value lying in the bread itself, measured by its power of sustaining life, has to be divided between three persons, the baker who produces it, the pur-

chaser who is to use it, and the carrier who conveys it; whereas if there were no carrier, the same amount of value, represented by the loaf, would be divided between two persons instead of among three: thus, for example, the baker charges for his loaf twelve cents, two of which are given by him to the carrier for the conveyance of the bread: one half of this loss falls upon himself, the other half upon his customer. The actual value of the loaf, including a just profit to himself, is eleven cents, he, however, paying one cent to the carrier, and charging the customer one cent for the same, is a loser to the same amount with his customer. The loss, in this particular instance, is divided between the producer and consumer; had there been no necessity for carriage, the baker would have charged eleven cents for the loaf instead of twelve, the customer would have been saved a loss of one cent to the carrier, and the baker would have been saved the loss of one cent to the same. The additional one cent, paid as the value of the bread by the customer, is not a value communicated to the bread, but is simply a loss to the consumer, as the other cent is a loss to the producer.

In the instance cited, the loss was divided between the consumer and the producer: it sometimes, however, falls wholly upon the consumer, and sometimes wholly on the producer, according to the circumstances and necessities of trade; if we take however the entire system of commerce, trade, and transportation, both by land and water, it may be said without fear of contradiction that as every man is by turns a producer and consumer, losses by transportation are equally distributed over the entire community.

Whatever may be argued in favor of the moral advantages of commerce, it is nevertheless demonstrable that the entire profits of commerce are a division of loss between producer and consumer, and that all that is saved in transportation, by the improve-

ments in navigation, and by canals, turnpikes, and railroads, is a diminution of loss both to producer and consumer.

We consider it, therefore, to be a false and mischievous maxim in political economy, that transportation adds to the value of a product, and that therefore commerce and transportation are in themselves advantageous. On the contrary, it is the duty of the economist to look upon them as obstructions of so formidable a character, and involving such an enormous waste of life and energy, as to make their diminution and facilitation the first object of private enterprise and legislative enactment.

This object is to be accomplished in two different ways; 1st, by bringing the furnace and smith-shop as near as possible to the mine; and the anvil and the loom as near as possible to the plough; and, 2d, when they are brought as near together as nature and circumstances will permit, to facilitate communication between them by the cheapest, safest, and freest modes of inter-communication.

As the object of the political economist is to give the labor of man a right direction, and to make it yield the greatest possible return, and by no means to stir up an aimless and wasteful commercial activity, he will look upon what are called the interests of commerce and trade with a jealous eye, keeping guard lest the carrier employ himself in the unnatural and unjust enlargement of his function, absorbing more than his due share of the surpluses of industry. Strictly speaking, the most odious and injurious of all monopolies are those which complicate, and render difficult and expensive, the commercial intercourse between cities of the same nation.

The loss on the transportation of raw materials to the manufacturer, being far greater than the loss by the transportation of manufactured articles, it is a necessary point of national, as it is of private economy, that the product of the field and the mine should not have to be conveyed over long distances, by land and sea, to reach the places where they are to be wrought up. It may be safely conjectured, in the absence of exact statistical proof, that the losses and expenses of transportation of the raw material fall, in great part, upon the producers.

The producer of cotton depends entirely

upon the sale of cotton, not only for the return of his labor and capital invested, but for his surplus or profit. Now as it is a much easier process to extend the production of the raw material, and to overflow the market with a particular agricultural commodity, such as cotton, than it is to overstock the market of the world with manufactures, the cotton planter lies, in a great measure, at the mercy of the manufacturer.

The cotton planter has but one purchaser, namely, the manufacturer; and that one purchaser, with capital at his disposal, and the whole world for his market, is the absolute master of the planter, especially when the latter by over production, has lost the power of retention, and is obliged, at any cost, to throw his goods upon the market.

But this is not the only disadvantage suffered by the planter: the only profit which comes to him is the first profit of production on the raw material, and out of this must be deducted part of the loss by transportation. As freights fall, the price of cotton rises, and at the same time the price of manufactured articles, received in exchange for cotton, is diminished, but not in the same proportion. Equal weights of manufactured and of raw cotton, may pay equal freights, although one be a thousand times more valuable than the other; and where the manufacturer pays ten cents to have his goods borne across the water, the seller of the raw material will pay a hundred; for it is just as difficult and as expensive for the navigator to carry a bale of raw cotton, from New York to Liverpool, as to carry an equal weight of manufactured cotton from Liverpool to New York: it is therefore absolutely certain that the disadvantage of a rise of freight to the planter, occasioning a fall in the price of cotton, is far greater than the simultaneous disadvantage of the same rise to the English manufacturer. If, therefore, it be true that the losses and expenses of transportation affect the producer more than the manufacturer, it is greatly for the interest of the producer to bring the manufacturer as near as possible to himself.

Let us take the cotton planters together as a community of interest, and consider the contingencies to which, as a body, they

are subjected by their dependence upon distant manufacturers.

The first of these contingencies, is in the liability to failure and stoppage of the manufacturers themselves, occasioning a perpetual fluctuation in the demand for raw material.

The second contingency, is that of over production by the planters ; a contingency so well understood and so much feared, as to be a subject of consultation among public conventions of planters.

The third contingency, resulting from the dependence of the planters upon one set of manufacturers, is that of suffering by extortionate prices ; a circumstance very familiar to them some thirty years since.

A fourth contingency, is that of being flooded, through the competition of foreign manufacturers themselves, with an excessive abundance of cheap and worthless manufactures ; those of better quality not being to be had, for any reasonable price.

A fifth contingency, is that of being obliged sometimes, if not always, to pay the freightage both of the raw and the manufactured materials, through the private or legislative management of the foreigner.

The sixth contingency, and by no means a remote one, results from the general colonial dependence, into which producers of the raw material, in a remote and half civilized community, depending on the one profit of production for their wealth, and without manufacturing resources, must necessarily fall, producing, at once, a moral, an intellectual and a pecuniary subordination.

The seventh contingency, is in the event of war ; an embargo, or a blockade cutting

off their sole communication with the more civilized world.

The eighth contingency, is in the rivalry of other colonial dependencies producing the same kinds of raw material with themselves, as must eventually come to pass in regard to the South ; the greatest efforts being now made by England, to make herself and her Asiatic colonies independent of the American cotton growers.

The ninth contingency, is from the absence of an armed artisan population in time of war, to maintain a voluntary and efficient defence of the country.

The tenth contingency, is in the absence of capital,—the sinews of war ;—for the accumulation of capital by a colony dependent upon a single foreign market, and producing only one material—a material valueless until passed through machinery, is a thing unheard of and impossible. The planter extends his plantations, but he does not increase the ratio of his profits ; these, on the contrary, diminish regularly as plantations extend ; nor can that property be considered a safe or a desirable one, which enslaves its owner by a dependence upon so many and so formidable contingencies.

We have enumerated the disadvantages which attend the Southern system : equal and even far greater disadvantages, and affecting still more deeply the interests of the nation attend upon the system of the Northern free trade economists, which proposes to make the Northern corn-grower, like the Southern planter, dependent on the remote manufacturer. But the reader will not need to have the application of the principles detailed to him, after what has been already said in regard to the South.

VII.

CURRENCY, BALANCE OF TRADE.

If the entire currency of the world consisted of gold and silver coin, if its quantity were, on a sudden, increased two-fold, for every ounce of coin a second ounce being called into existence and put in circulation, there would be, as a consequence, a very considerable rise in the price of all purchaseable commodities. The abundance of coin would depreciate the value

of coin, and this depreciation would be the same with an apparent rise in the value of purchaseable commodities.

The value of the precious metals is given to them by their uses in chemistry, and in the arts. A few only are employed as currency : the others, known chiefly to chemists and manufacturers, viz., Rhodium, Iridium, Platinum and some others, have not

been employed as currency, with the exception of Platinum, the great demand for which metal in the arts; occasioned such very large supplies of it to be procured from the ores, as to depreciate the value of this metal as specie. The values affixed to the Platinum coins of Russia, are much above the actual market value of the metal itself.

If it should happen at any time, that by the discovery of some new uses for the precious metals, in chemistry and the arts, a very large quantity of them should be withdrawn from circulation and consumed in manufacture, a proportionate rise would be felt in the value of specie, and a relative depreciation in the value of purchaseable commodities. Thus it appears, that the value of gold and silver depends, other things being equal, on its abundance or scarcity in the market.

But there are other causes of variation in the value of gold and silver. For the purposes of commerce, and for the ordinary purchase of commodities at retail, a certain amount of exchangeable property in a convenient form is needed, that can be passed readily from hand to hand. The precious metals are preferred for this purpose, and the relative value which they bear to each other is ascertained and stamped upon equal pieces of them by the government. A certain weight of silver represents one hundred pieces of a certain weight of copper. A certain weight of gold represents ten pieces of a certain weight of silver; that is to say, so much gold will purchase so much silver or copper, and so much silver will purchase so much gold or copper. The adjustment of the coinage consists chiefly in ascertaining the relative values of the three metals in use, and giving to the coined pieces of each metal, a decimal relationship to those of other metals. If, for example, copper, through great abundance, should fall to half its present value, and it was considered necessary still to make the copper coin represent one hundredth part of the silver dollar, a new coinage would have to be made of copper, either doubling the size of the present cent, or making it, with its present size, represent a half cent; and so of the other metals used as specie.

But there are still other causes of fluctuation in the value of the metals used for currency. Let us suppose that by an act of all

the governments of the states, it was forbidden to use bank notes under the denomination of ten dollars; it would then follow that the multifarious businesses, which are now carried on by the medium of a paper currency of small notes, would be transacted in coin; and a much larger quantity of coin would be needed than is at present in use; the need would increase the value of that coin which happened to be available at the time, and the value of gold, silver and copper coins would have a sensible rise in all parts of the country. Thus we see that the value of metals, used as currency, is given to them by several causes:

1. Their uses in chemistry, and in the arts, and

2. Their relative abundance or scarcity, as a medium of exchange.

Again. Their values fluctuate—

1. Relatively to each other, and

2. Relatively to purchaseable commodities.

When it becomes necessary, in consequence of a balance of trade against us, to remit large amounts of specie to Europe, the precious metals experience a rise in value, in consequence of the insufficiency of what is left to meet the ordinary necessities of the market.

When, on the contrary, the balance of trade is in our favor, and foreigners purchase largely of us with specie, the precious metals experience a fall, because there is more than enough for all the purposes of life.

When there is a great abundance of the precious metals in this country, and a relative scarcity in Europe or Asia, they are sent abroad for the purchase of foreign commodities; because at such times, a dollar will buy more in foreign countries, than it will at home; and thus, a scarcity of coin in foreign countries, occasioning a free exportation of specie, will make a balance of trade against us, greatly to our advantage; it is therefore necessary to make due allowance for this circumstance, in judging whether the state of our trade with foreigners is favorable or unfavorable to ourselves. Let us suppose for example, that by the creation of a great number of new banks, a vast quantity of paper currency was thrown out upon the markets, composed of small bills; and that these

were accepted by the people, instead of gold and silver; a momentary consequence of this would be a depreciation of gold and silver, and its consequent exportation, and an increase of the appearance of an unfavorable balance of trade.

And now let us imagine the failure of all these newly created banks; their notes becoming valueless; then, all over the country there would be a rise in the relative value of gold and silver, and a consequent re-importation of the precious metals, and a diminution of the appear-

ance of an unfavorable balance of trade against us.

Thus it appears that the proportion of specie to merchandise, in the comparison of exports and imports, cannot be taken, other things considered, as a perfect measure of commercial prosperity; but it is always necessary to ascertain by what other causes in the country itself, and in foreign countries, the value of specie has been affected, before we pronounce favorably or unfavorably for ourselves in regard to the *Balance of Trade*.

VIII.

ORGANIZATION OF INDUSTRY.

As it is the object both of the producer and the consumer, to secure for themselves the largest possible share of the surpluses of industry, which, by the intervention of trade and commerce, are greatly diminished, it is equally for their interest to deal justly with each other, without the intervention of brokers, tradesmen, and speculators. This idea has given rise to combinations of artisans, who abandoning the old plan of forcing the master to pay them higher wages, and of persecuting those workmen who would allow themselves to be employed for insufficient wages, have discovered that by a judicious combination, they may escape entirely out of the power of the master workman, and bring themselves in a direct contact with the purchasing public, in other words, with the consumers.

If the journeyman artisan can supply the market, without the intervention of a merchant or employer, he saves to himself a portion of that profit which would come to the employer. If the employer makes ten per cent. by selling the labor of his journeyman, that loss is divided between the buyer and the journeyman; but if the journeyman is able to supply the customer directly, and without the intervention of a third party, the purchaser will obtain the goods at a lower rate, and the journeyman will obtain a higher wage; and so both parties are the gainers by dispensing with the dealer or master workman.

Suppose that a suit of clothes costs twenty-five dollars, five of which go to the

profit of the merchant tailor; a combination of journeymen working and selling in a shop of their own, can divide this profit between themselves and the buyer; selling the clothes for two dollars and a half less price, and reaping two dollars and a half advantage to themselves. If a combination of miners can establish a furnace, smelt their own ores, and sell their own products, they are enabled to divide the profits which would otherwise go to the capitalist, between themselves and the purchasers.

If an hundred artisans can combine for the erection of a village of their own, or of a dwelling house in the city large enough to contain them all, they save to themselves all the profits of rent, and are thus enabled to purchase more of the comforts of life, and escape the dangers of ejectionment from inability to pay rent.

If several farmers can combine for the cultivation of a single great farm, the same stock and labor can be employed upon the whole, and with such a saving of time, and such an economical distribution of labor and capital, as to insure a much larger profit, and subject to fewer contingencies and losses. Such is the new principle of the organization of industry, agitated by the new economists, and it is hard indeed to discover any fallacy in the reasoning which they employ to establish it.

Combinations of this kind require to be undertaken with caution, and to be conducted with extreme economy and integri-

ty : whether they succeed or not, seems to depend entirely upon the intelligence, prudence and honesty of those who engage in them, and not upon any inherent difficulty in the system itself.

Let us suppose, for example, that a number of farmers agree to establish for themselves a store in their vicinity, which shall also be a place of deposit for the sale of the products of their farms : the manager of the store will require indeed to be supported out of their joint surpluses, and the prices paid by purchasers ; the goods deposited in his care, being no property of his, the temptation to fraud on his part will be infinitely less than if he were, at once, the buyer and seller of all that pass through his hands.

As it might not be advantageous to maintain such a person by a salary, let us suppose that he is paid by a certain per centage of the profits ; this per centage being regulated by an agreement between himself and the parties who employ him. Every farmer in the neighborhood would leave with the person an account of the products which he had to dispose of. This would be a necessary function of the agent in this labor and profit saving scheme, and constitute him a commission merchant, a person whose duties are already thoroughly understood and defined ; nor is it probable that any improvement could be theoretically suggested for the better management of commission.

All that is advanced by the new theory, is a reduction of those enormous profits of the commission merchant, by subjecting him to the immediate supervision of a combination of producers. A wealthy combination of producers making large profits themselves, a circumstance which would happen of course, would, however, willingly allow their commissioner to make large profits : indeed, were he ever so much under their direction and influence, the superior knowledge which he would soon acquire, would make them dependent upon him in a measure, and that too, in the proportion of the service which he rendered them.

On the other hand, it would be his duty, under the new theory, to purchase for them either with their capital, or by the barter of their commodities, those luxuries and comforts for which their surplus is to be

exchanged ; and here again the superior knowledge and keenness of the agent gives him an unavoidable advantage over his employers, and his salary must be increased or his per centage augmented in proportion to the wealth and the profits of those for whom he acts.

We see, therefore, that the inequality of gain is a circumstance unavoidable under the present system, however exactly and judiciously organized. In fact, we are driven to the conclusion, that the new theorists are not indeed theorists, but only reformers, who, accepting the established modes and processes of commerce, desire only to give them a better shape, excluding what is irregular and mischievous, extending what is permanent and valuable, and in fine, perfecting the economical arrangements of society as they exist among ourselves.

Stripped of that ridiculous accompaniment of metaphysics and false science, with which it has been invested by Fourier and his followers, the organization of labor seems to be an effort merely to insure to industry and ability their just reward. There is indeed a science of business, and that science is economy—the law of the household ; and its principles are one and the same for families, villages, towns, cities, states, and nations, under the regulation of that mind which is undefinable, that universal reason which distinguishes men above the brutes.

The *first* principle of economy, is doubtless, the simple necessity that the individual shall exist, that he shall sustain himself : The second, that he shall not injure, but benefit his neighbor. Justice only forbids an injury, and restrains the individual to the limits assigned him by reason and circumstance. Economy commands a benefit, and extends the activity of the individual for the good of others.

Nothing serves to illustrate the objects and principles of public economy more perfectly than the two propositions which have been already dwelt upon. The proposition, first, that the consumer and producer should be near together, to escape the losses and delays of transportation ; and proposition, second, that the exchange of surpluses, between consumer and producer, should be through the fewest possible hands.

It is the fashion of a certain school of miscalled economists to look upon the

movements of commodities in the market, as they do upon the motions of the heavenly bodies, and to regard the fluctuations of supply and demand, and the incomings and outgoings of specie, as they do the the rush of a cataract, or the flow of a mighty river, with a childish awe. These awe-stricken theorists are content with observation and a theory; and their conclusions, like those of Pyrrho of old, end always in a doubt, and forbid all action. These are our free traders, our men of *laissez faire*, whose unfruitful science ends only in negation, and forbids advance. How unlike that science of the moderns, which ever dissipates the doubt, and leads boldly on to action; whose lamp is reason, and whose pioneer is experiment; whose spirit is beneficence, and its aim, the increase, the union, and the happiness of mankind. Justly might we say of skeptical free trade science, that it is a science of despair; it is doubt applied, —Pyrrhonism made a principle of legislation,—jealousy put up for justice.

It is a mysterious working of human conceit that men should glory in their own incapacity; and yet none are more conceited than those who make ignorance a point of merit. These are your practical men, as they fondly style themselves, in whom there is no practice, and who fancy they have ascended to the summit of knowledge, when they have calculated the probabilities of an excess of population, or a dearth of corn: their activity ends with their theory; they are a kind of Haruspices, whose business it is to peep into the entrails of the state, and thence to predict disaster. Their ravens fly ever on the unlucky side; their proceedings are a farce to delude the people.

With these false economists, the functions of a government are reduced to the regulation of army, navy, and police; and to the collection of taxes; while the true economist endeavors to impart to government a beneficent and protecting, as well

as a coercive power. As the acts of government necessarily have a powerful effect upon the business of the country, and the government, by necessity, employs larger sums, and transacts more business than an hundred of the wealthiest corporations, the direction of its conduct is of vast moment, as it affects the agricultural, commercial, and manufacturing interests. The policy of free trade is wholly to neglect these effects, and to drive the great engine of the state through the private domains of industry with a perfect scorn of consequences.

Government, established for the benefit of the people, is made wholly to disregard them, and to think only of itself: it is made to perform its duty, like some inferior functionary of the law, as if it were a piece of mechanism and not a moral person.

But on such a topic figures of rhetoric are in vain. It is necessary for the true economist to use the language of economy, and by the management of the farm and the workshop to illustrate the management of the state. Hitherto the state has been exemplified by the image of a man clad in armor, with weapons of offence in his hand: but as the spirit of christianity gradually softens and tempers the spirit of the people, those old heathenish rules of conquest and violence have to give way to wiser and gentler maxims. Justice is but the left hand of government, industrial polity its right. The people are not now, as formerly, to be looked upon as a herd of serfs, whom to govern and keep down is the prime duty of legislation. Armies now are for defence and not for conquest. As society advances the citizen lays aside his weapons and attends to his affairs in peace. He has leisure for industry and economy, and as the free state is the abstract of all that makes the freeman,—it should be made to resemble him in all particulars, except that of a selfish individuality.

STARS.

THE night is still :
On lake and hill,
The clustering stars their glances cast ;
But faint and far,
One distant star
Pales, like a dreamy memory of the past.

The deep blue night,
Is gemmed with light ;
At noon the skyey depths are clear :—
Why faint and far,
Now gleams that star,
Once, in its bright ascendant, deemed so near ?

Alas ! what strife
Holds love with life !
A maid—an angel formed to be
Fresh, blooming, true,—
A rose in dew—
Gave the sweet odors of her soul to me.

“ Star of our fate ! ”
With heart elate,
That venturous name I bade thee bear,—
Thou, loveliest light
Of all the bright,
Whose nightly gleaming showers suffuse the air.

Pale planet ! now
All coldly thou
Dost look into my bosom's state :
Read there, and tell,
Sad sentinel,
The heavy change that left it desolate.

Of love and grace,
The fairest trace,
But turneth memory to tears :
Life's ruddiest star,
Pales dim and far,
Seen through the vista of life's changing years.

Yes, years are gone,
Since she passed on,
I following slow the way she went,
To that blest goal,
With earnest soul,
Beneath my weary weight of woe unbent.

The star whose ray
Hath passed away,
Will brighten in another sky :
So memories left
In hearts bereft,
Bring higher, holier hopes, that never die.

TO A SPIDER AT SEA,

BUILDING HIS NEST AMONG THE RIGGING.

Long hast thou tried poor, vain, deluded spider,
 To weave thy nest along yon fleeting rope;
 Running with hasty steps to spread it wider,
 And give thy silvery web its wonted scope.

Thine is an airy site for building, truly,
 And pride, they say, must ever have a fall.
 Thou'lt find, I fear, the freshening breeze unruly,
 If we should meet with yon approaching squall.

Why hast thou come thus far upon the ocean
 Mid ropes and blocks to spread thy glittering cords?
 Dost thou prefer the vessels swinging motion
 To the snug corners which the land affords?

I cannot vouch for thy accommodation,
 Perched in the confines of thy lofty nest;
 No flies approach that cob-web habitation,
 And ropes and tar don't easily digest.

Perhaps below thou may'st not fare so poorly,
 For there by sad experience I am taught,
 Thousands fly, creep, and skip about securely,
 And nightly o'er the hapless sleeper sport.

I cannot say I envy thy position,
 Though mine is little better it is true;
 We both must dance the light rope with precision,
 And you have six legs,—I have only two.

We all are here to fill our lotted station,
 Rope dancing, or fly catching, through the world;
 Till death cuts short each busy occupation,
 And the last fluttering sail of life is furled.

And hast *thou* too to act thy little portion?
 Fain would I shield thee from the whistling blast,
 But spite of all thy net-work of precaution,
 I fear this stormy night will prove thy last.

Others like thee too prone to castle building,
 Live but to see their plans dissolve in air:—
Time slowly wears away the outside gilding
 Of many a picture which at first looked fair.

Now o'er our heads the storm begins to thunder:
 Thy shivering cords are glistening in the spray:
 Alas! the fairy web is torn asunder,
 And on the gale is floating far away.

Adieu, thou'rt not the first poor shipwrecked sailor,
 Cast from his anchor's on the shore of time—
 In all his wordly plans a luckless failer,
 Born but to grace some yet *more* luckless rhyme.

ANDERPORT RECORDS—NO. III.

REGINALD, SON OF ANTHONY.

CHAPTER III.

A MONTH passed away. Though Reginald during this time paid assiduous attention to Miss Chesley, and seemed to be regarded in the light of an accepted suitor, he had sought no explicit understanding. Mr. Chesley and Edward were naturally gratified at the prospect of the approaching connection. The young man's wealth may have contributed to the earnestness of their approval, yet there were higher and more disinterested considerations. Not only had Reginald rendered the family most important services, but in rendering them had displayed such qualities of mind and heart as appeared to ensure the happiness of any woman whom he should choose for his bride.

While everything flowed along thus smoothly, Simon Rennoe was not idle. Reginald himself scarcely made more frequent visits to the house of Mr. Chesley, nor was more cordially welcomed by Matilda. His age and unpresuming urbanity were warrants for admitting him to familiar intercourse, whilst the kindness of his disposition, the sympathy which overflowed from his bosom towards every human being, and the readiness with which he accommodated himself to the mood of the person into whose society he chanced to be thrown, made it impossible that he could be known as acquaintance without being honored and loved as friend. Besides these amiable traits, he was remarkable for the possession of others of a different kind, but which are equally valuable in a confidential adviser. In knowledge of the world, in penetration, in tact, in a perfectly balanced judgment, and in rapidity of decision, who surpassed Simon Rennoe?

That he was soon able to gain a great influence over the mind of Matilda, may be easily credited. But the use to which he applied this influence, evinces most

clearly the extent of his capacity. Never was art more thoroughly concealed. Day after day added surely but imperceptibly to the effect of that which preceded. Everything tended to the result, yet no particular circumstance seemed to have any connection with it. The subject upon whom he operated was least of all conscious of the means employed. Such profound subtlety defies both analysis and description, and even a calm spectator must look to the end without attempting to scrutinise in detail the measures which conducted to it.

Sometimes Matilda would detect Rennoe gazing upon her with an expression of tender melancholy that touched her to the heart: but the very moment he found himself observed, he would assume an air of constraint, or would break out suddenly into a gaiety as evidently hollow and artificial as to be more affecting than his previous look of compassion. He appeared to the young lady to be ever stung by self-reproach for unintentionally giving her pain. Sometimes the name of Laurence Seymour fell as by accident from his lips. Rennoe would hesitate, falter, seemed shocked at his indiscretion, and leave the sentence unfinished, to commence another upon a totally different topic. At last he spoke not of the Englishman at all, but whenever any transaction was mentioned in which he had been engaged, studiously resorted to a circumlocution.

Matilda was enthusiastically fond of the fine arts. Reginald had little taste that way, but Rennoe, who had been in early life an artist of no mean proficiency, took pains to gratify and amuse her, both by the exhibition of his own port-folio and by the selection of the best engravings he could find in the ill-arranged library at the Anderport mansion. One of these plates happened to contain a head which bore a striking resemblance to Seymour. Rennoe,

placing it among some others, proceeded to Mr. Chesley's. While Matilda was examining the bundle, he seated himself at some distance, and appeared deeply engaged in perusing a late number of the Public Advertiser. The beautiful girl hung long over one of the engravings—the beholder knew well *enough* which one—and a tear had time to creep from its hiding-place and glisten on the eyelid. She brushed it away, and instantly cast around her a startled glance to learn whether the action had been observed. But there sat Rennoe, his eye fastened on the printed sheet, and his features clothed with the same untroubled gravity.

Though the means employed were thus refined and artful, the general policy itself was exceedingly simple. Matilda loved Laurence Seymour; Rennoe took care that she was made *conscious* that she loved him. She was unhappy: indefatigable skill was employed to prevent her from losing sight, for a single moment, of that unhappiness. The consequence was, that the poor girl drooped and lost heart hourly. She became thoughtful, nervous, prone to alternate changes of animation and depression. Rennoe watched her decline, which was so gradual as to be scarcely obvious to any but him, with intense satisfaction. "Reginald Ander," he said to himself, "give me but time, and your bride shall fade away before she reaches your arms!"

Yet that time he could not expect to be allowed him. Some more speedy course must be determined on. It was possible that, with judicious treatment, he might be able very seriously to impair the girl's mind—perhaps to make it a hopeless ruin; yet such a plan must be attended with many dangers, not the least of which was the prospect of Reginald's interference. Besides this, Rennoe was not a cruel man, and was desirous of inflicting no more suffering than the attainment of his object demanded. Matilda, had been subjected to a pretty faithful preparation, and his own powers of persuasion, joined to the influence he had obtained over her, must now be adequate, he thought, to bend her mind according to his will.

An opportunity for testing it was not long in occurring. All the family was invited away on a visit. Miss Chesley alone did not go. The cause assigned was a

headache, but such a headache as hers did not interfere a whit with Simon Rennoe's purpose. Everything seemed favorable. The house was still and empty, and he had the whole morning at his disposal.

Too adroit not to make very gradual advances, he suffered an hour to elapse in desultory conversation. Finally, Miss Chesley was led to inquire what were the most striking social differences which he noticed in coming to America from Europe.

"There is one," replied Rennoe, "which has impressed me very forcibly, though some others indeed are much more glaringly obvious. What I refer to is, the comparative infrequency here of those marriages—alas! so common in the old world—which are not dictated by the affections of the parties. I thus see the Colonies freed from one of the greatest curses which can blast a land. For what more horrible can be imagined? A marriage from which love is absent—that which calls itself union, whilst in the sight of Heaven it is *no* union—is not only itself an awful crime, but it is the fruitful source of other crimes."

Matilda trembled. On another occasion, Rennoe, noticing this, would have turned the discourse, but the time to spare had passed. He looked at her long and fixedly. Her agitation increased, but that searching gaze was not removed. At last she burst into tears. Rennoe seemed much affected. "My dear young lady," he said. "I know you do not doubt my friendship. Ah, if it were less sincere, I should spare myself the keen anguish of inflicting pain on you! I ask you solemnly to-day whether you love—Laurence Seymour?"

At the sound of that name, Matilda became as pallid as marble, and as speechless.

Rennoe continued, "And loving him, are you about to wed another?"

"I know not—I know not!" burst from Matilda.

"You know not? Think, Miss Chesley, what it is you say. How can I bear to hear from your own mouth that you premeditate a crime."

"But my father's wish—my mother's?"

"Pause again, my dear girl, and reflect. Beware how you lay so fearful a charge at

the door of those to whom you owe your birth. Do your parents, indeed, insist upon your marrying against your preference? Are they guilty of such cruelty and wickedness?"

"No, no," she murmured, "they are all that is kind and good."

"You speak truly," said Rennoe; "on your own conscience alone must all the sin rest. Your heart will not be able to say to itself in its hour of suffering, that others partake of the responsibility. Then weigh the matter well. Reckon up now the reasons which drive you into this marriage. Are they strong and sufficient?"

"The reasons why I should not withhold my consent, *are* strong," Matilda answered; "the strongest and weightiest. Has not Mr. Ander saved my life at the risk of his own? Should I hesitate to offer even life itself in return? Yet has he done far more than this. He is the preserver of my brother—nay, of my father also. He has restored peace to a divided household. In every action he has been most courageous, generous, magnanimous, self-sacrificing—the best, the truest of men. Shall I, the humblest of a family, every member of which he has rescued from ruin, or from wretchedness, worse than ruin, falter and waver, or refuse to render any service which such a benefactor may deign to ask?"

"Yet," replied Rennoe, "examine your heart well—search and see whether there may not lurk at the bottom some reason less disinterested. Has Ander's wealth nothing to do with your determination?"

"Sir, what mean you?" said Matilda, with indignant scorn; "and is this the opinion you have learned to entertain of me? Do I appear so despicably base?"

"I pray you, understand me, my dear young lady. Too well do I know your unselfish nature, to entertain the suspicion which you suppose. I meant simply to ask—and I do now ask you—whether you do not regard young Ander's suit with some additional favor, from a consideration of the benefit which his riches may be the means of rendering to your *father*?"

Matilda blushed, for Rennoe who could only guess at the terms on which Reginald had recovered the £3,600 from the gambler, had given a keener thrust than he supposed; but she soon recovered, and answered

with spirit: "And what if it were so? where is the harm in being unwilling to obstruct Mr. Ander's generous services to my parents?"

"I will tell you," said Rennoe, in a manner more cold and stern than usual; "or rather, you may answer for yourself. Is it right to procure the advancement of your father's prosperity at the expense of Reginald Ander's happiness? Does generosity merit this return?"

Rennoe perceived she was struck with the novel light in which he had put the case, and added, in an under tone,

"How can his life be aught but wretched, think you, when he takes to his bosom a wife, whose affections are given to another? Can you be the cause of that affliction, the bitterest that man can endure, and call the act disinterestedness?"

The poor girl, at this rebuke, covered her face with her hands, and removing them suddenly as a thought occurred to her, replied—

"You are Mr. Ander's most intimate friend. Tell him, then—for it is your duty to do it—that Matilda Chesley is not worthy of him; that it may peril his happiness to admit her into his dwelling—tell *him*—I say—tell *him*—for upon him rests the decision!"

"No, no, my dear Miss Chesley, little do you understand the ardor and impetuosity of a young man, if you suppose that he can be deterred by any representation of consequences, which I could make. All buoyant with confidence, he cannot believe in the existence of any obstacles which his efforts cannot overcome. No, upon you, must abide the responsibility."

"Do you, then," said Matilda, "advise that I should myself inform him, that my heart cannot be wholly his?"

Rennoe reflected, for the question was one which he had not anticipated. "The young fellow will take her, I am afraid, without caring the value of a straw, whether he gets her heart or not. He is troubled with precious little sentiment, I think: yet it will not do to tell her No." Then he answered aloud, "Yes, *you* may tell him, if you think fit, but be sure that it is done with distinctness, and that energy which makes itself felt. Speak not of the difficulty in tones so light, that delusive hopes shall be excited—hopes which

you yourself are well aware cannot possibly be realized. Consider that he is acting the part of a lover; a part which requires him to exhibit a temper, bold, eager, and not easily daunted."

"I shall say *nothing*," replied Matilda; "I know that however I might begin, I should end only in obeying the impulses of gratitude. No, Mr. Rennoe, my path is clear. It must be one of toil—it may be one of suffering—yet I will not shun it. Most weak and unworthy, I am conscious that I am; all my effort then must be, not to shrink from my duty, but by labor and zeal to strive to render myself less incapable of fulfilling it. When Mr. Ander has done so much, it is impossible that I can ever do enough; yet, at least, he shall never be grieved by learning, from *my* lips, that I am not all he may wish me to be."

Mr. Rennoe, after an interval in which he appeared to his companion to be undergoing a severe internal struggle, began to reply, in a very slow and deliberate manner. "Perhaps it would be best for me to say nothing more—yet I dare not be silent—I feel I should carry a weight upon my conscience to my dying day. Are you not able, my dear young lady, to perceive the real nature of the difficulty that embarrasses you? It is your duty to be grateful, you urge."

Matilda, whose eyes were fixed upon him, here bowed her head in assent, and the other continued: "You are right; gratitude is a duty, but are there no others paramount to it? Would you do murder to gratify Reginald Ander?"

The fair girl was much shocked at the suggestion.

Rennoe, in a low, deep, thrilling tone, went on to say—"Then would you be willing, out of gratitude, to tempt some poor soul to a fearful sin—a sin which may exclude that soul from all hope of pardon?—answer me."

"Am I a fiend?" was the reply.

"A *fiend*, my dear child?" returned Rennoe, solemnly. "Ay, it is but too true—O, to think that your own heart is compelled to apply to itself a term so dreadful! Yes, there is a soul, which you, for Reginald's sake, are about to tempt into awful sin—and further—yet how can I utter it?—perhaps you are about to decide the eternal fate of a human being—to destroy a soul—think of it!"

"Go on!" cried Miss Chesley, with agitation; "tell me, of whose soul do you speak?"

"Your own!"

The painful silence that ensued had at last to be broken by Rennoe: "Yes, it is your own soul that is in jeopardy. Fain would you escape the knowledge; but, my dear Miss Chesley, it is charity to urge it upon you. Do you ever think of Laurence Seymour, or rather, do you not think of him, daily—hourly?"

"Can I help it?" Matilda answered, in a low voice, and almost unconsciously.

"These thoughts," resumed Rennoe, "are now innocent, but what will they be when you are married to Reginald? Does not conscience tell you, that every affectionate remembrance of your lover, will then become a crime? Will you seek to annihilate memory? how impossible! Every moment the form of Laurence, will rise before your mental sight; your heart will hail the vision with joy, while conscience will declare it the omen of destruction. Each morning you will supplicate pardon for your sin; and yet, before you have risen from your knees, you will insult Heaven by committing it anew. Can the imagination conceive of agonies more horrible to endure, than these? That you look forward to your wedded life, as a term of unceasing suffering, your own admission assures me; but reflect upon the nature of that suffering. Frail humanity often yields to sudden temptation, and has need to spend each moment in penitence. Yet your self-reproach must be of a different and peculiar kind. You will be oppressed by the crushing conviction that your state of unutterable woe, has been brought on deliberately, and with a full knowledge of its character. Sinning hourly—doomed to despair of any escape from sin—will it comfort you to think that your own calm decision, is the cause of all?"

Matilda, whose nerves—thanks to the four week's discipline through which she had gone—were less firm than they had been, was deeply agitated by this strain of denunciation. An operator, less practiced than Rennoe, would have been startled at the effect of his own words. As he ended his last sentence, she sat perfectly rigid, leaning slightly forward in her chair, and her eyes, which were fastened upon his,

had that awful glassy appearance, which is seldom seen in the living.

Rennoe, quite free from apprehension, waited composedly the passing away of the spell. Presently she recovered her faculties, with a tremor that visibly shook her whole frame.

"Oh, how you torture me!" was her first exclamation.

"I, torture you?—I?" said Rennoe, reproachfully. "No, Matilda, it is conscience that inflicts the pain. Indeed, have you yet reviewed all the considerations which are fitted to give you discomposure? Are you about to ruin only yourself—or is there not another? Think of Seymour."

"Laurence has no right to complain," said Matilda, with something of her former spirit.

"Laurence may have, in truth, no right to accuse you," rejoined Rennoe; "but ought you not to accuse yourself on his account? Is it nothing to slight the whole existence of a noble being like him? That you are willing to sacrifice your own heart, does not justify you in making a sacrifice of his."

"I do not think, sir," replied Matilda, gently, "that I ever afforded Mr. Seymour such encouragement, that I ought to bear the reproach of any disappointment which he may have incurred."

Rennoe, changing his manner with great readiness, to one somewhat less severe and gloomy, said—

"What would you think, my dear Miss Chesley, if Reginald, suspecting the state of your affections, had come to the determination to withdraw his suit, and leave your heart free from every motive, except its own spontaneous impulses?"

"Is it so?"—said Matilda, looking up inquiringly. "How kind—how generous!"

"Must it not be a relief," continued Rennoe, "to escape the necessity of bringing ruin on the only man you love—on him who alone truly loves you? And why need you be apprehensive on your father's account? Doubt not that Seymour can obtain a grant of land—if not in the neighborhood of Anderport, at least in a region equally desirable—a grant so extensive that the patent even of Wriothesly Ander shall seem diminutive beside it. Will he be one to hesitate in joining you in filial services to your honored parents? But even if you

two should have no other possession than your loving hearts, would you not prefer such an union, to the splendid misery of a life in the Anderport mansion?"

It was wonderful how Matilda's countenance brightened, as her ears drank in these words. Even her impassive companion could scarcely realize that he had before him, the same creature, who, a little while previous, seemed to have abandoned every hope of comfort. Rennoe proceeded:—

"Contrast this with what you could not but suffer as the bride of Reginald; think of your vain efforts to prevent your affections from straying from the husband whom duty requires to be loved, to the strange man whom it is sinful to love; think of that husband, at last convinced of the hopeless infidelity of your heart, and seeking in the company of others, that sympathy which should be afforded by her who vowed in the sight of Heaven to be his loving, loyal helpmate—add to these lesser griefs, the ceaseless sting of conscience, and how dreary the gloom of that solitary fireside! Imagine year after year dragging heavily over the head of the disconsolate wife; let her and her wretchedness, that inseparable companion, survive all the objects for the sake of which the fearful—the immeasurable—sacrifice was made. Her husband, long since has learned to hate her, for the self-devotion which once he asked for—her parents sleep in the grave—her brothers, scattered over the earth, scarce spare a thought for their sister, whom they believe to be favored with so blissful a lot—the devoted lover—but who can tell what his fate shall be? Yes, the mourning woman survives—alas! may she not indeed have lost the hope that the termination of life will be the termination of her sorrows."

"Cease! cease!" exclaimed Matilda: "tell me, man, whether you have betrayed my heart with a delusion. Has Reginald given you authority to say that he has no desire that I should become his wife? Your countenance speaks—that vision of blessedness, was but a lying dream—and I—am left to——"

She sank back apparently in a deep swoon. Rennoe, with the same imperturbable self-possession that ever characterized him, did not call the servants or make any noise, which would be likely to alarm them; but gently supporting Miss Ches-

ley's head, was soon gratified by signs of returning consciousness. As soon as she was sufficiently recovered to understand him, he renewed his discourse—

"I do not deceive you, young lady; the alternative is still open, and if the decision is to be made by yourself, instead of depending on the charity of another, is this a proper cause of grief? Yes, happiness and woe both lie before you—choose—"

"Duty!" gasped Matilda, "duty!—be it happiness or be it woe."

"Assure yourself then," urged the other, "that happiness is duty; sin and misery are ever united. I say not then only, Be happy, but also, Be innocent!"

Matilda now rose from her chair and stood upright. "My decision," she said, "is immovable. If Reginald Ander ask me to accompany him to the altar—I go."

Rennoe also rose and was about to speak, but she interrupted him. "Say no more—it is needless. You have subjected me to a sore trial; if it has been done in wantonness, may you be forgiven. I beg you, sir, to excuse me for the present." So saying, she withdrew to her own apartment.

Simon Rennoe, in no little confusion at his want of success, left the house. "Vanquished! vanquished!" he muttered, "when, too, I had so strong a cause to plead—it is unaccountable. But now I must see Laurence."

In execution of this intention, he called at Anderport, but the Englishman was not at his lodgings. He had gone squirrel-hunting, it seems, in the woods back of the mill. Rennoe, leaving his horse, went to seek him. After an hour's fatiguing exploration of the wood, during which time no sound of a gun greeted his ears, he was lucky enough to find Seymour stretched at length upon a grassy slope near a spring, and intently watching the water as it trickled forth. Though the lover had yielded to despair upon his mistress' refusal to accept him, time failed not to restore hope to his breast. A state of suspense is not agreeable, yet he was glad to choose it in preference to the gloomy certainty of Matilda's absolute rejection.

In reply to Rennoe's inquiries, therefore, he said that whilst he could not quite call himself a contented man, he yet remained

in expectation of a favorable issue at the last.

"I regret," rejoined Rennoe, "to disturb your composure, but Miss Chesley has assured me this morning, in the most unequivocal terms that could be used, that it is her intention to accept Reginald."

"Did she really say so?" exclaimed Seymour, starting from his repose.

"She did—and this notwithstanding my best efforts to the contrary."

Seymour fell into deep dejection. "Is Matilda then certainly lost? You have hitherto been my comforter, can you now suggest no ground of hope?"

"There is one," replied Rennoe, "one only."

"Well, tell it me; let no time be lost."

"The result depends upon yourself alone. I can do nothing to assist you, and I greatly fear that you will neglect this single way of extrication."

"Fear not," cried Seymour; "I cannot live without Matilda—and what will not a man do for life? I have heretofore been guilty of thoughtless folly—I know it—but I have gone through that which might make an idiot wise. You have chided me for rashness; witness now how cautious and prudent I can be."

"The present emergency," answered Rennoe, "demands the exercise of a virtue which you have not comprehended in your catalogue—*humility*."

"I do not understand," said the Englishman.

"I will explain. Do you know wherefore it is that Reginald is your rival?"

"Assuredly I do; 'tis because he cannot help it. Who can know Matilda Chesley, and not desire to win her."

Rennoe smiled. "All hearts, my dear friend, are not quite so susceptible as yours. Reginald and you are courting different mistresses: yours is Miss Chesley; his, victory. It so happens that he cannot easily win his own without taking yours also—hence the difficulty."

Laurence at this looked puzzled.

"Do you not yet understand me? Reginald took the notion that you once treated him with disdain. He determined, therefore, to conquer you in the very field where you thought yourself most secure; and he seems to have succeeded. I do not believe that he cares at all for the young lady"

"Then he is a villain," exclaimed Seymour.

"Do not speak so harshly," replied the other. "Your strong passion is love, his is emulation, and I cannot see that one less deserves to be gratified than the other."

The lover answered impatiently, "Well, what would you have me do?"

"Simply go to Reginald, acknowledge your defeat, and request him not to inflict the penalty."

"Are you mad?" said Seymour, springing to his feet. "Think you I would thus debase myself, and before him, too, of all beings on the earth; that boy Ander—that homely, dwarfish, wretch?"

"I do not see what there is so terrible in it," Rennoe replied calmly; "you would be ready enough to kneel to Miss Chesley, I dare say. Now, for my part, I would much rather submit myself to a strong-minded man like Reginald, than to any weak female. Besides, facts are facts. You are vanquished—why not acknowledge it? The real humiliation, if there be any, consists in the defeat itself."

"I do not care for plausible words," said the lover. "Beg mercy from living man, I will not—least of all from Ander. Ha! 'tis well I think of it—has not that crafty wretch set you up to this? Why are you so anxious for my degradation? I only know you as Ander's friend, what else are you?"

Rennoe answered after a few second's pause. "The question is nothing to the present purpose. Reflect rationally, and you must be satisfied that I have been anxious, from the very first, to prevent this threatened match. What my strongest motive may be, concerns only myself. Certainly, if actions testify anything, my interest in the matter is much stronger than yours. I have resorted to every means in my power—all have failed. One hope only remains, and that depends upon you."

"You are unfortunate," said Seymour, "to have only an impossibility to rely on. Wait for miracles, if you choose, but do not expect a Seymour to degrade himself."

"Then you give up Matilda."

"Give up Matilda? I would give up a thousand Matildas!"

The discomfited adviser departed, and Seymour was left to his own reflections. These were by no means cheerful. A

Gallie lover in the same predicament would have extinguished life and love together in the nearest deep water; a Castilian would have shot his successful rival in the first place, then his mistress, and lastly, himself; the Englishman, however, could only brood over his sorrows, without hoping to release himself from them. In spite of every effort, the words of Rennoe would recur to his mind. That Matilda should marry a man whom she did not love, and who did not love her, seemed the most dreadful thing imaginable, and Seymour discussed with himself whether it was right or not to make some attempt at her rescue. Humility bore a different and more noble aspect, when he thought of it as disinterestedly assumed on her account. Pride, however, was strong, and held out stiffly. A compromise was the result; he would see Reginald, not to beg, but to reason.

The intention, once formed, demanded an immediate execution; and taking up his gun, and the single squirrel which was the justification for a morning wasted in the woods, he proceeded by the most direct course to the mansion. On the way, he composed in his mind a most eloquent expostulation—one which it seemed impossible that a heart of stone could resist. At the gate, however, his confidence greatly diminished. The errand, which before he had thought worthy of a Cicero, now appeared ridiculous enough. The quick pace of the outset was very perceptibly slackened, but the impulse which set him in motion had not yet lost its power, and he was driven, though reluctantly, up to the very terrace. Here he stopped, and occupied the moment of indecision in surveying the building before him. Used as he had been to those fine old baronial edifices which are the glory of his native land, he could not look upon the Ander mansion without an involuntary feeling of respect. The commanding situation, its vast dimensions, the air of perfect stillness that hung about it, the absence of shrubbery and of every production of nature less grandly simple than the green turf, and those venerable oaks, all seemed well to befit the homestead of the founder of a colony.

It was too late to withdraw. Reginald, perceiving the unexpected visitor, had himself come to usher him in. After the pair were seated in the parlor, a rather

embarrassing silence ensued; Laurence, after vainly trying to recal the admirably conceived oration which he had so fluently declaimed on the way, had no resource but to present his business in the most plain manner possible.

"Mr. Ander, I cannot doubt that you feel disposed to contribute all in your power to the happiness of Miss Chesley."

Reginald made a gesture of assent.

The other continued: "You would not therefore desire to insist upon the contemplated marriage, if you supposed her inclinations to be adverse to it?"

"May I beg Mr. Seymour's authority for believing that any marriage is in view?"

"Common rumor."

Reginald merely rejoined, "Well, sir, be good enough to proceed. I believe I interrupted you."

But how to proceed?—that was the rub, and Seymour found his situation not a little awkward; yet as he was in it, he determined to put on a bold face. "Excuse me, Mr. Ander, I have asked a question which is still unanswered. Do you mean to marry Miss Chesley?"

"I can only answer by another," said Reginald, "will the lady consent to be my wife?"

"Suppose," said Seymour, "circumstances should induce her to give a verbal consent in which her heart does not join?"

Reginald, with a courteous smile, replied: "I can not imagine the possibility of such a case arising. It would be doing Miss Chesley great injustice, it seems to me, to suppose that her words could ever belie her sentiments."

"Mr. Ander," said the other, with animation, "I pray you not to trifle with me; do you persist in your suit?"

"I have already replied, sir. It depends merely upon the lady."

"Then," rejoined Seymour, "I have one other question: what is it that induces you to seek Miss Chesley?"

"That interrogatory," replied Reginald with a repetition of his provoking smile, "is the last one, sir, that I should have expected from one so well acquainted as yourself with the charming young lady referred to. The more natural difficulty, would be, I should think, to avoid becoming attached to so lovely an object."

Seymour, unable to disguise his vexa-

tion, rose suddenly, walked to the other extremity of the room, returned, and again took his seat, saying: "Oh be frank, man—be frank! Talk as you please to Matilda, but *I* am neither fool nor woman. You shall have sincerity on my part, at least, and I will, therefore, express my decided conviction that you are not capable of the weakness of loving."

"Accept my thanks for the compliment," said Reginald, in a hearty tone.

Seymour resumed: "Wherefore the need of all this disguise? Come out at once, and let me know what it was that made you my rival. Have I given you offence?"

"Offence?—none in the world."

"Has my conduct, then, been in any way the provocation of your exertions?"

"I fear the information you demand," answered Reginald, "may not be gratifying, yet I cannot resist your entreaties. You inquire what first prompted me to seek the honor of a connection with Mr. Chesley's family. I will tell you plainly. There chanced to be a gentleman very intimate with that family who was so confident in his advantages as to give defiance to the world, and who, if I be not mistaken, manifested some disdain of my own humble self in particular. Now, no man, of course, can be happy unless he have some object in view; at that time I happened to have none, and under the circumstances, thought I could not select any which promised more interest in the pursuit than that, sir, which you are kind enough to say, affords at present a tolerable prospect of being attained."

Seymour, by an effort which did him credit, restrained his rising anger. "I will not blame you, Mr. Ander, but you have by this time surely had ample entertainment. The interest of the pursuit, you acknowledge, is all that engages you; what remains, then, of the sport must be dull enough. Are you not willing to divert your attention to some new and more distant object?"

"Yes, sir, *when this is gained*." There was a marked emphasis laid on the last word.

"Can it be possible," continued Seymour, "that any man, for the sake of gratifying a petty emulation, will coldly destroy the happiness of a lovely, self-sacri-

feign woman? Reginald Ander, think of the consequences! You are about to inflict the distress, not of a day, but of a life-time. Bring up before your sight the figure of that poor girl pining away—a wife unloving, and unloved. See her sinking every hour, till at last you lay her in an untimely tomb. Consider what your reflections would be then. In such a dreadful moment, could you derive any satisfaction from the knowledge that all that misery had purchased the defeat of a rival?”

“I could.”

Seymour looked at him with astonishment. “Have you a heart in your breast? Can you contemplate with composure, a prospect of such horror, that it might make Satan relent? Yet I tell you, that although you may be destitute of feeling now, the time must come when you can be no longer so. You will find that crime appears very differently before commission, and after it.”

“It seems to me, my dear sir,” said Reginald, “that your invective is a little more violent than the occasion warrants. I use no force, no unlawful means. Miss Chesley is perfectly free from constraint; go to her yourself, if you will, and ask whether I have ever taken an ungenerous advantage of circumstances. And what gives you a right to infer that she cannot become my wife without being wretched?”

“Your own declaration, sir, that you seek merely my humiliation. Well might Rennoe assert, that the best way to move you would be to throw myself at your feet and acknowledge your victory.”

“Did Rennoe indeed say so? Well, he gave you pretty good advice.”

“It was advice,” Seymour rejoined angrily, “which no one capable of entertaining a manly sentiment would either inculcate or follow. Beware how you push matters to extremity—withdraw now from your suit, while you can with good grace. Matilda is not yet yours.”

“You are very right,” said Reginald, “she is not, and therefore it is out of the question that I should withdraw. Think you I would abandon a purpose unexecuted?”

“Good heavens! Ander,” cried the Englishman, with great vehemence; “let it be that I have done wrong, punish not that unhappy girl for it. Dare you say

you leave her mind free and unfettered? Answer me as you will answer at the last day!”

Both young men were now standing, and, as they faced each other in front of that oriel window, while the ruddy light of the setting sun cast its shadows in strong relief against the wainscotted wall, the contrast was very remarkable.

Laurence stood with one foot extended, his right arm half raised in energetic action, and every feature expressive of strong and unrestrained emotion. Opposite, a form so commanding, and of such faultless proportions, Reginald Ander appeared, diminutive and mis-shapen. One who had beheld him at that moment for the first time, and had tried in vain to read any signs of a soul upon that heavy countenance, and had noticed his dull eye sink beneath the steady, piercing, glance of Seymour, would have formed a very erroneous conception of the relative situations of the two.

“Answer me,” continued the Englishman; “have you not enthralled Matilda Chesley by means of a weakness which comes from the best qualities of her kindly, ingenuous, unsuspecting, grateful nature? Have you not conferred services under the guise of disinterestedness whose true source were envy and malicious spite?”

Reginald replied: “Since you seem fond of catechetical exercises, allow me also to propound a question or two, and let the doctrine be the same, it is a good one—disinterestedness. Whence your strong interest in the welfare of my bride-expectant? Does it flow from christian charity, or is it worldly and carnal? Do you display equal sympathy for the woes of other afflicted maidens? Lastly—*dost thou covet?*”

“Scoff not,” returned Seymour; “I acknowledge that I love Matilda Chesley—love, her, devotedly, lastingly; yet I do solemnly declare to you that the earnestness of my present expostulation, comes from a pure, unselfish regard for her happiness alone. Can you suppose that I should otherwise have intruded upon you? Well might you scorn my meanness, if any consideration of personal advantage had sent me hither. Whatever follies love of woman may lead me into, it shall never make me forfeit my self-respect. If I have in-

herited nothing else, I have at least inherited a name which has never been thus dishonored."

"If," said Reginald, after a pause, "you believe Miss Chesley's comfort at stake, complain of no one but yourself, for by the performance of a single condition it is possible for you to induce my relinquishment of all pursuit of her hand."

"Pursue your course then," Seymour said bitterly; "I know your terms, and I will not consent to them. Commit the worse than murder which you meditate—felicitate yourself upon surpassing in heartlessness the most brutal that have gone before you. Marry Matilda, break her heart—and then enjoy the reward of your doings. I shall offer no further obstruction—settle the matter now with your conscience. I bid you good evening, sir."

At that, Seymour bowed, and with a swelling bosom, left the house.

Before reaching the gate, however, he turned suddenly around and started back, making long strides. Passing through the hall-door, without word or knock, he proceeded directly to the parlor, and there found Reginald still standing by the oriel window.

"I come," he said, "to submit to the degradation. I will forget my birth, forget that I am a man, forget everything but Matilda's danger. I acknowledge that I have been defeated in my dearest pursuit by one whom I contemned, and that I have no hope but in your voluntary withdrawal. There! the act of base submission is over, and Matilda is freed."

"Not so fast, if you please, Mr. Seymour; you have quite mistaken my condition."

"Mistaken it?" echoed the other; "surely this is what both you and Rennoe have declared."

"I have nothing to do with Mr. Rennoe's assertions," replied Reginald, "and if you take the pains to recall what has fallen from my own lips, you will find nothing which can give you ground to accuse me of bad faith. I might once, perhaps, have been contented with such a declaration as you have just made, but I could not now. What more indeed does it express than is implied in the very fact of your visit this evening, and in the whole conversation which has been the fruit of

it? Would you have come if you had had any other, the slightest, hope of winning Miss Chesley? And what is this but an acknowledgment of defeat? I should be most foolish, as you cannot but see, to assent to such terms. In exchange for one empty sentence uttered before no witnesses, I should yield up a most lovely girl."

"What then, do you demand?" said Seymour. "Is it that I should proclaim the avowal from the house-tops? publish it in the gazettes? have it recorded for the information of future generations?"

"Not so," answered Reginald; "I ask from you no confession at all—"

"Because you have received it already," said the other interrupting him.

"Ah yes, it is true; and I have to thank you for the voluntary gift." Reginald, after saying this with an expression of countenance which Seymour thought sardonic, continued: "No, it is but just that I should receive a quid pro quo. Matilda Chesley is mine, and I will not relinquish her for nothing."

Here a pause intervened. At last the Englishman, who felt his nerves losing vigor every moment, could bear the suspense no longer.

"What is it you would have, Ander? Give it forth, whatever it be—let me hear your demand, though the evil One himself have suggested it!"

"Oh, be not apprehensive," replied Reginald; "I do not ask your soul, you may dispose of that as you think proper; I am willing to give up my bride on condition that you engage never to take her yourself."

"What mean you? You cannot be in earnest; this would be the very wantonness of cruelty. "You are jesting, I know."

"It is no jest," said Reginald, "unless you choose to be the laugher. For my part, I consider it quite an earnest affair to abandon Miss Chesley. Think you I have not eyes for beauty as well as you; that I have no heart to be touched by her confiding ingenuousness and noble simplicity of character? You have accused me, Mr. Seymour, of selfishness and a savage disregard for the young lady's happiness; it may now be seen how far your own zeal is disinterested."

"Yet," urged the other, "are you not

still equally unfeeling towards Matilda? You admit that she loves me."

"By no means, Mr. Seymour. It is possible, and of this one may well doubt when we have her word to the contrary, that she would prefer you to me; but who can say that she may not hereafter find some one whom she would prefer to both of us? From this window, Mr. Seymour, I observed your walk towards the gate and the return: now shall I bring to your recollection the train of thought that passed through your mind and prompted your decision? Tell me if this is not somewhat like it: 'The wretch—I could knock him over—abominable—the game's up—I've lost her—but she will not be happy, nor he neither—I am glad of it, with all my heart, for they don't deserve to be. Could not I stop the match by telling her about this?—she would not believe me—'twould do no good—besides hardly gentlemanly to relate a private conversation. No hope—she's gone. Could I possibly own beat?—out of the question—yet to think of it!—never to get Matilda—I cannot stand this—I'll do anything rather.' At this point it was that you wheeled so suddenly around: all the way back to the terrace, your mind did nothing but repeat: 'I'll do anything rather!' On the way from there to the hall door, you became more animated in consequence of a new series of reflections:—'Tis bad to be sure—horrible—yet I shall get her from Reginald after all—ho! ho! that's a comfort!'"

Seymour seemed to acknowledge the accuracy of this analysis by his confused silence, and Reginald added sarcastically:

"How remarkably disinterested all this was! O, it is the easiest thing in the world to be careful of another's welfare, if you believe it coincident with your own. When loving one's neighbor *as* one's self, comes to be identical with loving one's neighbor *in* one's self, charity truly will greatly abound."

Seymour had now recovered his speech.

"You are not in love, sir, and—"

"That is to say," interrupted Reginald, "I am not disinterested; very well, go on, sir, if you please; it is proper to have terms exactly defined."

The Englishman was a little disconcerted, but continued. "What I mean is, Mr. Ander, that as you are no lover you

cannot understand a lover's feelings. You will turn to-morrow to some other matter, and in the course of a few weeks, or, at farthest, months, will have dismissed Miss Chesley altogether from your thoughts. In my case it must be far otherwise. To relinquish Matilda is to tear out hope itself from my breast; existence will become but a succession of separate days bound together by no common purpose or plan. Robbed of all energy, in being robbed of all prospect of reward, I could only live as the animal lives. Would you condemn me to such a fate?"

"I condemn you to nothing," said Reginald, "Decide as you will—whatever be the choice, it is to me a matter of indifference."

"And if I should not submit to the terms, what then?"

"In that case," replied Reginald, "I go to Miss Chesley, and, if she consent, marry her."

"Trifle not with me, I beg you," said Seymour, "speak sincerely. Let me know plainly your real intention."

"I have already done so," rejoined the other. "I have told you my purpose—and my purposes are seldom altered. I do not urge you, Mr. Seymour, to make this sacrifice—if such it be to you—consider calmly. You lay claim to the credit of a pure, unselfish anxiety for Matilda Chesley's happiness—I have heard of such devoted attachments, but confess to some scepticism as to their real existence. It is in your power either to remove or to confirm my doubts—yet let not your conclusion be influenced by any expectation of being subsequently released from the promise, if it be made."

"Hear me, then," exclaimed Seymour, "I promise—but there shall be no further misapprehension. Tell me, precisely, what it is you propose."

"This," said the other; "We, Lawrence Seymour, and Reginald Ander, mutually agree and promise to each other, never to marry Matilda Chesley; and though one of us should die, the survivor is still to hold himself bound upon his honor to adhere to this engagement. Do you assent?"

"I do," said Seymour, in a low tone.

"Then," said Reginald, "the covenant is ratified, solemnly, irrevocably."

Resisting all Reginald's earnest solicitations that he would remain and partake of the hospitalities of the mansion, Seymour withdrew in a state of mind scarcely more calm than that which had impelled his visit.

Next morning, Reginald had an interview with Matilda. He said to her in his abrupt way—"Miss Chesley, I have satisfied myself that if you were to become my wife, it would be at such a constraint upon your affections as must endanger your future peace and contentment—I therefore relinquish altogether, the perhaps presumptuous hopes which I have entertained."

Matilda was about to make her grateful acknowledgments, but he continued without pause—"Give me no credit for this act—it deserves none—I prosecuted my purpose unremittingly, till an obstacle interposed, which it does not become me to contend against. But for that obstacle, I should have persevered—though at the hazard of committing a great wrong. Thank me not for my forbearance, since it proceeds from no regard for your happiness. I was selfish at the first, and remain selfish to the last. Yet Matilda—at this moment, and to you, I will say it—whatever was the object which first impelled me to seek your hand, a deeper and stronger feeling has since sprung up in my breast—a feeling which others have not given me credit for and of whose depth and strength I myself have not till now been fully conscious. My memory will never excite in you, Matilda, any sentiment of tenderness; it is more than probable that, when you know all, you will learn to hate it; yet be assured that Reginald Ander loved you truly, devotedly, jealously—though he never babbled nor ranted of his love."

On his return home, Reginald, did not see Rennoe until they met at the dinner-table. When the meal was over, the young host said, "Well, my dear sir, how prosper Mr. Seymour's affairs? Has your assistance been of much avail?"

"Of none, whatever," answered Rennoe, frankly.

"Perhaps," said Reginald, "you wish a longer trial?"

"No. I have already done everything that, as a Christian man, I dare."

Reginald rewarded this confession of his triumph, with information of his relin-

quishment of Miss Chesley, and of the terms of the agreement between himself and Seymour.

Rennoe's gratification was evident from his countenance, and he declared in words: "You will hardly believe me, Reginald, yet it is sober truth, that this conclusion gives me even more pleasure, coming as it does from your voluntary motion, than it would if it were the consequence of my own strenuous exertions. You are not one to stop at half-way measures; and this decision, I now feel assured, is the forerunner of another; of one whose importance the world must acknowledge, and whose consequences will be recorded by history."

"Come, let us walk," said Reginald.

The young man led his companion through the garden at the rear of the dwelling to a wide common, in which the bastard-pine had sprung up, and even in that early day attained considerable size. Reginald pursued his course briskly and confidently through the mazes of a labyrinth, more perplexing than that of Dædalus. Rennoe, as he found all his care scarcely adequate to preserve his face from the spring burs, which every shrub eagerly threw across his path, wondered in silence what were the charms of scenery that the other had found to attract him. Finally they came to a low, worn fence, which enclosed a little bubbling spring, a cabbage patch, three peach trees, and a cabin, fifteen feet by ten, constructed of logs, well daubed with mud, and covered by great rude shingles, whose thickness bid defiance to nails, and which were kept in place by the superincumbent weight of numerous stones and oaken poles. At the door sat a black woman, whose hair, as it appeared from beneath the edges of her cap, was literally white as the driven snow; and a crutch which leaned against the wall at her side, showed that she labored under other infirmities, than those which are the legitimate attendants of age. She was neatly clad, and her countenance, though bearing the characteristic marks of her race, indicated considerable intelligence.

Reginald, leaning his arm upon the fence, drew her into conversation. In the course of it, Rennoe observed, "You must lead a dreary life out in this dreary wilderness, my good lady. Few visitors are apt to pierce through a thicket as you have around you."

"It has not long been so," she answered. "The day Master Reginald was born, I could see the mansion plain from here; and I can remember in the time of the first Master Reginald; that's the son of Wriothses—when as fine tobacco was growing on it, as ever was raised anywhere, I suppose."

"Indeed! Does your memory extend thus far? Your age, then, without your other ailments, would prevent you from going abroad much."

"Its five-and-forty years, sir," answered the woman, "since I have been outside of that fence."

"Of course," said Rennoe, "you have somebody to nurse you."

"No, sir; I'm thankful I haven't yet come to stand in want of that. I've always had good masters to give me my meal and bacon, and firewood, and the garden truck I can raise myself—"

"But are you not lonely?"

"How can I be, when I have this?" As she spoke she lifted a much worn Bible, from her lap. "Well, indeed, may I thank God for this affliction, for it is only since it laid me up in a manner—useless, that I have learned to read the good message which He has sent to all his servants; and what a blessed thing it is that by his mercifulness, the crippled can hope for as good wages as the strongest."

They conversed long with the old woman, and could not fail to observe both her thorough acquaintance with the Holy Scriptures, and her unwavering faith in the promises which they contain. After that, Reginald led the way down along the little branch, till the cabin was quite out of view, then turning around he addressed his companion thus: "You know, sir, that some months ago I determined to defeat and humble Laurence Seymour; that object is now accomplished, and my mind is open for another. I have resigned Miss Chesley, and with her the hope of domestic happiness; is not this a good deal? Yet you are not satisfied, and would have me resign more; my fortune and my personal independence; tell me what recompense you can promise in return for such sacrifices."

"It is summed up in one word, Reginald—power. Look at me; how am I able to raise this arm; to extend this foot?

Is it not the soul which moves? Just so, the company of Jesus is the soul of the world; all the rest of mankind are but its limbs and external instruments."

"Power—power—" repeated the youth.

"Yes," said Rennoe, "does not that content you?"

"At least," Reginald answered, "it might tempt, if it failed to satisfy—but I have brought you here, to inform you of a resolve already made. Released from all ties here, I am about to enter upon a new and graver scene, and one so important, that it demands from me an earnest preparation. I want an instructor. There are two in view; one, whose great natural abilities have been developed to the utmost—a man learned as few are learned, yet, at the same time thoroughly versed in practical affairs. The other teacher, very far inferior in natural endowments, is destitute besides of all the pretensions to the wisdom of the schools. The first is Simon Rennoe, the ablest of the Jesuits—the other Judith, the old woman who exists in yonder hovel; and of the two, I mean to choose *Judith*."

Rennoe's fine features were expressive of intense scorn, as he replied, "And has Reginald Ander sunk to this?"

"Before you pronounce judgment," said the young man, "hear me. My mother had three brothers, and a sister. They all died prematurely of the same disease. Her father died of it also. The disease is one, whose characteristic it is to be hereditary. Seven years ago, I became aware of the fate which menaced me, and since then, that disease has been the subject of my study. Every medical work of eminence relating to it has been mastered. Without the knowledge of guardians or teachers, I have personally consulted the most distinguished physicians. I have learned what preventive measures were advisable, and how to estimate every symptom which should arise. Some weeks ago, in fording a run near Reveltown, I got wet, and could not afterwards change my clothing. That exposure gave my constitution a shock, which afforded an opportunity for my lurking enemy to show his power. I know that there is in medicine nothing which can remove the grasp of death which is laid upon me. I can almost count up to you with the certainty of an astronomical calcula-

tion, the very number of hours that remain."

"Perhaps," said Rennoe, "the case is not so hopeless as you imagine, and let it be as it may, you cannot do better than to unite yourself with our order. Should your fears prove, as I hope and believe, destitute of sufficient ground, you will have before you the grandest field which earth can offer to a vigorous and penetrating intellect; should, alas the worst result follow, you will have every advantage of enlightened spiritual preparation."

"Such arguments," said Reginald, would once have had weight, but I tell you, Simon Rennoe, that the sight of death, standing upon the threshold, works a wonderful change in the estimation which we place upon the things both of this world and of the next. Within a period of less than four revolutions of the moon, I, who now stand before you, will be—can you tell me where? That old crippled being yonder, has endured for nearly half a century, misery which Zeno and Seneca would have confessed intolerable; yet she is at this moment happier than you are. In ignorance as gross as can be conceived, of all human lore, she can yet explain the grounds of her faith, in terms fixed, clear, consistent, rational, sublime. You, Simon Rennoe, know everything but the Bible—she knows nothing but the Bible. For five years I have been a diligent pupil in your school; during the few months which remain to me, I mean to take lessons of her."

"Let me know, Reginald," said the Jesuit, "whether this is your settled purpose."

"It is," answered the other, "and you may therefore abandon altogether those hopes which have made you my companion to America. Yet I shall be pleased to have you remain as long at the mansion as you find agreeable; can I not indeed persuade you to listen with me to Judith's pious teachings?"

"You must excuse me," said Rennoe, smiling ironically, "I would prefer to sit at the feet of a somewhat different Gamaliel. As you have made your determination, however, I know you well enough not to attempt to change it. To-morrow morning, therefore, I shall bid you farewell. I have already devoted to you more time

than I would give to win to the service of the company any other mind, that fifty years intercourse with the world has made me acquainted with; yet that space of time, Reginald, I would give thrice over to win thee."

In the walk home, Rennoe observed, "I now understand the full force of your agreement with the Englishman."

"Yes," said Reginald, "and was it not a most admirable measure? How foolish it would have been in me to have made Matilda a wealthy widow for Seymour's benefit? The fellow luckily was unaware of the predicament in which I was placed, and now, though on the point of death, I can enjoy the satisfactory reflection that Seymour can derive no advantage from his survivorship."

"And is this," said Rennoe, "the devout frame of mind which your dusky Saint yonder would inculcate?"

"Oh," answered the other composedly, "as you are not my spiritual adviser, give yourself no uneasiness about the matter: indeed, on the whole I do not think I shall trouble even Judith with it—my conscience and I can settle this question unassisted."

Next day, the Jesuit, in accordance with the intention he had declared, started from Anderport on his way to Europe. A few hours after, there was another departure, Seymour's, who went to prosecute his mining speculations.

Reginald remained, and, with the indomitable firmness which characterized him, calmly watched the measured approach of death. For months he made daily visits to old Judith, and, it is to be hoped, derived benefit from her serious and faithful admonitions. Before the close of winter he was confined to the house, soon after to his chamber, and finally to his bed. Now, for the first time, the rumor spread abroad that the mansion was like to lose its master. Reginald during all that fearful interval had kept the secret locked in his own breast. Giving way to no grief himself, he was too proud to desire the condolence of others. He yearned not for the comfort which man is able to bestow.

Spring, therefore, was near at hand before Laurence Seymour heard of the condition of his former rival. Ever since the evening of the memorable agreement, he

had cherished the expectation that Reginald however inflexible in the determination to expose his patience to a severe immediate trial, would in the end relent and grant him a full discharge. It may be conceived how startled he was to learn that the possibility of such a release was soon to be cut off. The terrible words of the bond rose to his recollection. Though one should die the survivor must still adhere to this engagement. He loved Matilda as ardently as at the first, and was a barrier now to be thrown between, which no time, nor chance, nor imaginable event could remove? That Reginald on the brink of eternity still retained his harsh unyielding temper, seemed most improbable, and the lover believed that if he could but kneel at the bedside of the dying man, his supplication would be granted.

Once before had that journey from the mines been made in fiery haste. Now, a more vehement anxiety drove on the traveler. Procuring a fresh horse as each preceding one failed, he rode night and day. It was one o'clock in the morning when he entered Anderport. At early dawn, he walked towards the mansion. Opening the gate, and leaning one hand on the latch and the other on the granite shaft of the post, he gazed down that well-remembered avenue. There was a change in its appearance—a change according well with the altered circumstances. At the time of the former visit, that scene was indeed grave and sombre; but now the season gave it a dreariness yet more impressive. The oaks, which in Autumn cast their dense shade, now lifted naked branches to the raw Northeaster. The old mansion was clearly discernible from one extremity to the other, and its white front, unrelieved by the foliage of trees or lighter verdure of a lawn, presented an aspect singularly cold and repulsive. Though it was now broad day, the feeble glimmer of a lamp could be detected struggling through a curtained window. In that apartment doubtless lay the expiring heir of Wriothoesly Ander. It seemed to Seymour like profanity to intrude into that chamber, and harrass the departing soul with the gross and selfish interests of earth. His resolution failed: turning from the gate, and still keeping Anderport behind him, the young man walked on—he knew not, and cared not whither.

After several hours spent in roaming about the woods, nature made herself felt, and he became conscious of hunger. It was necessary to return to his lodgings; but on his way his mind was made up to go through the solemn and dreaded interview.

His soft tread made no sound upon the stone pavement of the terrace, and before he had persuaded his hesitating hand to raise the knocker, a servant accidentally approached.

"How is Mr. Ander, my good man?"

"Master Reginald, sir, is dead."

Seymour moved away faint and sick at heart.

A month had elapsed since the funeral. No will was found, and neighbors as they met made mutual inquiries as to who would prove heir to the great Ander estate. Mr. Nelson, who had been executor during the long minority of the late possessor, and was presumed to have a perfect acquaintance with the family tree, declared that Charles James, (Anthony's father,) besides a younger brother, Eugene, had a sister who married Giles Atterbury, the Quaker. The eldest son of Atterbury, known to be then living in Philadelphia, was undoubtedly the heir, *unless* his mother's brother, Eugene Ander, who settled in Shropshire, England, had left issue, of which there was yet no evidence. Soon after this information had become generally circulated through the community, a London newspaper was received, which announced the marriage of the Rev. John Ander, second son of the late Eugene Ander, Esq., of Shropshire. Thus it was clear that the Quaker had lost the inheritance, after all. But who was Eugene Ander's *eldest* son? This remained to be discovered.

Laurence Seymour listened to all this gossip with great indifference. The estate might find an heir, but no one could inherit the right to release him from his promise—that was buried in the grave of Reginald. His mind left to brood upon his hopeless situation, fell into a nervous excitable melancholy. He recalled the various accounts which he had heard of disembodied spirits having returned to perform acts of justice, which had been delayed during life, and the wild wish would frequently arise as he retired at night, that the form of Reginald might appear in his chamber, and pro-

nounce him absolved. Dreams, of course, were the natural consequences of this disturbed state of mind. On awaking after one of these, of the particulars of which he had only a vague recollection, he felt a strong impression that Reginald would doubtless have left him a written discharge, if in the anxieties of a sick bed the subject had occurred to him at all. This impression, so capable of giving a degree of relief, gradually deepened until it almost became conviction. An instructive sense of honor, however, still restrained him. The dream, with all the exaggeration of fancy, could not be made out an opposition, and his promise was a clear, solemn engagement, entered into after full consideration of the consequences.

Matilda Chesley had not seen her lover since the evening interview succeeding her walk with Reginald. Unaware of the cause which compelled him to shun her presence, she was much pained and surprised. Reginald's withdrawal seemed to have no obstacle which ought to prevent him from renewing his advances. And since his return from the mining region, his conduct appeared still more unaccountable. He remained in the neighborhood evidently unoccupied by business, and, as she learned incidentally, was constant in his inquiries with regard to her health. It occurred to her finally that mortified pride and distrust of her affection, as they had formerly given a wrong interpretation to her partial refusal, might now induce him to wait for some testimonial of regard from her.

Matilda therefore wrote him a letter, so characterized by maidenly dignity, yet at the same time so pervaded by tender earnestness, and clothed in language so exquisitely simple and touching, that it was equally impossible either not to admire the writer, or to doubt the sincerity of her affection. Seymour could not resist the appeal. He must see Matilda, if only to explain to her the hardship and hopelessness of his situation.

Little of the exhilaration of the favored lover attended him on his ride. Present circumstances could suggest none but gloomy reflections, and he could not think of the future without a dull indistinct presentiment of some great calamity which would make the burden of existence still more in-

tolerable. All these dark thoughts, however, fled from his mind the instant that Matilda stood before him. Her countenance had at no time before appeared so lovely, for whatever it might want of its former bloom, was more than supplied by the light of joy which shone on every feature. She immediately extended her hand with the frank artlessness so peculiar to her, and Seymour, as he seized it, remembered nothing but his love. Borne away by the feelings of the moment, he described in impassioned tones both the intense suffering which he had endured in absence, and that hour's full and overflowing happiness. In return, he received from her lips the faintly whispered declaration which man can never hear without a quickened pulse and agitated frame.

The door was suddenly opened—then closed—and a second time opened. The lovers were both startled. Finally a head was thrust into the room.

"Achsa!" said Miss Chesley, with as near an approval to cheerfulness as her gentle nature was ever tempted into; "Is that you? What business can you have here?"

The intruder, quite unaccustomed to entering parlors, was in truth the old negro washerwoman of the family. At the greeting of her young mistress, she ventured to extend an additional portion of her body over the threshold.

"Is Mawster Laury Seymer here," she asked, standing on tiptoe, and endeavoring to peer over the top of the fire-screen, which partially concealed the gentleman.

"Yes," he said, rising, "I am here, aunty—what do you wish?"

"I've brung somethin to you," said Achsa, putting into his hand a letter, and immediately afterwards shuffled out of the room.

Seymour, as he read the missive thus strangely brought, staggered and turned deadly pale. Matilda was inexpressibly shocked by his altered aspect. Consciousness seemed almost to have deserted him. Even her presence was no longer regarded, and the fervent glance which had borne witness to his affection more eloquently than words, now gave place to a wild unearthly stare.

"Laurence! Laurenee!"—affright took away the power to utter more.

His only reply was to extend the letter. She seized it and read—

“Remember your engagement—I hold you to it.
REGINALD ANDER.”

In answer to Matilda's look of inquiry, Seymour, in brief and burning words, informed her of the covenant which had been entered into. “I had liked,” he concluded, “to have proved false to my plighted word, and see, Matilda, a letter comes from the dead to warn me!”

Miss Chesley shuddered at hearing the recital.

“Who would have believed,” said Seymour, vehemently, “that such a heart could dwell in a human bosom? How hard, relentless to the last! And as he was unmatched in malignity, so was he unmatched in craft. Think of it Matilda—think of it! Foreseeing that he must soon depart from Earth, he resolved to destroy, before he left, the happiness of those who remained! And that resolve he has executed with a deep subtlety, and an unflinching pertinacity, worthy of a fiend of darkness—worthy of himself! That a man could die thus! that a soul trembling in the last agony, and with Eternity before it, could cherish a purpose so savage and unfeeling!

How incredible it seems that a rational being should have had the hardihood to spurn all hope of the mercy of Heaven, for the sake of maintaining the despicable consistency of an unforgiving temper!”

“Oh, Laurence, judge not!”

“You do well to reprove me, Matilda, yet is it not impossible to leave the memory of the dead in peace, when the dead from his very grave ceases not to molest the living? Still, you are right; complaint is useless, the doer of the wrong is beyond our reach. Reginald is mighty in his coffin, while I, a walking, breathing man, am powerless. Yes, the promise has been made; there is no help, I must abide by it. Matilda—”

The manly voice faltered, and the clear eye grew moist.

“And will you then forsake me?” said Matilda, not attempting to restrain her emotion.

“I must—I must,” said Seymour, “my honor is pledged; can I do otherwise than redeem it? We part, Matilda, and not as others part, but uncheered with a single ray of hope. Yes, Reginald Ander, wherever be your spirit now, let it gloat and exult over the issue of its machinations, for our wretchedness is complete!”

To be Continued.

M^{lle} DE LA SEIGLIÈRE.

(Continued from page 277.)

CHAPTER V.

Two days afterwards, in the embrasure of an open window, before a little table covered with old Sèvres porcelain, glass and silver, and dèbris of a dainty breakfast, M. de La Seiglière, couched rather than seated in a large arm chair, with spring seat and moveable back, was enjoying, in his morning toilet, that state of satisfaction and beatitude which is sure to follow in the train of a flourishing egotism, robust health, a well settled fortune, a happy temper, and an easy digestion. He had arisen in the best humor and in excellent condition. Enveloped in a flashy silk morning-gown, his chin freshly shaven, his eye clear and lively, his lip red and smiling, his linen unimpeachable in point of texture or whiteness, his hand white, plump, and half concealed under a Valenciennes ruffle and playing with a gold snuff-box, which was enriched with the portrait of a woman quite unlike the late Marchioness, all redolent of the sweet perfume of iris and *poudre à la marechal*, he sat there quietly breathing the fresh odors of woods, whose tops the autumn had just begun to rust, and following with a vacant and somewhat dreamy look, his caparisoned horses as they returned from the ride, when he perceived Madame de Vaubert crossing the bridge, with the evident purpose of making him a call. He rose from his seat, carefully examined himself before the mirror, brushed the scattered particles of snuff from his bosom, and leaning over the balcony awaited the arrival of his amiable visitor. This call of the baroness was not only somewhat earlier than was her wont, but her toilet showed evident signs of the haste with which it had been made; and to a person of ordinary penetration would have discovered the agitation under which Madame de Vaubert was laboring. The Marquis, how-

ever, remarked nothing unusual, and received her with his accustomed gallantry.

"Madame la Baronne," said he, "you look younger and more charming every day. At this rate, you will soon be not above twenty."

"Marquis," shortly interrupted the baroness, "it is no time for compliments now. We have more serious matters to attend to. Marquis, all is lost! All, I say. We have been struck with lightning."

"Lightning!" ejaculated the Marquis, looking into the heavens, which were never bluer or brighter.

"Yes," said the agitated visitor, "if you were to suppose that lightning had burst from a clear sky upon your castle, and consumed your property, it would not be so strange as what has actually taken place. We have outridden the storm, and are in danger of foundering in port."

M. de La Seiglière grew pale. They sat down, and the baroness continued:

"Do you believe in ghosts?" coldly asked Madame de Vaubert.

"What! Madame——"

"Because, if you do not, you should," pursued his interlocutor, without suffering him to finish his sentence. "Young Stampy, the Bernard, about whom, his father kept up such an incessant din, the hero, dead and buried, six years ago, under the snows of Russia——"

"Well! what of him?" demanded the Marquis.

"What of him!" rejoined the baroness, "why he was seen in the neighborhood yesterday, in flesh and blood. He was seen and spoken to, and there cannot be a doubt that it was he. Yes, Bernard Stampy, the son of your old tenant is alive; the fellow is not dead!"

"Well! what is that to me?" said M. de La Seiglière, with the tone of careless-

ness and the air of mingled surprise and satisfaction, of a man who, in momentary expectation of a knock on the head from an aerolite, escapes with the mere brush of some flying feather.

"How! what is that to you!" cried Madame de Vaubert. "Young Stamply is not dead; he has returned into the country, and when his identity is established beyond a doubt, do you ask what is that to you?"

"To be sure I do," replied the Marquis, with an expression of surprise that the baroness should ask such a question. "If the boy had reasons for desiring to live, I am glad he is so fortunate as not to be under ground. I must see him. Why don't he present himself here?"

"He will present himself soon enough. You need not be impatient about that," said Madame de Vaubert.

"Let him come," continued the Marquis. "We shall be glad to see him, and he shall be well taken care of. If need be, we will give him a share in our fortunes. I have not forgotten the delicate honesty of his father. Old Stamply did his duty; I will do mine. The boy has a right to expect something from one who owes his all to his father. I am not ungrateful. It shall never be said that a La Seiglière permitted the son of a faithful servant to live in want. Let him come here; and if he hesitates, let him be assured of a welcome. He shall have whatever he demands."

"If he demands all?" said the baroness.

At this question, M. de La Seiglière started and turned towards her with a stare.

"Have you ever seen a book which is called 'THE CODE!'" tranquilly pursued the baroness.

"Never!" proudly returned the emigrant, and with an emphasis which clearly indicated his contempt for all innovations of that sort.

"I ran it over this morning with special reference to your case. Yesterday I knew no more of it than you do; but for your sake, I have consented to make myself a sort of attorney's clerk, and have looked into it a little. It is very dry in point of style, tolerable enough in those chapters where our rights are confirmed; but, in those portions where our privileges are in question, quite intolerable. I think, for example, that you will not much admire the chapter entitled, 'Donations among

the living.' But you will read it; I recommend it to your meditation."

"Madame la Baronne," cried M. de La Seiglière, rising, with a slight movement of impatience, "pray tell me what all that signifies to me."

"Monsieur le Marquis," replied Madame de Vaubert, rising in her turn, with all the gravity of a Doctor of Laws; "it signifies that every donation made without consideration is entirely revoked by the subsequent appearance and claim of a legitimate, even though posthumous, child of the donor; it signifies that John Stamply, during the life-time of his son, could have disposed of only a moiety of his property in your favor, and that, having disposed of it only on the supposition that his son was dead, the disposition is null and void; and, in short, it signifies that this is not your estate, that Bernard will compel you to make restitution; and that at the very first moment which shall offer, this boy, with whom you talk of dividing, armed with a judgment in due form, will summon you to quit the premises, and politely turn you out of doors. Do you understand now?"

M. de La Seiglière was astounded; but such was his adorable ignorance of practical affairs, that he quickly passed from astonishment and stupor, to exasperation and revolt. "What do I care for your Code, and your 'Donations among the living?'" he cried, with all the petulance of a mutinous boy. "Have I anything to do with it, or has it anything to do with me? This is my property, of that I am certain. Donation! They return what they have robbed me of, they bring back what they have carried away, and this they call a donation! A pretty idea! A La Seiglière accepting a donation! Charming! As if the La Seiglières had ever received any favors except from the hand of God. What! ventre-saint-gris!* I am in my own house, contented and quiet, and because this fellow who was believed to be dead, sees fit to live, am I to turn over to him the fortune which his father stole from me? And this is your Code! your civil Code, as you call it—the villainous botch of a set of cannibals! It is the Code of an usurper,

* A favorite oath of good King Henry IV., as ridiculous as oaths usually are, and, of course, quite untranslatable.--Tr.

which consecrates rapine and plunder from father to son. In a word, it is the Code Napoleon! I can see the hand of M. de Bonaparte in it. He was thinking of his cub; the provident old wolf!"

In this strain the Marquis went on for a long while, incoherent, without connection, at hazard, striding across the room and stamping his heels upon the floor, pulling the skirts of his *robe-de-chambre* in a tragicomic fashion, and repeating at short intervals with a voice half stifled by his wrath: "A donation! a donation!" Madame de Vaubert had much difficulty in appeasing him, and making him comprehend that there had been any change in property or the tenure by which it was held during the last quarter of a century. She had hitherto respected his illusions; but now the gravity of his position did not admit of such a course. She must proceed directly, and without regard to his feelings, tear the bandage from his eyes. In vain did the poor Marquis protest and dispute. In vain did he shut his eyes, like a blind man just restored to his sight. The baroness resolutely persevered, and forced him to look the sun of evidence in the face. She inundated him with a pitiless flood of light. Had he, after a long nap on the banks of the Clain, suddenly waked up and found himself in China, dressed like a mandarin, and surrounded by a group of Bonzes, he would not have discovered more surprise, when the true state of facts had been made known and the part was clearly explained.

"Now," added the baroness with firmness, "what is to be done. It is a bad case, but not so bad, I think, but that we may escape from it safely with a little address and the proper degree of coolness. Let us see, Monsieur le Marquis. No doubt Bernard will soon present himself, not as a suppliant, as you at first hoped, but as one who has a right to command, with a high head and a commanding voice. There are men enough who will very readily instruct him as to his rights, and furnish him, if need be, with the means of enforcing them. Now, if he comes, how will you receive him?"

"The d—l take him," burst forth the Marquis, like a bomb-shell.

"But suppose he comes?"

"If he dares, Madame, do it, since he is not of noble birth, there is nothing to

prevent me, more fortunate than Louis XIV., from carrying him off of the premises."

"You are beside yourself, Marquis."

"Well, if we must go to court with the matter, go to court we will."

"Marquis, you talk like a child."

"I shall have the king on my side."

"But the law will be against you."

"I will spend the last louis d'or, rather than leave him a straw."

"Marquis, you will not go to law. Think of it! You go to law, and suffer your name to be mingled up in those scandalous debates! You suffer yourself to be drawn into court, and that too, when the conclusion may already be foreseen as certain and inevitable! We have our enemies; give them no such source of satisfaction. You have an escutcheon; never permit such a stain to be put upon it by your consent."

"But in the name of Heaven, Madame, what can be done? What decision shall I make? What will become of us? What plan can help us?" hurried out the despairing Marquis.

"I am going to tell you," replied the baroness, coolly. "Did you ever hear the story of the snail which rashly introduced itself one day, into a bee-hive? The bees patted him over with honey and wax, and then, having shut him up in his shell, rolled their unwelcome guest out of the hive. Here is an example for us. This Bernard is doubtless raw like his father, and to the graces of his origin, he must add the brutality of the soldier, and the recklessness of youth. We must put on the wax and honey; we must cover him from head to foot. If you provoke him, all is lost. We must manage him, as best we can. We must win the victory, by seeming to decline the contest. He will come like a cannon-ball expecting the resistance of a granite wall; let him bury and lose himself, as in a bale of cotton. Be careful and not offend him; and especially, guard yourself against any discussion with him, as to your relative rights. Watch your own temper, my dear Marquis; you are still quite young. Do not contradict him; rather fall in with his opinions, and if need be, prefer defeat to victory. The first, and most essential thing, is to lead him gently to install himself as a guest in

this castle. This done, you will have gained time ; and with the aid of that, I think something can be done."

"Ah ! Madame la Baronne, what sort of a part are we going to play in this matter ?" proudly demanded the old gentleman.

"A grand part, Monsieur, a grand part," responded the baroness, still more proudly. "We are about to combat for our principles, our altar, and our firesides ; we are going into the contest, for right against usurpation ; to defend legitimacy against an odious and tyrannical legality ; to contend for our lost ramparts, against the attacks of a mean and jealous bourgeoisie, which hates us and plots our destruction. Were we in the good old times of chivalry, I would advise you to mount your horse, to enter the lists, and fight like a noble champion ; or rather, perhaps, to entrench yourself in your castle, as in a fort, and rather than go forth from it alive, yourself, we, all of us, our people and our vassals, fall dead in the breach. Unfortunately, advocates have taken the place of champions, and tipstiffs have been substituted for heralds. The field of combat, has given way to the hall of justice, and instead of the stirring inspirer of manly courage, we have the tortuous subtleties of the law. The noble and valiant, are therefore forced to substitute chicanery for the sword, and sharpness of wit for the keenness of the lance. But what is to be done ? This boy must not be reduced to mendicacy. You will be generous ; you will, if you please, bestow upon him a competency. But, in the name of conscience, has this fellow, who has just passed six years in camp, has he really any need, in order to rest quietly and comfortably, to stretch himself out on a million of property ? For the present, my dear Marquis, if you still have scruples, let them not carry you to this extent ! Still every case of conscience, is to be respected. And suppose you go and seek out Bernard, and turn over to him this whole property, and while you are about it, why not turn over to him the muniments of your title, and your coat-of-arms ?—suppose you do this, what then ? I saw Helen go out this morning, beautiful, radiant, smiling and full of confident hope in a happy future. At her return she will learn that her hopes are utterly ruined, and that nothing is left to her but the humble little manor

of Vaubert. Well we will go there and live modestly, as we did in exile. Instead of wedding in opulence, our children will marry in poverty. We shall become the fable of the country. Hereafter we shall make our grandsons country squires, and sell our granddaughters to the vanity of some wealthy clowns. Such a perspective, I presume, has nothing alarming ; and then we shall have the satisfaction of always being near the Castle of La Seiglière ; of looking upon its beautiful and shady parks, and of seeing Monsieur Bernard followed to the field by his numerous retinue, or living at his ease in the quiet enjoyment of his splendid estate."

"Madame la Baronne," cried the Marquis ; "you have the genius of a Medici."

"Flatterer ! it is only the genius of the heart," replied Madame de Vaubert, with a smile. "My only aim is the happiness of those I love. As for myself, I have no ambition. Do you suppose that I am troubled at the idea of living with you, and our children, in my little manor ? Do you think this ? Not in the least. I have been for a long time inured to poverty ; Raoul has never dreamed of fortune. But you, my dear Marquis, and our dear, beautiful Helen, and the lovely children, that may spring from so charming a union ; this, this is what troubles me."

They had proceeded to this point of their conversation, when a lacquey announced that a stranger, who declined to send up his name, wished to speak with the Marquis.

"It is our man," said the baroness.

"Show him up," said the Marquis.

"Remember," added Madame de Vaubert, with even more than her usual emphasis, "that all the success of the enterprise depends upon this first interview."

She had hardly time to utter this injunction, when the floor of the corridor echoed under the firm and sonorous tread of the personage who had just been announced, and now made his entry into the apartment where they were sitting, with a military air, booted and spurred, and with cap and whip in hand. Though fatigue and suffering, had evidently left their traces upon him, he seemed not over thirty, at most. His open and prominent forehead, already somewhat furrowed by wrinkles ; his emaciated cheeks, an eye deeply buried in its

socket, a small mouth, with thin and rather pale lips, and shaded by a heavy, dark moustache, a free and decided bearing, an attitude approaching to haughtiness, gave him a general expression, which the world is pleased to consider repulsive, but which artists have the weakness to look upon as quite the reverse. A blue frock coat, close buttoned up to the neck, pressed his straight, supple and slender form. Scarcely entered into the apartment; which he seemed to recognize, his look softened, and his heart was troubled; but quickly recovering himself from an involuntary emotion, he bowed slightly to the baroness, and then turning to the Marquis:

"Is it M. de La Seiglière that I have the honor to address?" he asked, with a cold politeness, and a voice which plainly betrayed its habit of commanding.

"You have said it, Monsieur. In my turn, may I be allowed to ask——"

"In one moment, Monsieur le Marquis," coldly replied the young man; "if, as I suppose, it is Madame de Vaubert that I have the pleasure of addressing, will you do me the favor, Madame, to remain; you will not occasion the slightest embarrassment."

A thrill of delight darted through the veins of the baroness, who was now completely assured of gaining a battle, the plan of which she had drawn up, and which she was thus permitted to direct. On the other hand, M. de La Seiglière breathed easier in the consciousness that he was to manœuvre under the orders of so able an officer.

"Monsieur, will you take a seat?" said he, at the same time planting himself nearly in front of the baroness.

The young man took the chair which the Marquis had indicated, and very cavalierly installed himself therein; then succeeded between the three personages a moment of that solemn silence, which is the usual precursor of decisive engagements when two armies are in presence. The Marquis, meanwhile, opened his gold-box, plunged in his thumb and forefinger, and regaled his nose with a pinch of good old Spanish, leisurely and daintily snuffing it with a grace entirely his own, and as entirely lost to the present generation.

"Monsieur," said he, "I will hear you."

After a few seconds of hesitation, during which, the stranger seemed to be trying to recall something to his mind, he leaned over upon the arm of his chair towards the old emigrant.

"Monsieur le Marquis," said he, raising his voice with a tone of authority, "thirty years ago now, great events were on the eve of accomplishment. France was full of hope. All eyes were turned anxiously towards the East, which was just brightening with a new Aurora. Vague and indistinct rumors ran through the air, and filled the hearts of men with joy and fear, hope and amazement. It seems, that you were not, Monsieur, of the number of those who then hoped and rejoiced. You were one of the first who abandoned their threatened country, and took refuge in a foreign land. Your country called upon you to return; this was its duty. You were deaf to its call; this, doubtless, was your pleasure. Your country confiscated your goods; this was its right."

At these words, the Marquis, forgetting the part which he had tacitly accepted, bounded from his seat like a wounded chamois. A look from Madame de Vaubert, restrained him.

"Those goods," continued the stranger, "after becoming the property of the state, both lawfully and justly, one of your farmers purchased, with means which he had earned by the sweat of his brow; and when he had labored long upon this property, so procured, when, at the end of five-and-twenty years of toil and sacrifice, he had, so to speak, sewed it together again, shred by shred, while you were sitting in your distant retreat, with folded arms, utterly unoccupied, save, perhaps, with intrigues and conspiracies hostile to the glory and grandeur of France, he took it off like a mantle, and put it upon your shoulders."

"Ventre-saint-gris! Monsieur," exclaimed the Marquis, almost beside himself.

A second look from Madame de Vaubert quickly arrested him, and returned him, silent, to his place.

"By what enchantment," resumed the stranger, "was that man, who owed you nothing and loved you not, led to evince towards you such an excess of generosity, of love, of enthusiasm? How happened it that he decided thus to resign into your

hands that product of his holy labor ; the only title which God recognises and blesses ? Perhaps you can inform me. What I well know myself, is, that while his son lived, this man cared not to know even if you were in existence. But it seems that he died without ever reserving a corner of earth for his last resting-place, and leaving you the quiet possessor of a fortune, which cost you no other effort than to open your hand and receive it."

The Marquis was about to reply, when the baroness cut him short, or rather took the words from his mouth—

"Since you have permitted me to be present at this conversation," said she; with her mildest tone and an air of exquisite urbanity, "will you allow me also to take part in it. I shall not stop to notice the fact that some of your expressions towards us savor of unkindness, not to say cruelty. You are young; that new Aurora of which you speak, had you seen it break, would have seemed to you, as it did to us, an Aurora of blood. As to the reproaches with which you upbraid us, of having deserted the soil of France, and of having remained abroad, deaf to the call of our country, they only provoke a smile. If one should rush in and tell you that this castle was falling; if this floor should tremble under our feet, if this ceiling should creak and crumble over our heads, would you sit tranquilly in that chair? If the executioner, with his axe behind his back, were to call you with wheedling voice, would you be eager to run to meet him? Away with such childish folly. But, one word more. You charge us with having plotted, from the depths of our exile, against the glory and grandeur of our country. This, Monsieur, is a mistake. We see you now for the first time; we know not either who you are, or what brings you here; but we feel that you are not our friend, and the distinction of your person compels us to seek to exact your esteem, if we cannot win your sympathy. Be assured, that in the ranks of the emigration, were met together noble hearts, too much calumniated, which remained truly French, even in a foreign land. In vain, did their country drive them from its bosom; we carried it away with us in ours. Ask the Marquis if our prayers did not follow that dear but ungrateful country in all its campaigns, and in all its

battle-fields?—if there was one of its victories, which did not awaken proud responses in our souls? Roeroi did not exclude Austerlitz; Bouvines and Marengo are sisters. Their flag was not the same; but it is always France that is victorious."

"True, very true," said the Marquis, opening his snuff-box; and as he regaled himself with a pinch of the brown powder; "Decidedly," he added, mentally, "the baroness has him on the hip."

"And, now," resumed Madame de Vaubert, "having settled this little account, if you are come only to recall to us our obligation to one of the best of men, if your mission be confined to this purpose alone, I will add, Monsieur, that it is, without doubt, a most worthy purpose; but that since, in this respect, our debts are pagéd, you have put yourself to unnecessary pains. Finally, if you desire to know by what enchantment Mr. Stamply was induced to reinstate in these domains a family which, from time immemorial, had loaded his fathers with blessings, I will say to you that he did it in obedience to the pious instincts of his generous soul. You declare, that, during the life of his son, M. Stamply did not care to know even if that family existed. I believe, Monsieur, that you calumniate his memory. If his son could return amongst us——"

"If his son could return amongst you!" interrupted the stranger, checking his rising indignation. "Suppose he should return, in reality; suppose that, in point of fact, that young man has not been slain, as has been, and is still believed; suppose that, left for dead upon the field of battle, he was afterwards picked up alive by the enemy, and carried from steppe to steppe to the heart of Siberia. After six years of horrible captivity, on a soil of ice, and beneath a sky of iron, he is finally liberated, and determines to return to his country and his old father, who no longer await him. He departs; he traverses on foot the desolate plains, cheerfully begging his bread upon his weary way; for France is at the end of his journey. Already, enchanting prospect! he fancies he sees his paternal roof smoking in the distant horizon. He arrives; his old father is dead, his heritage is invaded by strangers, he has no home, no fireside. What does he do? He makes inquiry, and soon learns that

they have profited by his absence to inveigle the affection of the poor, credulous and defenceless old man. He learns that after having persuaded him, by force of artifice and insinuation, to dispossess himself, they returned his benefits with the blackest ingratitude. He learns, finally, that his father is dead, and that he died more lonely, more sad, and more abandoned, than he had lived. What then will he do? Here there is no need of suppositions. He will seek out the authors of these base manœuvres and cowardly machinations. He will say to them: 'I am he whom you supposed to be dead; I am the son of the man whom you have abused, spoiled, betrayed, left to die of ennui and chagrin. I am Bernard Stamply! What would be their reply? I ask you, Monsieur le Marquis—I ask you, Madame la Baronne?'

"What would they reply," cried M. de La Seiglière, who having too much or too little presumed upon himself in accepting the part Madame de Vaubert had confided to him, begun to feel his patrician blood indignantly mounting to his face. "Do you ask what they would reply!" repeated he with a voice half stifled with mingled pride and wrath.

"What more obvious, Monsieur?" chimed in Madame de Vaubert, with charming simplicity. "They would say: 'It is you, young friend, that we have loved without knowing you, that we have mourned as if we had ever known you. God be thanked, who has restored us the son to console us for the loss of the father! Come, and live in our midst; come, and repose on the bosom of our affection from the sufferings of captivity; come, and take in our intimacy the place which your father occupied, alas! too shortly; come, and judge for yourself in what manner we show our forgetfulness of benefits. Let us confound our mutual claims; let us form a single family, and calumny, seeing the union of our hearts, will be reduced to silence, and compelled to respect our happiness. This, Monsieur, is what the authors of these base manœuvres and cowardly treasons, would reply. But say, Monsieur, tell us," added Madame de Vaubert, with emotion, "do you not perceive that in thinking to alarm us, perhaps, you have awakened in us a hope? That young friend whom we have mourned—"

"Lives," replied the stranger, "and I hope that this fact will cost you no more tears than did the report of his death?"

"Where is he? What is he doing? What is he waiting for? Why doesn't he come here?" demanded the baroness, in quick succession.

"He stands before you," briefly responded Bernard.

"You, Monsieur, you!" cried Madame de Vaubert, with an expression of joy and surprise, which could not have been better played, if the resurrection of Raoul had been in question. "Sure enough," exclaimed she, with a look of tenderness, "here are all the features of his father,—especially that air of freedom, loyalty, and goodness. Marquis, do you see? he is indeed the son of our old friend."

"Monsieur," in his turn, said M. de La Seiglière, moved still less by the look of the baroness, than by the half-open abyss which yawned at his feet, but yet too proud and too much of a gentleman to condescend to feign transports which he did not feel. "When, after five-and-twenty years of exile, I returned to the domain of my ancestors, your father, who was an honest man, received me at the gate of the park, and held this simple discourse: Monsieur le Marquis, you are at home! I will say the same to you; you are at home, Monsieur Bernard. Will you, therefore, regard this house as yours? I ought not to suffer, I will not suffer, that you reside elsewhere. You came with hostile intentions; I do not despair of soon bringing you to better sentiments. We will begin by making each other's acquaintance; perhaps we shall end in mutual respect and esteem. It will be a very easy thing for me; if you should not succeed, it will never be too late for a mutual accommodation, and you will always find me disposed to enter into such arrangements as will meet your wishes."

"Monsieur," haughtily rejoined Bernard, "I wish neither your acquaintance nor your esteem. Between you and me there is nothing in common; nothing in common could exist between us. We serve not the same God; we worship not at the same altar. You detest that which I adore, and I adore that which you detest. I detest your party, your caste, your opinions; I detest you, personally. We should not sleep well under the same roof. You

will be always disposed, you say, to make with me such arrangements as shall accord with my wishes. I ask nothing from your favor, you will expect nothing from mine. I know of but one possible arrangement—between us—that which the law provides. Your title is that by donation. Since the donor disposed of his property under the belief that his son was dead—so reads the act—my return restores the property to me.”

“That’s the question,” thundered M. de La Seiglière, summing up in three words his entire knowledge of Shakspeare.

“Ah!” exclaimed Madame de Vaubert, with the sadness of disappointed hope, “you are not Bernard; you are not the son of our old friend!”

“Madame la Baronne,” promptly returned the young man, “I am only a soldier. My youth begun in the camp; it has ended among the barbarians, and in the arid steppes of Russia. The battle-field and the frozen huts of the North,—such are the only salons which I have hitherto frequented. I know little of the world. Two days ago I had no suspicion of its wiles and perfidies. It is in my nature to believe, and without any process of reasoning, in honor, in frankness, in disinterested friendship, in loyalty, in all the great and noble instincts of the soul. But, although at this moment my indignant heart strives against the thought that cunning, chicane-ry and duplicity can be pushed so far, I do not believe, Madame, in your sincerity.”

“Well, Monsieur,” said Madame de Vaubert, “yours is not the first noble heart that has yielded to such unworthy suggestions, and whose holy beliefs have been tainted by calumny. Still, before determining to be our enemy, perhaps you should be sure that you ought not and cannot be our friend.”

“Enough of this,” said Bernard; “you ought to perceive, Madame, that the more you display your ability, the less you succeed in convincing me. I can well see how my poor father yielded to so many seductions—there have been moments when I feared for myself.”

“The more honor for me,” exclaimed Madame de Vaubert, with a laugh. “You have never said as much of the bullets and bayonets of the enemy.”

“Yes, yes,” chimed in the Marquis, “the world knows you are a hero.”

“Enlisted as a volunteer at eighteen,” said Madame de Vaubert.

“Lieutenant of hussars at nineteen,” said the Marquis.

“Chief-of-squadron, three years later.”

“Remarked by the emperor at Wagram.”

“Decorated by the hand of that great man after the affair at Voluntina,” cried Madame de Vaubert.

“Ah! there is no need of saying it,” added the Marquis, resolutely plunging his hands into his breeches pockets, “it must be admitted they were brave fellows.”

“Hold!” resumed Bernard, whom this cross-fire of compliments had for a moment interdicted. “Monsieur le Marquis, I give you eight days to leave the premises. I venture to hope, for the sake of your reputation as a gentleman, that you will not put me to the disagreeable necessity of a recourse to the intervention of the law.”

“Well, for my part I like this boy!” frankly exclaimed the Marquis, carried away, in spite of his efforts to the contrary, by his naturally amiable and generous character, and now also unrestrained by Madame de Vaubert, who, seeing that he was about to break away, let loose the reins and permitted him to prance at liberty. “Ventre-saint-gris! this boy pleases me. Madame la Baronne, I swear he is charming. Young man, you shall remain here. We detest each other, we go to law and have the d—l to pay! No, no; you shall not leave us. Have you ever heard the history of the two frigates which met in the open sea. One was out of ammunition; the other loaned her some, and then, after a cannonade of two hours, both went down together. We will do the same. You have just arrived from Siberia. I presume that as you came away, the Tartars, for fear of loading you down, and retarding your progress homeward, did not charge you very liberally with roubles. You are out of powder, and I have a good supply. I promise you all you want. While our good friends, the lawyers and sheriffs are looking for nothing between us but bombshells and howitzers, we will hunt foxes, drink wine, and live at our ease, each here, and in his own house. As there is no trial

which may not, well managed, be made to last twenty years, we shall have an abundance of time to find each other out, and to appreciate one another. Perhaps we shall come to regard each other with esteem: and the day when we shall have discovered that our castle, our park, our woods, our fields, our meadows, our farms, and our orchards have passed beyond the jurisdiction of the law, who can say that then we shall not have become reconciled."

"Monsieur le Marquis," replied Bernard, scarcely able to contain his mirth, "I am pleased to see that you are disposed to take things gayly. You will allow me to treat them more seriously. There is no corner of these estates which my father has not watered with the sweat of his brow, and bedewed with his tears. It does not comport with my notion of propriety to make scenes so hallowed to me, the theatre of a comedy."

With this reply, followed by a cold salute, he turned towards the door. The Marquis made a gesture of resignation, and Madame de Vaubert smothered in her heart the emotion which the lioness feels when she has just lost her prey. Had Bernard carried off the domain of La Seiglière in his pockets, their visages could not have discovered greater consternation. Another step, and all had been over, when, just as Bernard was putting his hands to the door, it opened of itself, and Mlle de La Seiglière entered.

CHAPTER VI.

Mlle de La Seiglière entered, simply arrayed, but royally decked with bland and radiant beauty. The excitement of her ramble and the soft kisses of the sun had imparted a gentle glow to her countenance, to which her neatly arranged and luxuriant hair served as a most graceful foil. Her dark eyes shone with that sweet light—the emanation of virgin souls—which illumines, but never burns. A blue cincture, with streamers, confined about her waist the thousand folds of a muslin robe, which entirely enveloped her elegant and flexible form. A boot of green lustring discovered the aristocratic contour of her neat, long,

and slender foot. A bouquet of wild flowers nestled on her young bosom. Negligently throwing into a chair her Italian hat, her grey mohair parasol, and a bunch of heath-roses which she had just gathered in her walk upon the declivity of a neighboring hill, she tripped lightly to her father, whom she had not seen before that day, and then to Madame de Vaubert, who embraced her with much tenderness. It was only after the expiration of some moments, that Helen, escaping from the arms of the baroness, perceived the presence of the stranger. Whether from embarrassment, or curiosity, or surprise, Bernard had stopped near the door, at the apparition of this sweet creature, and stood there, motionless and in mute contemplation, as if asking himself how long gazelles had lived fraternally with foxes, and doves with vultures. The glance is quick as light, and thought is more rapid still. In less than a second, Madame de Vaubert had seen and comprehended the whole, and her countenance was kindled with a reddening light.

"Do you not recognise the gentleman?" asked the Marquis of his daughter.

After a moment's glance at Bernard, with a curious and unquiet look, Helen responded only by a shake of the head.

"But he is one of your friends," added the old gentleman.

In obedience to a gesture of her father, half-agitated, and half-smiling, Mlle de La Seiglière advanced towards Bernard; and he, who had never up to this time received any revelation of grace and beauty, whose youth, as he himself has said, had rolled away in the camp and among barbarians; he, who had many times looked death in the face without fear, felt his heart fail him, and his temples grow moist, at the approach of that beautiful and graceful child, with artlessness in her countenance, and a smile upon her lips.

"Mademoiselle," said he, in an altered voice, "if you knew an unfortunate whom they called Stamply when he was alive, I am not altogether a stranger to you, for you have known my father."

At these words Helen opened her large eyes, and fixed upon him the look of a startled doe; then, turned to the Marquis and Madame de Vaubert, who were watching the scene with the deepest interest.

"It is little Bernard," said the Marquis.

"Yes, dear child," added the baroness; "the son of the good Stamply."

"Monsieur," finally said Mlle de La Seiglière with some emotion, "my father had reason to ask me if I did not recognise you. I have heard you spoken of so many times, that I ought to have been able to recognise you. And you are alive! Oh, what joy for us! How I am delighted! And yet," she continued after a moment's interruption, "delighted as I am, I can hardly think of your father without sadness, who left this world in the hope of meeting you in the other. Heaven has then its griefs and deceptions. Yes, my father has truly said, you are one of my friends; are you not, Monsieur? Your father loved me, and I loved him. He was my companion. With him I talked of you; and with you I will talk of him. Father, have you ordered apartments to be prepared for M. Bernard? for you are at home here," said she, turning again to Bernard.

"Ha! yes," muttered the Marquis; "the savage would rather sleep under the bridge of the Clain, than live with us, or stop with us a single night."

"And so," resumed Helen in a tone of sweet reproach; "you were just going to leave us! just departing! flying from us! Fortunately that is impossible."

"Impossible!" ejaculated the Marquis. "It is very plain that you know nothing from whence he has come. He has just arrived from Siberia. His intimate acquaintance with the Calmucks has rendered him difficult as to the character of his connections and the choice of his intimates. He has such an opinion of himself as his worst enemy ought not to wish realized. Besides, he detests us, the fellow; it is not his fault. Why he does so, he does not know, neither do I. But he detests us, and is completely under the control of his hatred; we cannot always master our feelings."

"You detest us, Monsieur! I loved your father; do you hate mine! Do you hate me! What have we done?" demanded Helen, in a tone which would have softened a heart of stone, and disarmed the wrath of a Seythian. "We have not deserved your hatred."

"Well, what of that," said the Marquis impatiently, "if it is his taste? All tastes

are founded in nature. He pretends that this floor burns his feet; that he could not shut his eye under this roof. This comes from his having slept on fox-skins, and lived in six feet of snow. Nothing pleases; everything is stale and disenchanting."

By a quick intuition, Helen thought she perceived what was passing in the heart of the young man. She thought that, in restoring the property of his masters, old Stamply had despoiled his son, and that the latter, a victim to his father's probity, refused, out of pride, to receive any recompense. Thenceforward out of delicacy as well as duty, she redoubled her grace and her persuasion, even to the point of departing from her habitual reserve, in order to make him forget whatever there might be in his position of embarrassment or difficulty. "Monsieur," said she, in a tone of caressing authority, "you shall not go. Since you refuse to be our guest, you shall be our prisoner. How could you entertain the idea that we would permit you to live elsewhere than with us? What would people think? What would our friends say? You would not with the same blow, wound our hearts and tarnish our good name. This is not merely a question between us, whether we shall give and you receive our hospitality. We owe too much to your father," added the amiable girl, who, however, knew nothing of it; but who, believing that Bernard hesitated to accept their hospitality from motives of pride, wished to move his sensibilities, and make, as it were, a golden bridge for his pride, "We owe too much to your father, that you can be indebted to us anything. We have nothing to give you; it only remains for us to return with one hand, what we have received with the other. You will not humiliate us by a refusal."

"He will not humiliate us!" repeated the Marquis. "To humble us is precisely what he wishes. You do not know him at all. He would sooner cut off his hand than put it in that of any of us."

The young girl drew off the glove from her right hand, and cordially tendered it to Bernard.

"Is that true?" said she.

As Bernard felt in his own fingers, browned by the services of war, and the hardships of captivity, the soft, delicate, and satin hand of Helen, he grew pale,

and a thrill went through his very soul. His sight grew dim, and his limbs trembled. He would have spoken, but his voice died upon his lips.

"You detest us?" continued Helen; "that is still another reason why you should remain. It concerns us particularly that you should not detest us. Our name and our honor are at stake. You will permit us to teach you who and what we are. When we shall have succeeded in that, then, Monsieur, you shall be allowed to go if you feel the courage so to do; but till then, I repeat, you are in our power. You have been six years a prisoner of the Russians, you may well be ours for so short a time. Is there anything so frightful in the perspective of seeing oneself loved? In the name of your father, who sometimes called me his child, you will stay with us; I wish it, I demand it, if need be I pray you to remain."

"Charming!" exclaimed Madame de Vaubert, tenderly; and added in a low tone: "He is lost."

And it was true; Bernard was lost. The history of his emotions may be easily summed up. Goaded by misfortune, justly irritated by the poignant deceptions of his return, exasperated by the public rumors as to his late father's treatment during his latter years, burning with all the political passions and animosities of the time, instinctively hating the noblesse, impatient to avenge his father, he presented himself at the castle of La Seiglière—his hatred supported upon his right—with head and heart filled with storms and tempests, expecting to encounter a proud resistance, and prepared for high pretensions, haughty prejudices, and insolent assumption. He was prepared also to sweep all away before the storm of his wrath. But at the very outset, his purpose was modified, his hatred was softened, his wrath failed him. The storm which delights to crush the oak, breaks harmlessly on the rose, and loses itself among the tender herbs; the thunder which loves to bound from cliff to cliff, echo upon echo, dies away in the soft valley, and awakens only sweet melodies. Bernard sought enemies, he found only flatterers. He still, from time to time, tried the effect of a broadside, but they returned his balls with sugar plums. Escaping from the charms of one syren-*emeritus*, he is

about to retire after having signified his inexorable will, when he is met by another enchantress, so much the more seductive, as she thought not to seduce. Irresistible power, eternal and ever vanquishing charm, divine eloquence of youth and beauty! At her very appearance Bernard is moved. She smiles, and Bernard is disarmed. She is a child whom God must contemplate with love. Her brow bespeaks ingenuousness; her mouth breathes sincerity. From the depths of her limpid look, beams her open soul, like a beautiful flower from beneath the transparent waters. Never has a lie polluted her lips, never has deceit lurked in her eye. She speaks, and unconsciously, the angel becomes an accomplice of the demon. She says nothing, which, so far from contradicting, does not confirm what has previously been told him. There is no word of Helen which does not corroborate the statements of Madame de Vaubert. Truth has its accents which the most distrustful cannot resist. It is truth that speaks by the mouth of Helen. Yet, if Helen is sincere, there is Madame de Vaubert—she also! Bernard hesitates. Perhaps, after all, envy calumniates these noble hearts; perhaps, after all, it had pleased his father to purchase, even at the price of his entire fortune, a few years of peace and happiness. And should Bernard dare to complain? Should he revoke a voluntary and spontaneous gift, made legitimate by gratitude? Should he pitilessly expel those in whose kindness his father had lived, and in whose friendly arms he had died?

Such was his train of reflections, less definite, perhaps, in his own mind, and less clear than we have expressed them, when Madame de Vaubert, who had drawn near, profited by an instant, when *Mlle de La Seiglière* was exchanging a few words with her father, to speak to him.

"Well, Monsieur, you now know all the authors of these cowardly manœuvres, as you just now designated them. Why do you not also pour out upon this child your indignation and contempt? You see she is steeped in the infamous conspiracy; and that, after having sought the ruin of your father, she joined with us to hurry him with sorrow to his grave."

At these words of the baroness, Bernard shuddered, as if he felt a serpent coiling

about his limbs. But at this moment Helen returned.

"Monsieur," said she, "the death of your father has imposed upon me serious duties, with respect to you. I was present at his last hour, I received his last adieus, I gathered his last sigh. It is as a sacred deposit which must pass from my heart into yours. Come, perhaps it will be pleasant to you to hear me speak of him, who is no more, along those walks which he loved, and which are still full of remembrances of him."

So saying, she suited the action to the word, and with all the innocence of a child, took Bernard by the arm, and led him into the adjoining grounds. When they were out of hearing, the Marquis sprang up from his chair, and, now free from all restraint, discharged volley after volley of the wrath and indignation which he had held pent up for more than an hour. He had within him two hostile sentiments, which were constantly and furiously in conflict with each other, and each by turns victorious—self-love and family pride. Decidedly his self-love was the stronger, but it could never win a victim without arousing its antagonist like an entrapped badger. In the presence of Bernard his self-love commanded; but when Bernard was gone his wounded pride violently broke from the restraint of its rival, and bravely resumed the ascendancy. Nothing can be conceived more puerile and amusing in its way, than this constant battle between the Marquis' hostile tendencies—these revolutions and counter-revolutions which were constantly going on in the domain of the old man's passions, like the capricious and petulant gambols of a colt, freeing the hedges and ditches, and bounding upon the green lawn. It was not till after considerable effort that the baroness succeeded in bringing him to a calm survey of his real situation.

"Come, come," said she, coaxingly, after having listened to him a long time with a smile of pity, "let us have done with these puerilities. Mutiny is of no use now. You cannot change what has passed. What is done is done. To wish the contrary would destroy the power of the Creator himself."

"How!" roared the Marquis. "A rascal whose father used to labor in my

fields, and whose mother brought me milk every morning for ten years, insult me in my own house! and can I do nothing? Instead of ordering my lacqueys to put him out of doors, I am to harbor, and feast, and smile upon him, and give him my daughter! the miserable go-bare-foot, who, twenty years ago, would have been glad to curry my horses and lead them to drink! Did you hear with what particular emphasis this son of a cow-herd spoke of the sweat of his father? When they have said this, they have said all. The sweat of the people! The sweat of their fathers! Impertinent fools! As if their fathers had invented sweat and toil! As if our fathers did not sweat also! Do they think that a man sweats less under a coat of mail, than a ploughman's frock? That is what provokes me, Madame, to see the pretensions of this rabble, who boast of their toil and suffering, while the great families have only to open their hands to receive castles and estates. What do you think of a fellow who comes and demands a million of property on the ground that his father sweated? These are the people who talk about pride of ancestry! He insolently demands it as the price of the sweat of his father, and professes to be astonished that I should claim it by the blood of twenty of my ancestors."

"Oh, indeed, Marquis, you have a hundred good reasons," replied Madame de Vaubert. "The right is all on your side; who denies or doubts it? Unfortunately, this fellow has the law on his; the wretched, covetous, grasping, in a word, *bourgeois* laws. Besides you are no longer master of this estate, and this fellow is. This fact must be borne in mind."

"Well! cried the Marquis, "if it is so, better ruin than disgrace; better abdicate fortune than honor. I am not afraid of exile; I know the way. I will leave the country; I will expatriate myself again; I will lose my goods, but I will preserve my good name without spot. I will have my revenge at once; there shall no longer be any La Seiglière in France!"

"But, my dear Marquis, France can get along very well without one."

"Ventre-saint-gris! Madame le baronne," shouted the Marquis, red as a poppy. "Have you ever heard the remark, which Louis XIV once made, at one

of his levees, on perceiving my great-great-grandfather, among the gentlemen of his court? Marquis de La Seiglière, said king Louis, tapping him affectionately on the shoulder——”

“Marquis de La Seiglière, I tell you, you will not leave the country,” interrupted the baroness, with firmness. “You will not be untrue, at once, to your ancestors, to your daughter, and yourself. You will not cowardly abandon the heritage of your ancestors. You will remain, precisely because your honor depends upon your remaining. Besides, you are too old to talk of exile. This was well enough in our youth, when we had before us, a long and hopeful future. And why should you go? added she, in a bellicose tone. “Why raise the siege, just as the place is about to surrender? Why beat a retreat, when we are sure of the victory? Why quit the play, when we are sure of the game? We shall triumph, I am sure. Let this Bernard but pass one night at the castle, and to-morrow I will answer for the rest.”

At this instant, the baroness, who stood in the opening of the window, perceived her son in the valley of the Clain, advancing towards the gate of the park. Leaving the Marquis to his reflections, she escaped out of the room, light as a fawn, stopped Raoul at the gate, led him back to the Castle de Vaubert, and found a plausible pretext upon which to send him to dine and pass the evening at a neighboring manor.

Meanwhile, Helen and Bernard were walking slowly together, the young maiden hanging upon the arm of the young man; he timid and trembling, she all grace and seduction. Innocent grace! easy seduction! She recounted to him, with touching simplicity, the history of the last two years which his father had passed upon the earth. She told him, how they had come to know and love each other, of their walks together, their excursions, their mutual confidence, and also the place which Bernard occupied in their conversations. Bernard listened in silence. He was charmed to listen to her voice, to feel on his arm the supple and airy form of Helen, to see her feet stepping in unison with his own, to inhale her breath, more fragrant than the perfume of autumn, to hear the rustling of her robe, gentler than the stir of

the leaves in the wind. He was already subject to softening influences. Like the slender rod along which the lightning is conducted and escapes, Helen was carrying off the strong fluid of his hatred and wrath. It was in vain that he still endeavored to protest and resist; like a knight divested of his armor, he felt his rancor and his prejudice giving way at every step. The conversation, and walk at length brought them back to the castle. The day was far gone, and the setting sun lengthened disproportionately the shadows of the oaks and poplars. Arrived at the foot of the portico, Bernard was disposing himself to take leave of Mlle de La Seiglière, when the latter, without letting go his arm, drew him mildly into the room, where Madame de Vaubert had just rejoined the Marquis, so much did she fear to leave him to his own direction.

“You are moved, Monsieur,” said she at once, addressing Bernard; “how could it be otherwise? This is, as it were, the cradle of your happy years. In your boyhood you played on these lawns, and under the shade of these were awakened your youthful dreams of glory. Here, too, your excellent father, in his latter days, chose to take his walk, as if at every turn of the path he hoped to meet you.”

“I can see him still,” said the Marquis; “passing along the green plots, with his white hair, his blue hose, his fustian jacket, and his velvet breeches; one would have taken him for a patriarch.”

“He was a patriarch, indeed,” added Madame de Vaubert, with unction.

“Faith!” rejoined the Marquis, “patriarch or not, he was an honest man.”

“So good! so simple! so charming!” continued the baroness.

“And no fool!” added the Marquis. “With his air of bon hommie, he had a way of turning things, which surprised people.”

“As soon as he made his appearance, they all crowded around to hear him.”

“He was a philosopher. People wondered where he got all the good things which he used to say.”

“From his own dear soul,” replied Madame de Vaubert.

“And what a happy disposition!” cried the Marquis, of whom the current compliment was getting decidedly the better.

"So cheerful! so contented! And always ready with a *bon mot*!"

"Yes," said Madame de Vaubert, "with us he recovered his smiling humor, his natural gaiety, and the fresh salient wit so natural to his character. During his long isolation, his amiable qualities had grown rusty; but in our intimacy, they soon recovered their primitive brilliancy and native freshness. He often told us that he was thirty years younger than when we returned. In his own simple, but expressive language, he used to compare himself to an old trunk shaded by new shoots."

"It is very true that his was a gentle nature, which no one could know without loving," said Helen, in her turn, giving her father and the baroness credit for that delicacy and kindness which they only simulated, but which she really felt.

"And, oh, how he adored his emperor!" continued Madame de Vaubert. "It wasn't safe to contradict him on that point. How warm, and enthusiastic he was, whenever he spoke of that great man! He used to speak of him often, and we loved to hear him."

"Yes, yes," said the Marquis, "he spoke of him often—you may say very often. And would you have had it otherwise?" added he, started by a glance from Madame de Vaubert, and recovering himself at once; "the good man took pleasure in it, and we derived some profit from it. Thank God, Monsieur, your father can flatter himself with having made us many pleasant moments."

The conversation had gone on thus far, without the least participation on the part of Bernard, when a servant announced to the Marquis that dinner was waiting. M. de La Seiglière offered his arm to the baroness, Helen took that of the young man, and the four proceeded to the dining-hall. This was all done so promptly and naturally, that Bernard was hardly aware of what he was doing before he found himself seated by the side of Helen at the table of a nobleman. The Marquis had not even given him an invitation, and had Bernard been their guest for the last six months, matters could not have transpired with less of ceremony. He was on the point of rising to depart, but Helen interrupted him:—

"This was your father's place for a long while; it shall be yours now."

"Nothing has changed here," added the Marquis; "there is only one child more in the family."

"Charming meeting!" murmured Madame de Vaubert. Scarcely knowing whether he was awake or was the sport of a dream, Bernard rapidly unfolded his napkin and remained fixed in his chair.

From the first service, the Marquis and Madame de Vaubert carried on the conversation without any apparent unconsciousness of the presence of their new guest, precisely as if Bernard had not been there, or rather, as if he had always been a member of the family. Bernard was silent; drank only with the tips of his lips, and but just tasted the dishes that were served up. They did not urge him at all; they feigned even not to remark his sombre, pensive and reserved demeanor. As it usually happens, after the dinner was finished, the conversation turned upon indifferent subjects; a few words were exchanged here and there; but there was no allusion to matters of immediate interest to both parties; at most, only occasionally an indirect homage to the memory of the good M. Stamply. From trifles and common-places, they came naturally to speak of the politics of the day. At certain words which escaped the Marquis, Bernard began to prick up his ears; shots were given right and left; in short, the discussion was fairly commenced. Madame de Vaubert, at once, seized the reins, and no Antomedon ever conducted his chariot through the Olympic dust with more dexterity than the baroness displayed on this occasion. The ground was difficult; broken with ravines, bristling with asperities, traversed by fences; at the first bound the Marquis came near breaking his neck. She contrived to make the route as straight and easy as the avenue of a royal castle. She steered clear of all obstacles, restrained the headlong recklessness of the Marquis, spurred up Bernard, without irritating him, let them out, now into a trot, and now into a gallop, and now checked them into a walk; and, having gone through all the manœuvres, in such a manner as always to leave to Bernard the advantage in the joust, she gathered up the reins, pulled upon the double bit, and brought them back fraternally to the point of departure. Bernard insensibly took a liking to the sport. Warmed by the exercise, and led on, in spite of

himself, by the good humor of the Marquis, he showed less and less of asperity, and more and more of resignation, till the old gentleman, at the dessert, proposed to him to take some wine.

"Monsieur, here is a little wine which your father used to think well of; I propose that we empty our glasses to his memory, and to your happy return."

Bernard raised his glass, mechanically, and touched that of the Marquis.

The repast finished, they rose from the table to go and take a turn in the park. The evening was delightful. Helen and Bernard kept near each other, preceded by the Marquis and Madame de Vaubert, who were busily engaged in conversation, but whose words could not be heard above the louder noise of the water and the rustling of the foliage. But the two former were silent and apparently absorbed by the noise created by the crushing of the dry leaves under their feet as they proceeded. When the Marquis and his companion had disappeared around the corner of an alley, our young soldier and Helen could feel themselves for an instant alone. Purer and more serene than the azure heaven which glittered above them, she discovered not the least emotion, but continued to walk with a slow step, dreamy and distracted; while he, paler than the moon which shone behind the alders, and trembling like a straw in the night wind, was intoxicated, he knew not why, with the first trouble of his heart.

Upon their return to the salon, the conversation was resumed around one of those bright fires which enliven the cool evenings of autumn. The faggots crackled on the hearth, and the breeze, freighted with the odor of the woods, played fantastically with the curtains in the open windows. Comfortably seated in a luxurious arm chair, not far from Helen, who busied herself about a work of tapestry, Bernard gave himself up to the charming influences of this domestic scene. From time to time the Marquis would leave his seat, imprint a kiss upon the brow of his daughter, and then return to his seat again. At other times, the affectionate daughter would drop her work for a moment and turn upon her father a look of love. Bernard forgot himself in the presence of these chaste joys.

Meanwhile they wished to hear the his-

tory of his captivity. M. de La Seiglière and Helen joined their instances to that of the baroness. It is pleasant, particularly after a good dinner, to speak of ourselves, and to recount the trials we have undergone; and the pleasure is not a little increased if some Dido or Desdemona, palpitating, curious, with quivering eye and swelling bosom, hangs upon our lips. Bernard yielded the more readily to the snarl, as Helen was unconsciously playing the part of the captive lark to decoy the feathered tribe into the meshes of the fowler.

He begun with the affair of Moscow. He gave a general description of the grounds about the city, the respective disposition of the two armies, and then he engaged in the battle. At the commencement of his narrative, his tone was grave and quiet; warmed by his recollections, and borne on by the spirit which animated him when he was an active participant in the scenes which he was now relating, as upon wings of flame, his eye kindled and his voice rang like a clarion. So vivid was his description, that they could almost imagine that they smelt powder, that they heard the hissing of the balls, that they saw the shock of the hostile squadrons, and that they were following him personally, till they saw him, wounded at the head of his squadron, fall lifeless at the feet of his charger, among a heap of the slain. Thus speaking, Bernard was charming; Helen had let fall her needle, and, breathless, and with outstretched neck, was listening to, and contemplating him with a sentiment of unmingled admiration.

"A poet chanting the exploits of a hero!" exclaimed Madame de Vaubert, with enthusiasm.

"Monsieur," added the Marquis, "you may flatter yourself on having had a very near view of death. What a battle! I shall dream of it to-night. But then you were not obliged to go there, and what the devil had your emperor to do in that cursed Russia?"

"He had his idea," replied Bernard, with dignity. "It does not particularly concern us now."

He then proceeded to narrate how, when he came to himself, he found himself a prisoner, and how from a prisoner he became a slave. He recounted simply, and without emphasis or exaggeration, his so-

journal in the depths of Siberia, six years of servitude in the midst of savage tribes, even more cruel and pitiless than their climate; all that he had endured, hunger, cold, hard labor, barbarous treatment, he told all; and more than once during the sad recital, a furtive tear glistened like a dew-dew in her downcast eye, and dropped a liquid pearl, upon the work of tapestry which she had resumed, doubtless, to conceal her emotion.

"Noble young man!" said Madame de Vaubert, raising her handkerchief to her eyes; "and was this the reward due to such heroic courage?"

"Ventre-saint-gris! Monsieur," said the Marquis; "you must be tormented with rheumatism."

"Thus all glory is expiated," resumed the baroness with a tone of melancholy. "Thus, too often, the laurel-wreath is exchanged for the palm of the martyr. Poor young friend! How you must have suffered!" added she, pressing his hand with the liveliest demonstrations of sympathy.

"Monsieur," said the Marquis, "I predict that in your old age you will be devoured by the gout."

"After so many reverses and sufferings, how pleasant it must be," continued Madame de Vaubert, "to repose in the bosom of a family eager to receive you, surrounded with friendly countenances, and supported by faithful hearts! Happy the exile, who upon his return to his native land, does not find his court silent, his house empty, and his fire-side cold and solitary!"

"A Siberian gout!" muttered the Marquis, rubbing his ankle. "Mine only came from Germany, and that is bad enough. Monsieur, I am sorry for you. A Siberian gout! You have not yet done with the Cossacks."

The last words of the baroness had abruptly recalled Bernard to the exigencies of his position. The clock, on the marble chimney-piece had just struck eleven. Ashamed of his weakness, Bernard arose and was again about to retire, not knowing upon what to resolve, but still in his uncertainty, comprehending well enough that this was no place for him, when, the Marquis having pulled a mohair cord which hung by the side of the glass, the door of the apartment opened, and a valet appear-

ed, armed with a double candlestick, charged with lighted wax candles.

"Germain," said the Marquis, "show Monsieur to his chamber. It is the chamber," added he, addressing himself to Bernard, "which your father occupied so long."

"It is very unkind in us, Monsieur," said Madame de Vaubert, "to have detained you so long from your rest. We ought to have remembered that you need repose; but we are so delighted to see you, and so ravished with your story! You will pardon an indiscretion which has no other excuse than the charm of your recitals."

"A good night's rest, Monsieur," said the Marquis; "ten hours of sound sleep will find you much refreshed. To-morrow morning we will go out and shoot some rabbits. You must be fond of hunting; it is the image of war."

"Monsieur," said Mlle de La Seiglière, tremblingly, "you will not forget that you are at home, among friends who will make it a pleasure as well as a duty to heal your heart, and to efface from it every recollection of those unfortunate days. My father, here, will endeavor to render you the affection of him you have lost; and I, if you will permit me, will be to you a sister."

"If you love the chase," cried the Marquis, "I promise you some royal ones."

"Imperial!" interrupted the baroness.

"Yes," replied the Marquis, "impérial. On foot, or on horseback, with beagles or greyhounds. *Vive Dieu!* If you treat the foxes as you did the Austrians, and the hares as you did the Russians, I pity the game."

"I hope, Monsieur," added Madame de Vaubert, "to have the pleasure of seeing you often at our little manor. Your worthy father, who honored me with his friendship, used frequently to accept of my humble hospitality. I hope you will often come to speak of him in the place where he so often spoke of you."

"Well, Monsieur Bernard, good night," said the Marquis, with a wave of the hand. "May your father send you pleasant dreams."

"Adieu! Monsieur Bernard," continued the baroness, with her blandest smile. "Sleep with the thought that you are no longer alone in the world."

"Till to-morrow," said Helen, in her turn; "that is the word your father and I used to exchange when we parted in the evening."

Bewildered, amazed, fascinated, Bernard made a gesture which seemed to say, God bless you; and after a respectful bow to *Mlle de La Seiglière*, followed Germain to the richest and most sumptuously furnished apartment of the chateau. It was indeed the one which the poor old miser had for a while occupied, before they banished him, like a leper, into the most retired and isolated part of the mansion; only it had been since greatly improved, and, that very day, there had been a special preparation for the reception of its destined guest. When Bernard entered, the joyous flame in the fireplace was flashing from the gilded mouldings and the brass fixtures which held in their places the rich green velvet hangings. An Aubusson carpet strewed the floor with flowers, as fresh and brilliant as if they had been gathered in the neighboring meadows, and scattered by the hand of some beneficent fairy. Bernard, who for ten years had slept on the camp bed, the snow, wolf-skins or a blanket, felt an indescribable pleasure as he perceived, beneath the swelling pillows, the soft and white linen of a bed, which, like the throne of Sleep, rose from the depth of an alcove—a mysterious nook formed by drapery in keeping with the hangings we have already mentioned. All the researches of luxury, all the elegancies and all the comforts of life were united around, and seemed to smile upon him. An ingenious solicitude had anticipated, divined, and provided everything. Hospitality has its delicacies, which rarely escape poverty, but which we do not always find with the most magnificent hosts. Nothing, however, was wanting here, neither tact, nor grace, nor coquetry, all rarer than munificence. When Germain had withdrawn, after having made all ready for the retirement of his new master, Bernard experienced a childish joy in examining and touching the thousand objects of the toilet, of which he had forgotten the use. We shall not venture to say, for example, into what ecstasies of delight he was thrown at the sight of the flagons of *Eau de Portugal*, and at the smell of the perfumed soaps. One must have been six years among the

Tartars to appreciate these trifles. On either side of the glass, half concealed, behind clusters of asters, dahlias and chrysanthemums, in japan vases, shone gleaming poignards, richly wrought pistols, and other warlike implements, mounted with gold and silver, and studded with diamonds. Upon one corner of the chimney piece was a splendidly carved cup heaped up with gold, as if left there by mistake. Bernard stopped neither before the gold, nor the flowers, nor even before the arms. In wandering around the chamber, to his great delight, he fell upon a silver plate charged with cigars, for which Madame de Vaubert had sent to town, where she purchased them of an old captain of a privateer, who was a connoisseur in such matters, and whom she reckoned among her friends; an attention which at this day would be a matter of course, but which would pass at that time for a mark of boldness and genius. He took one, lit it by the light of a candle, and stretching himself leisurely upon a sofa, enveloped in a cashmere robe, and shod with Turkish slippers, he fell to thinking, first of his father, and then upon the strangeness of his destiny, of the unexpected turn which the events of that day had taken, and of the course which remained for him to pursue. Worn with fatigue, with a feverish brow and a heavy eye, his ideas soon began to grow confused. In this state of drowsiness, a sort of intellectual twilight—he thought he saw the smoke of his cigar animated and peopled with fantastic groups. Now his old father and mother were mounting up to heaven seated on a cloud. Now his emperor, with arms folded across his chest, was standing upon a rock in profound meditation. Now the baroness and the Marquis had joined hands and were dancing the saraband. Now, and often, a slender and graceful form was leaning over, and watching him with a smile. His cigar finished, he threw himself on the bed, and was soon in a profound sleep.

Whether from fatigue, or from fear lest her emotion should be discovered, *Mlle de La Seiglière* quitted the salon nearly at the same time with Bernard. Alone, by the fireside, the Marquis and the baroness regarded each other for a moment in silence.

"Well, Marquis," finally said Madame de Vaubert, "he is low bred, this Bernard.

The father smelt of the stable, and the son smells of the *corps-de-garde*."

"Curse him!" exclaimed the Marquis, who had arrived at the last pitch of exasperation; "I thought he would never have done with his battle of Moscow. The battle of Moscow! A pretty affair indeed! Who cares anything, or knows anything about it? Who speaks of it? I have never been in battle, but if I had, by the sword of my ancestors, Madame la baroness, it would have been quite a different affair. There would have been an end of it; I would never have returned, even covered with wounds. The battle of Moscow! And this fellow gives himself the airs of a Cæsar or an Alexander, the sneak! These are your heroes! These are the furious combats about which M. de Bonaparte has made so much noise, and which the enemies of the monarchy still vaunt so much! Nothing more than healthful exercises; the dead soon picked themselves up, and the slain are now better than ever.

Vive Dieu! When we fight, things turn out quite different. When a gentleman falls, he does not pick himself up and run home. But if a mere clown, a villain, a Stampy falls in the service of France, *Ventre-saint-gris!* the chances are ten to one, that he will soon be at home telling of it among the rabble. If he had a heart as big as a mouse, he would blush to think himself alive; he would go and throw himself headlong into the river."

"But, Marquis, he prefers to live," said the baroness, with a smile.

"Let him live, then; but let him go and hide himself! Conceal your life," says the sage. If he was as fond of glory as he pretends, he would prefer to have it thought that he died upon the field of honor, rather than return here, drawing after him his misery and disgrace. Why did he not stay in Siberia? That was a good place for him; it was suited to his tastes and habits. The baby whines about the climate: one would suppose he was born in an oven and had grown up in a hothouse! The Cossacks are noble people, mild and hospitable. He calls them barbarians. And are we to trouble ourselves about such worthless fellows? Are we to save their lives, receive them into our families, and make their lot a happy one at our expense? This is all the return you

get for it; they treat you like cannibals. I'll be bound, notwithstanding all his doleful stories, that he lived in the clover; you can place no dependence upon such ras-cals. And then comes his talk about liberty, native land, and paternal roof smoking in the horizon! great words which he, and his like, put forward to cover up their disorders and veil their misconduct."

"Liberty, native land, the paternal roof, the whole spiced with an inheritance of a million—it must be admitted," added Madame de Vaubert, "that a man may, for the sake of these, quit the flowery banks of the Don, and the tender hospitality of the Baskires, without being precisely a rascal."

"An inheritance of a million!" shouted the Marquis. "Where the devil is he going to get it?"

"Out of your pocket," replied the baroness, almost discouraged at being so often obliged to bring back the Marquis to the point at issue.

"Ah, ha!" cried the Marquis, "then he is a dangerous man, this Bernard? If he pushes me to extremities, Madame la baronne, you are little aware of how much I am capable; I will bring him before the tribunals."

"Then," said the baroness, "you will save him the necessity of bringing you there. Pray, Marquis, do not begin that. Consider matters as they are. Since you cannot escape them, look them in the face. What is there to be so frightened about? Bernard is in a cage; the lion is muzzled; the prey is in your grasp."

"Yes, and what, in the name of heaven, shall I do with it?"

"Time will determine. This morning our purpose was to instal the enemy in the place where we wished him, this has been done. Now we are to drive him from it; this shall be done also."

"And, meanwhile," said the Marquis, impatiently, "we are to be crammed with Siberia, gun-shot, and Moscow! We are to be daily regaled with a fricassee of ice, broken swords, and muskets? But, Madame la baronne, does it not appear to you that I am playing rather a shabby part in this matter? *Ventre-saint-gris!* I swear like Henry IV., but it seems to me I am employing very different means to reconquer my kingdom."

"Do you think, then," replied Madame de Vaubert, "that courage proceeds only from the muzzle of a gun, and that great deeds can only be accomplished at the point of the sword? If France has not been divided, parted by lot like the garments of our Saviour, in these latter times, to whom is it due? To M. de Talleyrand, who, in his plain attire, in pumps and silk stockings, with his right leg resting on his left, and his hand thrust into his vest pocket, has done more for France than all this rabble in leather breeches, which they call the old guard, but which, in fact, guards nothing at all. Do you not think, for example, that you have displayed, during the day which has just past, a hundred times more genius than Henry IV. at Ivry? To shake one's plume on the field, to cut and thrust with the sword, to heap the ground with the dead and dying, there is nothing very difficult about all this. What is truly glorious, is to triumph on the battle-field of life. Permit me to offer you my compliments. You have conducted yourself, to-day, with the coolness of a hero, the bold intrepidity of a demon, and the winning grace of an angel. Pardon me, Marquis, you have borne yourself most admirably."

"Very true," said the Marquis, passing one leg over the other, and twirling his purse with his fingers, "it is very certain that this Stämply has seen nothing but fire."

"Ah! Marquis, how you softened him! Out of an iron gauntlet you made a kid glove. I knew you to be noble and valiant; but I was far from suspecting that your mind was gifted with such a marvellous suppleness. How fortunate thus to combine the strength of the oak with the pliancy of the willow! Marquis de La Seiglière," continued the baroness, with a grave look and an emphatic gesture, "the prince of Benevento occupied your place at the Congress of Vienna."

"Do you believe it?" demanded M. de La Seiglière, stroking his chin.

"With a bend of your thumb you could have bent the bow of Nimrod," said the baroness, with a smile. "You could tame a tiger, and bring a panther to eat quietly and harmlessly from your hand."

"He is just like the rest of these people. At a distance they talk of nothing

but devouring you; but if we deign to smile on them, they crawl at our feet. But Madame la Baronne, I am not of an age to play the part of Diego; and if this fellow were a gentleman, I should still bear in mind the teachings of Saint George."

"Marquis," proudly replied Madame de Vaubert, "if this fellow were a gentleman, and you were Diego, you would not have far to go to find Roderigo."

At this moment the door of the apartment opened, and Raoul entered, gloved, spruce, and trim, with a sparkling eye and a fresh and rosy countenance,—as irreproachable from head to foot as if he had just been taken from a hand-box. He came to accompany his mother home; and, doubtless, not with anticipating the pleasure of paying his devoirs to Mlle. de La Seiglière, whom he had not seen since the evening before. As the young man entered, both the Marquis and Madame de Vaubert turned toward him with a complacent look, apparently charmed and refreshed at his appearance; it was, for them, like the entrance of a pure blood Limousin into the circus, which has been disgraced by a Norman mule. It was late; the day was near its close; the two hands of the clock were near uniting upon twelve. Having tendered her hand to the Marquis, Madame de Vaubert retired, supported by the arm of her son, whom, however, she abstained from informing of the memorable events of that day.

An hour after, all was quiet on both banks of the Clain. The Marquis, unable to shake off the influence of the violent emotions which he had experienced during the day, dreamed that troops of hussars, all slain upon the field of Moscow, were silently dividing his domains among themselves; that he saw them flying at full speed, each with his portion on the croup of his horse,—this with a field, that with a meadow, and another with a farm; and that Bernard galloped in the van, with the park in his valise and the chateau in one of his holsters. Having no longer a morsel of land to stand upon, the lost Marquis rolls off into space, like a comet, and goes sprawling down, vainly clutching at the stars for support. Madame de Vaubert dreamed also; and her dream strongly resembled a well known apologue. She saw a young and beautiful creature, sitting

upon the soft green sward, with an enormous lion amorously lying near her, with his paw in her lap, while a troop of valets, armed with forks and clubs, and concealed behind a cluster of trees, were watching their movements. The young girl sustained with one hand the paw of her tawney wooer, and with the other, with a pair of scissors was trimming the claws which docilely protruded themselves from their velvet couch. When each paw had undergone the like operation, the beautiful child drew from her pocket an ivory handled file, and, putting her arm around the head of the beast, she raised, with one hand, the thick and heavy lips, and, with the other, gently filed a double range of formidable teeth. If occasionally the patient suffered a surly growl to escape him, she would soon quiet him by her soft caresses. This second operation finished, when the lion had

neither claws nor fangs, the girl arose, and the valets rushing from their ambuscade, fell upon the poor beast, which sneaked off without offering any resistance, with lopped ears and dragging tail. And Bernard dreamed, too,—that in the midst of a field buried in snow, and beneath a frozen sky, he saw suddenly arise a beautiful lily, which perfumed the air; but, as he approached to pluck it, the royal flower was changed into a fairy, with ebony eyes and golden hair, which winged its way through the cloud, and alighted upon those charming shores where reign eternal spring. And finally, Raoul dreamed that it was the evening of his nuptials, and that at the very moment of opening the ball with the young Baroness de Vaubert, he discovered to his stupor, that his cravat was on the wrong side before.

To be Continued.

TWO PICTURES.

THE PINE BARREN.

WHERE sleeps the breeze ? In vain, my brow I bare
 To some faint impulse of the sultry air,—
 So faint, it scarce the slight-stemmed vine doth move
 That hangs untrained, the latticed porch above,
 And twining inward, of the light afraid,
 Drops, loosely pendant, in the uncertain shade.
 The o'erarching heavens are all too blue and bright ;
 The aching sense rejects their ardent light,
 Shrinks, as the jay, on brilliant plumage springs,
 And would the red-bird furl her radiant wings :
 Her slender song, at times, the silence breaks,
 But no response the feeble utterance wakes ;
 Save one lone voice, monotonous, that still
 Repeats with wearying cadence, " whippoorwill !"
 Or when, from out the scanty herbage dry,
 Starts up the locust's shrill, and ear-piercing cry.
 The lizard's form no more the sight deceives,
 Too close companion of the quivering leaves ;
 The sun, pervading where he lies outspread,
 Converts his coat of green to tawny red.
 Slow drops the balmy Clethra, one by one,
 Her delicate white blossoms in the sun.
 From sturdy cedar to enduring pine,
 The languid jessamine trails her drooping vine :
 The fig-tree dies for lack of vernal shower ;
 And hardy Kalnia scarce puts forth her flower.
 Softly, as infant spirits pass away
 The leaves, unmurtured, fall from flower and spray ;
 Of Zephyr all forsaken, and the dews,
 Such faint and dying odor they diffuse,
 As haply, conscious of the bane beneath,
 Where lurks the reptile, whose sharp fang is death :
 Here, thridding slow, with sinuous lapses, the brake,
 Gaudy and graceful, glides the glittering snake.
 Nor less, the incautious wanderer need beware,
 When steals that unctuous sweetness o'er the air
 Of apple orchards, when their fruit is red ;
 For that betrays where, 'neath the unwary tread,
 With tongue of venom, and malicious eyes,
 Deceitful coiled, the wily rattle lies.
 Oh, for the grass-green fields, and groves beloved,
 In happier days, my feet securely roved !
 Oh for the breeze that o'er my native hills,
 The frame with strength, the sense with fragrance fills !
 For thee, New England, let me weave the strain,
 Dear Mother-land !—thus sings thy child again.

NEW ENGLAND.

New England ! what lovelier theme could I choose ?
Her mornings of zephyr—her evenings of dews,
Her beautiful sunlight, of fierceness disarmed,
That clasps the soft landscape and leaves it unharmed :
Her wide-spreading forests, her blue winding streams,
Those haunts of my childhood, now mine but in dreams.

My soul, like a summer bird, homewardly wings
To verdurous glades, and the gushing of springs ;
Where mountains uplift their broad heads to the sky,
And cool in their shadow green villages lie ;
And white-blossomed orchards, and field-growing flowers
Are dropping and fresh with the fragrance of showers.

The scent of the clover—and the wave of the corn,
The unrevealed melodies mingled at morn,
The brooklets that over the pebble-stones gush,
The trill of the bird in the blackberry bush ;
Like music, the lapse of those silvery streams,
And song-laden breezes revisit my dreams.

I know where the flag-root is found by the brook,
I know where the swallow has built in her nook.
The wayfarer pauses, the road-side along,
For the sweet briar's breath, and the wood-robin's song,
Or wearily, gives, in the shadow of trees,
His lips to the brook, and his brow to the breeze.

'Tis time for the lilac's sweet clusters to blow ;
The apple trees all are in blossom I know :
The farmer's wife spreads her white webs on the green ;
The children, with buttercups laden are seen ;
Through trees, in the distance, the village church gleams—
I hear the bells chiming—alas,—but in dreams.

The clear voice of Freedom rings cheerily out,
The song from the meadow, from hill-top the shout.
The labors of life, fellow-freemen divide,
And springs the rich harvest each cottage beside ;
The fruit-laden bough, and the grain-waving soil,
The golden reward of industrious toil.

Those burthens, those pleasures no longer I share,
Though friends of my bosom—my kindred are there :
But near is the hour, when my pilgrimage o'er,
We'll mingle again as we mingled before ;
While, wrapt in the music of heart-stirring themes,
I wake to those blessings, now mine but in dreams.

OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

EVERY person familiar with the English language in its most elegant and classic forms, acquainted with the writings of Goldsmith. In the harmony of his style, and the delicate, antithetical turn of his periods, he is the equal of Bolingbroke and the superior of Johnson. In the instinctive choice of the most harmonious words, a faculty more than any other the gift of nature, and so purely instinctive as scarcely to be improved even by cultivation, Goldsmith stands without a rival among English writers, and is comparable in this respect, among modern writers only with Voltaire.

It is perhaps to these qualities, and to a vein of humor perfectly humane, free from the slightest tinge of bitterness or sarcasm, that he owes his extensive popularity as a novelist and essayist; for we are unable, conscientiously, though our admiration of him be excessive, to attribute to this delightful author any of the grander qualities of pathos, sublimity, or knowledge of the human heart, which characterise the writings of Shakspeare, or even, among writers of our own times, of Walter Scott. Not a single attribute of greatness can with justice be conceded to him, unless it be necessary to include among those attributes, a perfect honesty, simplicity and kindness of nature. Of pride of character, in the heroic sense; of a philosophical patriotism, the result of meditation, or of that haughty superiority to the weaknesses and accidents of nature and fortune, which so elevates us in the writings of Milton, and combined with less genius, in those even of Dr. Johnson, we find nothing, either in the verse or prose of this truly pastoral writer. If we compare him with Tasso, we find him deficient in the gentlemanly, or rather chivalrous sentiment, of the author of *Jerusalem Delivered*. If we compare him with Virgil, we find his pathos comparatively domestic and vulgar. If with Irving or Addison, his humor appears less tempered and controlled by cultivated pride. He mingles with the scenes and characters which himself describes,

and is a part of the humorous catastrophe. He looks out upon human nature from the level of his own life, the level of the middle class. Aristocracy is the heaven above him; and however independent he may have been in his proper spirit, there is nothing in him of that haughty individuality, which raises the man of genius in his secret thoughts and aspirations to a level with great lords and dignitaries. We do not wish to call attention to this peculiarity as a defect; had Goldsmith possessed it, he might have become an aspiring politician or a discontented placeman, and his writings have discovered none of that simplicity and modesty which is their peculiar charm. If we except Dickens, Thackeray, and very few others of less note, the popular writers of our time partake so strongly of the republican spirit of the age, which desperately aspires to make the individual, in his proper self, the equal, and if possible the superior of kings; their writings tend to vex and disturb while they rouse and aggravate our self-esteem; lords and ladies have ceased to be the heroes of fiction, and in their place we have the aspiring children of genius, rising by the force of nature, and the revolutionary fortune of the time, to become the leaders and idols of the people.

The heroes of Carlyle are commoners of low degree; the *characters* of Bulwer, it were a shame to call them heroes, are persons of doubtful reputation who achieve fortune and fashion, through evil report, by dint of pure scorn; even Goethe took his Wilhelm Meister from among the Bourgeoisie. In a word, novels of high life, properly speaking, are no longer written; for we cannot include among such, fictions like those of D'Israeli, whose evident design is to set forth the vices and weaknesses of hereditary nobility, contrasted with that untitled nobility of character and intellect. Literature has gone over to the people, and has shown itself the inveterate foe of aristocracy.

And with justice; since it is with action

and personal achievement that the novelist must deal, and not with names and ceremonies. Wherever the active working spirit of ambition is to be found, bringing out the passions to their liveliest play, there too, the novelist must find his heroes and his characters.

Independently, however, of the above described peculiarity, the literature of the present day is distinguished from that of the epoch of Goldsmith and his contemporaries by a characteristic, which also distinguishes it from that of all other ages, namely, by its political character. Novels, plays, and poems, are at present written for the purpose of inculcating certain political ideas, and not merely, as formerly, to elevate the sentiments and refine the social feelings. A novel of Goldsmith or of Fielding inculcates frankness, generosity and courage: a novel of Walter Scott excites our admiration for these qualities in others, and inspires respect for the magnanimous traits of nobility and chivalry. Prior to the days of Lord Byron and of Bulwer, if a character of the middle or lower class was introduced, it was in strict subordination to his superiors; and the virtues dealt out to the inferior members of society, were of a kind to excite affection and pity, and never to stimulate the pride or pique the ambition of the reader. With the modern school of novelists this order is reversed, and in violation of the most ancient and settled prejudices, we find, in Bulwer, the highwayman carried up into the sphere of fashion and heroism; in D'Israeli, the Hebrew, formerly the scorn of civilization, elevated to the very pinnacle of power, pathos and sentiment. In Eugène Sue and George Sand, and a host of French novelists and dramatists, if a character of worth or interest is taken from the upper class, it is only to save appearances. With these writers, it seems necessary first to have become an outcast, miserable, friendless and degraded, to become fitted for the admiration and respect of all mankind: even Cooper, the American novelist, has taken his heroes from among the hunters and aborigines; and in some of his inferior novels, from among the buccaneers and pirates of the last century. "The Robbers" of Schiller, if not absolutely the first in this class of writings, is, at least, a type of

the class, and we are not acquainted with a single writer of great eminence and popularity, who has had the courage or the power to draw his leading characters from the upper classes of society, except with the intention of drawing them down from their aristocratic height to the level of common humanity. In the essays and reviews of Carlyle, aristocracy, whether of church or state, is set at nought, and all distinctions, save those of genius and virtue, treated either with subtle irony or undisguised contempt.

So completely has this sympathy with natural, unassisted humanity possessed the writers of this time, we may, on a careful review of the body of our modern letters, pronounce the whole of it to be democratic and revolutionary. Literature has gone over to the people; it has gone over to the stronger side; for, notwithstanding the unfavorable turn which events have taken the present year, we are still under the necessity of believing that the people, as distinguished from the aristocracy, are actually the stronger side.

We were remarking also, that the writers of our day were distinguished from their predecessors of the last century by a perpetual effort to inculcate certain political ideas. To make this clearer, let us endeavor to remember the impression produced upon our minds by the novels of Richardson, of Fielding, of Smollett, and of those who immediately preceded and succeeded them. On rising from the perusal of any one of these, we do not find ourselves infected with that peculiar melancholy and discontent which a poem of Byron, a pirate romance of Cooper, or a novel of George Sand, leaves with us. We think only how excellent the virtues, and how happy the fortunes of the hero or the heroine; how elegant the manners, how worthy of imitation; we rise, too, with a feeling of deference for the forms and the usages of the good old time. With these writers, as with those of Queen Elizabeth's day, the established ranks of society and the forms of government were things as necessary and as unquestioned as the very laws of nature. Nobility and gentry were not so much the reward of virtue, as a condition proper to the order of the universe, and as stable and enduring as the flow of rivers, and the forms of conti-

nents: a king, a nobleman, a priest, were things of God's making; men had no hand in their creation; and thus it happened that fiction was limited of necessity to the play of character, the consequences of virtue and vice, within the sphere given them by the fixed conditions of society. The satellite performed the duties and moved in the orbit of a satellite, and if it rose to the dignity of a planet, it was by the virtue of obedience, and the favor of a master; and most part too, to give a warning by its fall against the vice of that swelling ambition which transcends its order.

Turn now to Byron, Bulwer, and D'Israeli, and we find men in whom appears not the punishment, but the triumph of pride. With these writers there is but one virtue, and that virtue is ASSURANCE.

If we seek now the transition point by which we may pass easily from the old to the new order of fiction, we find it easily in Walter Scott; for in this writer, as in Goethe, whose *Gotz of Berlichingen* seems to have been the model of the Waverley novels, we find an almost perfect appreciation both of the old and the new, the revolutionary and the chivalrous, or rather feudal sentiment.

The characters of Cromwell and Balfour of Burleigh, as Scott has painted them, with a more perfect appreciation of the republican spirit than is to be found in any French or German novelist, stand forth harsh, but almost perfect presentations of the modern spirit, as contrasted with that of feudal society; while in the *Pirate* of the same writer, that peculiar union of aristocratic and democratic qualities of which our modern novelists make so much use, is clearly but somewhat timidly represented. The power of this writer seems to have lain, not so much in his sympathy with the olden time, as in his artistic appreciation of humanity in every shape, whether old or new. Whether any other author has equalled him in this respect, is at least doubtful. Not even in Shakspeare do we find an equal variety and breadth of appreciation. It would be doing great injustice to the artistic genius of Scott, to suppose that his Cromwell, his *Pirate*, his Balfour of Burleigh, and his godly host of Covenanters, were taken merely as foils to set off the better genius

of Feudalism; for although Scott, like all the great artists was a lover of the past, we are obliged to allow him the merit of understanding, if he did not love, the harsh and powerful traits of republicanism.

Power in every shape, grace and beauty in all conditions, are the objects of genuine art; and although the great artist may be inclined, by the necessity of art itself, to a study and a veneration of antiquity, he will always, as a creator and a producer—as the precursor of new forms and new conditions of society, be himself, and in himself, a freeman; in a certain sense a republican, subject to no laws, but those of nature and of divinity.

In noticing this characteristic of the latest writers of fiction, that their works are made the vehicle of certain political, and sometimes of religious ideas, we do not mean to speak to their disparagement, or to place them in unfavorable contrast with their predecessors: we can see no reason why the powerful idea of individual freedom, or of that pride which tramples under foot the formal distinctions of rank and riches, should not become as powerful an *idea*, as powerful a means of giving unity and body (*character*) to a work of art, and as capable, in the variety of its development, of fixing the attention and rousing the spirit of a reader, as that social honor and youthful generosity which forms the moral staple and vivifying principle in the novels of Fielding and Smollet. Nor are the characters of our modern novels the only characters in fiction in whom this trait of freedom and pride of spirit is made the means of elevating imagination, and exciting the sympathy of the reader. What but this same is the moral stuff out of which the Prometheus of Æschylus is made? What but this in the Satan of Milton, and the Antigone of Sophocles, the Orestes and the Iphigenia of Goethe, under different forms, and with different catastrophes in all, joined now with virtues, now with vices, sometimes tempered with humility and sympathy, sometimes harsh, cruel, isolated, and rebellious? Yet, in all, one and the same, and imparting to the reader in all a feeling, a secret conviction of the dignity and liberty of the individual; of man in his objective and separate individuality, setting at defiance the opposition

of nature, of fate, of *society*, and even of Divinity itself.

The introduction of this principle as the staple of our current literature, seems to us, we repeat it, to be its distinguishing mark, as its introduction into politics is the distinguishing mark of the century, compared with those which precede it in the historical series.

It is very possible that many of our readers even among the judicious and the thoughtful, may be inclined to charge us with a spirit of generalization, too little discriminating, when they find us pairing the Antigone of Sophocles with the Satan of Milton; though their prejudices will perhaps make less difficulty in classing the insolent gentlemen of D'Israeli, with him who led his rebel angels to storm the battlements of Heaven. Perhaps they will not smile at us if we even claim for Milton's Satan, the place of *bon ton*, the leadership among the heroes of insolence; for surely a more magnificent gentleman never trod the carpets of Olympus; and had his enemy been a Jupiter, instead of a Lord of Hosts, according to the Hebrew idea, the threat of Abdiel might have been no prophecy, and Satan have been now a successor of Jove.

We say that we do not mean to disparage the novelists of our time, by comparing them with the Smollets, Fieldings, and Richardsons; on the contrary, we are obliged to admit, with their admirers, that however inferior in the *style* and manner of their works, they exhibit greater knowledge, a wider reach of thought, a more prophetic spirit, if we may be allowed the expression, a more reflective and conscious representation of the age in which they live, than any that have gone before them; above all, the *principle* from which they write, is itself, no doubt, of greater value and effect in moving the passions and determining the moral course of the readers over whom they acquire power.

The readers of Byron, D'Israeli, Bulwer, and George Sand, are in a manner morally shaped by these authors, and whatever of individual pride, or of discontent with their own inferior condition, may have existed in them, is developed, strengthened, and made motive in them, by the reading of their favorite authors. The church may preach humility, the law may thunder obedience,

formal society may frown disapprobation; it is all in vain, while the spirit is roused, and the appetite sharpened, by the reading of such authors.

The lower class of these writers, and who catch their spirit from the few superior intellects, busy themselves with stirring up the poor and the ignorant against the rich and the powerful. Shops for the sale of cheap publications supply the masses of the people with inferior novels; while the theatres give only such dramatic exhibitions, such vaudevilles and melodramas, as impress the poor, the uneducated, and the undisciplined, with a feeling of self-estimation, set off by a hatred of every species of control that does not emanate from the will of the individual himself. The one great lesson which all read, is, that the spontaneous sentiment, the agreeable impulse of the moment, the dictate of the heart, unassisted by reason, or by considerations of the general good, is the great and truly divine law. In these productions, we are taught to admire the most violent exhibitions of passion, if they are sanctioned by a momentary feeling of compassion. Weakness, in itself despicable, is made a merit.

The lower orders of literary productions, in every age, are but exaggerated imitations of their betters of the same age. Thus the inferior play-writers of Shakspeare's and Ben Jonson's day, exaggerate the characteristics of Shakspeare and Jonson. Instead of courage, their heroes have only ferocity; the generous faults of youth degenerate into libertinism; freedom of conversation becomes grossness of language; and ladies and gentlemen are made to talk like sharpers and kitchen maids. Still more remarkable are the exaggerations of the play-writers of the school of Congreve. With these dramatists the gentleman is absolutely confounded with the roué and the court sponge: and so, in our day, we have our Byron, our Carlyle, and our D'Israeli, flashing gleams of the most brilliant virtues through their pages, which the inferior imitator, imitating coarsely, daubs in colors of blood.

Respectable people are probably, in general, but little aware of the enormous quantity of pamphlet fiction that is poured from the press, and overflows the entire continent. Dozens of novels appear at the be-

ginning of the month; and at the end of it begin already to be forgotten. As far as we have examined them, they have the one tone of sentimentality, and that characteristic of the age, the setting at defiance, or the eluding of moral restraint. Attending these and flying side by side with them, go forth innumerable moral tales; good stories for good children, and that anomaly in literature, religious novels,—a species of writings which endeavor to amuse us while they scourge us—a mixture of roses and thunder, in which, if the thunder is heard the roses are not seen, and if the roses are perceived the thunder is not heard.

To quarrel with a weak character for producing a weak novel,—to be angry with an immoral author because his works reflect himself, would be an equal injustice and folly: while the age is ferocious, corrupt, and revolutionary, that is to say, while great numbers of men, more or less educated, and talented men, are wicked, corrupt, and chaotic in their own lives, no censorship of the press, nor refinement of public opinion, can do more than enforce a certain outward propriety and decency of expression. It were folly, indeed, in the moralist to run a tilt against writers, because they paint, in lively colors, the fooleries and insanities of human nature, without adding that compensation of moral dignity, that glimpse of reason which ensures the immortality of the truly great writer. How can it be otherwise with them? The weak hand cannot lift the heavy weight. Where there is merely wit, intellect and imagination in the man, there will be merely wit, intellect and imagination sporting in his work, and not a vestige will appear there of qualities which have neither force nor place in him. When the ethereal blue is taken from the beam of white light, the beam is of a heated orange color, glaring and monotonous; and when the moral tone is absent from the genius of a writer, the color of his work lacks softness and atmosphere—it is raw, hot, coarse, monotonous.

When, on the other hand, the warm stain of passion is discharged from the work, and the proper mediocrity of yellow diffused over it, it is both cold and uninviting. It is unnecessary, after forcing the figure so far, to add that a perfect work of fiction will carry in its effect as well the

one color as the other; that the one will be only locally and momentarily distinguishable from the other; that the catastrophe of the work will be a justification both of nature and of reason, not separately, but together.

Each passion and faculty, in its natural sphere, is just and perfect; but as human nature is a combination of many faculties, and shows the play of many passions, there is required a governing power to restrain and keep them at their duty. How shall the novelist obtain immortality, if he is himself a mass of corrupt desires and ungoverned passions; or how can he impart to a story the color of experiences of which his life, and even his imagination are void?

Have we then discovered the true secret of immortality in authorship? the secret even of a respectable popularity only? Such is our conviction. There are living writers in America whose style of English is at times, perhaps, more pure and harmonious than Addison's; but because they have not the moral element, the power, which merely to name, destroys its value in a work of art, because they have not that secret regulative principle in themselves, or in their works, neither they nor their writings shall ever be respectable, much less immortal.

What quality is it that so charms us in the writings of Irving and Addison, of Goldsmith and Lamb? Is it merely the humour of these writers, the smoothness of their style, or the subject on which they write? Certainly it is not the choice of subject which gives them their charm, for we delight most in them when they were handling the most ridiculous subjects, and describing the most contemptible characters.

The characters described by Goldsmith, in the *Vicar of Wakefield*, do not inspire as much respect, though they are drawn as gentlemen and ladies, as some of Dickens' grotesque delineations. The art of Goldsmith, or rather the moral power of Goldsmith, employing the literary art as its instrument, sets forth the faults and even the rogueries of his characters, when they have any character—for sometimes like the libertine squire in the *Vicar of Wakefield*, they are mere Whiskerandos, such men of straw, as every novelist must use—in a

light which moves our mirth and our pity, while at the same time it reminds us of something better in the man. It was a remark of Goethe's, that there was no fault or foible of human nature which he could not feel compassion for, through his own experience, (that perhaps was his meaning, though not his language,) and in this great and generous writer the sign of immortality is legible in the dignity and compassion with which he handles his inferior persons, both in drama and in story.

We believe we are justified therefore in ascribing the traits of immortality to the admirable writers whom we have grouped together above, observing with what an exquisite art they rescue human nature from its meanest weaknesses, and teach us to love and even to respect the person whom they seem at the instant to be describing in colors of ridicule.

There is nothing remarkable in the early life of Goldsmith, beyond the incidents which often follow the career of a good natured and thoughtless man of humor and talent.

The anecdotes of his early life are familiar to every reader. In college he committed no great faults; his errors were those of thoughtlessness. His situation at the University was severely trying to his pride. His father, a poor country clergyman, of Pallasmore, in the county of Longford, in Ireland, was obliged to enter him as a sizer, or poor scholar, to be taught and boarded gratuitously, and paying but a very small sum for his room. It is expected, in return for these advantages, which, in general, prove to be the most serious disadvantages which the student can encounter, that while he sustains the dignity of scholarship, and the manners of a gentleman, that he will perform the duties of a menial—a situation to be filled successfully and honorably by no character under the rank of a hero or a saint; in neither of which we are at liberty to place poor Goldsmith.

"He was obliged," says Mr. Irving, his biographer, "to sweep part of the courts in the morning, to carry up dishes from the kitchen to the fellows' table, and to wait in the hall, until that body had dined. His very dress marked the inferiority of the poor student to his happier classmates.

"We can conceive nothing more odious

or ill-judged, than these distinctions which attached the idea of degradation to poverty, and placed the indigent youth of merit below the worthless minion of fortune.

"It was with the utmost repugnance that Goldsmith entered college in this capacity. His shy and sensitive nature was affected by the inferior station he was to hold among his gay and opulent fellow students, and he became, at times, moody and despondent. A recollection of these early misfortunes induced him in after years, most strongly to dissuade his brother Henry, the clergyman, from sending his son to college on the like footing. 'If he has ambition,' wrote Goldsmith, 'strong passions, and an exquisite sensibility of contempt, do not send him there unless you have no other trade for him except your own.'"

The system of menial scholarship, derived from the ancient monastic institutions, and perpetuated in the British Universities, was early introduced into this country. The scholar, named in our institutions, a charity student, or sometimes, though improperly, a beneficiary—a benefit being a very different thing from a charity studentship, in more senses than one—is sometimes required to perform the menial service of the college, to ring bells, to make fires, to sweep out recitation rooms, and in various ways to make himself useful to the tutor. He is too frequently looked upon by the less considerate portion of the faculty, in virtue of his position, as a dependent, as one whose duty it is to be a spy upon the conduct of his fellow students, and, if questioned, an informer against them. He is usually a dull, but a diligent scholar, and endeavors to make up in industry and application what he lacks in respectability and credit. He is consequently odious, in a variety of senses, to his more liberal and fortunate fellows. His destiny is usually the church; and it is sometimes expected of him, if he does not become a clergyman, or a missionary, that he will refund the money that has been advanced for his education. He must be "hopefully pious," which by most creeds, is a condition, in which the power of God and the Holy Spirit alone can place him; and as an open testimony and proof of this secret relationship with his Creator, he is expected to give a punctual attendance upon all the services of the church.

Thus pressed, on all sides, by the hardest conditions which could be invented by the tempter of mankind, in his most subtle and ingenious moods; required to practice, simultaneously, the manners of leisure, and the duties of servitude; to exercise the virtue of a monk, and receive contempt instead of veneration for his reward; to be, at the same time, exercising a free and hopeful piety, under the condition that if he ceases to do so, he has \$500 to pay; compelled to associate with, and to be, to all intents and purposes, on a social level with those below whom he is effectually degraded—for notwithstanding liberty and equality, there is such a thing as degradation—is it wonderful, under such trials, that the charity student turns out either a hero or a sneak? A man hardened to the endurance and fortitude of martyrdom, or beaten, pecked, and maimed, like a quail among cocks, every grain of spirit and humanity beaten out of him, to take refuge henceforth under the aprons of lady-patronesses?

And what need for such a system? Why, for the few hundred dollars, saved in monkish parsimony, should the generous spirit of the scholar, who, of all men, must work with a free mind and an untroubled spirit, be so broken and trampled on? Or, if the church herself be a cure, and in the spirit of a true conservatism, we regard the ministry of Christ as the sole moral power that is left to us in the republic, as the hope and refuge of an age darkened by revolutions, why should considerations of parsimony, or of a merely mercantile character—as, that money should be paid in labor,—why should such considerations prevent still higher ones from affecting us,—as, that *possibly*, since the church is embodied in the ministry, if the liberty and spirit of the ministry is broken and made a scorn and a slave before the rich, the influence of the church, and her respectability will be thereby diminished.

Let the charity scholarship be then unconditioned and independent: let it not, ever, be attached to the scholar as a liability, but come to him, like an hereditament, to which, while he enjoys it, his right is absolute.

A natural consequence of Goldsmith's poverty, and of the tyranny of his tutor, which is spoken of by all his biographers,

was that he sank into despondency, and to conceal from himself the agonies of his mind, he committed several excesses, and violated the college rules. However, on the 27th of February, 1749, O. S., he graduated a Bachelor of Arts.

"He was free," says his biographer, "from college rule, that emancipation so ardently coveted by the thoughtless student, and which too generally launches him amid the cares, the hardships and vicissitudes of life."

It is from Mr. Irving, the successful author, that we have the above observation; what then shall be said of college life by the unsuccessful author, struggling through a life of unremunerated and unadmired literary labor?

"Edmund Burke was a fellow-student with Goldsmith at the college: neither the statesman nor the poet gave promise of their future celebrity; though Burke certainly surpassed his contemporary in industry and application; and evinced more disposition for self-improvement, associating himself with a number of his fellow students in a debating club, in which they discussed literary topics, and exercised themselves in composition." We have heard it remarked by a gentleman, who was a contemporary of our famous defender of the wrong, John C. Calhoun, that he evinced in college the traits that have attended him through life. It is said of him, that in debate, he was, even then, as if too conscious of great abilities, fond of undertaking the defence of the weaker side; perhaps in morals, as in war, it is a crime to defend an untenable post.

Goldsmith applied for orders, but was rejected, says his biographer, by the Bishop of Elin, because of his whimsical partiality for gay clothes. "He had ever a passion for clothing his sturdy but awkward little person in gay colors; and on this solemn occasion, when it was supposed his garb would be of suitable gravity, he appeared luminously arrayed in scarlet breeches." He was rejected by the Bishop. The scarlet breeches are said to have been the fundamental objection to his taking orders. A black suit, and a demure countenance went against his conscience, perhaps, as an inconsistency; for through the whole of his career, his honesty and his oddity were of a piece with each other. It some-

times affects one in his writings, as though the author appeared in a dress of style too gay and social for the subject.

After his rejection by the Bishop, he took passage for America, and as might be expected, after he had paid his passage, the ship sailed without him.

Then follows the chapter of his travels; a passage of his life from which he collected much of the humorous and moral experience which is transmitted to us in his works. After two years spent in roving about the continent, subsisting often upon charity, or, to dignify it by a better title, upon the hospitality of such as were ready to befriend the homeless wanderer, he landed at Dover, in 1756, without money, without friends, and without the prospect of a business.

Before passing to his literary life, it should be mentioned, however, that his associates, during the years of his absence, were not always mean or insignificant. During a brief sojourn in Paris, he made the acquaintance of Voltaire: "As a companion," says he, "no man ever exceeded Voltaire, when he pleased to lead the conversation, which, however, was not always the case. In company which he either disliked or despised, few could be more reserved than he; but when he was warmed in discourse, and got over a hesitating manner, which sometimes he was subject to, it was rapture to hear him; his meagre visage seemed insensibly to gather beauty; every muscle in it had meaning, and his eye beamed with unusual brightness. The person who writes this memoir," continues he, "remembers to have seen him in a select company of wits, of both sexes, at Paris, when the subject happened to turn upon English taste and learning. Fontenelle, (then nearly a hundred years old,) who was of the party, and who, being unacquainted with the language or authors of the country he undertook to condemn, with a spirit truly vulgar, began to revile both. Diderot, who liked the English, and knew something of their literary pretensions, attempted to vindicate their poetry and learning, but with unequal abilities. The company quickly perceived that Fontenelle was superior in the dispute: and they were surprised at the silence which Voltaire had preserved, all the former part of the night, particularly as the

conversation happened to turn upon his favorite topics. Fontenelle continued his triumph until about twelve o'clock, when Voltaire appeared at last roused from his reverie; his whole frame seemed animated; he began his defence with the utmost defiance mixed with spirit, and now and then let fall the finest strokes of raillery upon his antagonist; and his harangue lasted till three in the morning. I must confess, that, whether from national partiality, or from the elegant sensibility of his manner, I never was so charmed, nor did I ever remember so absolute a victory as he gained in this dispute."

It has been usual to stigmatize Voltaire as the enemy and reviler of every thing truly grand and noble; however unfortunate he was in his religious sentiments, it is still necessary to defend him against the charge of insensibility to the sublime and beautiful.

"After his landing in England we find Goldsmith," says his biographer, "launched on the great metropolis, or rather drifting about its streets, at night, in the gloomy month of February, with but a few half-pence in his pocket."

His next appearance is that of an usher to a school, a situation in which he suffered extreme annoyance. Then follows a connection with a periodical review. In this situation he had to write daily from nine o'clock until two, and often throughout the day; whether in the vein or not, and on subjects dictated by his task-master however foreign to his taste; he and his employer, however, very soon quarrelled; and being now known in the publishing world, Goldsmith began to find casual employment in various quarters; among others, he wrote occasionally for the *Literary Magazine*, a periodical conducted by Mr. John Newbury, a good natured gentleman famous for his children's books; of him Goldsmith says that he was not only the friend of children but the friend of all mankind.

Besides his literary job-work, Goldsmith now also attempted medical practice without success. His experience with booksellers drew from him, in various parts of his works, several severe strictures upon that class of dealers. In his enquiry into the state of polite literature, he says, "The author, unpatronized by the great,

has naturally recourse to the bookseller. There cannot, perhaps, be a combination more prejudicial to taste than this; it is the interest of the one to allow as little for the writing, and for the other to write as much as possible; accordingly, tedious compilations and periodical magazines are the result of their joint endeavors: In these circumstances, the author bids adieu to fame; writes for bread; and for that imagination is seldom called in; he sits down to address the muse with the most phlegmatic apathy, and, as we are told of the Russian, courts his mistress by falling asleep in her lap."

Of the author, Goldsmith adds that he is a child of the public in all respects. "His simplicity exposes him to all the insidious approaches of cunning; his sensibility to the slightest invasions of contempt. Though possessed of fortitude to stand unmoved the expected burst of an earthquake, yet of feelings so exquisitely poignant, as to agonize under the slightest disappointment. Broken rest, tasteless meals, and causeless anxieties, shorten life, and render it unfit for active employments; prolonged vigils and intense application, still farther contract his span, and make his time glide insensibly away."

The story of the author's wrongs and misery, in our day, does not much differ from that of his predecessors. If years of unrequited labor have worn out his constitution and his hopes, his is not always the gratification of thinking that others shall reap the benefit after him. Perhaps, as frequently happens, his manuscripts lie upon the shelf for want of a publisher; the labor of twenty years may be thrown away in a moment; or perhaps, through some stiffness or pedantry of manners, contracted through the severity of toil, and the workings of anxiety upon an over-tasked frame, he fails to make friends, and to inspire confidence; perhaps as a periodical writer, instead of leading, he must follow the public taste; every action of his life—for the actions of an author are his writings, must belie his conscience: if, by throwing himself out boldly upon the world, he acquires notoriety, he is at once surrounded by false friends and subtle enemies, who seek, in every way, to make their advantage out of his inexperience and credulity.

To ask for the patronage of the great, which poor Goldsmith scorned as much as he pretended to admire it, has become in our day, a point of ridicule against an author. He cannot venture to look for patronage to those substitutes for the great, in these democratic times, namely, the rich; who for the most part have neither leisure nor inclination to extend attentions to the struggling tribe of authors. They have their revenge. The society which despises them they labor to destroy; and wish to substitute for it, a society of their own imagination. Authors and editors, poor as they are, are pulling monarchs from their thrones, and, by a steady and well-directed fire of ridicule, have torn away the prestige of aristocracy. The day is coming fast, when the literary and the political character, will become coincident, as they were in the old time.

The most interesting passage of Goldsmith's life began with his acquaintance with Dr. Johnson, and through him, with Burke, Garrick, and Reynolds.

Mr. Irving, with his usual good nature, has rescued Goldsmith from the appearance of an ignominious dependence upon Dr. Johnson, and has given him altogether a much more dignified social position than any other of his biographers have done.

"The conversation of Dr. Johnson," says Dr. Percy, "is strong and clear, and may be compared to an antique statue, where every vein and muscle is distinct and clear." "Such," says Mr. Irving, "was the colloquial giant with which Goldsmith's celebrity, and his habits of intimacy, brought him into continual comparison; conversation, grave, discursive, and disputatious such as Johnson excelled and delighted in, was to him a severe task; and he never was good at a task of any kind," (a remark, by the by, which it is hardly fair to make of a man who accomplished so many wearisome literary jobs as were finished, and elegantly finished too, by Goldsmith). "He had not, like Johnson a vast fund of acquired facts to draw upon; nor a retentive memory to furnish them forth when wanted. He could not, like the great lexicographer, mould his ideas, and balance his period while talking. He had a flow of ideas, but it was apt to be hurried and confused; and, as he said of himself, he had contracted a hesitating and

disagreeable manner of speaking. He used to say that he always argued best when he argued alone; that is to say, he could master a subject in his study with his pen in his hand; but when he came into company he grew confused, and was unable to talk about it. Johnson made a remark concerning him to somewhat of the same purport: "no man," said he, "is more foolish than Goldsmith when he has not a pen in his hand, or more wise when he has." A remark, under favor, more foolish than any recorded of Goldsmith himself; that is to say, if it be admitted a folly to sacrifice the entire merit and substance of a remark to an antithetical point; nor is there, to speak with exactness, any remark recorded of Goldsmith in his conversations to which, however simple, the charge of folly can be applied. If the innocent confidence with which he betrayed the secret movements of his heart, is to be called folly, then indeed Goldsmith was a fool; but it is necessary to be careful, before applying this term to any man, to know what is meant by folly and a fool; for it is easy to suffer such remarks to pass as seem to imply wisdom in ourselves, when they really imply malignity and conceit. Dr. Johnson had the reputation of wisdom in conversation; and yet it may be said of him, in his own manner, that his ambition of shining, carried him in advance of truth; and that he was never less wise than when he made his wisest remarks. Aiming to predominate, he domineered; aiming to convince, he frightened his auditors; and instead of opening the book of knowledge to their understandings, he hurled it at their heads.

"Yet with all this conscious deficiency," says Mr. Irving, "Goldsmith was continually getting involved in colloquial contests with Johnson, and other prime talkers of the literary circle. He felt that he had become a notoriety; that he had entered the lists, and was expected to make fight; so, with that heedlessness which characterized him in every thing else, he dashed on at a venture; trusting to chance in this, as in other things, and hoping occasionally to make a lucky hit. Johnson perceived his hap-hazard temerity, but gave him no credit for the real diffidence which lay at bottom. 'The misfortune of Goldsmith in conversation,' said he, 'is this; he goes

on, without knowing how he is to get off. His genius is great, but his knowledge is small; as they say of a generous man, it is a pity he is not rich, we may say of Goldsmith, it is a pity he is not knowing. He would not keep his knowledge to himself;' and on another occasion he observes, 'Goldsmith, rather than not talk, will talk of what he knows himself to be ignorant, which can only end in exposing him; if in company with two founders, he would fall a talking on the method of making cannon; though both of them would soon see that he did not know what metal a cannon is made of;' and again: 'Goldsmith should not be forever attempting to shine in conversation; he has not temper for it, he is so much mortified when he fails. Sir, a game of jokes is composed partly of skill, partly of chance; a man may be beat, at times, by one who has not the tenth part of his wit. Now Goldsmith, putting himself against another, is like a man laying a hundred to one, who cannot spare the hundred; it is not worth a man's while; a man should not lay a hundred to one, unless he can easily spare it, though he has a hundred chances for him; he can get but a guinea, and he may lose a hundred. Goldsmith is in this state; when he contends, if he gets the better, it is a very little addition to a man of his literary reputation; if he does not get the better, he is miserably vexed.'"

These remarks of Dr. Johnson, upon his conversational antagonist and friend, if they have any meaning at all, apply as thoroughly to himself as to Dr. Goldsmith, with the single exception of the difference of their knowledge. If conversation in jest is composed partly of skill and partly of chance, then the Doctor was himself liable to fail in it; and it was with him as with Goldsmith; that when he did not get the better he was miserably vexed, and what was worse, he usually fell to abusing his antagonist; and when he did get the better, it was but a small addition to his reputation; so that Goldsmith might have said of Dr. Johnson, that he ought not forever to have been attempting to shine in conversation; that he had not the temper for it, but when he failed, fell into a passion with his antagonist.

As for his remark that Goldsmith, rather than not talk, would expose his ignorance,

it was only to say that he did not talk for the reputation of knowledge, but rather of sociality, wit and humor; and nothing could have been more intense than the contrast of motives between himself and Dr. Johnson. The Doctor, filled with facts and definitions, and delighting in them for their own sake, talked with the precision of a lexicographer; and with as evident an intention of displaying his minute acquirements, as of overawing and terrifying his antagonist; his remarks were seldom sound, though almost always antithetical and witty. Goldsmith, on the other hand, entered into conversation from a feeling of sociality, and with a desire, not to set off the extent of his knowledge, but to show the sweetness and *bon hommie* of his sentiments; but the instant he became entangled in the machinery of the Doctor's antithetical fulling mill, he lost his self-possession and suffered his ideas to be broken up; as a natural consequence he lost his temper, but did not, like his antagonist, fall to abusing those about him in consequence.

In the regions of pure imagination he could soar with unruffled pinions, and strike the fluttering folly as it passed with unerring talons; but with his wings clipped, and set in the conversational cock-pit, to kick and scuffle, to strike and parry, amid a war of syllogisms and contradictions, he made a sorry and a miserable figure.

"The great lexicographer," says Mr. Irving, "spoiled by the homage of society, was still more prone than Goldsmith, to lose temper when the argument went against him: he could not brook appearing to be worsted; but would attempt to bear down his adversary by the rolling thunder of his periods, and, when that failed, would become downright insulting. 'There is no arguing with Johnson,' said Goldsmith, 'for when his pistol misses fire, he knocks you down with the butt-end of it.'"

"In several of the intellectual collisions recorded by Boswell, as triumphs of Dr. Johnson," says Mr. Irving, "it really appears to us that Goldsmith had the best, both of the wit and the argument; and especially of the courtesy and good nature. On one occasion he certainly gave Johnson a capital reproof, as to his own colloquial peculiarities. Talking of fables, Goldsmith observed that the animals introduced in them seldom talked in character; 'for in-

stance,' said he, 'the fable of the little fishes who saw birds fly over their heads, and, envying them, petitioned Jupiter to be changed into birds; the skill consists in making them talk like fish.' Just then observing that Dr. Johnson was shaking his sides and laughing, he immediately added, 'why Dr. Johnson, this is not so easy as you seem to think; for if you were to make little fishes talk, they would talk like whales?'

"Goldsmith, in conversation, shone most when he least thought of shining; when he gave up all effort to appear wise and learned, or to cope with the oracular sententiousness of Johnson, and gave way to his natural impulses. Many a man delighted in these outpourings of a fertile fancy and a generous heart; in his happy moods, Goldsmith had an artless simplicity and buoyant good humor, that led to a thousand amusing blunders and whimsical confessions, much to the entertainment of his intimates; yet in his most thoughtless garrulity, there was occasionally the gleam of the gold and the flash of the diamond."

Among the most agreeable passages in Goldsmith's works, are his humorous sketches of the London clubs, of which he seems, at various periods of his life, to have been a constant frequenter. One of these was a shilling whist club, which held its meetings at the Devil Tavern, near Temple Bar: the company was of a familiar, uncereemonious kind, delighting in that very questionable wit, which consist in playing off practical jokes upon each other: another was a comical club, somewhat in the style of the 'Three Jolly Pigeons.'

"Songs, jokes, dramatic imitations, burlesque parodies, and broad sallies of humor," says Mr. Irving, "formed a contrast to the sententious morality, pedantic casuistry, and polished sarcasm of the learned circle: Here a huge tun of man, by the name of Gordon, used to delight Goldsmith, by singing the jovial song of Nottingham ale, and looking like a butt of it: here, too, a wealthy pig butcher, charmed no doubt by the mild philanthropy of The Traveller, aspired to be on the most sociable footing with the author; and here was Tom King, the comedian, recently risen to consequence by his performance of Lord Ogleby, in the new comedy of the Clandestine Marriage."

Here, too, was Hugh Kelly, a persecutor and a critic of Goldsmith; and in this club were found his hangers on and admirers; though from the anecdotes transmitted to us, we do not discover that even here, however much admired, he either predominated or dogmatized; on the contrary, the footing of his intercourse was thoroughly social and democratic.

The production of his play, "*The Good Natured Man*," in which the variety and excellence of the humor, and the grace and truthfulness of the characters have fully established for the author a title to dramatic reputation, as it was one of the most exciting events of his life, is one also of the most interesting to his biographer, as it enlarged his circle of society, and gave him, in addition to his former notoriety, a very superior and desirable reputation. The production of a good comedy, in which the manners of well-bred and high-minded persons are set forth, together with the faults and foibles of their class, entitles its author to a superior place in the society which he describes; and by the production of the good natured man, Goldsmith won it for himself, beyond the reach of envy. He had now become a literary lion: he was the associate of Johnson, Burke, Garrick, and other members of the famous literary club.

And now ensued a partial reconciliation with Garrick, with whom he had long ago fallen into a coldness, through a literary pique. Through the intervention of friends, the play-writer and the actor were brought together, with much ceremony, by the friends of Goldsmith, in order that the "*Good Natured Man*" might be properly brought forward upon the stage. Goldsmith would make no sacrifice of honor to his interest; and Garrick acted with his usual coquetry: the consequence was a very serious delay, during which the author, for his daily support, undertook several literary jobs.

He now wrote his *History of Rome*, which is still read by young persons, though, perhaps, with little profit. When at length the piece was brought upon the stage, with a prologue by Johnson, it came within a little of failing utterly at the first presentation. Poor Goldsmith, it is said, left the theatre with his towering hopes completely cut down.

"He endeavored," says Mr. Irving, "to hide his mortification, and even to assume an air of unconcern while among his associates; but the moment he was alone with Dr. Johnson, in whose rough, but magnanimous nature, he reposed unlimited confidence, he threw off all restraint, and gave way to an almost child-like burst of grief. Johnson, who had shown no want of sympathy at the proper time, saw nothing in the partial disappointment of over-rated expectations, to warrant such ungoverned emotions, and rebuked him sternly for what he termed a silly affectation; saying that—'No man should be expected to sympathize with the sorrows of vanity.'"

Soon after, however, he entertained a company at which Dr. Johnson was present, with a particular and comic account of all his feeling, both during and after the presentation of the piece.

"How he went, he said, to the literary club, after the failure of the piece; chatted gaily, as if nothing had gone amiss, and, to give a greater idea of his unconcern, sung a favorite comic song; 'all this while,' he adds, 'I was suffering horrid tortures, and was excessively ill * * * but they never perceived my not eating, nor suspected the anguish of my heart: but when all were gone except Johnson, I burst out crying, and even swore that I would never write again.'"

Johnson was amazed at Goldsmith's simplicity.

"All this, Doctor," said he, rather drily, "I thought had been a secret between you and me; and I am sure I would not have said anything about it for the world."

The anecdote discovers, more than any other that is related of Goldsmith, the peculiar genius, as well as faults of his mind not only as a man but an author; but we have always felt it a defect in his characters that we are continually put in pain for their dignity. The exposure of their foibles is too unreserved, and proceeds too often from a deficiency in real strength; while, in the eccentricities of a Don Quixotte, and the oddities of a Sancho Panza, there is a reserve in the one of gentlemanly pride, and in the other of practical sense, against which their follies are relieved, and a certain respect for them supported in the reader; while in the comedies of Shakspeare and of Moliere, and we may add, in

the admirable *Tuyfelsdroeck* of Carlyle, and the *Fixlein* of Richter, a surpassing keenness and perspicacity shines in the author's management, by which he shows us his own strength and wisdom, though humanely, through the weakness of that which he describes.

In the *Vicar of Wakefield*, on the contrary, the reader must throw aside his pride, and mingle with the persons of the story in a childish sympathy, which forgives everything in behalf of kind heartedness.

For his comedy of the "Good Natured Man," Goldsmith received about four hundred pounds from the theatre, and one hundred from his publisher; a sum considerably exceeding, as expenses were in those times, the worth of \$3,000. This was the largest sum which he had received for any single work.

We find him now plunging into a variety of expenses: he took expensive apartments, furnished them in elegant style, dressed in the mode, and in the most costly fashion, even to the putting of gold buttons upon his coat; gave dinners to Johnson, Reynolds, Percy, and others; supper parties to young people of both sexes, to which were added rural parties for his friends of low life; a course of extravagance which very soon ran him in debt, and drove him back to the trade of book making. When engaged in regular literary labor, it was his custom to find a pleasant summer retreat in the country, where he would retire for weeks and months together; his recreation being then to stroll along the lanes and hedge-rows, meditating subjects to be wrought up at home.

"Much of the poem of the *Deserted Village*," says Mr. Irving, "was composed this summer, (1768,) in the course of solitary strolls about the green lanes and beautifully rural scenes of the neighborhood; and thus, much of the softness and sweetness of English landscape, became blended with the ruder scenes of his childhood. It was in these lonely and subdued moments that he poured forth that homage of the heart, rendered, as it were, at the grave of his brother Henry, (who had that year died.) The picture of the village pastor in this poem, which we have already hinted, was taken in part from the character of his father, embodied likewise the recollections

of his brother Henry; for the natures of the father and the son seem to have been identical: in the following lines, however, Goldsmith evidently contrasted the quiet, settled life of his brother, passed at home in the benevolent exercise of the christian duties, with his own restless, vagrant career.

'Remote from towns he ran his godly race,
Nor ere had changed, nor wished to change his place.'

And again—

'At church with meek and unaffected grace
His looks adorned the venerable place;
Truth, from his lips, prevailed with double sway,
And fools who came to scoff, remained to pray.'

And again—

Even children followed with endearing wile,
And plucked his gown to share the good man's smile:
His ready smile a parent's warmth expressed,
Their welfare pleased him and their cares distressed.

* * * * *

'And, as a bird each fond endearment tries
To tempt its new fledged offspring to the skies,
He tried each art, reprov'd each dull delay,
Allured to brighter worlds, and led the way.'

From the period of the publication of his great poem, may be dated the decline of Goldsmith's happiness, and the rise of his more serious and permanent reputation. He did not, as he advanced in life, become more careful of his means; his difficulties, on the contrary, seemed rather to increase upon him, in consequence of his efforts to appear fine in polished society, to which he was now freely introduced. He became acquainted with a family named Horneck, with whom he journeyed to Paris, soon after the publication of the *Deserted Village*. His intercourse with the two Miss Hornecks, at whose home he was a frequent and a welcome guest, is at once the most agreeable and the most painful passage in his history; and it is fully given by Mr. Irving, with all the peculiar elegancies of his style and manner of treating social topics; but, as it was not our intention to give our readers an abstract of the biography of Goldsmith, we may content ourselves with re-

ferring them to the volume of Mr. Irving, whose biography of this author is one of the most delightful and satisfactory which we have ever perused. The character of Goldsmith is defended, and cleared from every charge and stain of meanness, gross vanity and vulgarity, fixed upon it by the envious and fulsome pencil of Boswell. We conclude, therefore, with the concluding chapter of Mr. Irving, as it would be in vain to attempt a more complete and elegant eulogium upon his favorite author.

"How comes it," says a recent and ingenious critic, "that in all the miry paths of life which he had trod, no speck ever sullied the robe of his modest and graceful muse. How amidst all that love of inferior company, which never to the last forsook him, did he keep his genius so free from every touch of vulgarity?"

"We answer that it was owing to the innate purity and goodness of his nature; there was nothing in it that assimilated to vice and vulgarity. Though his circumstances often compelled him to associate with the poor, they never could betray him into companionship with the depraved. His relish for humor and for the study of character, as we have before observed, brought him often into convivial company of a vulgar kind; but he discriminated between their vulgarity and their amusing qualities, or rather wrought from the whole those familiar features of life which form the staple of his most popular writings.

"Much, too, of this intact purity of heart may be ascribed to the lessons of his infancy under the paternal roof; to the gentle, benevolent, elevated, unworldly maxims of his father, who 'passing rich with forty pounds a year,' infused a spirit into his child which riches could not deprave nor poverty degrade. Much of his boyhood, too, had been passed in the household of his uncle, the amiable and generous Contarine; where he talked of literature with the good pastor, and practised music with his daughter, and delighted them both by his juvenile attempts at poetry. These early associations breathed a grace and refinement into his mind and tuned it up, after the rough sports on the green, or the frolics at the tavern. These led him to turn from the roaring glees of the club, to listen to the harp of his cousin Jane; and from the rustic triumph of

'throwing sledge,' to a stroll with his flute along the pastoral banks of the Inn.

"The gentle spirit of his father walked with him through life, a pure and virtuous monitor; and in all the vicissitudes of his career, we find him ever more chastened in mind by the sweet and holy recollections of the home of his infancy.

"It has been questioned whether he really had any religious feeling. Those who raise the question have never considered well his writings; his Vicar of Wakefield, and his pictures of the Village Pastor, present religion under its most endearing forms, and with a feeling that could only flow from the deep convictions of the heart. When his fair travelling companions at Paris urged him to read the Church Service on a Sunday, he replied that 'he was not worthy to do it.' He had seen in early life the sacred offices performed by his father and his brother, with a solemnity which had sanctified them in his memory; how could he presume to undertake such functions? His religion has been called in question by Johnson and Boswell: he certainly had not the gloomy hypochondriacal piety of the one, nor the babbling-mouth piety of the other; but the spirit of Christian charity breathed forth in his writings and illustrated in his conduct, give us reason to believe he had the indwelling religion of the soul.

"We have made sufficient comments in the preceding chapters on his conduct in elevated circles of literature and fashion. The fairy gifts which took him there, were not accompanied by the gifts and graces necessary to sustain him in that artificial sphere. He can neither play the learned sage with Johnson, nor the fine gentleman with Beauclerc: though he has a mind replete with wisdom and natural shrewdness, and a spirit free from vulgarity. The blunders of a fertile but hurried intellect, and the awkward display of the student assuming the man of fashion, fix on him a character for absurdity and vanity which, like the charge of lunacy, is hard to disprove, however weak the grounds of the charge and strong the facts in opposition to it.

"In truth, he is never truly in his place in these learned and fashionable circles, which talk and live for display. It is not the kind of society he craves. His heart

yearns for domestic life ; it craves familiar, confiding intercourse, family firesides, the guileless and happy company of children ; these bring out the heartiest and sweetest sympathies of his nature.

“ ‘Had it been his fate,’ says the critic we have already quoted, ‘to meet a woman who could have loved him, despite his faults, and respected him despite his foibles, we cannot but think that his life and his genius would have been concentrated, his craving self-love appeased, his pursuits more settled, his character more solid. A nature like Goldsmith’s, so affectionate, so confiding—so susceptible to simple, innocent enjoyments—so dependent on others for the sunshine of existence, does not flower if deprived of the atmosphere of home.

“The cravings of his heart in this respect are evident, we think, throughout his career ; and if we have dwelt with more significance than others, upon his intercourse with the beautiful Horneck family, it is because we fancied we could detect, amid his playful attentions to one of its members, a lurking sentiment of tenderness, kept down by a conscious poverty and a humiliating idea of personal defects. A hopeless feeling of this kind—the last a man would communicate to his friends—might account for much of that fitfulness of conduct, and that gathering melancholy, remarked, but not comprehended by his associates, during the last year or two of his life ; and may have been one of the troubles of the mind which aggravated his last illness, and only terminated with his death.

“We shall conclude these desultory re-

marks, with a few which have been used by us on a former occasion. From the general tone of Goldsmith’s biography, it is evident that his faults, at the worst, were but negative, while his merits were great and decided. He was no one’s enemy but his own ; his errors, in the main, inflicted evil on none but himself, and were so blended with humorous, and even affecting circumstances, as to disarm anger and conciliate kindness. Where eminent talent is united to spotless virtue, we are awed and dazzled into admiration, but our admiration is apt to be cold and reverential ; while there is something in the harmless infirmities of a good and great, but erring individual, that pleads touchingly to our nature ; and we turn more kindly towards the object of our idolatry, when we find that, like ourselves, he is mortal and is frail. The epithet so often heard, and in such kindly tones, of ‘poor Goldsmith,’ speaks volumes. Few, who consider the real compound of admirable and whimsical qualities which form his character, would wish to prune away its eccentricities, trim its luxuriance, and clip it down to the decent formalities of rigid virtue. ‘Let not his frailties be remembered,’ said Johnson ; ‘he was a very great man.’ But for our part, we rather say ‘Let them be remembered,’ since their tendency is to endear ; and we question whether he himself would not feel gratified in hearing his reader, after dwelling with admiration on the proofs of his greatness, close the volume with the kind-hearted phrase, so fondly and familiarly ejaculated, of ‘POOR GOLDSMITH.’”

ECONOMY OF BANKING, CREDIT, AND CURRENCY.

In a previous number* we reviewed the system of banking in operation in the State of New York, so far as it aimed to provide security for the redemption of bank issues of paper money, and suggested the application of that principle to the finances of the federal government. Since the publication of that article, the topics presented in it have been variously discussed in different sections of the country, and a disposition has been evinced to take into consideration the propriety of adopting the system there presented.

It is not our present purpose to present anew the subject, treated in our former number, either to develop more fully its practical bearings or to urge the importance of its adoption. To that class of minds who are ready to adopt well considered plans of improving those systems that exist among us, however imperfect or disjointed they may appear to be, the presentation of a plan so simple and obviously effective, carries with it a force of conviction to which the most elaborate analysis and the most fervent advocacy can add nothing.

But there are those who have thought much, if not profoundly, on the subject of credit and banking, who deem any improvement engrafted upon the present system, as hurtful to the precise extent, that as an improvement it ought to be deemed valuable, inasmuch as it tends to postpone the period of its radical overthrow. For those with whom radicalism is a passion and not a mere misdirection of the logical faculty, who strew their way from the cradle to the grave, with wrecks, beginning with the toys and play-things of infancy, and ending with constitutions, no argument can supply the defects of nature or education. But happily much of the radicalism of the day is merely a logical distemper, and to

which reason may address itself with a fair hope of being heard.

The mathematical condition of mind, peculiar to this age, exhibits itself in a tendency to reduce all systems to a series of simple and demonstrable propositions. That which constitutes an excellence in mechanics, the habitual direction of the attention to the simple and comprehensive powers from which the more refined and complicated movements are devolved, frequently misdirects the mind in the study of economic science. In the one, that which is complex is derived, by variously combining powers and movements, simple in themselves, and in reality, only complex in the sense that the mind cannot, at a single instant of time, grasp the separate and combined operation of each, while in the other, complexity is the result of an infinite number and variety of forces, operating upon the production of every result.

In mechanical science the mind begins with a simple proposition, and proceeds constructively to the production of the highest results, while in the uncertain sciences of which political economy may be reckoned, the foremost, this method is impracticable, indeed, impossible. Beside the wheel, the lever and the wedge, the machine society reckons among its primary powers many moral forces, not to be gauged and coupled by arbitrary will, but acting with a certain self-direction, without the range of human control, and frequently of human observation.

The spirit of the age has pronounced against forms and complexities. It does not place man in the presence of the productions of a vast genius, superior to human, and command his study and admiration, but takes him to a vast engine room, and placing in his hand a lever, tells him that with it, the course of all things under the sun is controlled. It tells him that institutions and religions are instruments of his invention, and subjects of his control, and surely he should understand

* American Review, February, 1849, under title of "A plan for improving the national finances."

the tools with which he works, or throw them aside and invest others within his comprehension. It denies to him no attribute of power, save the origination of his own species, and a certain minor authority which nature, as his house-keeper, garnishing and fitting his terrestrial abode for his comfort and pleasure, exercises within this his home and workshop. Since Lucifer fell, such presumptuous beings as the modern philosophers have not existed.

The approach to a philosophic comprehension of the science of political economy, lies through a state of mind as different from this as wisdom is from ignorance.

There are certain great principles to be borne in mind—all economic systems have certain moral tendencies which it is as legitimately their office to exert, as to effect those physical and immediate results which are the apparent objects of their institution.

Therefore, to adapt a system to the moral nature of man, is as essential as it is to construct it on such principles as to improve his physical condition. If it were otherwise, the argument so often used to vindicate tyranny that its subjects are better provided for in physical necessities and comforts, would be unanswerable. Again, let it be remembered that when experience has demonstrated the utility of a certain expedient, a fact has been ascertained which must have its place and weight in science, and if it is inapplicable or untrue to any theory of the subject, the theory gives way and not the fact. For certain expedients are as natural and as necessary by adaptation to the condition of man as the faculties he possesses; they indicate the laws of his state!

Of this nature is credit, morally the placing of faith and confidence by one in another, and physically the transfer of one's possessions to another on the faith of a promise of a compensating return for them. Without exercising it man has never existed and can never exist. It is the first law developed in infancy, and draws after it the social affections which have their origin in confidence, first exhibited toward them to whom we are the objects of care and solicitude, and with the perfecting of the reason drawing within its influence a widening range of objects.

Mingling every where in the intercourse

of rational man with man, it is necessarily the great principle governing that intercourse, which has for its end the production by his industry of those things of which his nature has need for its sustenance.

Credit is the great law of industrial intercourse. It is the result of the moral nature of man bearing upon his physical labors, and gives to his labors a moral tone, distinguishing them from and dignifying them above the labors of inferior and irrational beings. It binds society together in mutual confidence and dependence, thus harmonizing in the common objects to which all legitimate institutions tend.

We hear of friends and enemies of a credit system; but it surely cannot be that there are any who desire the extirpation of confidence from the human bosom. It is not against the principle of credit that any sane man wars; but that which has been technically called the credit system, is sometimes the object of his aversion. Essentially, the credit system consists of a series of restrictions to the natural and unrestricted application of the principle, or rather instinct of confidence, settled by long experience. Whether these limits are always set with due regard to the best interest of society, is a question for experimental solution, defying theoretic analysis. There is a reason running through this subject, ascertaining by fixed laws every result, but the question to be settled is whether the human mind possesses sufficient ubiquity to comprehend it.

For the present we must be content to study this faintly illumined science by the aid of certain fixed facts, like beacon lights, set hither and thither to guide the mariner. And if we think more perfectly to illuminate the subject, we must not go about and extinguish the imperfect lights we already have, until by their aid we have set durable landmarks.

Starting from the idea of credit as a moral instinct, we follow man into society and find the idea practically employed by a necessity inherent in his relations with other beings. He comes into the world naked and destitute—is sustained by affection until the faculty of laboring for himself is developed—thence-forward he is thrown upon his own resources. He possesses as yet only the faculty of labor, but

is without the means of employing that faculty. His instincts and his wants impel him to production. The question here arises of what does he stand in need—and how shall that want be supplied?

Man is in a peculiar though not altogether exclusive sense, as has been said, a tool-using animal. Most inferior animals to a certain extent require material with which and upon which to exert those instincts which tend to sustain and perpetuate the life of their species; but the wants of man in this respect are as much greater as his nature is more exalted than theirs. That which has already been produced out of the abundant stores of nature, and remains unconsumed, in the various forms in which labor has prepared it for future use, forms the store out of which he is to draw the means of employing his industrial power. This resource is capital, under which name may be also included those natural objects and productions which are the subjects of property.

Out of it, the laborer is nourished until the fruit of his labor is realized to him. Out of it he is furnished with land to till and implements of husbandry, or with material tools and implements with which he can exercise his skill as an artisan.

As yet the naked laborer has produced nothing, and accordingly has nothing with which to produce. Capital is in the hands of those who have produced it, and how can he hope to obtain it without an equivalent to offer for it, from those who have labored hard enough to get it to know the value of keeping it. Until the expedients of humane and civilized society are adopted, he has but a single resource, and that is to sell his labor to another, and become a bondman.

It is an instructive though a well known fact, that the modern commercial system was ushered into being about the same time with that liberty and civilization, which distinguishes the present as the enlightened age of the world. It would be more difficult than profitable to endeavor to ascertain which led forward the other; it is enough to know that without the other neither could subsist.

For much of the liberty and civilization we enjoy, we are indebted to those causes which give dignity to labor. Among barbarous tribes labor is the service of a bond-

man reluctantly yielded to avoid hunger and the thong—with freemen it is the struggle of a free spirit to raise its physical independence to the level of its moral. The difference between the two lies not in the men, but in the institutions of the society in which they live.

By assuring to the individual the products of his labor, and furnishing him with capital to employ it, we most effectually secure his physical and with it his moral liberty. By the aid of credit, one of its predominant ideas, modern civilization secures this happy result, not perfectly indeed, but to a degree, establishing on a sure foundation the soundness of the principle involved.

The study of economic philosophy is directed to the best mode of applying capital to labor, so as to insure its highest productiveness. Capital contains within itself no power of increase, apart from labor both are equally helpless, but combined they become productive. The capitalist desires that his capital may be productive, as heartily as the laborer, that his labors may be crowned by production. Their interests are common, and in a well ordered community their efforts tend to the same objects. Then let the senseless cry about a strife between capital and labor, as between natural enemies, apply itself to a simple fable teaching the importance of every useful member of living society to every other, and be silent.

To accomplish the common purpose of the capitalist and the laborer, it is only necessary that the capitalist, or he who has more capital than he either can employ, or than he chooses to employ in connection with his own labors, should loan the laborer so much of his capital as the latter may stand in need of, upon the faith of a promise to restore it again to the lender, with a certain proportion of the profits produced with it, by way of compensation for its use. This is credit representing the confidence of the lender in the borrower.

Need it be asked—can any other result take place? Not unless the instincts of humanity are crushed, and men roam apart through a wilderness world, devouring one another like wild beasts. So far we have the imperfect credit system of a scattered primitive society. Complexities are begotten in multitudes. It is true, in-

deed, that in perfection there is much of simplicity, but it is oftentimes a simplicity pervading complexity as its reason or law, as the vibration of a thousand strings and pipes may produce a simple melody. But we usually call that simple, which is obvious to our reason, and that complex which we do not understand, as a millwright would call a cotton mill a simple machine, while to one unacquainted with its principles, a steam engine is a miracle of complications.

The progress of society towards its complete development, and the increase of population, mark important changes in the relation of the capitalist and the laborer. No longer can the capitalist who has stood hitherto in the light of a patron to the laborer, advancing to him his capital through a kind of personal confidence, exercise that direct watchfulness which is essential to the safety of his investment. To apply a system of direct patronage in an advanced commercial community, would require a degree of intimate knowledge and of personal confidence between individual capitalists and laborers utterly unattainable. Under such a system the capitalist would prefer to let his capital remain idle, rather than incur the difficulties attending its investment.

A further difficulty is perceived. With the increase of commerce has arisen competition begetting risk. The capitalist having but a small amount to loan and hazarding it all with the success of one, or at best a limited number of laborers, finds the risk too great for the return he can expect, and prefers hoarding to investing.

There is a want of economy also discovered in this mode of applying capital. The borrower and the lender know not where to find each other, nor can that certainty of assistance, which is essential to the regularity of business, be depended on. Out of this doubtful state of things, it happens that much capital lies continually unemployed, particularly when it is possessed in small amounts, in the hands of many individuals.

To obviate these difficulties, a number of individuals, each having a certain, perhaps small amount of capital, associate themselves together and form a common fund. Skillful and experienced persons are employed to make loans of this fund,

thus performing for the combined capital that which neither of the associated individuals could do so well with respect to his individual proportion. We have thus attained the idea of the joint stock bank, an institution created in the effort of capital, to apply itself to labor. This is indeed the simplest idea of a bank; but a bank, nevertheless; exhibiting in the simplicity of its mechanism, the principles of its construction, wherein we may derive certain and valuable knowledge of what a bank is, thus leading to the conclusion of what a bank should do.

Individual or private banking has found admirers, placing it in point of utility before joint stock banking; but although they have professed to look from a democratic point of view, they have unreflectingly fallen into a great error. An individual banker starting in such a way as to attain success, begins necessarily with an overgrown capital, which grows exorbitantly by the influence which wealth and the control of a banking institution confer. Until the mass of capital distributed in small amounts through the country is brought forward by associative companies, the wealth of the individual banker enjoys a monopoly of the benefits derived from the active employment of capital, and receives a rate of interest enhanced beyond its comparative value, by the absence of competition. Europe exhibits many instances where individual bankers have attained a degree of wealth utterly disproportional to what a natural increase of capital by the ordinary and healthy modes of application would yield, and suggesting that such facilities of monopoly ought not to exist in the hands of individuals unchecked by competition. Our own country exhibits few such instances, owing chiefly to the extent to which joint stock banking is encouraged with us. Individual banking, tends necessarily to accumulation and monopoly—while joint stock banking tends to distribution, and fosters competition.

Taking a step further in the refinement of the relations of commerce, we encounter a class of persons who assume an intermediate position between the capitalist and the laborers. This class is composed of what has been styled exchangers, including merchants, brokers, carriers and others that might be named. Historically con-

sidered, this class dates its origin from a period far in advance of the conception of any definite idea of banking, but in the development of credit from its rude beginning to its later perfection, it may not be inappropriate to assign to this class the position we have assigned it.

The merchant standing in the closest intimacy of relation on the one hand to the laborer, and on the other hand to the capitalist, is the natural channel through which capital flows to invigorate labor. Apparently he seems to monopolize in himself, the advantages derived from banking accommodation; but in reality he transmits them, either immediately or mediately to the laborer. And this again, is accomplished through credit. The manufacturer, who in one sense represents labor, is enabled through the merchant to receive the proceeds of his labor, in the form of advances, months before his manufactured wares find a consumer. To the bank, which has communicated to the merchant in part his ability to make such advances, the manufacturer owes the supply of means which has kept his wheels in motion. So with the farmer, by the aid of capital flowing toward him through the bank, and the merchant, he is sustained out of his own labor, while as yet the products of his industry are but seeking a market.

In this manner may the operation of credit be traced through every branch and department of industry, conveying capital to fructify labor.

Corresponding to a certain degree to the division indicated by the classification of the persons engaged in commerce into capitalists exchanges and labors; there are three classes of individuals whose relations to each other indicate the character of the credit system.

They are firstly capitalists, or those who employ their capital in making loans to others; secondly, those who have capital employed by themselves in commercial operations, corresponding with this class of exchangers; and lastly, laborers who are dependant upon the former classes for the means rendering their labor productive.

Let A. represent the capitalist; B. the merchant standing in the second class, and C. the laborer. We will assume that B. possessing capital employed in his business, has goods of which C. stands in need to

employ his labor. B. is willing to place his property at the disposal of C. but has demanded a guaranty, which is furnished by A. But B. possessing capital and not standing in need of A's ready money, is content to take from A. his promise to pay the equivalent for the purchase by C., at a future specified time. This transaction constitutes a loan of credit, and derives the reasonableness and utility of such loans from the natural wants of mankind standing in such relations.

This simple formula illustrates many of the transactions of business, and can be applied in the analysis of the relations of the parties to such transactions. We have thus as the purpose of the credit system, the facilitation of exchanges of property between producers and exchangers, by setting apart a portion of the capital of the country, to guaranty the credit upon which such exchanges are made.

To a limited extent, loans of credit are created by issues of bank paper, but the immediate convertibility of such paper into specie, gives to it the character of a representative of specie rather than of credit. In either aspect such issues are legitimate.

The invention of a circulation, making use of paper notes as the representative of capital, or in ordinary though less strict language, of specie, belongs to the later history of banking. The inconvenience of removing material property of any kind, from place to place, even when it is in the concentrated form of the precious metals, suggests to the common reason of mankind, the expedient of representing such property by some known symbol, the possession of which shall be the evidence of the ownership of that which it represents. Such is the relation that a bank note sustains to the capital of the bank issuing it.

Economists have differed widely in their notions of the character of specie; but without reason, for specie is but a description of property selected for that purpose in consequence of its extreme value, with a fixed national standard of measurement, and made a lawful tender, in fulfilment of all contracts not calling for the delivery of any other specified property.

Specie has a material and not representative character. Its value is indeed enhanced by the privileges, which in this

respect it enjoys over other descriptions of property; but in all respects it is subject to the same law of supply and demand that control the value of other descriptions of property. It is obviously the most fluctuating description of property, as the supply is not only controlled by natural causes, but by those artificial means by which it becomes impressed with the peculiar attributes of specie. In this respect a representative circulation has the advantage of representing the vast capital of the country, the fluctuations of which balance each other, giving some approach to an undeviating standard of value.

The introduction of the bank note system worked a revolution in banking, in which the spirit of avarice prevailed over reason, and established a bad principle only partially extirpated at this time.

One of the earliest facts developed in practical banking, by the introduction of a paper circulation, was, that for the ordinary purposes of banking, but a small percentage of specie as compared with the aggregate amount of notes issued was required for their redemption as they were ordinarily returned for payment. This was a result necessarily attending the issue of a representative circulation; for where notes are put in circulation, representing a specie capital, the capital must of necessity remain in the bank, until demanded in redemption of the notes.

Thus the bank would constantly have unemployed on its hands an amount, the average of which would be equal to the amount of its notes, kept constantly in circulation. Still, in addition to this, as a place of deposit for specie, the bank commonly holds large amounts on deposit, for which no other use can be made than to employ it for the redemption of its notes, thus, reducing the amount of its capital required to be kept by it in the form of specie.

The bank finding that practically it employed but a small amount of capital, as compared with the amount of business done by it, naturally came to consider the possession of a larger amount of capital as an unnecessary superfluity, and being loose from the restraints of law, acted practically upon this conclusion.

If it had the credit of possessing capital, it mattered not that its notes represen-

ted an empty falsehood, instead of real capital, their currency was all that was desired, and that was attained. Or if it actually possessed such unemployed capital, the temptation to speculate with it, soon placed it beyond the reach of bill holders.

False as this principle was, it is not so remarkable that it was adopted by the banks, as that its falsity escaped the attention of statesmen and economists. The condition of the bank was deemed sound at a moment when its capital or property basis could afford the means of redeeming but a small proportion of its outstanding engagements. The deficiency was supposed to be supplied by the notes of private individuals, obtained by discount in exchange for its own notes or credit. A circulation to the extent of two and a half times the actual capital was permitted. The bank stood no longer in the light of a capitalist applying actual capital to the business of the country; but as a mere speculator, exchanging a credit bearing no interest, for one productive of interest. This advantage it can enjoy, solely for the reason that the name of bank carried with it a certain prestige denied to individual reputation.

It followed that the bank was sound no longer than the individuals whose notes it held were in a solvent condition, while the occurrence of financial embarrassment was sure to endanger, if not overwhelm the bank, rendering its widely scattered circulation a precarious, if not a worthless possession.

We have endeavored to trace the development of the banking system, from those necessary laws that stamp a fixed relation on the society of mankind; but here we encounter a system purely artificial. The principle of the system, if principle could arise out of a mere artificial order of things established at the suggestion of avarice, was that the credit of the bank being not absolutely dependent on the credit of a single individual, but of the aggregate of individuals whose notes it holds, was of a more reliable character, and therefore an exchange of an uncertain credit, for one of better standing, was a good operation both for the banker and the borrower.

The fruit of this system was such as could only spring from its principles. Where it prevails, it is not unusual to see banks suspend specie payments with an

extended circulation, empty vaults and worthless assets. A general distrust of banks ensued, democratic zeal was stimulated, not to detect and correct the erroneous principle which had crept into banking, but to destroy all banking privileges. At this juncture, in the State of New York, Whig Legislation detected the evil principle, and extirpated it effectually from banking in that state.

The guaranty system seized upon the principle, that the bank should be a capitalist in reality, as well as in name, and demanded of it public assurances, and pledges, that this character was genuine, and not fictitiously assumed. The general features of the New York system were so fully presented in the article alluded to in the former part of this essay, that it is unnecessary again to present its details.

Under this system, the bank is required to possess in an available form, means sufficient for the redemption of the whole circulation issued by it. This capital need not be in the form of specie, but might be invested in permanent interest producing securities, reserving however sufficient specie to meet the emergencies of business. As affording the most generally approved security, investment in public stocks and in mortgages of real estate, was suggested as most fitting to render the surplus capital at once productive and safe.

But as capital safely invested to-day, may be withdrawn and launched into speculation to-morrow, a still further point was to be attained by the system, and this was accomplished by requiring the bank to deposit the stock and mortgages representing its capital, in the hands of a responsible public officer.

Nature exhibits in all her processess the profoundest economy in the use of means, setting an example to the reason of mankind. Starting from the rude and clumsy expedients of savage life, the progressive development of the human intellect is marked by increasing economy in the use of means. This is the result of a clear acquaintance with the laws of nature. In no direction has science as yet applied the exertions of mankind so as to attain the highest possible productiveness. On the contrary, we are yet in the infancy of mind, with much yet to ransack and learn before we understand all that this world of

ours contains. We handle the machinery of the great laboratory, but poorly as yet, producing very little to reward a great outlay of exertion. As we approach maturity, we shall know more of economy, and produce greater results.

As much as science has done in other quarters, it has thrown but little light upon the productive capacity of capital. A very natural, but Epicurean idea seems to prevail, that the productions of labor are intended solely for the present comfort and enjoyment of mankind, and have no prospective duty to perform for future generations. Capital belongs to posterity; its economical use is all that is allowed to him that calls himself its owner. Enticed by a persuasive instinct, man labors as he supposes, for himself and his offspring, but nature turns his labors to a wider usefulness, raising up by them, myriads of intellectual, sentient beings. Such reflections are not useless, as they tend to dignify the science which has for its aim the direction of human labor.

If it seems surprising that capital may be in the exclusive possession and enjoyment of one, while another not possessing it, may derive an equal, or perhaps greater benefit from its existence, than he who possesses it, the surprise must be attributed to the small acquisitions which science has made in this department of knowledge.

Such a state of facts is exhibited by a bank having a circulation based upon capital invested in interest paying securities. The interest derived directly from the invested capital, represents the profits derived from the immediate employment of that capital, while that which is derived to the bank and to individuals, by means of the circulation, represents the value of the same capital employed upon the principle of credit. There are then two ways of employing capital, one by possession, the other by producing credit upon it.

One who holds a promissory note of approved value, derives a benefit from its possession, no ways diminished by the fact that he whose note it is, is actually enjoying the profits of the farm, which is the only means possessed by him for the payment of his note.

The principle involved is as obvious as the fact is certain—credit looks to the future productiveness of capital—its profit is

derived by anticipation ; thus its use in no wise detracts from the value of its present enjoyment. Nor is there any improvidence in this anticipation of a future profit, for we have already seen, that this expectation of a future profit, leads the capitalist to place his capital within the reach of the laborer ; thus fulfilling the ends of nature, in bringing capital and labor together, to co-operate in production.

The New York system attentive to this principle of economic employment, permits that portion of banking capital which is not required to be held by the bank in the form of specie, to be permanently and profitably invested, requiring only the representative of that capital in the form of public stocks or other securities, to be placed in the hands of a public officer, pledged for the redemption of the notes of the bank employing it.

A class of credits spring out of mercantile transactions, so dependent for their validity upon similar credits, that of themselves they form an insecure basis of commercial operations. So dependent are merchants upon one another, in consequence of the credits mutually subsisting among them, that all are concerned in the soundness of each, and are more or less affected by the failure of any one. To prevent the formation of such credits, where interest and the anticipation of profit invite to extending them, is impossible, whether attempted by the aid of philosophy or law. No statute could be framed sufficiently stringent to restrain merchants from trusting, where they deem it their interest to trust. The impotency of such legislation is exhibited in the instance of the usury laws ; however wise or necessary such laws may be deemed, experience proves that they are incapable of enforcement, and therefore useless. If then, in the latter case, where to many minds a moral sanction is superadded to the authority of the laws, they are found to be destitute of power, how hopelessly imbecile would be a law rendered repugnant to the moral instincts, by attempting the destruction of credit. Far from submitting to such a law, those who violate it, would feel that they had done a commendable act, in trusting the credit of one whom it may have been their interest to serve, even at the hazard of incurring the censures of the law.

Taking it as a fixed fact, that merchants will trust one another, not deduced from any reasoning on the subject, but observed as an invariable consequence of the principle of self-interest, it becomes a question of the gravest interest to public economists, how to prevent as far as possible, the imprudent and extravagant propagation of credits. The temptations that almost continually present themselves to the mercantile classes, inducing an enlargement of their business operations, are in ordinary times sufficient, if unrestrained, to produce dangerous extensions of credit ; but peculiar combinations of circumstances frequently hold out the most extravagant promises of gain to be derived from the enlargement of business operations, and consequent expansion of credit, too powerful for resistance, though placing in imminent hazard the security of commercial transactions.

Against such influences, the credit system—the aim of which, as we have seen, is, to restrict abuses of the principle of credit—wields a powerful restrictive in banking capital. The constant tendency of banking is to withdraw from the market the uncertain credits of individuals for the most part based upon credits, and to replace them by a credit based upon the actual capital of the bank. Thus, while capital under wise restrictions struggles to become productive, it lends its strength to give firmness and confidence to the relations of commerce. On the other hand, the timidity of the capitalist, who looks only to a fair rate of interest, and a safe investment, acts as a counterpoise to the imprudent zeal of the merchant, when the hopes of speculation tempt him to go beyond the limit of prudence. As banking capital possesses such an influence on commercial operations, as to hold them in check by the withdrawal of its facilities, so when that capital is a reality and not a shadow, that influence will always be found on the side of prudence.

It is obvious, that these conclusions are not true of banking conducted upon fictitious capital, for there the credit of the bank is no more reliable than the credit of individuals even under the best of circumstances, and the replacing of the one by the other, is a matter of little commercial advantage, while as it respects a disposition to check speculation, the bank having but little at

stake, loses the characteristic prudence of the capitalist.

A casual and superficial observer might detect a supposed departure from this principle in the New York system. By assuming the securities standing in the place of the actual property-capital, to represent merely a credit, it would appear that the credit loaned upon that capital; was but credit raised upon credit. But the strength and beauty of that system appears by a closer observation of its principles, to subsist in part, in the fact, that the credit that it extends is based upon actual capital, instead of mere credit.

It cannot with any propriety be said, that he who loans to another upon the security of a pledge of property—relies upon the credit of the borrower, for he holds the property pledged, and is so far to be regarded its owner, that if that which was borrowed is not returned, the pledge is retained. So the faith of the public pledged in its stocks, ought to be regarded as a security superior to all individual credits, and standing on an equal footing with the possession of any tangible property; for as the security of property is dependent upon the maintainance of the public faith, so the pledge of that faith secures the highest evidence of a permanent possession. Resting on such a basis, no credit can be deemed insecure.

Many evils have been attributed to banks, some of which are the result of the introduction of the erroneous principle in banking which we have already pointed out, while others are nowise chargeable to that cause. Among others, that of inducing speculation, has been with some, a principal ground of objection to the allowance of banking privileges. This charge has been urged with that indiscriminating zeal that involves both the good and evil in a system in accusations belonging to the latter only. As banking has in many instances been conducted, the charge is not unmerited, but it is the abuse of the principle which has given occasion to the charge of fostering speculation.

In one respect only, has legitimate banking an influence in promoting speculation, and that is by furnishing the means which may be employed towards speculative objects. If speculation made use of means which are not the common source of all

commercial activities, but admitting only of employment for evil, it would be a ground of grave accusation, that any system should furnish such facilities. Capital may be regarded as the vital principle of commercial life, equally capable of a true or false direction; to hold it responsible, then for the use which is made of it, is as absurd as to charge the principle of animal life with all the irregularities to which it ministers their active power.

Speculation is the product of moral causes, and not the result of physical combinations. It springs from a desire for the acquisition of sudden wealth, and is attended by an excited state of mind ready to risk every present good, for the sake of some anticipated advantage. It is not uniformly observed to predominate at times when the use of capital is readily procured; but often arises when the ordinary operations of trade are straitened for lack of means. This fact of itself, illustrates the absurdity of charging the origination of speculative feeling upon those causes which supply the material means of trading. Of all classes capitalists are least apt to be speculative, while they view such illicit operations with a degree of distrust sufficient to prevent them from entrusting their property with those that indulge in them. The bank as a capitalist is actuated by the same impulses to a safe and regular investment of its capital, and thus becomes an instrument of conservatism.

One of many instances may be cited illustrating the practical truth of this idea. The shifting of the balance of trade in our favor in consequence of the large exportations of grain, during the year 1847, induced larger importations from abroad than is usual, and a consequent efflux of specie towards foreign markets. To check this tendency the banks restricted their discounts, taking good care that their funds should not fall into the hands of those who required specie for exportation. To a considerable extent the movement of the banks had the desired effect, and operated to repress foreign speculation.

Without justifying the opposition to banks, which has to a greater or less extent prevailed in different sections of our country, and has in many instances erected itself into an open and bitter hostility, it would do injustice both to popular discrim-

ination and to truth, to deny that some grounds for it have not existed. Banking has too often been conducted with utter disregard to the principle that requires the bank to possess the qualities of a capitalist, to shield these institutions from just censures. Had this evil been incurable, it is doubtful whether on the whole, the destruction of the entire system would not have led to less inconveniences, than the irregularities occasioned by it. But the experience of the State of New York places it beyond a doubt, that by the aid of restrictive legislation, the usefulness of the system may be preserved without diminishing the profits which invites to that mode of employing surplus capital.

It has been seriously questioned whether the soundest condition of banking would not be produced by letting the banks loose from restrictive legislation, and leaving them to be regulated by the laws of competition, and of enlightened self-interest.

The opinions that are held with respect to the purposes of legislation, form the great distinguishing feature of the two great parties of our country. On the one hand a theory prevails, that the only office of legislation is to preserve the balance of personal rights, to redress wrongs, and prevent the commission of crimes. On the other hand, a more liberal and exalted view of the ends of government, recognises in it a patron of virtue and industry. Having the promotion of the welfare of society as its object, and indeed as the foundation of its authority, no expedient ought to be deemed illegitimate, which tends to produce that result. When the great power and influence of government are considered, it requires the strongest reasons to convince us of the propriety of denying to that authority, on any theory, the right to employ its energies for the encouragement and strengthening of industry. Such an opinion can only be justified by supposing that governments are not to be relied on as having sufficient sympathy with the pursuits of individuals. However true this may be of States, in which the sovereign authority is vested in an individual or body of men, whose pursuits have nothing in common with the pursuits of the body of the people, it is not justified by the experience of our own government. For whatever errors have been committed in

legislation, the sympathy of our government has always been with the people. And it is one of the happiest circumstances, that when we have been in error, not even the blinding influence of party zeal, has prevented us from discovering and correcting the mistake.

The state governments exhibit more instances of this character, than are to be found in the history of the federal legislation, from the fact that they embrace a wider range of objects, and have a more direct and immediate influence upon the interests of individuals.

To ascertain then, where legislation may with propriety be applied, it is only necessary to consider whether the result of its application will be beneficial to the common interest. By this simple test we are to judge, whether banking should or should not be exempt from legislative restriction.

Experience has abundantly shewn, that the law of competition is not sufficient to secure the best condition of banking. It may indeed be sufficient to render the merchant careful of his credit, and consequently restrain him from excesses; but this is because the eye of a cautious capitalist is upon him, while with the bank no such motives operate. It is not easy to shake the credit of a bank, so as to restrain its operations, unless its affairs have become so involved that a premonition is lost upon it. Those operations which endanger the security of a bank, by directing its capital to improper uses, are of so secret a nature, that rarely is the condition of a failing bank accurately known, until it has become insolvent. If to meet this difficulty a provision of law is adopted, requiring the capital of the bank to be placed in such a position, that it may be commanded in the event of a failure, and that expedient is found to be attended with great public convenience, who shall say that it is an improper or illegitimate exercise of legislative authority? Beyond the regulation of the rate of interest on money, the law of competition has so small a restrictive power upon banks as to be unworthy of consideration. And yet the advocates of non-legislation look to it, to correct all the evils to which banking gives rise, when it is conducted with disregard to the public interest. They would do well to account for the fact, that hitherto it has become neces-

sary to increase the restraints of law in order to protect the public, rather than to throw them off as useless habiliments. It cannot with any propriety be said, that legislation has produced an artificial condition of banking, which can only be preserved by the constant addition of new provisions, for that science has matured itself under circumstances admitting its highest adaptation to the wants of mankind; and the only object of legislative interposition is to circumscribe the illegitimate operations of banks, while banking is and should be left to the largest liberty consistent with public convenience.

It is no less difficult to vindicate the propriety of conceding to the federal government, the right of adopting such a system of finance as will afford the greatest convenience to the nation. It ought to be a prominent consideration in the adoption of any governmental measure, whether by Congress or the State Legislatures, whether the interests of trade and labor are to be affected beneficially or injuriously by it; for the general government within its sphere

is as responsibly charged with the care of those interests, as the state governments are within their spheres. Both exist to promote the same objects, and the difference between them is rather a difference of jurisdiction, than of nature or kind. To hold a contrary doctrine, would cast a suspicion upon the wisdom of our constitution.

In adapting the advantages of the guaranty-system to the wants of the nation, as we have shown in the article already alluded to, no more is required of the general government than that it shall adopt a convenient mode of managing its own financial concerns, without making use of those disputed powers under which the creation of a national bank must take place. And the public advantages to be derived from such a course ought mainly to influence its adoption. In requiring this it is only asking of a popular government that its policy should originate in the interests of the people, and its measures be conformed to their wants, which was the true ideal of the framers of the constitution.

A. J. W.

A HISTORY OF PARTIES.

(Continued from page 338.)

A "PEACE PARTY" was soon formed, composed of an union of Federalists, and a portion of the anti-war Democrats, whose intention it was, to defeat Mr. Madison's re-election, or bring out an expression of public sentiment that would force the administration to a peace. A few, more intemperate, openly threatened a dissolution of the Union, but these had no weight in any party, and spoke only for themselves. A number of prominent Federalists, deeming it their duty now to support the administration in the war, refused to take any part in disapprobatory expressions; among these were Oliver Wolcott and Samuel Dexter, members of President Adams' cabinet. The ex-President, himself, had been a warm supporter of the republican administrations, from an early period after Jefferson's accession.

The nomination of Madison for re-election, by a Congressional caucus of the administration party, unanimously made, was at once followed by that of De Witt Clinton, by the Republican members of the New York Legislature; an effort to extend the disaffection to the party in other States was made, but attended with little success. A convention of the Federalists was held at New York city, in September, in which eleven States were represented by seventy delegates. It was decided by them to unite with the New York Republicans, on Mr. Clinton, as the only chance of defeating Mr. Madison. Jared Ingersoll, a Federalist, of Pennsylvania was nominated for Vice President.

Notwithstanding the apparent unanimity of Mr. Clinton's nomination by the New York Republicans, Mr. Madison had a party in the Legislature, and the vote of the State was not given up without an effort. The administration men were headed in the Legislature, by Nathan Sanford, Erastus Root, and Gen. Haight; the Clin-

tonians, by Martin Van Buren, and others. In a caucus of both divisions of the Republican party, Mr. Van Buren is said to have delivered a violent philippic against the South, and the "Old Dominion" particularly, and to have denounced Madison and his whole cabinet, as "unworthy the confidence of the people;"—Messrs. Sanford and Root replying to him.

The re-election of Mr. Madison was effected by 128 electoral votes, to 89 for Clinton. Gerry having 131 to 86 for Ingersoll. The opposition gained from the previous election, New York, New Jersey, and 3 votes in Maryland—40 votes in all. Their hopes had been high, and the disappointment was bitter.

In the 13th Congress, the division of parties was thus: Senate: Administration, 27; Opposition, 9; House: Administration, 120; Opposition, 66. Henry Clay was elected Speaker of the House, by 89 votes, to 54 for Timothy Pitkin of Connecticut.

The State of Massachusetts, as being in lead of the opposition, had been jealously watched by the administration party, who expected that whatever measures of resistance to the government were adopted, would originate there. The dominant party in that State, was in the lead of Harrison Grey Otis, Josiah Quincy, William Prescott, and others, men of decided talent, and obnoxious to the Republicans, as ultra in their schemes of opposition. A resolution adopted in the State Senate, on motion of Mr. Quincy, declaring, in effect, that it was unbecoming a moral and religious people, to rejoice over victories not achieved in immediate self-defence, had furnished a theme for denunciation to the Republicans of the whole Union, and this "unpatriotic sentiment," they deemed a prelude to worse action. Gov. Stroug's refusal to place the militia under the orders of the United States' officers, (based

on constitutional grounds) was viewed as one step toward a treasonable design, and when the Hartford Convention was proposed, this was believed to be intended to consummate the scheme of disunion and a British alliance, or, at least, of open resistance to the government.

The real occasion of this celebrated meeting, was the critical condition of the New England States. A hostile fleet hovered near the coast menacing descent, and proclaiming that its object was to pillage and destroy the seaports; Provost, at the head of 14,000 veterans, was in the state of Vermont; a part of Massachusetts was in possession of the enemy—that State had expended a million of dollars, in her defence—her treasury was bankrupt, in effect—stocks being at a discount of 50 per cent. The national government, occupied with the formidable invasions at the South, one of them directed immediately against itself, was unable to provide for the exigency at the North. In this state of affairs an extra session of the Massachusetts Legislature was called, and the meeting of a New England Convention, suggested by that body, by a party vote 22 to 12, in the Senate, 260 to 90 in the House. The objects to be considered were the “public grievances and concerns,” “defence against the enemy,” and if they thought proper, to procure a Convention of all the States, to revise the constitution so as to secure the rights of all, “by placing all upon the basis of a fair representation.”

The Convention met at Hartford, Dec. 15, 1814, and their debates continued for a fortnight, with closed doors and under an injunction of secrecy. But the idea that this injunction was the cover of treasonable debates, the character of the members entirely forbids; and it is further disproved by the instructions under which the Connecticut delegation went to the Convention, viz., to deliberate “on measures not inconsistent to the government.” The result of their debates was a paper enumerating the grievances of the New England States; recommending them to petition Congress to be allowed to retain a part of the taxes levied on them, for self-defence, and proposing to the people of the United States, amendments to the Constitution, restricting the power to make war; that to admit new States; that to lay embargoes

and to restrict commerce; limiting the President to a single term, and providing against his election from the same State for two successive terms; respecting the representation and taxation of slaves. These propositions, were rejected by the Legislatures of all the States except those of New England.

At about the time of the meeting of the Convention, the Republican members of Congress from New England, held a caucus to consider what course it was best to recommend to the President, in relation to the Convention. A proclamation forbidding the meeting was suggested, but rejected, and no advice could be agreed upon. It is now known, that the President gave secret orders to the District Attorney of Connecticut, to watch the proceedings of the Convention, and on the appearance of any overt act of treason, the commander of the United States’ troops in Connecticut was to arrest the whole body. If more force than he had was required, the militia of New York were to be called into requisition.

The war soon concluded. As a measure of party policy, we believe its effects upon the nation to have been good—to have been worth the price, and more. We believe the contest was necessary, in this sense, that although it might have been for a time postponed, it could not be permanently avoided, without sinking the nation into a worse condition than that of colonial servitude. It was emphatically, the “second war of Independence.” Its effect on the condition of parties was adverse to its supporters. Many of that party had been disaffected, some irreconcilably divided; an opposition, feeble at the commencement, had been strengthened until it was nearly an overmatch for the administration party. Had the war continued a short time longer, it must have ruined its projectors; the splendid victories of the last campaign, indeed, were not sufficient to prevent complaints from all parts of the country of the increasing weight of their burdens. The administration felt its condition fast growing critical, and hailed the treaty as affording escape from an approaching dilemma.

Another effect of the war was the farther removal of the Republican party from their old opinions of the relative power of the state and national governments and of

constructive powers. Whatever their theory, they became in *practice* the advocates of wide construction—the party of consolidation—and passing beyond their opponents, who still remained at their old position, left them as the party of limited construction. The acts adopted to carry on the war, strengthened the central government, till its federal character seemed merged in the national.

Instead of a return to the old policy, on the return of peace, the message accompanying the treaty recommended the maintenance of a respectable army; a “gradual *advancement* of the naval establishment;” a system of fortifications, &c., the cultivation of the military art, “under the *liberal* patronage of the government,” and a revision of the tariff for the protection of manufactures. In the next message, the establishment of a National Bank was recommended, and the *enlargement* of the powers vested in the Constitution proposed, to enable the government to perfect a grand “system of roads and canals.” It was thought best, too, to let the Internal Taxes remain for a few years.

All these recommendations were carried into effect, except that to amend the Constitution; and on this point the majority of the administration members asserted the power to exist, as in the case of President Jefferson’s recommendation in the affair of Louisiana, by *implication*, and undertook its exercise. The old Bank had been refused a charter for another term, in 1811, only by the casting vote of the Vice President, the opposition in the party being mainly on the ground that the national finances were in a condition not needing its aid. A singular circumstance in regard to this effort to re-charter the Bank, is, that it was voted for by *William B. Giles*, and Richard Brent, the Virginia Senators; and what is more surprising yet, they voted for it in contempt of the *instructions* of the Virginia Legislature! The Bank bill of 1815 was vetoed for the want of sufficient strength and vitality, but all question of constitutionality, the President says, is “precluded.” The bill of 1816, was brought in by Mr. Calhoun, and obviated these objections. The Federalists were alarmed at the gigantic institution, and declared there was no power for the creation of such a Bank. It passed by a division of parties in this order:

		YEAS.	NAYS.
SENATE.	Republicans,	19	5
	Federalists.	3	7
HOUSE.	Republicans,	67	31
	Federalists.	13	40

Three quarters of the Republicans voting in the affirmative, and the like proportion of the Federalists in the negative.

The Tariff bill, passed in 1816, in conformity to the President’s recommendations, made a large increase on former duties, for the sole purpose of protection to manufactures. The Federalists were evenly divided (within one vote,) on its passage, while of the administration members, two-thirds (within one), voted for it. Mr. Jefferson, from his retirement, comes out to applaud the policy, (letter to Benjamin Austin, 1816) and to suggest even “prohibitory duties.” We find Mr. Madison, also, at a later day, when his opinions were called in question, (no one could have read his messages who doubted) writing, (Letter to Joseph C. Cabell, 1827) that sustains not only the existence of the power to protect manufactures, but that it was also not an *incidental* but a *direct* power, from the authority to regulate trade.

Thus the Republican party has become (and has in part long been) the party of a National Bank, Protective Tariff, Internal Improvement, a large Navy, large expenditures, and wide construction. They are the party of a strong government, and of nationality; and to limit State authority still farther, it was in serious contemplation to devise an effective punishment to prevent State authorities from assuming to judge of the public necessity or other circumstances making a call of the national executive for their militia constitutional. The government organ (the National Intelligencer,) explained that the scheme was postponed only for convenience, not from choice. Our readers will remember Mr. Polk’s elaborate inspection, in his last annual message, of the “departure from an earlier policy” at this period. It is not a little singular, by the way, that a President claiming to be guided by the policy of the Republican administrations, should stigmatise the policy prevailing during two-thirds of the Republican period, and approved by every one of the Republican

Presidents, to the very last of their public expressions of sentiments, as intended to build up an "aristocracy of wealth," on the backs of the people. And this is not a mere mistake of theirs; the President attributes the *motive* to them, and reveals the manner in which the "vain idea" "was veiled under plausible pretexts." We have no quarrel with Mr. Polk's bad taste—it is the inconsistency, only, we notice. Mr. Van Buren, in one of his messages goes farther back than Mr. Polk, speaking of a "departure of nearly half a century" from constitutional principles. While these professed imitators so dishonor their models, the Whig Presidents, Mr. Adams, Gen. Harrison, and Gen. Taylor, warmly approve the policy of all the Republican administrations, and Mr. Clay insists that the Whig party is, and has always been, in the exact position of the Republicans.

When Mr. Monroe was transferred to the War department, in 1814, the State department was offered to Gov. Tompkins, of New York, who declined its acceptance; but by his friends the offer was regarded as equivalent to his selection by the administration as the intended successor of Madison. In 1816, the Legislature of New York nominated Tompkins, but he received little support elsewhere. Monroe was more the favorite than any other, of the party. In New England, the Republicans were for Monroe, with hardly a dissentient voice. The Republicans in the Legislatures of Massachusetts and Connecticut gave him an unanimous nomination. William H. Crawford, the Secretary of War, was advocated by seemingly a very small interest; but his friends were secretly active; and while Monroe's friends dreamed of no considerable effort against him, his defeat had been nearly secured. In the congressional caucus, 65 members voted for Monroe, and 54 for Crawford. But for the united support of the New England Republicans, Monroe would have been defeated. The state of the vote occasioned much surprise, and raised doubts with many of the propriety of congressional nominations. Gov. Tompkins was nominated for Vice President, by 86 votes to 30 for Gov. Snyder of Pennsylvania.

The friends of the administration invited the Federalists to unite with them in sup-

port of Mr. Monroe, and his future administration, and thus obliterate all party distinctions. The masses of each party seemed disposed to unite, but there was little sympathy among the leaders. Some of the Republicans objected that the Federalists ought not to share the rewards with those who had been always faithful; these Federalists would influence the policy of the government; and if there were no opposition, the Republican organization would be lost, and its principles forgotten, in the divisions that must follow. Some of the Federalists objected to the proposed union, that the Republicans merely invited them to a surrender, at discretion, offering no concessions. We lose, said they, in this amalgamation, a good name and character, and sacrifice noble principles. We have reason to be proud of our party—we have an honorable stand—we ask for no patronage of the government—our object is only to guard our rights, and check the majority. If the administrative party endanger the popular liberty, we form a nucleus for the people to rally around. It was urged, too, that a great influence was growing up in the West, which would soon revolt from the domination of the South, and in the contest between them, the Federalists of the East, should stand ready to cast their weight in favor of either, whose ascendancy might be required for the general good, or to hold the balance between them, and prevent the excesses of either.

The result was a considerable accession to the Republicans from the Federal ranks, (few of the leaders going with them,) but a failure of the project of amalgamation.

In the State elections of this year, the Federalists succeeded in Massachusetts, Connecticut, Rhode Island, Delaware, and Maryland, which had always been their most reliable States, though Maryland usually divided its vote, at the Presidential election, in consequence of the electors being chosen in single districts. The Presidential election came on, in a perfect calm, the newspapers being almost entirely barren of political matter. The votes of 16 States were given to Monroe and Tompkins, making 183. Rufus King, the Federal candidate for President, received the vote of three States—Massachusetts, Connecticut, and Delaware—34; their vote for Vice President being scattered. From the elec-

tion of 1812, the Federalists had lost New Hampshire, Rhode Island, New York, New Jersey, and a fraction of Maryland—54 votes.

After the election, Gen. Jackson, who was a warm friend of Monroe, wrote to him respecting the existing state of parties, and advising him to effect an obliteration of the old distinctions, by forming his cabinet in part from each party, and extending his confidence to the Federalists as well as to Republicans. "Now is the time," he says, "to exterminate that monster called Party spirit." The General was little versed in politics, but he had learned more before he came to the Presidency himself. Mr. Monroe explains to him his error. "The chief magistrate ought not to be the head of a party," he admits, but he cannot lean on opponents for support. He does not regard the causes of party divisions as extinct. He regards the reduction of the Federal party as owing to their course in the war, "the daring measure of the Hartford Convention," &c. To extend confidence to their leaders would injure the party which had elected him, and would lessen the ignominy due to these acts of the opposition. He is favorable, however, to the proposed union of the parties, and relies on their gradual seduction of the mass of the Federalists from their leaders, into the Republican party, as the true means of effecting that object. The event proved the expectations of Mr. Monroe to be well founded.

The last message of Mr. Madison indicated the necessity of imposing yet higher duties, to afford the manufacturers proper encouragement—recommended an additional department in the executive branch of the government—the remodification of the Judiciary, to relieve the Judges of the Supreme Court from "itinerary fatigues," (as intended in the act passed in John Adams's administration, and repealed early in Jefferson's) and urged again an amendment to the Constitution to enable the construction of a system of roads and canals. The Bank, and the whole system of policy lately adopted, was highly eulogized. The party in Congress, however, (Mr. Calhoun leading in this matter,) still maintaining that the power was already granted, and should be exercised.

The journey of Mr. Monroe, soon after his inauguration, to the eastward, much facilitated the object of the extinction of the Federal party—(that we have seen was designed instead of a union.) He was treated with the highest consideration by the Federalists, and in return, he complimented their leaders by personal visits. In Boston, he attended a ball given by Harrison Grey Otis, and called upon James Lloyd, Josiah Quincy, Thomas H. Perkins, Ex-Gov. Gore, and other prominent men of the party. As a farther evidence of their good feelings, a dinner was given at Boston in honor of the new Secretary of State, John Q. Adams. The President liked the party better for what he saw, and doubted not now their attachment to the Union. His policy towards them, however, was not changed. Farther efforts for amalgamation followed, encouraged by some of the leading Republican papers, as the *Aurora*, edited by Wm. Duane, at Philadelphia, and the *Olive Branch*, by Carey; the *Boston Centinel*, edited by Major Russell, the leading Federal paper in New England, co-operated in the effort; but the leading republican journal of New England, the *Chronicle and Patriot*, on the other hand opposed the scheme, and was joined by other journals of the party. The project failed, but the depletion of the Federal party continued.

In April, 1817, Connecticut passed into the hands of the Republicans. From the organization of the government until this year, Connecticut had, without interruption, maintained Federalism in both her national and State influence, having held out against the re-election of Jefferson, when every other New England State supported him, and contributed nine out of the fourteen votes then cast for Pinckney. Delaware, alone, of all the other States, had uniformly voted against the Republican Presidential candidates. Oliver Wolcott, an adherent of the Republican party from the period of the late war, was elected Governor of Connecticut. Rhode Island was partially revolutionized at the same time by the election of Nehemiah R. Knight, as Governor. Vermont had returned to her former position in 1815. In 1819, there were but 25 Federalists in the House of Representatives of the United States out of 186 members; from New England there

were 35 Republicans and six Federalists, there being a few years before 38 Federalists to three Republicans. In 1819, Maryland fell into the hands of the Republicans. In 1820, the Federalists made no effort regarding the Presidential election, and were broken as a national party; only fragments remained, confined to State influence, and these were dying out one by one. The same year, they united in Pennsylvania with the radical Republicans in support of Gen. Hiester for Governor, who was elected by their aid, and in New Hampshire, Vermont, and Rhode Island brought forward no State ticket. In 1822, Delaware surrendered, the State government being for the first time within thirty years Republican in all its branches. In 1823, Gov. Brooks retired from the chief magistracy of Massachusetts, which would have been revolutionized ere this but for his personal popularity. To succeed him, the Federalists brought forward their accomplished leader, Harrison Grey Otis; the Republicans, William Eustis, formerly Secretary of War, with Levi Lincoln for Lieutenant Governor. The latter were elected with about 4000 majority, with a strongly Republican Legislature, and the Federal sway passed away forever from Massachusetts.

Monroe adhered fully to the "vain ideas" (to repeat Mr. Polk's phrase,) of his predecessor. He urged repeatedly the addition to the powers of the Constitution—recommended again and again higher duties for the protection of manufactures, and a large class of specific in place of ad valorem duties were finally determined upon. In his second Inaugural, he intimates that he may recommend, at this time of profound peace, the imposition of "Internal Duties and Excises." We should have revenue, he thinks, "without relying solely on the precarious resource of foreign commerce;" and he is satisfied the internal taxation will enhance the price of produce, and promote manufactures, in connection with the outward duties.

A universal party cannot exist; as the Federalists decayed, the administration party began to be agitated, and show symptoms of disorganization. On nearly all questions of any magnitude the schismatic spirit appeared, though never was there less apparently to excite divisional feelings.

The subjects of Internal Improvements, the enlargement of the powers of the Constitution, the United States Bank inquiry, the affair of Gen. Jackson with the Spanish government of Florida, his execution of Arbuthnot and Ambrister, the Florida treaty, the cession of Texas, the funding system, the great system of fortifications, the army, the navy, the protective policy, the South American question, his enlarged expenditures, all these were matters of debate in Congress and in public journals of the party, in all of which the one end was in view on one side, (that side not being always identical) to cast censure upon the President, and bring up permanently a *counter-policy* to that of the administration. The opposition was often ascendant in Congress, and on a portion of these matters was in the lead of Mr. Clay. The members of no other section were united and uniform in support of the administration but those of New England, and their powerful aid (between 30 and 40 votes) alone, saved the administration from a number of defeats. All this opposition, however, was doubtless intended less against Mr. Monroe than as a preparation for the struggle to take place for the succession. These were the incipient steps for the formation of new parties.

Mr. Monroe had but just entered upon his second term when the question began to be debated who should come *next*. New England confidently offered the Secretary of State, Georgia, the Secretary of the Treasury, South Carolina, Mr. Lowndes, and finally the Secretary of War; Kentucky and other Western States, Mr. Clay; Tennessee, Gen. Jackson. Adams and Jackson were understood to be identified with Mr. Monroe's policy, the rest more or less in favor of modifications of it. The contest was, however, to be local. The Northern, central, and Western sections of the party, each believed it to be now its own turn to furnish a President, and the South thought it not too much assurance to put forward its claims again. Mr. Crawford being deemed the strongest candidate in Congress, the friends of all the others determined to dispense with a Congressional caucus, the general sentiment of the people which had become averse to that mode of nomination sustaining them. Mr. Crawford's friends, stand-

ing alone, insisted on the selection of candidates being made "according to the accustomed usage of the party;" and called a caucus, which was attended by sixty-six only out of two hundred and sixty-one members, a majority from every section being absent. Mr. Van Buren was the chief actor in this meeting. Mr. Crawford's nomination, with that of Mr. Gallatin for Vice President, was heralded to the nation as the "Republican nomination made in the usual form," but Mr. Crawford's prospect vanished from that moment. Without seeking this adventitious aid, Mr. Crawford would have stood on a fair level with the others, and been equally eligible to a combination with either one. The nomination raised him to that "bad eminence" that he became the butt of opposition to all others, who were ready to combine in every degree necessary to his defeat. Mr. Calhoun was supported in common by the Adams and Jackson parties for Vice President, (he having withdrawn from the Presidential race,) and a good feeling between the friends of these two was so prevalent, that had either of them been removed from the canvass his party would have united in mass upon the other.

The remnant of the Federalists was variously divided between three of the candidates. In New England sectional pride and the hope of sectional influence brought them generally to the support of Mr. Adams, though of the small party formed for Mr. Crawford in Massachusetts, they composed the larger part. In Pennsylvania and New Jersey they were nearly en masse for Jackson, expecting of none but him, an effectual disregard of old party lines. In Delaware, they generally pronounced for Mr. Crawford, "as the man who comes nearest being a Federalist." Mr. Clay could claim none of them, or too few to be heard of, among his supporters.

The Adams and Jackson parties increased very rapidly towards the close of the canvass, the hopes of the other parties sinking as fast. Mr. Adams was certainly the most popular candidate in the field, his party extending more to all sections than that of any of the others. An Adams electoral ticket was formed in nearly every State, with a respectable support, and so far as the choice was made by the people, he had a considerable plurality of the

popular votes. Beyond New England, (where there was but a shadow of support for all others,) the vote of the following States shows his strength: Ohio, Clay 19,255, Jackson 18,489, Adams 12,280; Maryland, Adams 14,632, Jackson 14,523, yet the singular fruits of the district system in Maryland, were to give Jackson seven, Adams *three* of the electoral votes. In Virginia, Crawford about 7,500, Adams 3,500, Jackson 2,200, Clay 1,200. Adams stood close to Jackson also in Louisiana and Illinois, carrying two electors in the former, and one in the latter, and was ahead of Crawford and Clay in Alabama and Mississippi, with a good vote in Indiana. In North Carolina his friends were strong enough to take that State from Crawford by throwing their weight into the scale of Jackson. To the sore disappointment of the Crawford men, the Legislature of New York gave two-thirds the electoral votes of that State to Adams, and the people would doubtless have given him as large a proportion. The whole vote was settled at 99 for Jackson, 84 for Adams, 41 for Crawford, 37 for Clay.

From the country at large, the contest was transferred to the House of Representatives, narrowed to three of the candidates, and the sentiment of the House limited it further to Adams and Jackson. Between the two, Mr. Clay and his 21 friends in the House, could feel no hesitation—they decided the election promptly in favor of Mr. Adams.

Mr. Clay accepting the Secretaryship under Mr. Adams, two of the new parties were thus amalgamated, and the fusion of the other two was inevitable. And just such an union, though not this exact union, was apparent from the outset. The quadrangular battling of the popular canvass amounted to this—it drew out the elements for two new parties, ready for a sudden marshalling, and designated Adams and Jackson as the grand leaders, and the two others for subordinates, leaving choice or fortune to fix their respective attachments. The whole arrangement, the re-division of parties for a second political period was completed in effect, if not in terms; the instant Mr. Clay resolved to make John Quincy Adams President.

Mr. Adams immediately attempted the conciliating policy. Having one of his

rivals already in his support, he offered the second place in his cabinet to another, Mr. Crawford, who declining its acceptance, Mr. Barbour, a friend of that gentleman, was placed in the War Department, and Mr. McLean, a Jackson man, was appointed Postmaster General. This effort at conciliation, persisted in after it had too plainly failed, was a leading cause of Mr. Adams's defeat in 1828.

Mr. Adams continued the general policy of the former Republican administrations, and particularly of Monroe's, of which he had had so important a part in the direction. But though that policy was popular in itself; and at another time might have secured the full triumph of Mr. Adams, there were circumstances working with stronger effects. Still the milder influence of the administration was not without result. Its party was placed on a firm footing; New Jersey and Delaware were reclaimed from the opposition; in Pennsylvania even, from the few thousands who voted for either Adams or Clay in 1820, a party of 50,000 was built up by 1828. In the West, Mr. Clay's large strength was paralyzed, because the West preferred a Western man, and was excited by military glory, yet Jackson carried Ohio by only 2,201 majority in a vote of 128,993, and Louisiana by only 527 majority. And though in other States the Jackson fever

swept like a tornado, the defeat was not so overwhelmingly decisive in regard to public opinion as the division of electoral votes made apparent. While Mr. Adams had less than one-third of the votes of the electors, he received five-elevenths of the popular vote of the Union. Many have believed the case was decided from the moment the Jackson and Crawford parties united. It was not so. The prospect of the administration was so good in 1826 in the result of the State Elections, that the Jackson men felt a little discouraged, and in 1827 the prospect was equally fair. A wiser politician than Mr. Adams would have saved himself in his position, for it was no difficult task to a shrewd party manager. Whether Jefferson would have done it, we think little of a problem. Under all disadvantages, the loss of the strong rallying point of Jackson's popularity would have subjected the opposition to a signal defeat.

From the accession of Jackson the history of parties is known to all. For the third time since its formation, (the ordinary variations only, no radical change or reorganization having occurred to either,) the party which supported Mr. Adams is predominant in the nation, and in control of the government, (though as yet with but a partially effective power for administration.)

LIFE AND WRITINGS OF COLERIDGE.

CHAPTER I.

It is a painful and ridiculous phenomenon in literature, the conversion of the characters of men of genius and power, into a kind of raw material for rhetoricians and book mechanics. As a record, either of affection, admiration, or of hatred, a biography may be written; or it may be treated as the material of history, in a spirit perfectly dispassionate; or for a moral purpose, to hold out a grand example of virtue and its fruits, or of vice and its punishments; or better still, for both in one: but the world owes those no thanks who convert the sacred ashes of the dead into a vendible commodity. A coarse and wretched art must that be which covers the marble statue with white paint, or whose works may be compared with those of plumbers, who cast lead into the effigies of great men, to be sold by weight to elude the excise. Posterity however is just, and the punishment of these leaden biographers is to have their leaden productions clapped over themselves, like an extinguisher.

But, of all biographies, those are the least agreeable, which, like Cottle's Coleridge, mingle admiration and contempt; the vanity of the writer, protecting itself against the overshadowing greatness of its theme, by setting forth the littlenesses and the faults of a hero by themselves, and calling attention to them in detail and individually—a mode of treatment which subjects the biographer to the charge either of incapacity or of malignity.

To pronounce Hercules a god, and at the same time tap him on the shoulder for a good fellow with his failings;—to worship with a prodigality of insolent praise; to profess a deep respect, while minutely telling a debasing anecdote; to glory in the friendship of one whom they familiarly handle;—these are the traces of envy, and of a conceit, so far malignant, it is willing to make the noblest reputation a sacrifice to its own ordinary and contemptible shrewdness.

The honest enemy may vent undisguised hostility: but how hateful that creature, a friend and enemy in the same skin. Love is blind, and either cannot see faults, or sees them in the light of failings; it presents the totality of a character as excellent and amiable; touching upon the faulty parts lightly, and as if compelled to do so; but that man is no moralist, and is not a good man, nor a christian, who sets up his friend and his protégé to the scorn of posterity.

That great men have their vices and follies, very little acuteness is needed to observe; nor is the least ability required to commemorate them: all that is needed for that purpose is merely a servile, false, and garrulous tongue: however much they may amuse us on the instant, they leave no respect for the narrator, and if devoid of pith and humor, excite only disgust.

The charge of immorality and indiscretion has been laid at the door of Lamartine, for having taken a Robespierre for a rhetorical exercise. It has been assumed that the praise of Robespierre, by a Lamartine, condemns a Lamartine: but it is at least worthy the enquiry whether there be not something magnanimous and praiseworthy in the attempt, however mistaken, to separate the virtues, even of the lowest of mankind, from the mountainous rubbish of error under which they lie buried in such a character,—whether the spirit of such a biographer is not more in conformity with the christian rule, than that of the pietist who has dragged to light, and published to the world, the errors and weaknesses of one of the noblest minds that ever came into being.

To call up by rhetorical incantations, in the spongy air of imagination, mere dream-wrought phantasms, imaginary Robespierres, whose existence the first ray of historical truth must dissipate, may be a task unworthy of a great author; and we know that the good sense of mankind visits

these necromantic eulogies with a just contempt; but it requires no small forbearance to refrain from bestowing something heavier than contempt upon the meddling would-be moralist, who gnaws about the feet of greatness—who throws down the statue by nibbling at the toe.

The character of a great man is sacred to posterity; for, in our estimate of his character, lies, in great measure, the force and value of his works. When a demagogue wishes to stop the progress of a statesman or a reformer, he makes a public exposition of his vices and follies. We read attentively and fervently the works of a man whose character we respect, and we throw by, and neglect, those works of whose authors we make an unfavorable estimate. Biography is therefore a more important and delicate department of letters, than even history itself, and demands a more absolutely impartial and humane disposition in the author.

Can it be estimated how many hundreds of persons have laid aside the writings of Lord Bacon, after reading the unjust criticism of his character by Macaulay; or how much of abstract political opinion is created by a personal regard for, or dislike of the characters of political leaders? The malignity of his early defamers has condemned Plato to a learned obscurity. A sarcasm on the moral character of Socrates, from the lips of a learned professor in one of our leading Universities, repeated year after year, in the lecture room, keeps an entire University, year after year, in ignorance of Greek philosophy. It is unnecessary to adduce other instances, and we have mentioned these only to call attention to the importance of biography as a department of literature.

Samuel Taylor Coleridge, the reviver of philosophy in England, was born in 1773, at Ottery, St. Mary, in Devonshire: his father was a clergyman with a numerous family, whose poverty compelled him to place Samuel, his youngest son, at the school of Christ's Hospital, a charitable institution for education in London. From this period he seems to have been neglected by his relatives, or to have lost sight of them; for we find his correspondent, Cottle, reproaching him with the separation. The intensely imaginative character of his

mind may have assisted this result. A school boy who could read at his leisure hours, though subject at other times to a severe school discipline, "a whole circulating library, folios and all," without other sympathy than his own thoughts, would very naturally discover none of those qualities which would have endeared him to his relatives. The insatiable ambition of knowledge, and the propensity of converting all knowledge into food for speculation, possessed him early and with extraordinary force, and remained, in after life, the master passions of his nature. His imagination absorbed the energy of his body and of his will; and he never acquired more than a transient command over his impulses. Having, when a child, but a weak resolution and a moderate pride, he was easily moulded and directed by his instructor, and received from him, under the constant stimulus of the ferule, an excellent education in the learned languages.

In his nineteenth year he entered Jesus College at Cambridge, and after an eccentric irregular course, always illustrating the predominance of imagination, we find him, at the unfortunate conclusion of a love adventure, enlisted in the horse-guards, and showing very little aptitude for military exercises. He admits that he never got beyond the awkward squad; and he seems never to have enjoyed any species of exercise except walking: in this, however, he was indefatigable; and Hazlitt relates of him that his gait was irregular and vascillating, suitable with the irregularity of his thoughts.

The anecdotes of the life of Coleridge, and his own account of his travels turn always upon conversations, moods of thought, observations of a speculative character upon life and manners, and betray, also, the indulgence of strong, though not malignant, national prejudices; and though endowed with the most exalted universality of intellect, his passions were nationalized, and even narrowed, by a blind partiality for his native country—a fault which we are compelled to honor, even in a narrow and contracted spirit. His hatred for the French literature—a hatred grounded, for the most part, on an ignorance which he did not pretend to conceal—was carried to a ridiculous height: and yet, to this day, England has reason to

revere the prejudices and even the bigotry of Coleridge; for with him began that literary, and theological reaction which rescued English literature from French atheism and German mysticism.

The influence of imagination appears in his inconsiderate and unstable marriage. So powerfully did imagination work upon him at this time, although every advantage that an author can desire was held out to him by his publisher, Cottle, the energy of his spirit was consumed in mighty projects, which were laid aside as soon as they were commenced. Finding many friends who were ready to extend to him pecuniary aid, his life became one of almost entire dependance. The receipts from his works were very moderate: from one of his friends he even accepted an annuity, and, as his disposition was amiable and his conversation always delightful, he was never at a loss for a home.

The habit he contracted, while a young man, of using opium to allay the irritation of his mind, seems to have remained with him through life. The effects are visible in the fewness and incompleteness of his works, and in the early extinction of his poetical fire: and perhaps this habit may have increased that natural inaccuracy of mind which disqualified him to become a historian or narrator. As if aware of this imperfection, he seldom ventures to narrate. It is said that he sometimes deviated from the truth, in representing his own physical condition and habits to his friends; but those deviations were of the same class with the falsehoods of a convalescent, who will venture upon harmless lies to obtain a larger quantity of food. Coleridge's deceptions are much dwelt upon by Mr. Cottle; but they appear, on the most rigid scrutiny, to have arisen solely out of physical weakness and a desire to escape the surveillance of friends, and never from the least depravity of heart.

If it becomes necessary to record the dependencies, the weakness, and the vices of great men—not only humanity, but justice requires that they should be mentioned, if at all, in the same breath with the noble acts and great virtues by which they have exalted and benefitted mankind. They will then, while they inspire us with pity, never lessen our respect or cool our admiration. Every great power and admirable

work stands upon its own merits, and never upon the accidents which environ or bias it, however mean they be to appearance. In the mysterious order of the moral world the most important results flow from crooked and outwardly contemptible conditions; and the very vice of idleness which offends, may have been necessary to the production of the works which charm and instruct us. Nor is the contemplation of characters, in whom surprising imperfections appear, notwithstanding the blame with which we visit those who wantonly expose them—less useful than that of the more perfect order of men. The appearance of these faults in them is often through the inability to conceal—through a want of that art of secrecy which the generosity of their natures forbids them to cultivate. Greatness delights in a neglect of trivial circumstances; and this fault of greatness engages it in troubles unknown to characters of more shrewdness and cunning. Intensely occupied with great matters, and full of a generous confidence, they expose what meaner men adroitly conceal: it is a part of their felicity that their defects are obvious—that the world knows the worst that is in them; their faults are magnified, indeed, by envy, the parent of scandal; but they can afford to lose a little reputation; they are hardly straitened by a loss that would bankrupt another; the calumnies which go before them only prepare a larger circle to be astonished with their fame; and when the common props of respectability—wealth, rank, family, name, a good face, a prudent morality, are struck away, men are amazed to find that the grandeur of what is left makes these losses insignificant and easily borne.

The works of those masters, in whom great excellencies are joined with defects, inspire a stronger desire of imitation than such as seem to have reached ideal perfection: the difficult and the easily attained lie so near together in them, it looks like only a step from one to the other; and by this delusion we are hurried on: encouraged by the faults of our superiors we seem, in bringing them down to us, to have risen also to their level; and thus the happiest results arise. A thousand efforts tend toward the accessible, for one that is stimulated by the sight of perfection.

That the faults of Coleridge were not of a nature to breed any sentiment but pity and regret in those who knew him best there is abundant evidence: that they even had the effect to draw him into closer sympathy with many and force a nearer acquaintance with his virtue might be easily shown.

Those powerful traits which confer personal influence in affairs of state and business did not make their appearance in Coleridge. It was not for the conduct of difficult negotiations that he became important to his own, and, perhaps, to all succeeding ages, but for the conduct and expression of great and difficult thoughts; and though the picture of his life would be an interesting study for the moralist, we do not mean, on this occasion, to present its minuter features, or to give more than such a sketch of his character as is necessary to an understanding of his works. To the writings of his friends and relatives, and particularly to the *Essays* of Lamb and Hazlitt, we refer the curious reader, limiting our attention for the rest to those actions of his life, which he himself intended for posterity, namely, his philosophical works.

When the list of his virtues and attainments is set off against his faults, these latter almost vanish in the comparison. Their sum is, that he lacked resolution; he schemed far more than he accomplished. To have planned a work was with him enough. He projected many vast undertakings and completed few; his works, with a few exceptions, were fragmentary; though the unity, not to say the monotony, of idea which prevails in his prose writings shows a thinker whose life was occupied with revolving a few great thoughts. To have resolved on the instant to break through an injurious habit seemed to him equivalent to a real abstinence; as the toper, who intermits a day, will on that day honestly swear that he is no toper. It must not however, be forgotten that Coleridge has never been charged with a deliberate wrong, or a malicious deceit; or with those vices—excepting one, injurious only to himself—which so commonly beset men of genius. His aims were noble; his ambition took the highest flight; his friendships were sincere, judicious and enduring; he be-

trayed no meanness, even when he allowed himself to be dependent; and he diffused through society, by his presence and conversation, feelings of the most delightful and elevating kind. His companionship was courted, and his opinions quoted by the best; and even those who declared him mad, admitted that his madness was of a most wonderful character. It is with this madness, the same which has infected great minds from the beginning, that we are at present interested; a madness which reconciles man to God, by making clear to him the image of Deity in himself; that divine image by which he becomes a moral being; by which, for it is not merely an image but an infinite and irresistible power, the person of one man comes to represent, not only the system of his own actions, but those of other men living with and after him, and thus creating nations, societies, and faiths.

His literary character did not establish itself, as in the writings of the Sidneys and Shakspeares, by the exhibition of refined and delicate sentiments, carried to a chivalrous height; nor as in the Washingtons and Alfreds, by a knowledge of public justice and economy, but solely in those grand efforts of intellect, which abstract from human science the first principles and primal energies of existence. His place therefore, is with Bacon and Aristotle, with Kant and Plato. In the faculty of pure abstraction he was probably surpassed by none of those.

The Arabs, ridiculing the imbecility of certain mongrel tribes, call them men of one thought; but this title is more properly applicable to the most powerful than to the weakest of intellect. The original thinker, who labors to give a form and an expression to his faith, or to his unbelief; whose continual effort is to accumulate knowledge and experience for the sustenance of some one idea, which is to dissolve and to recrystallize the aggregate into a system or image of the universe; is properly the man of one thought. In this lies all his power—that he has a thought, an idea, which is the lord and master of his meditations. This is his philosopher's stone, his universal solvent, his tincture of life, the mirror of his reflections, his arcanum, his principle of spiritual gravitation, the reason of his morality, his in-

communicable treasure. To know it, we must know what he knows, think his thoughts, refine with him in his subtleties, sink to his depths, and soar with him to his heights.

The thoughts of other men serve him only as a stimulus to the more lively action of his own. He is not content with knowing that Moses enunciated the law because God commanded him to do so, nor does it satisfy him to learn that the words of God are established by the experience of many centuries. His spirit yearns towards the original source; and even by the sacrifice of all else, he is ready to purchase the gift of self-seeing, of spiritual intuition. "Know thyself," to him signifies only 'know intuitively, since the seeds and principles of all knowledge lie in thyself.'

His ideas are worded in conformity to his own, and to no other, experience; and as that experience is of necessity limited, his system is always defective in its members. But these defects cannot be rectified by an inferior genius; but only by the same order of genius which conceived them, assisted by a superior knowledge. The knowledge of Bacon enables him to correct the errors of Plato, and the scientific advantages of Coleridge carried him beyond both; but by the same law he was himself limited, and the science of our day would doubtless have carried him beyond himself.

In the essay entitled "*Statesman's Manual*," addressed to the educated and professional classes in England, Coleridge has given us the master key of his intellectual system; not in a definition scrupulously worded, or in a category of elements, but in broken expressions, glances of thought, efforts towards a development of ideas too vast for entire comprehension; and seeming vaster and more indistinct as the eye draws nearer to them, until their expansion becomes infinite, and their perception impossible. Thoughts of this order, viewed in the light of distant and inactive meditation, appear to have a form and a color; but as we approach and move into them, they disappear like sunset clouds, just when their tangible presence begins to be perceived.

In his efforts to convey at once, by mere discourse, without system, or any of

the aids of division and contrast, both the practicable and the meditated form of the idea, he falls often into an almost hopeless obscurity; and the reader is obliged to slide over long passages, or to rush through them with a breathless speed, lest while he considers a part of the meaning, the whole may escape.

His exactness in the use of compound words is the exactness of a scholar and logician; not that of one who speaks to the people and adheres rigidly to the conventional sense. His skill in the learned languages gave him a power of using words of Latin or Greek origin, as a Greek or a Latin would have used them, with a perception of their radical force. Yet he often wastes this facility and power, in which he took a pedantic pride, in cumbersome circumlocutions, and vast shapes of expression, bearing up with the wings of an eagle the weight of a mouse.

The brilliancy and clearness of his paragraphs is too often marred by parenthetical flaws; and the melody of their periods lost by complication, and the introduction of accidentals to the leading idea. He annoys the vanity of his reader by referring him to rare or inaccessible works; and supports theories and opinions with other theories and opinions still more in need of support.

Having attained a clear intuition, but never made a successful exposition of his great ideas, they persecute his imagination, and press for utterance at unseasonable times; treating of political economy, he is snatched away to Philosophy, and thence to Theology. The passions, too, mingle in the train; until the course of his essay illustrates the return home of a heathen procession, where the images of all the gods, from Typho to the great Ammon, pass before us in a disorderly crowd.

He labors under a fear of the opinion of the visible Church. He ducks to the pride of reverend Hierarchs, though hiding at the same time a suffusion of shame. His heart is timid; his intellect vehement and free. He often conjures a dangerous idea into the leaden belly of a prejudice, and clapping on the magic seal of tradition, flings it into the sea.

He seems sometimes to be addressing a feeble and timid understanding; and with

immense assiduity develops a very simple comparison. His intense devotion to philosophy, and the difficulty he found in expression, is evident from his efforts to compel the theories of physical science into the service of moral dynamics; as when, in opposing English conservatism to the doctrines of progress, he calls them polar extremes, a comparison without value; for in spiritual matters it is the intermediary or reconciling energy which must be known, and not the mere opposition of unlikes. To illustrate a moral by a mechanical idea is to degrade it. The inferior may symbolize, but cannot explain the superior. In a mystical dialogue he declares that nature not merely exists, but also lives—a heresy in philosophy; for life is but a phase of existence; and matter, in itself considered, is neither dead nor living, but moves only as it is moved, and on the instant.

The science of Coleridge, derived from Blumenbach, Davy, and Hunter, consisted of a few brilliant generalizations. If it were in the nature of scientific ideas to advance beyond their facts, he would probably have gone farther than his teachers; and had he with sufficient steadiness devoted himself to science, it is not probable that either Goëthe or Schelling would have excelled him in the detection and arrangement of scientific analogies.

In conversation he is said to have "been easily interrupted and discouraged, but among those who could listen with a sustained attention, his monologue was delivered in an impressive strain, and with a richness and copiousness of elocution worthy of the greatest orators; yet, in his writings, the marks of heat, hurry, discouragement, and the fear of contradiction, are often painfully evident.

Posterity judges men by the delight which they have afforded, and the services which they have rendered to human society, not only by their acts and the example of their virtues, but by those secondary aids and consolations which virtue has received from their genius or their intelligence. The character of Coleridge has already become historical, his reputation is that of a poet and a philosopher; it is in this latter capacity that we are at present regarding him; first, in view of the more immediate services which he has rendered

to literature; and second, in regard of those ideas and opinions, of which he was the resuscitator and the advocate.

That Coleridge, more than any other writer of English, carried the dialect and phrase of philosophy to its height, will hardly be denied by those who are acquainted with our philosophical literature. To appreciate the difficulties which he has overcome, let him be compared with Cudworth, or with Locke, or the translators of German metaphysics; he conveys the dialectic of Plato to a style perfectly pure and original; he throws out in a page, conceptions which have cost Cudworth a chapter or even a volume: he succeeds in uttering thoughts which the meagre Saxon of Locke or Hobbes has wholly failed under; he conveys the refinements of the Germans without that artificial and scholastic phraseology which proves fatal to the duration of their systems. His familiarity with Plato, Plotinus, and their commentators, a class of writers wonderfully copious, and most part tediously diffuse, gave him a flow of philosophical expression, checked, refined, and condensed by a feeling for Saxon simplicity, and a power of brevity which belonged to him as a poet and critic. His prose is never dilute or tumid; though often heated, dry, obscure, and labored; he is passionate and sublime, but never feebly enthusiastic; his use of epithet is excessive, but results from fulness, and never from weakness of conception. He discovers a great power of antithesis and of the rhetorical balance of a sentence, but is too much occupied with the matter to employ any other than instinctive art.

Everywhere his language shows the characters of strength and fulness; but except in verse, seems to have been too dry and cumbrous for picturesque description, or the expression of the softer shades of sentiment and social feeling.

Next to the services which he rendered to philosophy by inventing for it a dialect equally exact and magnificent, may be considered his services to classical literature, by rescuing Plato and his followers from the obscurity of Oxford pedantry. He added very few "notes and emendations" to the accumulated crust of those crudities, which hides the clear sense of the great classics from the eyes of modern scholars; but by drawing from them a great

abundance of thought, which he always made his own, he showed his countrymen that their scholars, since the days of Charles I., had been merely nibbling at Greek; and though, like Porson, nibbling with a surprising keenness and rapidity, yet only nibbling after all.

Not less important were his philosophical studies in Scripture, and in the older English divines, which effected his intellectual reconciliation with the Church. Through them, he traced Theology to its original ideas, and learned to distinguish arbitrary emblems from natural symbols. But while he imbibed the profounder faith of the old Church, he did not receive her superstitions; he did not resemble "the Magi of our day, who, like lights in the stern of a vessel, illumine the path only which they have passed over."*

That he helped to rescue Christian Philosophy from the Materialism of the Atomists, will be understood by those who are equally familiar with the ancient and the modern philosophy. Unable to leave the great doctrines of Christianity to rest upon the mere authority of a council, he sought the perfect meaning of the imperfect images which symbolize them.

He urged the learned to a more rational study of the Hebrew Scriptures. "What a new world of undiscovered power and truth," he exclaims, "would the bible present to our future meditation, if at some gracious moment one solitary text should dawn upon us in the brightness of an Idea—that most glorious birth of the God-like within us."†

Believing, that "a perfect human intellect, transparent without vacuum, and full without opacity," would perceive all that there is of divinity in the sacred volume, he seems inclined to rest the evidences of its truth rather upon the insight of such a mind, than on the traditions of the learned. He regards Christianity itself as peculiarly favoring this clearness of intellect. "That in it alone," i. e. in Christianity, "the understanding in its utmost power and opulence, culminates in Faith."‡

Of the symbolical language of the Scripture he says: "A symbol," (distinguished from an allegory), "is characterized by a translucence of the special in the indi-

vidual;" as when "Adam" is put for the whole race, "Israel" for the whole nation;—"of the general in the special;" as when the "chosen people" in Judea stand for God's chosen people in all countries and ages; or when the prophecies, applying to the affairs of Egypt and Syria, apply also to those of other nations and ages:—"of the universal in the general;" as when threatenings of judgment upon Israel, are significant also of God's wrath against all unjust nations: But, "above all, of the eternal through the temporal;"—as when, by the triumph of prophets and martyrs over death, the presence of the Divine image in man is vindicated. "It," says he, (the symbol), "partakes of the reality, which it renders intelligible."

Again, in speaking of the Scripture as the purest source of political knowledge, he says: "The bible differs from the Greek books of philosophy, in that it affirms not a divine nature only, but the living God. Hence, in the Scriptures alone, the *jus divinum*, or direct relation of the state and its magistracy to the Supreme being, is taught as a vital and indispensable part of all moral and political wisdom."* For ourselves, indeed, the above sentence cannot have the meaning which our puritan ancestors might have found in it; our *notion*,—not idea,—of the most sacred of all institutions, the sole power able to protect the peace and rights of humanity, is that of a "compromise" of contemptible cotton and leather interests, to be dissolved just as soon as leather gets the upper hand of cotton.

Or, when he confutes that gross opinion that governments may be constructed like machines, which a dog or an ass can be made to keep in motion, as adroitly as a man†.

Or, in the definition of the title, "Word of God," given in Scripture by the Hebrews: He says, "The sacred book is worthily entitled the Word of God; for its contents present us the stream of Time continuous as life and a symbol of eternity, inasmuch as the Past and the Future are virtually contained in the Present."‡ "The histories and political economy of the present and preceding century partake in the general contagion of its mechanic

* Church and State, p. 213. † Ib. p. 255. ‡ Ib. p. 247.

* Church and State, p. 233. † Ib. p. 234. ‡ Ib. p. 229.

philosophy, and are the product of an unenlivened generalizing understanding. In the Scriptures they are the living educts of the imagination; of that reconciling and mediatory power, which, incorporating the reason in images of the sense, and organizing as it were the flux of the senses by the permanent and self-circling energies of reason, gives birth to a system of symbols harmonious in themselves, and consubstantial with the truth of which they are the conductors. These are the *wheels* which Ezekiel beheld; *whithersoever the spirit was to go the wheels went, and thither was their spirit to go*; for the spirit of the *living creature was in the wheels also*. Ez. 1. 20. The truths and the symbols which represent them move in conjunction, and form the living chariot that bears up for us the throne of the Divine Humanity.”*

* Church and State, p. 238-9.

“It is among the miseries of the present age,” says Coleridge, “that it recognizes no medium between the literal and metaphorical;”* a natural consequence of the want of philosophical knowledge in the instructors of men, or rather in their confinement to “a hunger-bitten and idealess philosophy, which naturally produces a starveling and comfortless religion.”† Hence the growing indifference to the promises of Scripture, which are of such a nature as to need only a lively trust (*faith*) in them—not a superstitious belief, a belief without insight—“to be the *means*, as well as the pledges of eternal welfare:” a sentence which literalists, who kill by the letter, might profit by considering.

* Church and State, p. 230. † Ib. p. 230.

To be Continued.

POLITICAL MISCELLANY.

(Selected from various Papers.)

CANADA.

THE Montreal correspondent of the New York *Tribune*, represents that the entire Lower Canada press, has come out in favor of annexation. The most influential paper, the *Brockville Statesman*, declares that separation cannot be independence; intimating the absolute necessity for an union with the United States. "Nothing can be more selfishly absurd than to set up as a rival power to you. This every body now sees. According to the best information I can get, and I assure you I am not exaggerating, the strength of the Orange lodges in the two Canadas is about forty thousand men, all well armed and most of them fairly disciplined. The Irish Roman Catholics have taken a position of entire neutrality, but it is distinctly intimated that they will go with the first party that goes for annexation, and if they and the Orange-men go together, which I think very likely, it will be an unexampled instance of the absorbing predominance of one common feeling."

A correspondent, who signs himself Camillus, addresses the editor of the *Courier and Enquirer* as follows:

"Neither do we of the North, want the Canadas as a balance against the Slave States—that would have been important three years ago: but now it matters little. A wonderful work of Providence has changed the whole bearing of things. The *placers* have made California a Free State. Without any reasonable doubt California will be admitted this winter—and probably the Wilmot Proviso passed—and the North win the battle: and gain irrevocable mastery in the Senate. A couple of Canadian States might a little anticipate things—but as the result must surely come, why (so far as home politics are concerned) hurry to make an arrangement, while it is necessary to consult the South in the matter?

But what we do want the Canadas for, is for the sake of safety and peace—peace with England. The almost hostility between the countries from 1783 to the embargo and war, was followed by a pitched commercial battle. Corn Laws and Navigation Laws on the one side, American system on the other. But this has passed by, and now we may hope for peace, (even perhaps more) habitually main-

tained with England. But while a great military nation holds Fort Erie, Fort Malden, Isle aux Noix, and fortifiable islands in the St. Mary's—and has the power of embodying the Canadian militia at its pleasure—with that nation there can be no unsuspicious peace on one side. What would be England's trust either in France or Prussia, if Wales belonged to either of them? and the Canadian is to us a more dangerous frontier, than the Welsh to England. Perhaps we might trust England's good faith. I think so myself. But what is to hinder some future Sir Francis, in despite of the opinions of his superiors, from conceiving that the best plan of hindering the "loathsome institutions" of those whom he mysteriously calls "allies," gaining credit, is to get up all possible ill-will to us in Canada, and to make all possible disturbance on the frontier? And what is to hinder some future Canadian financiers from calculating that by keeping up difficulty with us, they can milk England of more money in the way of troops and fortifications, than it may be convenient to raise otherwise? Thus then stands the case. Canada is useless to England, except as a military position of offence—there is always danger of frontier quarrel—our acquisition of it is therefore the best pledge of future peace—especially as the possession thereof, in no wise enables us to act against her with any more effect."

ADDRESS OF INFLUENTIAL CITIZENS OF MONTREAL IN FAVOR OF IMMEDIATE ANNEXATION TO THE UNITED STATES.

To the People of Canada.

The number and magnitude of the evils that afflict our country, and the universal and increasing depression of its material interests, call upon all persons animated by a sincere desire for its welfare, to combine for the purposes of inquiry and preparation, with a view to the adoption of such remedies as a mature and dispassionate investigation may suggest.

Belonging to all parties, origins and creeds, but yet agreed upon the advantage of co-operation for the performance of a common duty to ourselves and our country, growing out of a common necessity, we have consented, in view of a brighter and happier future, to merge in oblivion all past differences, of

whatever character, or attributable to whatever source. In appealing to our Fellow-Colonists to unite with us in this, our most needful duty, we solemnly conjure them, as they desire a successful issue, and the welfare of their country, to enter upon the task, at this momentous crisis, in the same fraternal spirit.

The reversal of the ancient policy of Great Britain, whereby she withdrew from the Colonies their wonted protection in her markets, has produced the most disastrous effects upon Canada. In surveying the actual condition of the country, what but ruin or rapid decay meets the eye! Our Provincial Government and Civic Corporations embarrassed; our Banking and other securities greatly depreciated; our Mercantile and Agricultural interests alike unprosperous; Real Estate scarcely saleable upon any terms; our unrivalled Rivers, Lakes and Canals almost unused; while Commerce abandons our shores, the circulating capital amassed under a more favorable system is dissipated, with none from any quarter to replace it!—Thus, without available capital, unable to effect a loan with Foreign States or with the Mother Country, although offering security greatly superior to that which readily obtains money both from the United States and Great Britain, when other Colonies are the applicants. Crippled, therefore, and checked in the full career of private and public enterprise, this possession of the British Crown—our country—stands before the world in humiliating contrast with its immediate neighbors, exhibiting every symptom of a nation fast sinking to decay.

With superabundant water-power and cheap labor, especially in Lower Canada, we have yet no domestic manufactures; nor can the most sanguine, unless under altered circumstances, anticipate the home growth, or advent from foreign parts, of either capital or enterprise to embark in this great source of national wealth. Our institutions, unhappily, have not that impress of permanence which can alone impart security, and inspire confidence; and the Canadian market is too limited to tempt the foreign capitalist.

While the adjoining States are covered with a net-work of thriving railways, Canada possesses but three lines, which, together, scarcely exceed 50 miles in length, and the stock in two of which is held at a depreciation of from 50 to 80 per cent.—a fatal symptom of the torpor overspreading the land.

Our present form of Provincial Government is cumbrous and so expensive as to be ill-suited to the country; and the necessary reference it demands to a distant Government, imperfectly acquainted with Canadian affairs, and somewhat indifferent to our interests, is anomalous and irksome. Yet, in the event of a rupture between two of the most powerful

nations of the world, Canada would become the battle-field, and the sufferer, however little her interests might be involved in the cause of quarrel or the issue of the contest.

The bitter animosities of political parties and factions in Canada, often leading to violence, and upon one occasion to civil war, seems not to have abated with time; nor is there, at the present moment, any prospect of diminution or accommodation. The aspect of parties becomes daily more threatening towards each other, and under our existing institutions and relations, little hope is discernible of a peaceful and prosperous administration of our affairs, but difficulties will, to all appearance, accumulate until Government becomes impracticable. In this view of our position, any course that may promise to efface existing party distinctions and place entirely new issues before the people, must be fraught with undeniable advantages.

Among the Statesmen of the Mother Country—among the sagacious observers of the neighboring Republic—in Canada—and all British North America—among all classes, there is a strong pervading conviction that a political revolution in this country is at hand. Such forbodings cannot readily be dispelled, and they have, moreover, a tendency to realize the events to which they point. In the meanwhile, serious injury results to Canada from the effect of this anticipation upon the more desirable class of settlers, who naturally prefer a country under fixed and permanent forms of government to one in a state of transition.

Having thus adverted to some of the causes of our present evils, we would consider how far the remedies ordinarily proposed possess sound and rational inducements to justify their adoption:

I. "The revival of Protection in the markets of the United Kingdom."

This, if attainable in a sufficient degree, and guaranteed for a long period of years, would ameliorate the condition of many of our chief interests, but the policy of the Empire forbids the anticipation. Besides, it would be but a partial remedy. The millions of the Mother Country demand cheap food, and a second change from Protection to Free Trade would complete that ruin which the first has done much to achieve.

II. "The Protection of Home Manufactures."

Although this might encourage the growth of a manufacturing interest in Canada, yet, without access to the United States' market, there would not be a sufficient expansion of that interest, from the want of consumers, to work any result that could be admitted as a "remedy" for the numerous evils of which we complain.

III. "A Federal Union of the British American Provinces."

The advantages claimed for that arrangement are Free Trade between the different provinces, and a diminished governmental expenditure. The attainment of the latter object would be problematical, and the benefits anticipated from the former might be secured by legislation under our existing system. The markets of the sister provinces would not benefit our trade in timber, for they have a surplus of that article in their own forests; and their demand for agricultural products would be too limited to absorb our means of supply. Nor could Canada expect any encouragement to her manufacturing industry from those quarters. A federal union, therefore, would be no remedy.

IV. "The Independence of the British North American Colonies as a Federal Republic."

The consolidation of its new institutions from elements hitherto so discordant—the formation of treaties with Foreign Powers—the acquirement of a name and character among the nations—would, we fear, prove an overmatch for the strength of the new Republic. And having regard to the powerful confederacy of States conterminous with itself, the needful military defences would be too costly to render Independence a boon, while it would not, any more than a Federal Union, remove those obstacles which retard our material prosperity.

V. "Reciprocal Free Trade with the United States as respects the products of the farm, the forest, and the mine."

If obtained, this would yield but an instalment of the many advantages which might be otherwise secured. The free interchange of such products would not introduce manufactures to our country. It would not give us the North American Continent for our market. It would neither so amend our institutions as to confer stability nor insure confidence in their permanence; nor would it allay the violence of parties, or, in the slightest degree remedy many of our prominent evils.

VI. Of all the remedies that have been suggested for the acknowledged and insufferable ills with which our country is afflicted, there remains but one to be considered. It propounds a sweeping and important change in our political and social condition, involving considerations which demand our most serious examination. This remedy consists in a "*Friendly and Peaceful Separation from British Connection, and an Union upon equitable terms with the great North American Confederacy of Sovereign States.*"

We would premise that towards Great Britain we entertain none other than sentiments of kindness and respect. Without her consent we consider separation as neither practicable nor desirable. But the Colonial policy of the Parent State, the avowals of her leading

Statesmen, the public sentiments of the Empire, present unmistakable and significant indications of the appreciation of colonial connection. That it is the resolve of England to invest us with the attributes, and to assume the burdens of Independence is no longer problematical. The threatened withdrawal of her troops from other Colonies—the continuance of her military protection to ourselves only on the condition that we shall defray the attendant expenditure, betoken intentions towards our country, against which it is weakness in us not to provide. An overruling conviction, then, of its necessity, and a high sense of duty we owe to our country, a duty we can neither disregard nor postpone, impel us to entertain the idea of separation; and whatever negotiations may eventuate with Great Britain, a grateful liberality on the part of Canada should mark every proceeding.

The proposed Union would render Canada a field for American capital, into which it would enter as freely for the prosecution of public works and private enterprise as into any of the present States. It would equalize the value of real estate upon both sides of the boundary, thereby probably doubling at once the entire present value of property in Canada, while by giving stability to our institutions, and introducing prosperity, it would raise our public, corporate, and private credit. It would increase our commerce both with the United States and foreign countries, and would not necessarily diminish, to any great extent, our intercourse with Great Britain, into which our products would, for the most part, enter on the same terms as at present. It would render our rivers and canals the highway for the immigration to, and exports from, the West, to the incalculable benefit of our country. It would also introduce manufactures into Canada as rapidly as they have been introduced into the Northern States; and to Lower Canada especially, where water privileges and labor are abundant and cheap, it would attract manufacturing capital, enhancing the value of property and agricultural produce, and giving remunerative employment to what is at present a comparatively non-producing population. *Nor would the United States merely furnish the capital for our manufactures. They would also supply for them the most extensive markets in the world, without the intervention of a Custom-House Officer.* Railways would forthwith be constructed by American capital as feeders for all the great lines now approaching our frontiers; and railway enterprise in general would doubtless be as active and prosperous among us as among our neighbors. The value of our agricultural produce would be raised at once to a par with that of the United States, while agricultural implements and many of the necessities of life, such as tea,

coffee and sugar, would be greatly reduced in price.

The value of our timber would also be greatly enhanced by free access to the American market, where it bears a high price, but is subject to onerous duty. At the same time there is every reason to believe that our shipholders, as well at Quebec as on the Great Lakes, would find an unlimited market in all the ports of the American Continent. It cannot be doubted that the shipping trade of the United States must greatly increase. It is equally manifest that, with them, the principal material in the construction of ships is rapidly diminishing, while we possess vast territories, covered with timber of excellent quality, which would be equally available as it now is, since under the Free Trade system our vessels would sell as well in England after Annexation as before.

The simple and economical State Government, in which direct responsibility to the people is a distinguishing feature, would be substituted for a system at once cumbrous and expensive.

In place of war and the alarms of war with a neighbor, there would be peace and amity between this country and the United States. Disagreements between the United States and her chief if not only rival among nations, would not make the soil of Canada the sanguinary arena for their disputes, as under our existing relations must necessarily be the case. That such is the unenviable condition of our state of dependence upon Great Britain is known to the whole world, and how far it may conduce to keep prudent capitalists from making investments in the country, or wealthy settlers from selecting a fore-doomed battle-field for the home of themselves and their children, it needs no reasoning on our part to elucidate.

But other advantages than those having a bearing on our material interests may be foretold. It would change the ground of political contest between races and parties, allay and obliterate those irritations and conflicts of rancour and recrimination which have hitherto disfigured our social fabric. Already in anticipation has its harmonious influence been felt—the harbinger, may it be hoped, of a lasting oblivion of dissensions among all classes, creeds and parties in the country. Changing subordinate for an independent condition, we would take our station among the nations of the earth. We have no voice in the affairs of the Empire, nor do we share in its honors or emoluments. England is our Parent State, with whom we have no equality, but towards whom we stand in the simple relation of obedience. But as citizens of the United States, the public service of the nation would be open to us—a field for high and honorable distinction on which we and our

posterity might enter on terms of perfect equality.

Nor would the amicable separation of Canada from Great Britain be fraught with advantages to us alone. The relief to the Parent State from the large expenditure now incurred in the military occupation of the country—the removal of the many causes of collision with the United States, which result from the contiguity of mutual territories so extensive—the benefit of the larger market which the increasing prosperity of Canada would create, are considerations which, in the minds of many of her ablest statesmen, render our incorporation with the United States a desirable consummation.

To the United States also the annexation of Canada presents many important inducements. The withdrawal from the borders of so powerful a nation, by whom in time of war the immense and growing commerce of the Lakes would be jeopardized—the ability to dispense with the costly but ineffectual revenue establishment over a frontier of many hundred miles—the large accession to their income from our Customs—the unrestricted use of the St. Lawrence, the natural highway from the Western States to the ocean, are objects for the attainment of, which the most substantial equivalents would undoubtedly be conceded.

FELLOW COLONISTS: We have thus laid before you our views and convictions on a momentous question—involving a change, which, though contemplated by many of us with varied feelings and emotions, we all believe to be inevitable;—one which it is our duty to provide for, and lawfully to promote.

We address you without prejudice or partiality,—in the spirit of sincerity and truth,—in the interest solely of our common country—and our single aim is its safety and welfare. If to your judgment and reason our object and aim be at this time deemed laudable and right, we ask an oblivion of past dissensions; and from all, without distinction of origin, party, or creed, that earnest and cordial co-operation in such lawful, prudent and judicious means as may best conduct us to our common destiny.

RAILROAD IRON.

The low price of railroad iron at the present time is a theme of serious consideration. There is no article imported which bears the same relative proportion in consumption as this. For instance: one mile of track consumes eighty-five to ninety tons of iron. At the end of ten years on a good road, this ninety tons is replaced with new, and the old stock is ready for manufacture into another form, at a depreciation not to exceed thirty per cent., leaving sixty-three tons to be rolled

into bar and hoop iron, to be consumed by the farmers and mechanics of the country.

There are now in the United States over four thousand miles of railroad in operation; and, estimating the weight of iron per mile at eighty tons, we have the amount of three hundred and twenty thousand tons in actual service.

This, at a depreciation annually of ten per cent., gives us thirty-two thousand tons, which goes into the channel above specified for consumption.

Suppose we continue this system for twenty years, what amount of iron consumed by the United States annually will be produced from this source?

It is usually supposed that old rails are easily converted into new ones, but such is not the case. New rails cannot be made with facility except from pig iron; consequently the already large and constantly increasing amount of this stock is thrown on the market.

Look at Vermont and New Hampshire. Carry out the building of all the roads now in the process of construction, and construct those which are chartered, and both of these States will have a full supply of iron (from this source) for all farming purposes.

The States upon the seaboard may derive a small benefit in being the carriers of this article, but they must compete with foreign carriers.

What is to be the effect of this trade upon the iron mines of the west and south?

Uphold this system in its present form for twenty years, and you effectually transport a portion of the iron mines of England and Wales to this country, and distribute them in such a manner as to control the iron interests in all its branches.

Are the west and south willing to receive the stipend? How will Missouri be benefited? What say Alabama and Georgia?

AN IRON DEMOCRAT.

MR. CLAY'S SPEECH.

The following is the speech of Mr. Clay, delivered on the occasion of his recent visit to the examination of the students of the National Law School at Ballston Spa, N. Y. It is addressed to Mr. Fowler, the president of the institution:

MR. PRESIDENT: Were I to give a full expression of the feelings with which the scenes of this day have inspired me, it might seem too much like the language of extravagant flattery. For, although the enterprise in which you are engaged has been long and favorably known to me, I have never until now understood the nature of your system and its vastly superior advantages to the legal student. The ready familiarity of your stu-

dents with almost every branch of the legal science—their prompt replies to the most difficult questions, which, at your request, I had the honor of addressing to them, and the ease, fluency, and power with which they delivered their extempore speeches, and engaged in the trial and summing up of their cause, have both delighted and surprised me. Can it be, sir, that the case that has just been tried—that the minutely detailed stores of the witnesses drawn out by the rigid interrogations of the young counsellors, and their solemn appeal to the jury, are all, all fiction? Am I in a seminary of learning or in a court-room, surrounded by the mature realities of professional life? It is the practical part of this system that strikes me with the greatest force. If you go on, young gentlemen, in the course you are now pursuing, you may take a high stand in your profession. Constant, persevering application will accomplish every thing. To this quality, if I may be allowed to speak of myself, more than to any thing else, do I owe the little success which I have attained. Left in early life to work my way alone, with no other than a common education, I saw that the pathway before me was long, steep and rugged, and that the height on which I had ventured to fix the eye of my ambition could only be reached by toil the most severe and a purpose the most indomitable. But shrinking from no labor, disheartened by no obstacle, I struggled on. No opportunity which the most watchful vigilance could secure, to exercise my powers, was permitted to pass by unimproved. And if I could have enjoyed the advantages which this institution is now conferring upon you, I should have entered upon my profession under far higher auspices and brighter hopes. But think not, young gentlemen, that your labor is to cease with your preparatory course. You are here, indeed, but to lay the superstructure to be reared hereafter. The profession you have chosen, more than all others, imposes upon its incumbents the necessity of constant and arduous exertion. To acquire a thorough knowledge of the great and complicated science of law, demands a life of laborious effort. But it is an honorable, a glorious pursuit. To search out truth, and to promote justice, is its great end. Truth is to be your aim, justice your guide, and the smiles of conscience, of God and of men, your ultimate—your high reward. Let these considerations govern you from this time forward, and with skill and discipline you may lay the foundation, and finally reap the reward of a high standing and destiny in life.

THE RECENT CUBA EXPEDITION.

The recent ridiculous organizations in New Orleans and New York for the invasion and

conquest of the Island of Cuba, have collapsed; the funds are squandered or pocketed; the financiers dispersed; Round Island is evacuated; the war steamers sent down to watch it are withdrawn; and the panic—like the Poussin panic—has turned out a farce.

EUROPEAN AFFAIRS.

The Turkish government having refused to give up the Hungarian refugees to the Russian government, a war between Turkey and Russia seems inevitable. Pending the issue of the question between these two countries, it is judged, from the strong amity which exists between the French and English cabinets, that a powerful French and English squadron will be ordered into the Mediterranean to meet the emergency.

"The *Journal des Debats* of Thursday, Oct. 4, says: 'We are glad to learn that England and France are most cordially united in their determination to support their Ambassadors in the advice given by them to the Porte respecting the extradition of the Hungarian refugees, and a note has been drawn up by these two powers of a most energetic character, which, it is thought, will have considerable weight with the Emperors of Russia and Austria, to whom it is to be presented. The firm language of the London papers, with reference to this question, is noticed with great satisfaction by the *Journal des Debats*.'

"Gen. Lamoriciere's mission to Russia has proved a complete failure. He has left St. Petersburg on his return to Paris without being permitted to present his credentials to the Czar as the Ambassador of the French Republic. Gen. Lamoriciere, therefore, returns to France without having an opportunity of speaking one word to the Emperor on political matters, and the only memorial he will bring back of his mission is the recollection of sundry reviews and the splendid suit of Circassian armor presented to him by Nicholas immediately after his arrival at the Imperial headquarters.

"By far the most important political news by this arrival is the possible and even probable rupture of Russia and Austria with Turkey. It forms the chief topic of discussion in the English and French journals, as well as among all classes, and in its paramount importance, the Roman difficulty as well as all other matters of national importance, appears to have been almost wholly lost sight of. The most recent accounts from Constantinople state that the Emperor of Russia has made a formal demand, through a special envoy to the Porte, for the surrender of Kossuth, Bem, and other patriots who played a prominent part in the late Hungarian struggle, who have sought refuge at Widden, on the Danube, in the territories of the Sultan. The Turkish government, with a manliness which cannot be too highly

commended, refused to be bullied into a compromise of its independence, and Prince Radzivil, after having ineffectively endeavored to urge the Sultan into a compliance with his demands, has taken an abrupt departure from Constantinople, and Count Titoff, the Russian Minister, has closed all diplomatic relations with the Porte. England and France, through their respective representatives, have prevailed with the Sultan in keeping him firm to his first resolution. Already in England and France cabinet councils have been held to consider these grave circumstances. Not the slightest doubt can be entertained of the result. Should Russia persist in demanding the surrender of these devoted men, a European war is thought to be inevitable."—*Tribune*.

Opinions on California.

The *Times* devotes several leading articles to the state of affairs in California. One of them opens thus:

"There is at this moment two great waves of population following the setting sun over this globe. The one is that mighty tide of human beings which, this year beyond all parallel, is flowing from Ireland, Great Britain, Germany, and some other parts of Europe, in one compact and unbroken stream to the United States. The other, which may be almost described as urged on by the former, is that which, by many different ways, is forcing itself across the New World to California. Of these the latter is by far the most broken and frustrated. To cross the Atlantic is now as easy and safe as 400 years ago it was to cross the British Channel; and when the dire stimulus of hunger has once urged the peasant to cut the tie of home, it costs him scarcely an effort of body or of mind to be passed on from shore to shore, from deck to quay, from station to station, till he finds himself grading a railway or excavating a canal in the heart of North America.

"It is far otherwise with the crowd whom that furious impulse, *auri sacri fames*, is attracting from comfortable homes to an almost desert shore. There is no kind of hardship and peril which they have not to undergo, and which they do not endure cheerfully for gold's sake. Immense voyages, tropical suns, stormy capes, pestilential ports, interminable deserts, savage tribes, rocky mountains, winter snows, famine, cholera, and panic despair, are some of the alternatives from which they have to choose."

The *Times* then traces each route, stating no facts, however, not already known in this country.

Another article notices the newspapers which have been established in San Francisco, commencing thus:

"Before us lies a real California newspaper,

with all its politics, paragraphs and advertisements, printed and published at San Francisco, on the 14th of last June. In a literary or professional point of view, there is nothing very remarkable in this production. Journalism is a science so intuitively comprehended by American citizens, that their most rudimentary efforts in this line are sure to be tolerably successful. Newspapers are to them what theatres and *cafes* are to Frenchmen. In the Mexican war the occupation of each successive town by the invading army was signalized by the immediate establishment of a weekly journal, and of a "bar" for retailing those spirituous compounds known by the generic denomination of "American drinks." The same fashions have been adopted in California, and the opinions of the American portion of that strange population are already represented by journals of more than average ability and intelligence.

Austrian Loan---Letter of Mr. Cobden.

MY DEAR SIR :—I have this moment read, in a London paper, the prospectus for a new loan issued by the Austrian Government. Now, this is the time for the friends of peace and disarmament to raise their voices in condemnation and exposure to the system by which Austria and the other powers maintain their enormous armies, and carry war and destruction, not only into their own provinces, but into the territories of their neighbors. A public meeting should be immediately called in London to denounce this attempt to levy upon the earnings of peaceful industry the means of paying Haynau and his Croats for their butcheries in Brescia, and their atrocities in Hungary. There is not a friend or admirer of the oppressed and slandered Magyars or Italians who will not press forward to swell the chorus of execration at this audacious proposal to borrow from the European public the money with which to pay the price of successful violence and injustice. It is a matter upon which every man is called upon to express his opinion; for all of us are, by the terms of the prospectus, invited to subscribe for the loan. Is there a *Jew* in London who will not be eager to attend such a meeting to repudiate all connection with the projected loan, and to denounce the authors of those atrocities against his co-religionists at Buda-Pesth—atrocities in which Haynau has surpassed everything that has occurred since the persecutions of the middle ages? I will be in town on Thursday next to meet a Committee of the Friends of Peace, and if it be decided to hold a meeting, I shall be there to take a part in it. And believe me, faithfully yours.

RICH. COBDEN.

Germany.

The *Cologne Gazette*, quoting the *Nurem-*

berg Correspondent, gives the subjoined as the basis of arrangement between Austria and Prussia, relative to the new Central Government of Germany:

1. There shall be established between the German Governments, in accordance with the administrators of the empire, a new *ad interim* Central Government, which shall be exercised by Austria and Prussia to the 1st of May, 1850.

2. The object of this is to maintain the German Confederation as the indissoluble union of all the German States.

3. During the interim, the affair of the Constitution of Germany is left to the free arrangement of the States.

4. If at the expiration of the interim nothing be done, an understanding shall be come to with respect to the Constitution of the new Central Government.

5. A Commission of the Empire, composed of four members, two of whom shall be nominated by Austria, and two by Prussia, shall direct, under the presidency of Austria (which presidency, however, shall only be an affair of etiquette,) the affairs which were attributed to the Special Council of the old Diet; the other Governments of the Confederation shall send Plenipotentiaries to the Commission.

6. The Commission of the Empire shall only be responsible to those by whom it is nominated.

7. As soon as the Governments shall have given their assent to the preceding proposition, the administration of the Empire shall deposit its dignity and powers in the hands of the Emperor of Austria and the King of Prussia.

Other accounts, however, say that the negotiations between Austria and Prussia have not yet assumed any definite form.

German Unity.

The negotiations for a union of the military forces of the smaller States of Germany, by a treaty with Prussia, are stated to have been brought to a conclusion. The plan of the organization is being considered in the Prussian War Department.

Austria and Hungary.

The latest intelligence from Vienna extends to the 22d ult., inclusively, at which date Comorn had not surrendered, and nothing of any importance appears to have occurred around that fortress.

The People not Crushed.

The *Tribune* translates the following from a Vienna letter in the *Allgemeine Zeitung*:

"I had supposed the rebellion in Hungary was quelled for ten years; the exhaustion of a year and a quarter of civil war especially demanded rest; the material losses which have followed the insurrection, had forever

alienated the people from its leaders; the country would now demand repose at any price. I found myself deceived—the rebellion in Hungary is only suppressed externally; it lives with so much the more intensity in the hearts of the people. If the causes of this hostility are demanded, I will name two as the principal: The depreciation and destruction of Kossuth's notes, by which thousands of families are literally brought to beggary, and the degradation of Hungarian officers to the ranks. In the last regulation, the people see not an act of retributive justice—not a measure of political necessity, but a useless effort of vengeance designed for the humiliation of the nation. What makes the matter more serious is the fact that many belonging to the party of the so-called old Conservatives feel themselves involved in this disgrace inflicted on their country, and that they who have hitherto been regarded as the prop of the Government, have become estranged from it and will now make cause with the radical party, which has thus gained fresh strength.

The question of the new organization of Hungary occupies the entire attention of the Austrian Cabinet. So far as the designs of that body can be understood, the principles embodied in the Constitution of March 4 will be rigidly applied to Hungary, and no exception will be admitted to the centralization of the Empire. The Hungarian Constitution, which has existed so many centuries, will thus be annulled, and the dependencies of Hungary, namely, Croatia, Slavonia, Transylvania and the Voyvodina will form separate provinces. It is note-worthy that this organization of the Empire will render out of the question an union of the German provinces of Austria with the remainder of Germany.

We have nothing definite as to the fate of the Hungarian fugitives in Turkey, and especially with reference to the leaders all is uncertain. The number of these refugees is reckoned at five thousand.

According to letters from Hungary, the revolution is only apparently suppressed, and a bitter hatred of the Austrians influences every mind. Even those who have hitherto been of a different way of thinking, now have this feeling. This is not surprising in view of the impolitic course of Austria towards the conquered country. Had the conquerors desired to render their possession of the vanquished country as precarious and difficult as possible, they could not have chosen a surer means than they already have in operation. M. L.

Important from Turkey.

The Emperor of Russia, employs no argument in Court for his demand for the delivery of the Polish and Hungarian Refugees now at Widden, but says in his letters that he will consider the escape of one of them as *casus belli*. If the Sultan did not give a simple yes

or no to his Aid-de-Camp, he threatened to return to Warsaw. The Sultan persists in his resolution, and is backed by the Foreign Ministers, the Grand Vizier, the Seraskier, and Mahomet Ali Pacha, and Mahomet Pacha Ali, but the great majority of the council are alarmed at the threatening tone of the Czar's note, and consequently no official announcement of the council's decision had been made. There is reason to believe that the Turkish government, urged on by the English and French Envoys, will reject the demand.

It is supposed that the Emperor of Russia will put his threats of war into execution should the answer be negative. Although nearly the whole of the Turkish fleet is in the Golden Horn, quite ready for service, and could defend the entrance of the Bosphorus, yet the Turkish army bears no proportion to the forces the Emperor could march against the Turkish frontiers in a few days. Sixty thousand Turkish troops are concentrated round Constantinople, but the English fleet could not reach the Golden Horn sooner than fifteen or seventeen days. A Russian fleet could be in the Bosphorus within twenty-four hours.

The greatest anxiety prevails amongst all classes; the great majority are opposed to war as destructive to commerce and industry.

British subjects are among the refugees confined in Widden—General Guyon, General Longworth, and General O'Donnell.

Private letters confirm the report of the Sultan's decision not to deliver up the Hungarian refugees, and it is stated on the best authority, that considerable uneasiness prevailed in diplomatic circles, as to the ultimate consequences of this resolution.

The Russian Empire.

The Emperor of Russia has returned to St. Petersburg, and his troops are gradually withdrawing within the Russian frontiers.

The *Caucasian Gazette* informs us that the Russians have attacked the well defended fortress of Achulga, the seat of Shamyl. As soon as the first attack of the Russians on the bastion Surchajeff, had been repulsed by the Circassians, the Russians commenced a fresh attack, and after a bloody contest, stormed this nest of the Miuryles, that forms the key of the enemy's position. The Russians lost in dead and wounded, 25 officers and 307 men. On July 27, a general attack was made on the fortress of Achulga itself. The Circassians were every where repulsed. The Russians lost, on this day, in dead and wounded, 52 officers and 823 soldiers. A second attack was put off to the following day. This is a Russian account.

The diplomatic conferences in Warsaw are ended; a part of the statesmen there assembled, have followed the Emperor to St. Petersburg; while, on the other hand, the Austrian and Prussian Ambassadors, their mission being ended, have returned to their respective courts.

CRITICAL NOTICES.

A Grammar of the Anglo-Saxon Language.

By LOUIS F. KLIPSTEIN, Ph. D. of the University of Giessen. New York: Geo. P. Putnam. 1848.

When, more than twelve centuries ago, Augustine and his monks took up their abode in Britain, they made Latin the literary language of the people. Four centuries and a half later, William the Conqueror and his companions introduced French as the language of the courtly and polite. Thus the Saxon came to be regarded as a semi-barbarous tongue, fit only for the base uses of the vulgar. From those remote periods to the present time these ideas and the course of education which they superinduced have been constantly modifying the vernacular speech of Englishmen and their descendants. The effect of foreign additions to the Anglo-Saxon has been to break up its inflexions, to destroy its power of inversion, and, what is of more consequence, to almost disable it from forming new words out of its own materials. And if we are not mistaken, this tendency to Latinize and Gallicize the language, exhibits itself with increased vigor in this country, in consequence of the great admixture of foreigners which the English stock has received, who, finding the Saxon words and constructions the most difficult to acquire, replace them by others which are easier because more familiar to them; added to which is our general dislike for what is regarded as plain and homely, and our fondness for the genteel and magniloquent. To be sure, it is very commonly represented that in borrowing words ready made we are combining in our own language all the beauties of the tongues which are thus laid under contribution. But there is a fallacy in this. A Latin or French word as employed in English, is usually no more like the same word in its original position in the language from which it sprang than a withered branch which stops the gap in a hedge is like the same branch, prolific in foliage and fruit, before it was severed from its parent stem. Of the Saxon words in our language we have a close, intimate, and definite knowledge; we have been familiarized with them by every day use from childhood upwards; and they serve alike as the vehicle of our daily communication with those around us, and to embody the most delicate and fanciful of the poet's imaginings. Such is not the case with words adopted from foreign languages; these are gradually learned at a later period of life; they are known to us as the

language of formal discourse and of books; and a great part of them are employed only as scientific terms, or to denote abstract ideas or peculiarities in the natural or artificial productions of other countries. Hence the impression which they make on our feelings as well as our understanding, is much weaker and more vague than that produced by words of the former class. So true is this, and so generally is it felt and acknowledged, that it has been usual to act on the supposition that the homely Saxon words and their uses are already so well known that it is unnecessary to make a study of them; and consequently the attention of teachers and pupils has been directed almost exclusively to the less familiar terms introduced from abroad. Hence while a well taught schoolboy is able to give at once the etymology of almost every word of Latin origin, our best lexicographers are often at a loss when called upon to give an account of a Saxon vocable. They possess indeed, as we have said, that practical familiarity with most of the words of this class, which is all-sufficient for ordinary purposes of speaking and writing; but that accurate historico-grammatical knowledge of the origin and formation of these words which is necessary to the thorough understanding of them, and to their correct idiomatic use on all occasions, they do not possess, and consequently cannot impart. But it is not only the lexicography of our language which is so far behind the philological science of the day; its grammar is in a still more deplorable plight, and this too in a great measure through the misdirected efforts of those who would fain improve it. Happily a dictionary of an entire language, like the English, is a work of great labor and expence, and publishers cannot lightly be coaxed into hazarding such a serious outlay; but a grammar may be made of any dimensions one pleases, and as there is not probably in England or the United States a petty schoolmaster who does not consider himself perfectly competent to so easy an undertaking, we are presented every year with a batch of books on this subject, by persons whose entire stock of linguistic knowledge beyond their native tongue consists in a little Latin and less Greek, and in a style and spirit which the very Genius of ignorance, dullness and pedantry (supposing such a personage to exist) need not blush to call his own. Perhaps the intelligent reader will say, why waste good indignation on such ephemeral matters? We reply, it is true, their existence is but for a day; but even during that

brief space they accomplish an infinite deal of mischief. Most of the matter they contain is plundered from Murray (name of odious reminiscences!) or other old writers; but each of these grammar-makers has some method of his own, most commonly a new name for a tense or a part of speech. He always has influence enough to get his book introduced for a season into a greater or less number of schools, the unfortunate inmates of which are duly indoctrinated in the new discovery. Newspaper critics too of kindred kidney with these would-be philologists, who can see exactly to the tips of their noses and not a hair beyond, who have not the remotest idea but that the English can be perfectly explained out of itself, and who find no difficulty (why should they?) in supposing their forefathers to have been egregious numskulls—these writers pounce upon the new mare's nest with greedy gusto, and bolt the eggs whole, suspecting their addled condition. The natural consequence in a country where schools are so generally attended, and newspapers so constantly read, is that we are vexed with successive swarms of absurd neologisms in speech, from which we are no more able to escape than were our Egyptian prototypes in misery from their plague of frogs. In the temple, the forum, the market,—from the journal over, which we pore in the morning to the curtain-lecture which lulls us to repose at night,—our eyes and ears are constantly assailed with the pest of bad and unidiomatic English.

With every nation which has a literature to boast of, the preservation of its language in purity and vigor should be an object of religious and unremitting care; but such is peculiarly the case with those that speak the English language. These have the inestimable advantage of inheriting a tongue, which, for these five hundred years has been the receptacle of the treasures of wisdom and fancy poured forth in profusion by many of the finest scholars, philosophers and poets which the world has seen; while by means of translation and imitation it has been further enriched with the brightest gems culled from the literatures of other nations of every clime and age. This language, too, is spreading itself over many of the finest portions of the globe with a rapidity of which history affords no previous example. In addition to the parent country and her possessions in Asia, Australia, Africa, South America, and the West Indies, it is fast spreading over the whole of this magnificent continent, swallowing up in its progress the tongues of the aboriginal tribes and of European immigrants of other races, even as the rod of Moses gulped down those of his humbug competitors. With the inhabitants of all these countries and colonies we can now hold ready and unconstrained intercourse for com-

mercial, political, scientific, or literary purposes; not requiring the awkward intervention of an interpreter, we can at once grasp each other by the hand and interchange our wishes and ideas, sure of ready appreciation and sympathy from kindred minds.

What, then, can we do to preserve as far as may be, this our priceless heritage, both from the natural causes of corruption and change, and from the still more dangerous inroads of *soi-disant* phonographers, lexicographers, and grammarians? The answer is not far to seek. In this, as in other respects, the only effectual antidote against the effects of charlatanism and error is the diffusion of sound knowledge among the people. Now the only way in which a thorough knowledge can be obtained of a composite language like ours, is through the study of the original idioms from which it is derived, the principal of which, in the case of the English, are the Anglo-Saxon and the Latin. The latter language is already sufficiently cared for; but the former has been hitherto almost wholly neglected as a branch of ordinary education, or, indeed, of education at all. The Anglo-Saxon writings, it is true, cannot, for a moment, be compared with even the scanty remains we possess of the splendid literature of Rome. The productions of the Anglo-Saxon pen are exceedingly meagre and few. Almost the whole of it is of a monkish character, with little that is peculiar about it, and even that consists, for the most part, of translations from the Latin.

But when we have allowed this objection to the study of Anglo-Saxon literature for its own sake, and we confess it is not a slight one, we have allowed all. On the other hand, much can be said in favor of it. If this literature is not extensive, and, for the most part, not original, it is, at least, a wholesome christian literature. If it will not much improve the heads, neither will it corrupt the hearts of those who devote themselves to the study of it. Besides, when we speak of its poverty and want of originality, we do so only in a comparative sense. Many pieces have escaped the ravages of time, which are valuable and interesting for the historical facts they contain, or for the knowledge they afford us of the institutions and laws, the state of society, and the literary genius of our ancestors. Neither is the want of originality of a great part of the Anglo-Saxon writings altogether without its advantages. As they treat of subjects with which we are well acquainted, and, especially, as they are very often nothing but translations from the Latin, we are enabled to ascertain the precise sense of words, and thus to build up the grammar and lexicography of the language for philological purposes with much greater accuracy and certainty than we could otherwise have

done. For it is to be remembered that languages are often studied for other purposes than the mere enjoyment of their literary productions—some for the purposes of science, others for business, others for travel or diplomacy, and we hold that an amply sufficient inducement to the study of the Anglo-Saxon is to be found in the very important light which it throws on the language of our daily life in this glorious nineteenth century. Such, too, is the opinion of Dr. Klipstein, the author of the grammar, the title of which is placed at the head of this notice, who has devoted much labor to the production of a series of books designed to form a complete course of Anglo-Saxon, the want of which has rendered any thing like a general prosecution of the study in this country hitherto impossible. He has already published, besides the grammar, an edition of the Gospels, Ælfrie's Homily on the Birth-day of St. Gregory, and two volumes of *Analecta*—one of prose, and the other of poetry. We select the grammar as the object of our critical remarks, because it is the only one of these works which makes much pretensions to originality, and because our observations may be of some service to the new edition which is announced as in preparation.

The "Grammar of the Anglo-Saxon Language" is a duodecimo of 222 pages, and is divided into short, numbered sections, for the convenience of teacher and learner. We have felt sufficient interest, in the fact that it is the first Anglo-Saxon grammar printed in this land of Saxon, to induce us to read it through from beginning to end. It is a compilation, to all appearance hastily made, from Parke and Bosworth; it will answer well enough for the present, and as a first attempt, but contains many things which it is desirable should be corrected in future. We will point out some of them. The first thing which gives us an unfavorable opinion of the author's judgment is the substitution of *th* for the Anglo-Saxon character *᠚*, and *th* for *p*. These letters, representatives as they are of simple sounds, have as much right to be retained as the *w*, or indeed any letter of the alphabet. Instead of being dismissed from the Saxon, they ought to have been preserved in the English as they have been in the Icelandic. Another change for the worse is the printing of *a e* (which represents a simple vowel sound) in two separate letters, instead of using the compound character *æ*. The Preface is followed by an "Introduction" of 20 pages. The best we can say for this anonymous production, is that it contains some good quotations from the *Edinburgh Review*. On page 32 of the Grammar, we are told that "*á* is pronounced like *a* in fate; *é* like *e* in mete." This is an error: *á*, according to all analogy, should be pronounced like *a* in *father*, and *é* like *a* in *fate*. The system of the declension of nouns is that

of Bosworth; and we think the author has done well in adopting it, it being the clearest and most easily remembered. On page 59 there is an error in the synopsis of the Declension of Adjectives; the dat. fem. sing. ends not in "*um*," but in *-re*. Section 84 is badly worded; it should read, "Those which end in a single consonant after a short vowel double the consonant in declining, *when the inflection begins with a vowel*." In section 179 it is said, "Hence there can be, in strict terms, neither Compound Tenses nor a Passive Voice in Anglo-Saxon." The idea is from Bosworth, but has been spoiled in the process of reproducing it. If there are such things as compound tenses or a compound passive at all, they exist in Anglo-Saxon; because, in that language, auxiliary verbs are employed to make such forms; so that in the expression *ic mæg beon lufod* is precisely equivalent to the English *I may be loved*. What Bosworth and many others contend is, that such phrases have no right to be called independent tenses or voices at all, and this we suppose is what Dr. K. means to say likewise. The "List of Complete Verbs," extending from page 113 to page 154, could have been compressed with great advantage into one-fourth of the space. This spinning out of paradigms so as to occupy quite a large portion of the book is a very general fault in our common grammars. The intention appears to be to make the matter plain, but the effect is the very reverse. The proper design of throwing the main facts of grammar into a tabular form, and which should never be lost sight of, is that the relations of the several parts of a paradigm to each other may be exhibited, if possible, at a glance. In section 407 the astonishing assertion is made after Bosworth, that "all verbs in the language owe their origin to nouns." The cause of the blunder is this. The infinitive may be, and usually is regarded as the *logical* root of the verb; but it by no means follows that it is its *etymological* root.—The real root of a verb or noun is what is called "the crude form," or that part which is left after subtracting all affirmatives, and which in the case of verbs most frequently coincides with the second parsing of the imperative. Now, the Anglo-Saxon infinitive happens to have a subformative *an* or *ian*; consequently it is a sheer fallacy to assert that *dalan*, to divide, is derived from *dal*, a part, simply because the former has a syllable more than the latter. We do not know how to reconcile the author's assertion of his independence of Tooke "and others of the late English school," with the fact of his having borrowed so much from them, including some of their most doubtful principles, such as the one just remarked upon. The Appendix D, taken mainly from Turner's Anglo-Saxons, is one of the best things in the book. In section

428 we have the following syntactical rule, "The perfect participle with *habban*, to have, does not always agree with the nominative, but is frequently inflected and made to agree with the governed word." Now, who ever heard before of the participle in such a case agreeing with the nominative? The rule is nothing but a travesty of Rask's section 401, which is expressed with the usual philosophical precision of that admirable and much lamented scholar. His words are, "The part. pass., in combination with the auxiliary *ic habbe*, is not always put in the neuter as an unchangeable supine, but is frequently inflected like an adjective in the different genders of the accusative governed by *habbe*"—a construction resembling a very common one in French. In fact the whole Syntax of *nine* pages, which is naturally that part of the Anglo-Saxon grammar for which most requires to be done, appears to be nothing but a rehash from Rask, with the addition of some trivial observations on agreement, which Rask designedly omitted as common to all languages. The syntax of the Anglo-Saxon still remains to be written. In section 476 it is said that the Latin poetry of the Anglo-Saxons "originated from the Roman, and followed the same laws." That this statement is only partially true will be seen on consulting Rask, section 433 *seqq.* where examples are given of Latin verses written according to the laws of alliteration, "which shows," says Rask, "that it was, as it were, a national requisite in all poetry, without which it would have lost its wonted peculiarity of sound for the Anglo-Saxons." In section 477 Dr. K. copies the strange assertion of Sharon Turner, that "*the only rule which they [the Anglo-Saxons] appear to have observed in the composition of their native verses was that of pleasing the ear.*" To which is added in section 489, "Alliteration, though sometimes used, was never a fundamental principle in Anglo-Saxon poetry." How any one who possesses the merest smattering of Anglo-Saxon, nay, who has ever seen or heard the laws of alliteration stated, and then turned over a volume of poetry to see if they were true, could make such a statement, is to us wholly incomprehensible. If any one fact is already established, it is that "*alliteration is the chief characteristic of the Anglo-Saxons*;"* and not only so, but it continued to be largely employed by English poets for centuries after the battle of Hastings. Rask's able disquisition on the subject has, in fact, established the fundamental laws of Anglo-Saxon versification so firmly beyond the reach of controversy, that even his prejudiced critic, Guest, has been compelled to propound the same laws, with but very slight modification.†

Our deliberate opinion of the book, then, after a careful examination, is that it is a very imperfect performance, and must be greatly improved before it will be "stamped with the seal of European approval," as the writer of the Introduction seems to anticipate. Nevertheless its simplicity and cheapness are a sufficient cloak to a multitude of defects, and it will answer the purpose sufficiently well until something better can be supplied. The main hindrance to the spread of Anglo-Saxon studies has hitherto been the dearth and scarcity of the necessary books; the most of those published in England having been "got up" in such a luxurious form as effectually tabooed them from the mass of the people. Latterly an improvement has been manifested in this respect. The publication of several skeleton grammars, the new edition of Thorpe's *Analecta*, and the long expected abridgement of Bosworth's Dictionary, have placed in the hands of learners a cheap and excellent apparatus which will be of great use in promoting this important and too long neglected branch of education. We are heartily glad that a man of Dr. Klipstein's energy and perseverance has taken on himself the task of extending these benefits to our own country. The great good he will thus accomplish will remain, while the faults of haste and inexperience will gradually be corrected, either by his own further study and experience, or by the labors of others which his good example will bring into the field.

The Little Savage: By CAPT. MARRYATT, R. N. New York: Harper & Brothers.

This is a narrative in the Robinson Crusoe vein. A boy born upon a solitary and desert island—one of the Peruvian guano islands—coming into consciousness with a wicked and morose sailor only for a companion. The sailor has been the murderer of the boy's father, and indirectly of his mother. He cherishes great hatred for the boy and treats him very tyrannically, refusing all intelligence which the opening mind of the child craves, until being struck blind by lightning he becomes dependent upon the boy, who thus compels him to gratify his thirst for knowledge. The sailor dies and he is left alone on the island. After some years a boat of a wrecked vessel visits the island, in which is the widowed lady of a missionary. They obtain what provisions the boy has, and treacherously leave him and the lady on the island. She adopts him as a son and teaches him the christian religion. Without proceeding further with the story, this will indicate the character of the book. It has a decidedly religious tone, and some parts of it are extremely well done, especially the first part, describing the struggles of the mind of the boy for knowledge.

* Rask's Grammar, (Sharpe's Trans.) p. 144.

† History of English Rhythms, Vol. II, p. 142.

Mornings among the Jesuits at Rome: By the Rev. M. HOBART SEYMOUR. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1849.

This is an age of much religious inquiry and considerable theological discussion. This little work will therefore be read with much interest by many. It is an account of arguments held by the author with some of the Jesuits in Rome upon questions in dispute between the Roman Catholic and Protestant world. They are very amicable discussions or conversations, and contain many curious revelations of the state of religious feeling, opinion and practice at Rome. The author, as might be expected, has always the best of the argument. We have good ground of hope, however, that he has done justice in his statements to those of his opponents, as his chapters bear many marks of being genuine records. They are spiritedly and well written.

The Works of Michael de Montaigne, comprising his Essays, Letters, a Journey through Germany and Italy, with notes from all the Commentators, Biographical, and Bibliographical Notices, &c., &c., &c.: By WILLIAM HAZLITT. Philadelphia: J. W. Moore, 1849.

We note, with perfect satisfaction, the publication of this very complete edition of Montaigne's writings. It will place these renowned Essays within the reach of many who have only heard of them through others, and who will not be disappointed with their delightful gossip. Gossip, too, dignified frequently by much wisdom and many profound observations. Hallam says "they are the first *provocatio ad populum*." The first appeal from the bench and the academy to the haunts of busy and of idle men. The first book that taught the unlearned reader to observe and reflect for himself on questions of moral philosophy."

The Philosophy of Religion: By J. D. MORELL, A. M. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1849. Philadelphia: Geo. S. Appleton.

The North British Review has devoted two articles to a severe review of the principles propounded in this work. We commend the book, notwithstanding, to the perusal of every serious mind. It discusses subjects in the highest region of thought, and in a style universally dear. There is a close analogy, if not identity, in many of the ideas with those so forcibly insisted upon by Dr. Bushnell. Great talent is evinced by the author and much earnestness, but not the genius with which Dr. Bushnell illuminates the subject, carrying the reader away by a power of language not surpassed in modern writing. These men are of the woe-thies of modern times who are striving for the reconciling point of the conflicting elements of christian opinion. Heaven

grant that they may find it. In the philosophies of nature, which for ages were at war, such reconciliation has been found. May it not be so in religion also? Many appear to think that the subject requires these antagonisms to keep it from stagnation and corruption; but science has advanced more rapidly since the reconciliation, and why, therefore, should not religion?

Liberty's Triumph. John Wiley, publisher, New York.

This is an extraordinary book. The author has produced the first American epic, worthy so to be called. The subject is the war of the Revolution. Were it not for the strict historical fidelity with which the author has pretty generally narrated the incidents of the struggle for liberty, this work might be ranked among the purest productions of the imagination. The author has succeeded in lifting the incidents and characters of those *dark times* from the vulgar and the common-place, to a level with the demi-gods of the *elder epic*. For this he has justly entitled himself to the gratitude of those departed heroes, of whom scarcely enough remain with us to prevent those honored vehicles, which form a conspicuous ornament of the grand pageant which annually celebrates the birth of our Independence, from becoming subjects of ridicule.

As an instance of the classic elegance which this poem imparts to the heroes of the revolution, we may mention the exchange of the inglorious appellation of "Old Put" for that of "Re-nov-ned Put-nam." This is one of the touches of genius seldom found in the productions of modern poets. In short, it may be said that whoever doubts this poet's claim to immortality, has never read his poem entirely through.

FOREIGN LITERATURE.

Henrich Von Gagern: a public character: Stuttgart. 1848.

The greater part of the books published during the last year treat of revolutionary themes. The revolution has destroyed, for some time, the interest in literary and scientific researches, producing books of a political and social character. We consider it worth while to inquire into them and to place before the reader a book, the object of which is to relate the career of one of the greatest men, if not the greatest man, of the German revolution. It is true, he has disappointed the expectation of many, but we durst not judge the man except in relation to the people, in the midst of whom he was living and acting. Gagern is a true patriot, he was so from his first entering into public life; he was not observed by many

of his nation, until he placed himself at the head of it, though he never was concealed from those who were reconnoitring the political horizon. When the convulsion of the earthquake waked the dead, as from an enchanted sleep, with their principles of ancient times, and sent them to Frankfort in company with those, who with their wishes were far in advance of the age, when one party desired to preserve what the revolution had overthrown at the will of the people, and the other party wished to go much further than the people had done, the eye of the true patriot was looking around for a rock to climb in this tempest-like commotion. Gagern entered the stand. His noble carriage, his tall figure, his stern eye looking calmly around upon the tumultuously contending parties, commanded respect. As soon as he spoke stillness reigned, and each found new hope in his words when he said, "the Commonwealth requires our attention; not the problems of the minority. We dare not destroy, but must build up. We must preserve the monarchy—the safety of our country depends on monarchy." The loudest acclamation of the crowded St. Paul's church was heard throughout Germany and re-echoed from all sides. Gagern at once had pointed out the way on which, ever since, the parliament has been moving. He gave the theme to the parliament for discussion: "Monarchy and the sovereignty of the people." Who will blame him for speaking from himself what he felt intensely to be the inmost want of the majority—which alone he knew would bring happiness and prosperity for the future, and would ripen men for a republic. A republic, indeed, is the best government. Nobody can deny that, living in this country or acquainted with our history; but people not taught to govern themselves are as unhappy in a republic as children deprived of their tutors. They will become the prey of their own ignorance. They must retain their government for some time, altering only the laws which bind them like slaves, and educating themselves and their children to manhood. Governments are like the corner stones of a building, take them away and the whole will fall and nothing is left to shelter the people. Therefore Gagern said, "we dare not destroy, we must build up." Build up the new building under the shelter of the old one. The will of the people had found its representative in Gagern, who desired to keep what nowhere was hurt by the people—the monarchy—and who wished to secure what the people had gained everywhere—their sovereignty. The people would be free except in electing the President and his Cabinet. The voice of the people assuredly is God's voice. The people's voice was heard in their uniform demands in their first outbreak. Woe to them who did not understand that.

The book with the above title speaks of Gagern, of his family, his childhood, his education; speaks of him as the farmer cultivating the soil of his estate, as the man of letters, as the President of the Parliament. Gagern, born in 1799, was the son of a man who, living in the eventful times of Napoleon, acted on different occasions as ambassador at Paris and Berlin; and the son's talent through the gift of God, improved more and more under the guidance of such a father; for the child is nourished by what is given to him, and to understand the man we must look at his childhood. What the boy strives for, he fully will obtain in manhood, says Goethe. The father's frequent return home gave opportunity to the son to hear of the events of the time from one who was nearly connected with them, and in this way he learned the views of the leaders. He became acquainted with their motive of action. Scarcely had he reached the age of fifteen when he took up arms against the common oppressor, fought the last great battle, and returned with an honorable Belle Alliance scar. After this, he pursued his studies at different colleges, and at the age of twenty-one entered the public office of his native land, Nassau, defending at the same time the rights of the people by liberal pamphlets. Elected to the Nassau Chamber, he was considered one of the opposition. Our book gives many of his speeches, some at length, some in extracts. His speeches are simple, but powerful, showing always the naked truth in a fearless way. They contain neither imagination nor mysterious phrases. The manly thought comes forth honestly, the word speaks the very meaning intended, and the hearers are not carried away by his oratory. The observer sees in the faces of the audience that anxious feeling which fears to lose by a new discussion the opinion already formed, and wishes that the voting might follow immediately.

Schomburgk's Voyages in British Guiana in the years 1840-44. Printed by order of the King of Prussia, with the Flora and Fauna with maps and sketches.

This book by Schomburgk is a most acceptable gift to every friend of nature and her beauties. It bears some relation to the earliest voyages of Poppig and Johndy in South America, but is written with more truth and simplicity. The author is a naturalist, he describes the countries travelled over, as they appeared to his discerning eye, avoiding all trivial remarks about his own person, which too often destroy the main object in works of a similar kind. This book gives us a thorough knowledge of that country so little known. The reader is placed in the midst of

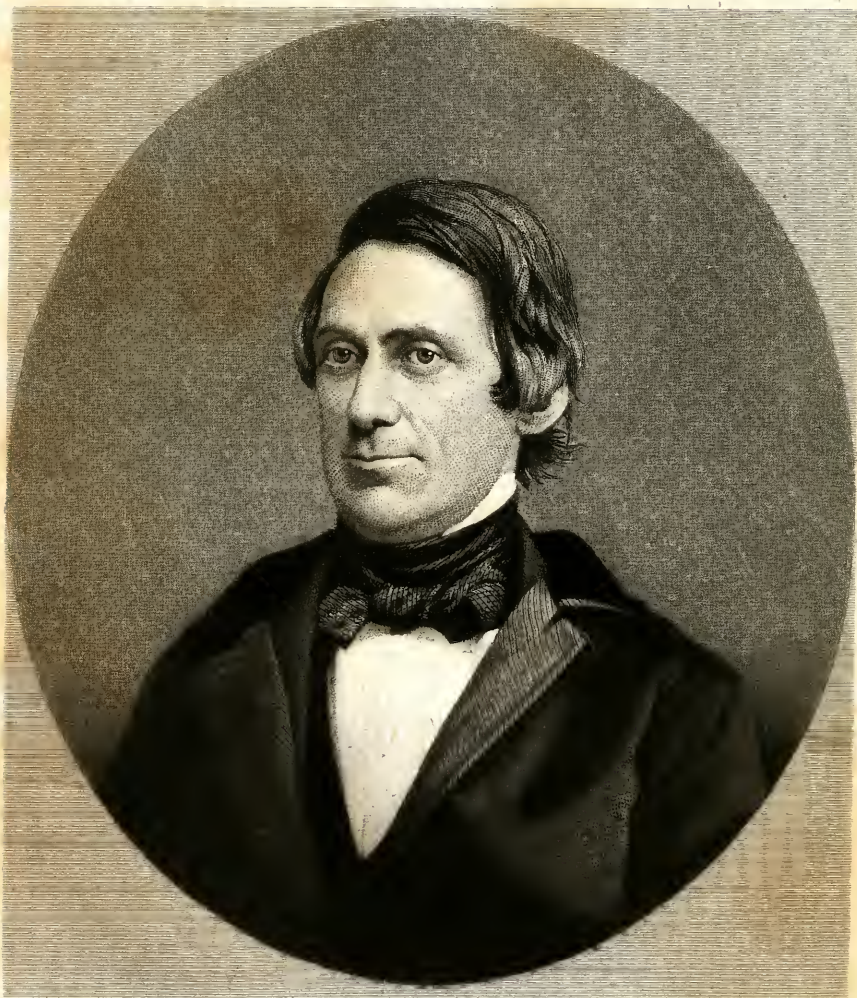
the rich prairies and forests of the southern continent. Our traveller sailed into the Demerara river in the beginning of 1841. The sudden change of scenery after the long sea-voyage burst upon him beautifully, awfully, unspeakably. He says, "In our homely, still, romantic vales, we are not familiar with this mysterious charm of tropical climates. The luxury of plants, the fresh green foliage of the trees is unknown us; even the most talented poet would in vain attempt to give any other description than a mere outline, as the most glowing language cannot inspire the mind of the reader with those feelings by which a man is overpowered while enjoying such a glorious sight. I can give but a faint idea and an imperfect sketch of this scenery. When after sunset the almost overpowering fragrance of the opposite gardens penetrated our windows, when at night each leaf of this waving sea of dark green whispered to me: 'stranger remember us when far distant,' when thousands of brilliant insects of every hue and color traversed the air, still I missed the friendly twilight of my home." Georgetown is a hospitable city of 23,000 inhabitants. The author makes some very striking remarks about the emancipation of slaves, which took place not long before his arrival, the consequences of which were so evident at that time. He speaks of the cotton-plantations, the sugar-fields, giving a minute report of their production. The trial of using European laborers was a failure, the traveller found but a few of those Portuguese and Germans left who were brought over to Guiana some years before. Sickness, fevers of all kinds prevail at all seasons, and make sad havoc among foreigners. He was several times attacked himself by fever, and it seems as if no one could enjoy the beauties of such a bountiful nature without endangering his life. Most frightful is the yellow fever; it was raging at his second visit to Charlestown, and he found the city almost deserted. Those whom the sickness had spared had left for more healthy places; none of the lovely girls, of whom he speaks in the highest terms, were seen then. Not less dangerous is the so called dry cholic, which like all the other diseases, except cholera, causes death much sooner in that climate than in our own. All seem to

be cholera there. The interior of Guiana abounds in wild beasts, snakes, and venomous insects; our traveller himself experienced their attacks. The rivers abound in alligators of the length of 12 to 16 feet. An Indian one day shot a large one, and as it appeared to be dead, he drew it to the shore by the assistance of his companions. They were about to cut it up when suddenly it arose, and throwing aside the men, ran off at full speed. At another time, an Indian killed a young one with an arrow, but he had scarcely time to escape, the mother of the young alligator attacking the murderer of her dearest with such a sudden rage. Other alligators joined her with a deafening howl, and the smooth water became a roaring sea by the incessant striking of their tails. The snakes are much to be dreaded, as they are concealed under thickets of underbrush. We find excellent descriptions of "the rattlesnake," of "the trigonocephalus atrox," of "the bushmaster," of "the parrot-snake," (*cophias bilineatus*), and many others which he met. The aborigines possess many remedies against their bites, almost every village having its own. Among the insects the most frightful was the sand-flea, which enters the great toe right under the nail, laying its eggs there. At first a burning pain is felt, a blue spot appears, and a small bag of the size of a pea, contains hundreds of eggs. They can only be removed by a knife, and travellers, in order to avoid the consequences of their bite, must carefully examine their feet every morning. "The bête rouge" selects the softer parts of the body for its bites, producing corrosive ulcers. Mosquitos and ants are not less troublesome. Stung once by an ant, after a few hours the traveller fell down senseless; he was carried to an Indian hut, and was saved by the Indian after much suffering. The author relates a great deal of "the attacephalotes," a kind of ants, the habits of which are interesting in the highest degree. They form a well regulated state, each doing its own work for the advantage of the commonwealth. The reader follows all these descriptions and stories with the greatest interest; the riding up the banks of the Essequibo river, the dangers and hardships he met there are of such a kind that nobody will lay aside the book without confessing how much it has delighted him.

ERRATA IN OCTOBER NUMBER.

Page 363, in the foot note, insert in second line, 'mighty' before 'mine.' In fourth line insert 'homes and' before 'haunts.' Page 365, first column, line 9th, for 'appeared' read 'appears.' Same page and column, in the Traveller's Vision, first verse, second line, after the word 'outstretched,' read 'my.' (Bedouins is to be pronounced as a dissyllable, Bed-weens; it is sometimes spelt Bedaweens.) Second verse of same poem, second line, insert a comma after 'beneath.' Same page, second column, sixth line from foot, omit 'and.' Page 366, in poem 'Nebo,' second verse, fifth line, for 'in,' read 'on.' Same page, third verse, in first and fifth lines, for 'their,' read 'there.' Same page, fourth verse, first line, for 'Their,' read 'There.' Page 367, first column, seventh verse, third line, for 'tannin,' read 'tannan.' Same page, tenth verse, third line, for 'pastime,' read 'portion.' Same page, second column, last verse but two, first line, for 'were,' read 'once.' Page 368, first column, fourth line, for 'displays,' read 'display.' Same page, same column, fourth verse, second line, for 'sands,' read 'mists.' Same page, second column, fourth verse, last line, for 'in,' read 'on.' Same page, same column, fifth verse, third line, for 'southern,' read 'southward.' Page 369, second column, twenty-third and twenty-fifth lines, for 'breakest,' read 'brakest.' Page 371, second column, sixteenth line from foot, omit word 'political.' Page 372, first column, eighth line, for 'our,' read 'one.' Same page, second column, last verse but two, fourth line, after 'nine,' insert a comma.





Henry B. Hilliard.

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FOR DECEMBER, 1849.

LETTER TO THE HON. H. S. FOOTE, OF THE U. S. SENATE.

Preliminary Remarks.

THE following letter communicated for publication by a gentleman of Louisiana, presents the argument from precedents, for the power of Congress over the territories, in so able a manner, we have no hesitation in placing it before our readers for its own sake. We had, indeed, entertained a hope, that this distressing and absurd controversy had come to an end—that Mr. Calhoun and his followers had given up their position as an untenable one, which exposed them to contempt. It was, therefore, with feelings of the strongest indignation and sorrow—indignation at their audacity, and sorrow for the consequences which must fall upon the constituency of such a desperate faction,—that we learned from good authority that it is the intention of Mr. Calhoun to resist the admission of California as a State, with a restriction of slavery as a part of its organic law.

It is to be argued, that *after* the admission of California, she shall be at liberty to exclude slavery, (a right, indeed, not to be gainsayed,) but that the Senate must not suffer a constitution to pass under its seal which excludes slavery from a state. It is farther said, that a territorial people have no right to form a state government without the assent of Congress, and that they can pass no laws inconsistent with the "rights" of the slave-holding portion of the Union. That as the sovereignty belongs to *every* citizen, and must be exer-

cised by their representatives in Congress, therefore, the people of California have no more right to exclude slavery than Congress has.

That Mr. Calhoun will argue in this strain does not seem improbable, or that much more astonishing feats of logic should be performed by him. Our hope was, that the occasion would not arise, that a spirit of compromise and conciliation would by this time have arisen in the South, powerful enough to dash the projects, and check the mad career, of this assiduous Destroyer. The friends of the constitution must once more buckle on the armor of defence, and meet the enemy at his own weapons, the weapons of argument. If argument cannot save, argument will destroy the Union, for the mischief has been done hitherto, on earth, as it was in heaven, by argument.

A State, we are to be told, must not form itself upon the territory of the nation, until Congress has authorized it to do so. So great is the majesty and power of Congress, a body of free citizens numbering many thousands on a far removed tract of land, and mingled together with a much larger population of foreign adventurers, shall have no power to organize a government for themselves, in the absence of all other efficient government.

So poor, again, and feeble is the authority of Congress, it must not interfere

with the affairs of that people to regulate or control them; it must not, nay, cannot enact such laws as may be deemed salutary and necessary for their prosperity.

So powerful is any one citizen of the United States, he may, notwithstanding any enactment of Congress, move into the distant territory with his slaves.

So weak are a vast number of such citizens assembled together upon the soil of the distant territory, and making there a nation, they have not the power, unless permitted to do so by Congress, to exclude any citizen bringing slaves among them, no matter how injurious they may esteem it to be to themselves as a people.

Again: a people, the Texans, for ex-

ample, may revolt from the State of which they were members, and re-establish slavery as an organic and unchangeable part of their domestic constitution, and may then be admitted to the Union.

And,—a people, those of California, for example, have no liberty to establish for themselves a constitution which excludes slavery: or, if they do so, they cannot be admitted into the Union.

It is indeed to be hoped that no such absurd and disgraceful contradictions as these will be heard in the Senate chamber this winter; and yet, such is the madness of the faction, and such the confidence of their leaders, the event is greatly to be feared.

BATON ROUGE, July 4, 1849.

SIR:

The address of the Southern delegates in Congress is now before me—in speaking of which, you have thought fit to say: "Every statement of which is true beyond contradiction—every argument of which is irresistible cogency—every sentence and line of which are marked with high toned patriotism and devout regard for the Union."

Taking your opinion as conclusive evidence in support of the orthodoxy of the address—the address itself contains three premises which it is my present purpose to notice.

First. "Ours is a Federal Government, a Government in which, not individuals, but states, as distinct sovereign communities are constituents—to them as members of the Federal Union the territories belong, and they are hence declared to be territories belonging to the United States."

Second. The states then are the joint owners "of the territories," therefore the conclusion—that the Federal Government has no right to extend or restrict slavery "in the territories—no more than to establish or abolish it."

Third. "That with few exceptions of no great importance, the south had no cause to complain prior to the year 1819," of the manner the territories were ruled

and regulated by the Federal Government relative to the *extension or restriction* of slavery therein.

From these premises, an argument is deduced, that the Federal Government is *now*, without power and authority to impose any restrictions whatever on "individuals" who may be disposed to migrate with slave property into territories belonging to the United States as joint owners. The first premise, for the purpose of this argument will be assumed *as true*. But this concession necessarily carries with it an admission, that the words—"We the people of the United States," were inappropriately used in the preamble to the Constitution; therefore without a purpose or meaning, and Gen. Washington meant nothing when saying in his farewell address—

"The *unity* of Government which constitutes you *one* people is now dear to you."

Again, in admitting the Federal Government to be a compact between the thirteen original states, and the states to be established, as "distinct sovereign communities," and not a Government of the "people of the United States," and the states were to be the constituents of the Federal Government, and not "individuals," I must leave it for you to assign, by what authority the states invested the Federal

Government with power to interfere with or legislate respecting the personal rights of "individuals," either in the states or territories.

The address dared not assert, that all and every original inherent power over states' sovereignty did not abide exclusively with, and was derived from the *people*, and that states are anything more than creatures of their will; yet according to the address, the states had the power to stipulate what the Federal Government should or should not do respecting individual rights; otherwise the states representing themselves as "distinct sovereign communities" in the formation of the Federal Government, and not as representatives of the people, assumed to confer on the Federal Government a power over individuals which they, the states, could not respectively exercise.

If the states did not derive directly, and expressly from the people, power to form the Federal Government,—the "states as distinct sovereign communities," having the right so to do—and individuals, as well as the states, were *not* to be constituents of the Federal Government—why was it said that power which the Federal Government should not exercise, because not expressly conferred, and which the states could not respectively exercise, should be reserved to the "people?" How can the *people of the United States* exercise any of their collective rights, or powers, but through the Federal Government? A Government, of which they are not constituents!

If this was so, why was it expressed, that the Federal Government might or might not, as it pleased, impose a tax of ten dollars on such persons as the states might think fit to admit by migration or importation, as citizens or otherwise, until the year 1808; after that date, such persons to be subjected to the absolute will and control of the Federal Government?

On such an hypothesis the term "*people*" is without meaning in the Constitution, and the words "*We, the people of the United States,*" together with the ninth section of the first article of the Constitution should be stricken therefrom, unless it may be said that the Federal Government may legislate on the rights of individuals, provided the states respectively, and not in

Congress assembled, may think proper to give their consent.

Such conclusions, deduced from the premises assumed, and the cogent arguments advanced by the address, make the Constitution under the Federal Government nothing more than a political syllogism, to be stated thus:

The states, and not individuals, are the constituents of the Federal Government.

The Federal Government cannot affect the rights of individuals without the consent of the states: therefore, any act of Congress not ratified by the states respectively, cannot affect individual rights.

All this may be admitted, with a further concession, that the several states under the Constitution retain and possess a more distinct absolute sovereignty than they had under the confederation; and the interrogatory embraced in the second premise, "Has the Federal Government a right to '*extend or restrict*' slavery in the territories?" must be answered in the affirmative if the admission in the address be true—"That with a few exceptions the South had no cause to complain prior to the year 1819."

The exceptions are not stated, but the admission is an affirmation that the manner the Federal Government "*ruled and regulated*" the territories to the year 1819, was in conformity with the letter and spirit of the Constitution, and in accordance with the will and wishes of its constituents, the several states, as "distinct sovereign communities."

The territories belonging to the United States as joint owners, and as "distinct sovereign communities," are held by them, either in *perfect* or *imperfect* ownership. This question I will leave with you to determine, and I will cheerfully abide your decision.

If the territories are held by the states in *perfect* ownership, the Federal Government can declare they shall never be occupied; or the states can partition the territories among themselves in kind, and each state dispose of its own portion at its pleasure. If the territories are held by the states in *imperfect* ownership, hence for the use and benefit of the United States collectively, to be disposed of to the citizens of the several states, who may think fit to migrate thither and to be governed

by *rules* and *regulations* adopted by the Congress until they are ready to be admitted as sovereign states into the Union, then the question, "Has the Federal Government a right to *extend* or *restrict* slavery in the territories"—must be determined by the Constitution and the manner the Federal Government carried that compact into practical effect, with the assent of the states as the parties thereto. For I hold that if the Federal Government, from its organization in the year 1789 to the year 1819, governed the territories with *rules* and *regulations* to the satisfaction of the states as joint owners, the acts of the Federal Government, must, by an acknowledged legitimate *rule* of interpretation, be taken as a true exposition of that part of the Constitution, and full proof of the assent of the joint owners. Nay, this is *the fundamental rule*—*the fixed political principle*—*the political axiom*, and will thus remain, so long as the words—"Governments are established among men, deriving their just powers from the consent of the governed," are found in the Declaration of Independence, and are not expunged therefrom by the pen of the political experimenter or the sword of a tyrant or despot.

The Constitution went into practical operation without either North Carolina or Rhode Island being a member of the Union, with the provision, "that Congress shall have power to dispose of and make all needful rules and regulations respecting the territory and other property of the United States."

The eighth act passed by Congress was entitled, "An Act to provide for the Government of the territory north west of the river Ohio"—the preamble declaring that, "Whereas, in order that the ordinance of the United States in Congress assembled, for the government of the territory north west of the river Ohio, may continue to have full effect, it is requisite that certain provisions should be made, so as to adapt the same to the Constitution of the United States. The territory north west of the river Ohio, was ceded to the United States while existing under the confederation. On the 13th July, 1787, the confederated Congress passed the ordinance referred to in the preamble, as rules and regulations for the government of the territory, the

sixth article being founded on a resolution of Congress adopted 16th March, 1785, as a "*fundamental principle*," between the thirteen original states and the states to be formed out of the territory north west of the river Ohio, and out of any other territory to be ceded by individual states to the United States, that there shall be neither slavery nor involuntary servitude in any of the states, &c.

When on the 7th August, 1789, Congress, under the Constitution, adopted the ordinance of the 13th July, 1787, as a needful rule and regulation for the territory, with the slavery restrictive clause, it was then considered that the ordinance was in perfect union and harmony with the Constitution. It may not be out of place to note, that several members of the Congress of 1787, who voted for the ordinance of 13th July, were members of the convention that adopted and approved of the Constitution, and were members of Congress on 7th August, 1789, when the ordinance was so amended as to "adapt the same to the Constitution of the United States."

It may be borne in mind that the ordinance of the 13th July, 1787, was adopted by Congress as containing needful rules and regulations for the territory belonging to the United States, before the ratification by the states of the amendment of the Constitution which provided that "the powers not delegated to the United States by the Constitution, nor prohibited by it to the states, are reserved to the states respectively, or to the people;" therefore, unless some rule of interpretation—some fundamental principle be pointed out, whereby the ratification of the amendment necessarily abrogated the act of Congress of the 7th August, 1789, and the powers assumed, if not conferred in that act, were thereby restored to the states respectively, that *act* of Congress and the ordinance thereby adopted, must stand as clothed with the sanction of the Constitution; and the subsequent *acts* of Congress predicated on the assumption of conferred power, to regulate slavery in territories, must stand unaffected by the modern doctrine of "*reserved rights*."

North Carolina had a territorial jurisdiction extending from the Atlantic ocean to the river Mississippi. From the mo-

ment the Constitution went into operation without her consent, she was freed from every restriction placed on her sovereign power by the articles of confederation, and was not bound by any of the restrictions imposed by the Constitution—free to continue and maintain a separate sovereign independent position, or adopt the Constitution of the United States.

North Carolina adopted the Constitution, and if the argument of the *Address* be cogent, the principles of slavery and involuntary servitude recognized by the Constitution, like an aerial fluid, pervaded every part of the state, and Congress was without authority to impose any restriction whatever on the extension or restriction of slavery within the territorial limits of that state.

North Carolina thought otherwise, for the territory, now the State of Tennessee, was ceded to the United States, with the condition expressed, "that no regulation made or to be made by Congress shall tend to Emancipate Slaves." Without any express power delegated to the United States by the *Constitution* for that purpose, Congress accepts the territory ceded by North Carolina, and with the exception of the foregoing condition, places the territory under the rules and regulations of the ordinance of 15th July, 1787, drives out the aerial pervading fluid of the Constitution of the United States, abrogates the Constitution and laws of North Carolina, and thirty thousand people, residing in Tennessee in 1790, are disfranchised as citizens of the United States; they cease to be citizens of a sovereign State; and in one breath are reduced to be but inhabitants of a territory—to be subjected to such rules and regulations as Congress might deem needful.

Is it reasonable to suppose that North Carolina would have exacted from Congress the condition that *slavery* should not be abolished in Tennessee, then a territory, or that Congress would have stipulated that it should not be done, if both parties had not *known* that under the Constitution the Federal Government had the power? None but wise men impute folly to the law-maker. In fact at the very moment Congress determined and acted on the power to regulate slavery in *territories*, they declared, in disposing of the memo-

rial presented by the Quakers, that certain questions relative to slavery were delegated by the Constitution to Congress, but resolved "that Congress have no authority to interfere in the emancipation of slaves or the treatment of them within any of the states."

The last clause of Section second, fourth Article of the Constitution, provides :

"No person held to service or labor in one state under the laws thereof, escaping into another, shall, in consequence of any law or regulation therein, be discharged from such service or labor, but shall be delivered up on the claim of the party to whom such service or labor may be due."

This provision, strictly construed, would limit the question to persons held to service in one *state* escaping into another *state*; as nothing is expressed respecting persons escaping from a *state* into a *territory*, or from one territory into another. No power is delegated to Congress to provide for carrying this provision of the Constitution into effect; and it would seem, in the absence of an express grant of power elsewhere, that it would rest with the comity of the states as "distinct sovereign communities" respectively, and not in Congress assembled, to provide adequate laws for securing to individuals, rights guaranteed by this provision of the Constitution. But could the states respectively, and not in Congress assembled, pass laws for that *purpose* so as to reach the exigency, in either the states or territories? No one will say, one state can pass a law to take effect in another, contrary to the laws of that state! Or that any state law can be made to carry with it power to enforce obedience to its requirements in another state or territory! If each state in the Union should respectively pass exactly the same law, with a view of reaching persons escaping into a territory, how would the law be enforced? Congress holds a negative over all acts passed by a Territorial Legislature, therefore to Congress assembled belongs the exercise of the power.

On the 12th February, 1793, the Federal Government passed an act, embracing territories in the provision of the Constitution relative to slaves escaping from one state into another, conferring ample power on the owner of the slave, whether escaping into a state or territory,

to arrest and take him to the state or territory, where, by its laws, his service is due.

The south has never complained that in this instance the Federal Government exceeded its constitutional powers by interfering with the question of Slavery, either in states or territories. A resolution from a northern member of Congress, to repeal the law of 12th February, 1793, received from the south a spirited and merited rebuke; and an effort was made by southern men, to visit the sin of the mover of the resolution upon the political party to which he belonged.

The only provision of the Constitution that bears directly on the point at issue, is section nine, of the first article, in the following words:

"The migration or importation of such persons as any of the states now existing shall think proper to admit, shall not be prohibited by the Congress prior to the year one thousand eight hundred and eight."

The Kentucky and Virginia resolutions of 1798, which, in another connection will again be adverted to, defined the term, "*Migration of such persons as any of the states now existing shall think proper to admit*," to show the unconstitutionality of the act of Congress, passed 25th June, 1798, entitled, "an act concerning aliens." Thus this provision restrained Congress from passing any law prohibiting a state from admitting foreign white persons before the year 1808; hence the *act concerning aliens*, was a usurpation of power on the part of the Federal Government, therefore null and void. The arguments urged in support of the Kentucky and Virginia resolutions, which constitute the basis of the doctrine of state rights, admit that after the year 1808, Congress would, under the Constitution, possess the power to prohibit the "migration" of foreign white persons into any of the states of the union.

I cannot say that any member of Congress, who signed the Address, is ready to adopt the construction of the Kentucky and Virginia resolutions, and thereby admit that Congress possess the power to put a stop to the influx of foreigners on our shores.

To escape the construction placed on the term "migration," by those resolutions,

the conclusion is forced on us, that it does not and was not intended that it should have any meaning in the Constitution at all; or it had reference to the right of any of the thirteen original states—"states now existing," (in 1787) to admit, by *migration*, slaves from any state in the union, or by *importation* from foreign countries, until the year 1808.

It matters not which construction is the true one, as Congress had, under the Constitution, the power before as well as after the year 1808, to prohibit the "*migration*" of slaves from the *states* into the *territories*, and to prohibit the *importation* of slaves therein.

Nothing in the Constitution renders it obligatory on Congress at any time, either prior or after the year 1808, to pass prohibitory laws respecting the "migration or importation of such persons as any of the states now existing" (in 1787) "shall think proper to admit," any more than Congress was placed under an obligation, to pass and perpetuate "uniform laws on the subject of bankruptcies throughout the United States." But should Congress deem it expedient to exercise the power conferred, the thirteen states—"states now existing"—should be exempt from the provision of any such act until the year 1808: in the meantime leaving the citizens of the *states now existing* (in 1787) at liberty to receive by "*migration or importation*" such persons as they should think proper to admit. But this restriction or privilege did not extend to territories belonging to the United States. The rules and regulations which Congress had a right to "*make*," being qualified by the use of the word "*needful*," left Congress without restraint; and the use of the term, "*states now existing*," clearly points out that an exception was intended to the prohibition limited by the ninth section; and the actions of Congress relative to the "*extension and restriction*" of slavery in the territories, establishes with an unerring precision what was understood to be the true construction of the Constitution on this question.

Georgia, with a territorial jurisdiction extending to the river Mississippi, was among the first states that adopted the Constitution of the United States. According to the principles on which the Ad-

dress was founded, and the arguments adduced, which, it is said, "*have never yet, and will never be refuted,*" the Constitution of the United States, with the potent principles of involuntary servitude infused into its spirit, and unmistakable in the letter, like an ærial fluid pervaded the length and breadth of the state—every citizen therein was a citizen of the United States, and was entitled to all the rights and immunities conferred by the Constitution; therefore they were at full liberty to own slaves, import them from Africa, and migrate with them, and without any restrictions imposed, or which could be imposed by Congress, from the river Savannah to the Mississippi. This right the *citizens* of the State of Georgia enjoyed under the Constitution from its adoption, and had a right to enjoy, until the year 1808, in the *importation* of slaves.

Georgia cedes to the United States all that territory which now constitutes the state of Alabama and Mississippi. This country, by the cession, ceased to be an integral part of a sovereign state. Individuals residing therein, ceased to be citizens of a state, or of the United States, and became inhabitants of a territory belonging, not to a "distinct sovereign community," but to the United States.

On the 7th April, 1798, Congress passed an act for an amicable settlement of the limits of the state of Georgia, and authorizing the establishment of a government in the Mississippi territory." This act authorized a government to be established, "in all respects similar to that exercised in the territory north west of the river Ohio, excepting and excluding the last article of the ordinance made for the government thereof."

This act of Congress, first section, declares, "that from and after the establishment of the aforesaid government, it shall not be lawful for any person or persons to import, or bring into said Mississippi territory from any port or place *without* the limits of the United States, or to cause or procure to be so imported or brought, or knowingly to aid or assist, in so importing or bringing any slave or slaves; and that every person so offending and being thereof convicted, &c., &c., shall pay a fine of three hundred dollars; and that every slave so imported or brought shall there-

upon become entitled to, and receive, his or her freedom."

After the establishment of the territorial Government authorized by this act, what became of the potent principles of the Address? The ærial fluid, the life giving spirit of involuntary servitude—the right to import slaves—all swept away! Slavery, with the expressed consent of Congress, in a *restricted* form, is permitted to exist in the Mississippi territory—and with the consent of the state of Georgia, those persons who had enjoyed all the rights and immunities of citizens of the United States, were disfranchised, and reduced to be inhabitants of a territory. One day a man was permitted to import slaves, and retain them as property; the next day, in doing the same thing, he was liable to be fined three hundred dollars, and the slaves were entitled to their freedom.

The father in Georgia, was permitted to increase his stock of slaves by importation, which his son in Mississippi could not inherit and take home with him.

Was this act of "April 1798—" the act 12th February 1793, respecting persons escaping from the service of their master—the act 1790, accepting from North Carolina a cession of Tennessee, with the consent that slaves should not be emancipated therein by Congress—the action of Congress in disposing of the Quaker memorial at the same session—the act of Congress 7th August 1789, adopting the ordinance of 1787 and making it conform to the Constitution of the United States—were all passed in the absence of any delegated power in Congress to "*extend or restrict*" slavery in territories?

It may be said, all the acts cited were passed during the Federal administration of Washington and Adams, before the resolutions of Kentucky and Virginia rose as bright morning stars, and dispelled the gloom of political ignorance, and by the effulgence of their constitutional light, drove from the councils of the Union, men prone to build up usurpation in the Federal Government, as having *individuals* for constituents, and made way for Mr. Jefferson, and those who believed that the "states as distinct sovereign communities," were the constituents of the Federal Government.

The resolutions of Kentucky, and Virginia, and the voluminous report of Mr. Madison, on the latter, belong to political history. The motive that induced Mr. Jefferson to draft the Kentucky resolution, and prompt that of Virginia, is also a matter of history. The result was the election of Mr. Jefferson, President of the United States, and so far the resolutions "accomplished as an hireling their day." Whatever respect we may entertain for the character, and veneration for the fame of those men, who conceived the Kentucky and the Virginia resolutions, and executed them by casting *reproach* and obloquy on the administration of John Adams, a shadow over *his fame*, and a tarnish on his memory—how much soever, we may admit, that the reproach was merited, and the obloquy just, his fame justly shaded, and justly tarnished his memory, by Congress passing "an act, in addition to an act for the punishment of certain crimes against the United States," and "an act to prevent frauds committed on the bank of the United States"—which acts those resolutions denounced in no measured terms—the fact that those acts were revived by the administration of Mr. Jefferson, deprived *reproach* of its bitterness, and extracts from *obloquy* its sting, throws back the shade from off the fame of John Adams, wipes out the tarnish from his memory, and makes that *shadow* a resting-place for reproach, obloquy and denunciation—a covert for the Kentucky and the Virginia *resolutions*, the character, the fame, and the disingenuousness of their authors.

Whether any votary of these resolutions will at this day, adopt, and maintain, that "MIGRATION," referred to white persons seeking an asylum on our shores, which Congress could not prohibit, prior to the year 1808, and that *now* Congress possess the power to prohibit "migration" of white persons absolutely, I will not undertake to say. It is enough for the present purpose to know, that the several acts of Congress, herein cited, escaped the censure and animadversions of the Kentucky and Virginia resolutions. Assuming as I do for the present, that the Kentucky and Virginia resolutions, contain a true exposition of the letter and spirit of our social compact, and that all the violations of the letter and spirit

had been truly exposed, I am warranted in concluding that whatever was not condemned in the administration of John Adams was approved, so far as relates to the power of Congress to "extend or restrict" slavery in territories. This can be done without questioning the sincerity or impugning the motive of those resolutions. If anything was left doubtful by the administration of Washington and Adams, the administration of Mr. Jefferson, acting on the reserve rights of the "states, as distinct sovereign communities," determined in favor of the power being in the Federal Government to control the question of slavery in territories—if, in fact, it did not go a step further.

On the broad principles assumed by Mr. Calhoun in his arguments in the Senate of the United States, and on which the Address was founded, property recognized and guaranteed by the Constitution, will be secured to the owner and protected by the Constitution without the aid of municipal law. Property is the creature of *natural and municipal* law, and when a right to any kind of property is recognized by both, that right will be everywhere respected, without the sanction of the Constitution. But in the case of slavery, where *person* and property is found united in the same object—natural law respecting the person, and municipal law claiming the property—and the Constitution has to determine the paramount right, the Constitution, as an organic law, unaided by municipal law, is a dead letter.

The Constitution recognizes the existence of person and property under the sanction of municipal law, and this law must emanate from a sovereign *state*, recognizing the Union of person and property in the same object, or from a law of Congress over a territory where, by the Constitution, its acts are the paramount municipal laws. The Constitution no where, in express terms, recognizes the existence of slavery in territories, unless subject to such rules and regulations as Congress may deem needful. The right is derived, inferentially, from the principle that a man cannot be deprived of his property without his consent, expressed or implied, unless it comes in conflict with laws which are not bound to respect such property. The only provision of the Constitution which autho-

rized, or even required Congress to protect property in slaves, is where the municipal law had stamped the seal of property upon persons. Persons who had not been brought within the jurisdiction of state laws were not subject to their influence.

A citizen might employ his means in the traffic of slaves to be sold in any state admitting slavery, but was forbid to sell them in foreign countries. By act of Congress of 28th February 1803, slaves, which the Constitution was bound to recognize as property, if first landed in South Carolina, or any other state which admitted slavery, could not be permitted to land in a free state; and if smuggled on shore, the vessel was forfeited, and a fine of one thousand dollars imposed for each slave.

The Constitution recognized in the principle of slavery, a union of person and property;—as persons, they were to form in part the basis of representation in Congress; as property, their service was to be secured to their masters by municipal laws, and if they escaped beyond the influence of such laws, they were to be restored. In territories, the joint property of free and slave states, nothing was, nothing could have been inserted in the Constitution, rendering it obligatory any more on Congress to *extend or establish* than to *restrict or abolish* slavery therein—hence the question was left to be regulated by Congress. Such were the expressed views as entertained by the administration of General Washington, and John Adams—by the implied views of the Kentucky and Virginia resolutions, and the expressed views acted on by Mr. Jefferson, who owed his election to those resolutions.

On the 30th of August, 1803, France cedes to the United States, Louisiana, according to a modern discovery extending west to the Rio Grande, from the mouth of that river to its source, including all the state of New Mexico east of that river, and reaching from the gulf of Mexico to the Pacific Ocean. Throughout the length and breadth of this extensive territory, the principle of slavery and involuntary servitude existed, and the inhabitants were at liberty to import slaves from any part of the world; this territory was paid for by the common "*blood and treasure*" of the Union. The United States stipulated, "that the inhabitants of the ceded territory

should be incorporated in the Union of the United States, and admitted 'as soon as possible, according to the principles of the Federal Constitution, to the enjoyment of all the rights, advantages, and immunities of citizens of the United States.'"

If the argument of the Address be cogent, the principles of the Constitution, with its aerial pervading fluid, at once infused itself throughout this territory, and indelibly stamped therein the principles of involuntary servitude; and the citizens of the several states were left free to migrate with their slaves into Louisiana, and possess and use them as property; and Congress was without authority to impose on them any restriction whatever.

The Federal Government, with Mr. Jefferson as the chief Magistrate, with a Congress, influenced by the spirit of the Kentucky and Virginia resolutions, on the 26th of March, 1804, passed "an act erecting Louisiana into two territories, and providing for the temporary government thereof."

The territory of Orleans embraced all "that portion of country ceded by France to the United States under the name of Louisiana, which lies south of the Mississippi territory, and of an east and west line to commence on the Mississippi river at the thirty-third degree of north latitude; and to extend west to the western boundary of the said cession." The tenth section of the act is in the following words. "It shall not be lawful for any person or persons to import or bring into said territory from any port or place *without* the limits of the United States, or cause or procure to be so imported or brought, or knowingly to aid or assist in so importing or bringing any slave or slaves. And every person so offending and being thereof convicted before any court within said territory, having competent jurisdiction, shall forfeit and pay for each slave so imported or brought, the sum of three hundred dollars."

"It shall not be lawful for any person or persons to import or bring into said territory from any port or place *within* the limits of the United States, or to cause or procure to be so imported or brought, or knowingly to aid or assist in so importing or bringing any slave or slaves which shall have been imported since the first day of May, one thousand seven hundred and ninety-eight into any port or place within

the limits of the United States, or which may hereafter be so imported from any port or place without the limits of the United States," under a fine of three hundred dollars.

"And no slave or slaves shall directly or indirectly be introduced into said territory, except by a citizen of the United States removing into said territory for actual settlement, and being at the time of such removal, *bona fide*, owner of such slave or slaves; and every slave imported or brought into said territory contrary to the provisions of this act shall thereupon be entitled to, and receive his or her freedom."

Was this act constitutional or unconstitutional? An affirmative answer will be decisive of the question in favor of the power being in Congress.

First, this section prohibits the importation of slaves into Louisiana from *without* the limits of the United States, before the year 1808, because Louisiana was a territory, and not one of the thirteen original states—"States now existing" (in 1787), when the Constitution was formed.

Second, slaves were prohibited from being taken into Louisiana from *within* the limits of the United States, imported therein after the first day of May, 1798, because on that day a Government was organized for the Mississippi territory, and by act of 7th April 1798, importation of slaves into said territory was prohibited—and because Louisiana, not being one of the original thirteen states—"states now existing," Congress could prohibit "*migration*" of slaves therein at any time, and in any manner.

Third, slaves should not be introduced by any but actual settlers, and not for merchandise, because Congress had power to make all needful rules or regulation for the government of territories.

The question may be asked, if Congress under the Constitution possess such unlimited power over slavery in territories, why did not Congress *abolish* slavery in Louisiana? Because by the treaty, Congress was under an obligation to "*maintain and protect*" the inhabitants "*in the free enjoyment of their liberty and property.*"

If it be said this act was unconstitutional, it will go to prove that the advocates of state rights are no more vigilant in protecting the Constitution than those who

professed to represent "the people of the United States."

If it be said that the Constitution secured, without any action of Congress, everything *needful* in the premises, why was Congress authorized by the Constitution to "*Make all needful rules and regulations respecting territories?*"—As well might it be said that there exists in the United States uniform laws on the subject of bankruptcies, because the Constitution provides that "The Congress shall have power to establish uniform laws on the subject of bankruptcies throughout the United States."

There is one argument, not advanced in the Address, but deducible therefrom, which I will not undertake to answer; because it cannot be *answered*, to the conviction of him who urges it. It is this, that the politicians at this day understand *better* the meaning of the language used by the framers of the Constitution, and what were the powers intended to be conferred on the Federal Government, than those men did who used the language, and conferred the power.

If you know of any Latin maxim, that can express my admiration for our cotemporaries, please proclaim it aloud!! so the world may hear it.

This act of 27th April, 1804, originated in the Senate; how it passed that body I cannot say, not having the Senate Journal; but the House Journal is before me, and not a whisper of complaint was heard from a single voice against the 10th section of this bill. Objections were urged against other portions of the bill, and it passed the House by 66 yeas against 21 nays; not a vote from either of the states of Georgia, North Carolina, or South Carolina, being recorded against it.

Thus it may be seen, that by the unanimous consent of all the states in the union—influenced by the principle that "*ours is a Federal Government—a Government in which, not individuals, but states, as distinct sovereign communities are the constituents*"—in Congress assembled, (the only mode pointed out by the Constitution by which their wishes could be made known,) and without a murmur of complaint against the act, heard from any where, or at any time, to this day—Congress, in the year 1804, so understood the

Constitution, and the powers delegated by it to the Federal Government;—that although a *citizen* of Georgia or any other state might remain therein with his slaves, and continue to increase his stock from foreign countries, by importation, until the year 1808, and might migrate with them from one state to another, and retain such slaves as his property, or sell them as merchandize; yet, if he removed into Louisiana, (territory of Orleans,) and took with him slaves imported into Georgia or any other state, after the first day of May, 1798, or carried slaves into said territory for sale, no matter when or where born, or when imported into any of the states, or attempted to import slaves into said territory from any port or place *without* the limits of the United States, all such slaves became entitled to their freedom, and every person concerned in so doing, was liable to a fine of three hundred dollars.

In view of this act of Congress, one of three conclusions must be forced, as a conviction of truth, on the people of the south. First—that the authors of the Address knew nothing of the existence of this act:

Second—they knew the act was constitutional *per se*: or,

Third—that the act was purposely kept out of view by the Address, knowing that the act was passed by a Congress having “*not individuals but states as distinct sovereign communities their constituents,*” with an unanimity that made it the act of the states respectively, and entitled it to all the force of an organic law.

No one will deny to Congress the power to repeal the several acts of the Federal Government, prohibiting the importation of slaves into the United States from foreign countries, and re-establish the slave trade.

The act of 2d March, 1807, authorized by the 9th section of the first article of the Constitution prohibiting the importation of slaves after the first January, 1808, was not *absolutely* prohibitory, for the slaves imported were forfeited to the United States, and ordered to be sold as slaves: while by this act, which Congress had an unquestionable constitutional right to pass, an attempt was made on one hand to “restrict” slavery, on the other, slavery was “extended,” by the sale of all Africans declared to be forfeited. Thus it was with

the five hundred slaves found on board the Brig Josephus Seconda, which were sold in New Orleans in the year 1818.

The act of 20th April, 1818, changed and modified the act of 2d March, 1807; and left it for the state or territory where the vessel on board of which slaves might be found should first touch, to provide by adequate laws, whether persons found on board, and who were intended to be held as slaves, should be so held and sold into bondage, or receive their freedom.

By this act slavery would be “*extended and established, restricted and abolished,*” as the vessel might, by either force or accident, touch on the west or east side of a river.

If the Federal Government, having for its constituents, “not individuals, but distinct sovereign communities” could doom an “individual,” who, by the laws of nature and the place of his birth, was entitled to be free, to perpetual bondage, because force or accident cast his fate on *this* instead of *that* side of a river; it is competent for Congress to say that that bondage *should* or *should not* be established and fixed in territories—the joint property of their constituents.

It was by an act of Congress 2d of March, 1819, that the laws of the states and territories, which the act 20th April, 1818, authorized to be passed, were repealed; and all negroes, mulattoes, and persons of color, brought from foreign countries into the United States to be held as slaves, were prohibited from being sold, and ordered to be sent back to Africa.

I deem it useless to say any thing about the Missouri compromise of 1819–20. No *principle* was involved in that heated controversy—it was a wrangle about abstraction. The *principle* as to the right of Congress to regulate slavery in the territory ceded by France to the United States, was determined by the act 24th March, 1804—determined in the manner already stated, so far as related to that part of the cession embraced by the limits of the territory of Orleans. The residue of the cession, including Missouri, was placed under the government of the Governor and Judges of the territory of Indiana, who were invested with the power “*to make all laws which they may deem conducive to the good government of the inhabitants there-*

of." They were not prohibited from abolishing slavery in that territory; and when it is considered that Indiana, which was under the government of the *Law-makers* for Missouri, was free territory, slavery having been abolished therein—it would not have been a stretch of power in them if slavery had been abolished in Missouri.

I hold, that if Congress possess the power to prevent slaves which were brought into the United States after first May, 1798, and in the states the property of their citizens, from being taken by such citizens into Louisiana; and had a right to declare all such slaves to be free; or a right to prevent citizens of the states from taking slave property into Louisiana and there dispose of it as they might think proper, Congress possessed the power to say, that slaves, whether born in Africa or in the United States—whether held for servitude to their masters, or for sale as merchandize, should not be taken to Louisiana at all. For in the person of such slaves as were declared to be entitled to their freedom, slavery was not only restricted, but absolutely abolished, in Louisiana—their masters divested of their property without compensation, and subjected to a fine of three hundred dollars.

Mr. Jefferson saw, or thought he saw, that the spirits which excited and fermented the Missouri question, were engendering an element of strife to be thrown into the political atmosphere at future Presidential elections. The question of voluntary or involuntary servitude, traced by a geographical line, and not on *principle*, was to take place of patriotism; and no fitness in an individual for the *Presidency*, as a lover of the *whole* union would be required. Looking into the future, a cloud, potent with the "blackness of despair," dimmed his philosophic mind—chilled his patriotic spirit; and the thoughts of disunion alarmed his soul, as the sound of a "*fire-bell by night*." To say Mr. Jefferson was, at that time, opposed to the restriction of involuntary servitude by the Federal Government in the territories, would be contradicting every previous expressed opinion of his life, charging him with *duplicity* in approving the bill restricting slavery in the territory of Orleans, and placing the residue of the country ceded by France, under the government

of the Governor and Judges of the Indiana territory, invested with plenary powers to abolish slavery if they should think fit so to do, and would be contrary to Mr. Jefferson's subsequent opinion, that a liberal construction of the Constitution would apply the proceeds of the public lands to effect a gradual emancipation of slaves, and that, "nothing is more certainly written in the book of fate than that these people are to be free."

If Congress had any right over the question of slavery in Tennessee ceded by North Carolina—a right to say, slaves which might be held as *things* and property in Georgia, should not be *things* and property, but *persons free*, in the Mississippi territory ceded by Georgia to the United States—a right to say, that slaves brought into the United States after the first day of May, 1798, although recognized as property legally vested in the citizens of the several states, *should be free*, if taken into Louisiana—it is hard to find in the Address a cogent reason against a similar right being exercised by the Federal Government in New Mexico and California.

I hold, in view of the Constitution and the several acts of Congress cited, and against which the Address does not complain—instances where and when the principles now involved and controverted, were solemnly determined by the "*states as distinct sovereign communities*," and in the highest and only mode by which their sovereign *will* and *wishes* could be made known, and in the only language by which their *WILL* and *WISHES* could be expressed—that the UNITED STATES IN CONGRESS ASSEMBLED, possessed a constitutional power to "*extend or restrict*" slavery in territories of which the states were joint owners.

The Federal Government possesses ample powers to permit and protect, by adequate laws, slavery in the territories of the United States. And on the other hand, the Federal Government possesses ample powers to prohibit slaves from being taken into the territories.

The Federal Government possesses absolute power over the subject matter. How it *should* be exercised, the spirit of concession and compromise by which the Constitution was formed clearly indicates. How the power will be exercised, depends, whether Congress will be influenced by a

love for the peace of the Union, or an inordinate ambition.

If the "migration or importation," of slaves can in any manner or at any time be prohibited by Congress, reason and the fitness of things should, at all times, regulate the exercise of the power. It should be exercised to "insure domestic tranquility," and not to determine an abstract principle. The code of national honor and a nation's interest may prompt a nation to war with nation; but among members of a great political family it should unite them in a common intent; and they who give will be more blessed than they who receive.

I have, my dear sir, conceded, for the sake of this argument, the premise assumed in the *Address*, that "ours is a Federal Government in which not individuals but states, as distinct sovereign communities, are the constituents." The concession is made because it might be deemed temerity to deny that the authors of the *Address* were not more wise than their fathers were.

The question—"Has the Federal Government a right to extend or restrict slavery in the territories?"—to which the *Address* has given the emphatic answer no, will be submitted to the consideration of the American people, with the Constitution, and the acts of the Federal Government prior to the year 1819, to form their own answer.

With the criminations and recriminations, which men in high places make against each other, the American people should take no interest other than to believe that whatever they may say *against* each other is *strictly true*. Inordinate and an unhallowed ambition has brought our once happy, and always beloved Union, to the verge of a precipice, with *alarm* of disunion ringing in our ears, the facts for disunion staring us in the face. Voices from north to south are sounding throughout the land, calling on the people in tones of thunder, and with *wrath*, to *mark* the men who did it!! while the really guilty are arrayed in gladiatorial attitude, with seared *eyes* and ghastly countenances, as if the ghost of Banquo or a traitor was before them, menacing each other in heated defiance, and each to the other saying—

"Thou canst not say I did it: never shake
"Thy gory locks at me!!!"

If there was a man in the United States that did not know that the plan for the annexation of Texas was gotten up for the sole and express purpose to obtain a right of way for the conquest of a portion of the Mexican territory, which Mexico was not willing to sell; it was because he *could* not, or was *unwilling* "to discern the signs of the times." If the line of boundary had been fixed at 21° 30", so as to include Tampico, on the gulf of Mexico, and Mazatlan, on the Pacific Ocean, the execution of the plan would have filled the original design.

The unanimity of spirit in which the *plan* was conceived and designed, ought not to be disturbed, by a failure of the *execution* in part. A horde of brigands descending from a mountain fastness, and capturing an eastern caravan, could not, in dividing the spoils, set a more un-"illustrious" example among master spirits.

The annexation of Texas was conceived, designed and determined to effect the purpose, and bring about the present state of things. The consequences were foreseen and forewarned by men who had the true interest of the country and unaffected love for the Union at heart. How those warning voices were heard and heeded, the *Address* clearly shows by holding up to us New Mexico and California as apples of discord. Perhaps if Mazatlan had been included in the cession of territory by Mexico, the Union would have been saved from the present wrangle; for it was as well known in the year 1844, as in 1849, that San Francisco was situated north of thirty-six—thirty.

How a northern man, who could see in the constitution a clear and indisputable power, conferring on the Federal Government a right to annex Texas, adding thereby twenty-two thousand slaves to our black population, and so far increasing slave representation in the council of the union, and who perceives a clear and indisputable right to annex the Island of Cuba, with a half million of slaves; and at the same time can see in the constitution a clear and indisputable *negative*, inhibiting Congress from extending slavery in the territories, or in any manner legislating for the people in territories;—or how any southern man who looks into the constitution, and sees how the parties thereto, claimed and exer-

cised the right to rule and regulate slavery, in territories—in Tennessee, Mississippi, Louisiana, during the purest administration of the Government—and could find a power to annex Texas, a foreign, independent, sovereign state, excluding therefrom slavery north of $36^{\circ} 30''$, and guarantee in advance slavery in new States, to be created south of that line, and can at the same time see in the constitution a clear and indisputable *NEGATIVE*, prohibiting Congress from extending or restricting slavery in New Mexico, and California, is solvable *only* by the *fact* that they look through glasses that concentrate rays of political light to the point of their own, and not to their country's "*divine destiny*."

"We will shoot at folly as it flies."

Again; how statesmen can at this day deny to Congress the right, in any manner, unless demanded by imperious necessity, to legislate respecting individual rights in the territories, or interfere with territorial legislation, with the facts standing on the statute book, that Congress never doubted the right to negative acts of territorial legislatures, and to govern the territories by "*all needful rules and regulations*,"—modern statesmen can only answer by imputing folly to their fathers and claiming to be more wise than they were. Once more—how southern men, who sound the alarm that our institutions are in danger, from an increasing hostile opposition to them from the people in the free northern states of the Union, and at the same time believe that both the Union and those institutions would be rendered safe, by annexing the Canadas, I will leave for others to solve. It must result from a latent fact that heaven has granted to them a peep into the future, by an elevation above their fellows, in a region of light that dims the vision of the millions who, at some not far distant day, may be called on to cater for a northern or southern Cataline.

In the annexation of Texas, in which men from the north and south were found united in head and heart, slavery was *established* and *extended*, *restricted* and *abolished*. Extended and established between the Neuces and Rio Grande, south of thirty-six—thirty, over a country that the face of an Anglo-Saxon never looked upon unless he saw it from the mountain's height, or passed it in an adventurous chase after a fortune. A right of possession or do-

minion he never had. Establishing slavery among fifty thousand free men, who by their own laws had abolished it. With the express consent of the south, slavery was abolished north of $36^{\circ} 30'$, and no reason can be urged, on the *principle* that annexed Texas, why that line should not extend to the Pacific ocean, as a demarcation for the extension and restriction of slavery. The north cannot, with a show of justice, or with any pretension of love for the peace and tranquillity of the Union, refuse to the people of the south a right to migrate with their slaves into New Mexico and California south of $36^{\circ} 30'$, and whilst under a territorial government, protect them by adequate laws. Neither should the south, because San Francisco is north of $36^{\circ} 30'$, and Mazatlan is not ours, be willing to rend the Union into fragments to establish an abstract principle—of more recent discovery than the magnetic telegraph—that *voluntary* and *involuntary* servitude, is an aerial fluid; and if it be not controlled, and determined by laws of a sovereign state, on the principle of abstraction, the Constitution of the United States determines, without the aid of legislative action, that involuntary servitude is the fixed subtil principle which can negative an expressed act of Congress, either extending or restraining its influence.

That the United States will eventually extend to the Isthmus of Panama, absorbing the whole of Mexico, among the knowing ones is no longer a disputed question. That which was *treason* in Aaron Burr is the destiny, the fixed policy of the nation.

We have consulted a DELPHIC ORACLE.

The equivocal answer loudly given—"The ANGLO-SAXON shall give *laws* to North America"!!! has made our Eagle mad. We have forgotten the more certain oracles, "Amity with all nations, entangling alliances with none." "Democracy and love of country end, where the spirit for conquest begins."

We are pursuing a wayward course, heedless of the Delphic's low muttering whisper:—"The blood of the ANGLO-SAXON flows through veins under the ægis of the lion; and ere we are aware of it, our onward tread may arouse the lion from his lair. The Russian bear may be whetting his tooth for the strife; and the hyena's morbid appetite scenting the prey."

The Address is an appeal to the people of the south, warning them against dangers seen and unseen; directing the public attention to a source whence danger is least apt to flow. Being a Virginian by birth, my ancestors breathing Virginia's republican air from the first landing at Jamestown—their blood purified by its influence until it flowed in my veins, entitles me to the claims of a southern man. Nor has a residence of thirty years in Louisiana tended in anywise to weaken that claim; therefore, I can possess no other than southern feelings, appreciate none other as being paramount to southern interests. As dear as I value our southern rights, they are far less valuable than our glorious Union; the Union such as it was, such as it ought *now* to be, and such as I *hope* to see it when misrule shall give place for a true appreciation of civil liberty, and a love for *own* country. I will at all times be found ready and willing to defend our southern rights against the invasion of either a domestic or foreign foe, if in doing so I can be protected under the ægis of the Constitution.

The south must be kept in the right; the Address assigns to her a wrong position—a position which disarms the south of the moral influence and suasion secured in the Constitution, and by the compromise on which it was based.

Concede to Congress the power, and consequent responsibility of adjusting this loathsome question, and the task will be undertaken by men sound in judgment and discreet in action, with an eye single to the end proposed. But so long as the power is denied to be in Congress, so long will men be sent there for the avowed purpose of disputing the exercise of any such right; and nothing can or will be done.

Whether it ought so to be or not, it is nevertheless true, that national principles are controlled by a nation's caprice or interest. And it is the interest of every *individual* in the Union that this vexed question should be adjusted on points of interest exclusively, rather than bring on disunion on abstract principles. I ask your pardon, sir; I perceive that in this paragraph, I unintentionally have given to individuals a supposed interest in the adjustment of this question; while the Address denies "individuals" to be constituents of

the Federal Government. I fell into this error, which I had rather apologise for than correct, by inadvertently considering that the address was from members of Congress to "individuals"—their constituents; when in fact, according to the Address, "States as distinct sovereign communities," are their constituents; and to states and not to "individuals," the Address was intended. Forgive the inadvertence, and admit the power to be in the Federal Government, where those who framed that Government thought it to be undoubtedly fixed; and although at this time the Federal Government, unfortunately, is under the control of individuals, let Congress, composed of such individuals, secure by adequate laws, to themselves such property as they may wish to take into the territories, while they remain under territorial governments; and their personal interest will secure the rest.

"Let the Government take care of itself."

Why do the southern delegates in Congress interest themselves about the interest of "individuals," when that right is denied to the Congress assembled? Why an appeal to the people of the south, when they are not the constituents?—"individuals" having nothing to do with the Federal Government?

Pardon the episode! Let Congress partition new Mexico and California among the several states in proportion to the BLOOD and TREASURE expended by each, and let each "*state as a distinct sovereign community*," provide a government for its own portion, and THE PEOPLE WILL TAKE CARE OF THEMSELVES.

—

TO THE PEOPLE OF THE UNITED STATES.

Servitude, either voluntary or involuntary, has always existed, in all time and in all places. Whether the man who labors voluntarily, or the man who labors involuntarily for his daily bread, can be rendered the most happy, while he is doomed by necessity to labor, the casuist and the Address leave us uninformed, and we never will know, so long as cupidity or penury is the task-master.

WE, THE PEOPLE OF THE UNITED

STATES—we, for whose benefit this Government was formed and adopted: the UNITY of which *constitutes* us ONE PEOPLE,—must beware of wolves that come to us in sheeps' clothing. We must remember that “eternal vigilance is the price of liberty,”—that our greatest enemies are those of our own household—that no servitude is as abject as that which vigilance for our safety imposes—no liberty so worthless as that under the guidance of misrule. Necessity impels to voluntary labor; whether cupidity will prefer voluntary or involuntary servitude, will always depend on a calculation of dollars and cents. No man will invest his means to secure involuntary servitude, if voluntary can be obtained at a cheaper rate; hence no man will migrate with his slaves where their labor would be less valuable than free labor. Slavery

was abolished in Massachusetts from interest, and not from principle; and it is really the interest of the north, that involuntary servitude should continue to exist at the south. It is in the power of the south, having the evidence in her possession, to convince the north that such is the truth. Let this be done, in a spirit of fraternal regard, and every man, whether he resides at the north or in the south—whether he is doomed to voluntary or involuntary servitude—whether the blood of the Anglo-Saxon, the Mauritanian, or the African flows through his veins, will be able to say, THE UNITY OF GOVERNMENT WHICH CONSTITUTES US ONE PEOPLE, IS NOW DEAR TO US.

With great respect,
I am your fellow-citizen,
J. M. ELAM.

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ANDERPORT RECORDS.—NO. 1.

REGINALD, SON OF ANTHONY.

(Concluded.)

CHAPTER IV.

It was difficult to say whether Laurence or Matilda was most to be pitied. Yet woman must ever have the advantage in bearing grief, be its nature what it may. She is less selfish than man; and though, by the allotment of Providence, she doubtless receives more than an equal share of the sum of human suffering, disinterestedness does not lose its reward. The daughter will watch with sleepless anxiety over the declining strength of a parent. As she notes the hourly sinking pulse, she feels the blood in her own veins flow more languidly. As the aged frame totters and is bowed down she lends the support of her own blooming youth; and if the staff furnished by filial piety can only soften the fall instead of upholding, if it bend and sink and suffer beneath its self-assumed burden, the heart looks on, distressed indeed, yet pining for no relief. The wife takes to herself, as her privileged portion, every care which racks the mind of her husband, every disappointment which plunges him in despondency. Does disease bear away his boasted strength and leave him helpless, the devoted partner robs herself of that passive energy which is her peculiar possession, and cheerfully supplies his want at her own expense. A mother's bosom, more expansive still, finds itself capacious enough to contain the distresses not of one additional being only, but of many. Her children and her children's children partake of a fount of precious sympathy which seems exhaustless.

Yet the grief which is felt on another's account is not the grief that slays—such is Heaven's bounty on the heavenly duty, charity—and the very organization which makes woman devoted to alleviating the pains of others, gives her comparative immunity from the anguish of personal sor-

row. Thus Matilda Chesley, though her strongest affections were so rudely blighted, did not immediately droop and wither by the stroke. There was, perhaps, an unnatural calmness in her demeanor, yet it was not accompanied with the dangerous wasting of settled melancholy. She discharged her household duties with unflinching fidelity, and testified as warm and active an interest as ever in the welfare and happiness of those around her.

With Seymour the case was different. Patience was a word whose import he did not understand. He could struggle with manly vigor, to avert an impending calamity, but the moment which revealed the irrevocable fate, instead of bringing rest, only goaded him to efforts which were the more violent that he knew them to be fruitless.

Matilda was fortunate in another respect. She had a friend and confidant to turn to—one of her own sex and age. Emily Marshall heard her story with undisguised horror. She expressed the most fervent detestation of the being who could take pleasure in leaving behind him a legacy of torment for two innocent hearts. All the records of crime she declared could not furnish a parallel to such wanton malignity.

Notwithstanding the intensity of Matilda's suffering, she could not join in this undistinguishing blame of Reginald Ander. It is possible—for she was a woman—that she could not altogether hate one who had been actuated, even in his most indefensible and cruel actions, by love for her. The very extravagance and inhumanity of his jealousy testified to the sincerity of his passion. There was another reflection which the ingenuous girl would have been less unwilling to own—the generous relief which he had furnished to her father's urgent necessities. She had not the

heart, indeed, to speak in defence of Reginald, yet she listened to the reproaches which were heaped upon his memory without joining in them.

After Emily Marshall had, in this way, given vent to the first thoughts excited by the contemplation of Ander's conduct, her active brain next bestirred itself to find some way to extricate her friend from the toils in which a skill that seemed demoniac had so fearfully entangled her. She was not long at a loss.

"I have it—I have it," she said; "there is not room for a single doubt."

The excitable young lady did not stop to meditate upon her conclusion, but, calling for her horse, was presently on her way to Mr. Chesley's. Matilda, notwithstanding her acquaintance with Emily's temperament, was somewhat surprised at an animation which appeared to denote so little regard for the state of her own feelings. She was soon relieved from her astonishment.

"Matilda!—I've just thought of it, and have come immediately to tell you. How foolish you and Seymour, and we all have been. This Reginald Ander must have been deranged—no sane man could possibly have acted as he did. Hence—(don't you seize the inference at once?)—it is plain that Seymour is not bound by any engagement made to him."

"How can you prove him to have been insane?" said Matilda, with a mournful smile.

"Prove?" echoed Miss Marshall, "why his conduct shows it—think of his wickedness—his unfeeling, atrocious cruelty—"

"All this certainly tends to show a bad heart," replied Matilda; but I fear it is very consistent with a sound head. Your theory would people the lunatic asylums, but it would rob the jail and the penitentiary."

"Would it?" said Emily, with a disconcerted air. "Still I can establish my point. If there is anything that incontestibly distinguishes the absence of reason, it surely is labor without a purpose. Now, what purpose could Ander possibly have had in view? In what way can he be benefited by keeping asunder you and Seymour?"

"Ah, my dear Emily," said Miss Chesley, "you make sad work at an argument.

How many persons whose sanity is never called in question, strive to attain ends which cannot benefit them? Believe me that if you take the clear perception of an object, and the resolute, unwavering, systematic prosecution of all the means leading to it for a sign of rationality, then never was there human being more certainly rational than Reginald. More successful than most others, he has reached his aim: even death, which is thought to sever the best laid schemes, has not prevented the accomplishment of this man's purpose."

"Well, if that be true," rejoined Emily, "if he was not a madman he must have been a monster. On no supposition can you be bound. Look upon the matter, Matilda, as if you were not concerned in it, and judge whether it can be right and pleasing to Heaven that the happiness of two living human beings should be utterly destroyed because a man, now in his coffin, entertained during his life time the wish that it should be so. It cannot be that the beneficent Ruler of the universe would bestow such a privilege upon tyranny. Suppose that I were in your place expecting to drag out all my remaining days in sorrow and disappointment—would you not believe it in your power to disenchant me from the invisible spell and set me free in the world—free to confer happiness and to receive it? How fantastic, then, would seem to you the scruples which should restrain me, a voluntary captive, in my horrible bondage!"

"Yet," answered Matilda, with an effort at cheerfulness, "what is there so very horrible in the present situation of affairs? Are you the one to affirm that life offers not a prospect of contentment to a bachelor nor a maiden? I am sure there are many gallant young gentlemen who would receive great encouragement to hear such a confession from the charming Miss Marshall."

Emily was half inclined to pout.

"I see plainly enough," she said, "that I am wasting my pains—if you don't love Laurence, and are so glad to get rid of him, why I have nothing more to say. Let me tell him this and I am confident that, if he has the least remnant of spirit in him, he will be ready to dry up his own tears very quickly, and probably to find a mistress who takes somewhat less pleasure in the distress of her lovers."

"You are unkind," said Matilda, "most unkind to upbraid me thus. Certainly, if there ever was woman ingenuous in the acknowledgment of her affection, I have been—indeed I fear I have spoken only too frankly and unreservedly to Laurence Seymour. Did you but know, Emily, how much my love for him has cost me heretofore and does cost me now, you would rather comfort and console than chide. Tell Laurence what you please, however, if by so doing you can make existence more tolerable to him. Perhaps it would be better that he should think ill of me—I must be to him as one dead: let me, then, appear unworthy of so much as a remembrance or a tear."

Emily answered eagerly, "I mean, indeed, to see Seymour, but not for the purpose of saying anything like this be assured. I will see him, because it is he who made the engagement, if there be one. He is the person to be argued with and persuaded, not you. If Laurence can make it consistent with duty to throw himself at your feet and beg you to become Mrs. Seymour, I am sure no discreet friend will be wanted to convince you of the propriety of saying yes. So good morning to you—I trust that my next visit will bring pleasanter weather."

"What!" said Matilda, "in such haste! Do you design to seek him immediately?"

"Not so," replied Miss Marshall; "but I want time to think over what I must say. You have taunted me with being a poor logician, and I must not lay myself open to the charge a second time. Trust me, I shall be able, in the course of a few days, to get my ideas all arranged in most admirable order. See what a profound and satisfactory casuist I shall become. Pa has Taylor's Doctor Dubitantium, and I mean to study it all through—though I am inclined to suspect that it is not half so entertaining as his sermons—especially those on the Marriage Ring, sweetest Matilda."

Off she darted at the word, leaving her friend somewhat encouraged, in spite of sober reason, by her vivacity and contagious good spirits.

It was more than a week before she had the opportunity which she desired of meeting Seymour. Whether the interval was entirely occupied in the laborious preparation which she proposed to herself, may be

doubted, yet she entered upon her task with a firm conviction, at least, of the goodness of her cause, if not with entire confidence in the reasons which she had collected to support it.

Miss Marshall was, by instinct, enough of a rhetorician to know that the way to make the most of one's materials is first to arouse the feelings, and when they have, in some degree, dimmed the vision, to seize the chance and urge forward whatever solid arguments there may be in reserve. So she commenced her attack in something like this fashion:

"Poor dear Matilda is in a wretched way."

Seymour started.

"Yes," continued Miss Marshall, "you cannot conceive how she suffers—indeed it's a wonder how she survived the shock."

"What shock?" said Seymour.

"How can you ask? Do you not know that she has been loving you with all her heart? If I thought it was a secret in her keeping, Mr. Seymour, depend upon it I should not betray it. She has told me everything. I know how she almost died when she believed that duty to her father required her to marry Reginald Ander; I know how she was restored to health with a suddenness, like the work of a miracle, when Ander gave her a full unconditional release; and, finally, I know how she is now every moment sinking since you have left her."

"Good Heavens!" groaned Seymour, whilst the convulsive movement of his features showed what a tumult of passion raged within.

"I pity you with all my heart," thought the lady, "but the medicine, though bitter, will do you good." Then she went on to say—

"Matilda is now, alas, more wretched than ever she was in the gloomiest day last fall. Indeed it is wonderful, Mr. Seymour, that life and reason have endured such a blow as you inflicted."

"A blow that I have given!" ejaculated Laurence; "you mean the felon stroke of that accursed Ander."

"No, sir," said Emily, "I refer to *your* cruelty."

"Miss Marshall, explain yourself. What have I done? I would die to save her a single moment's pang."

"If you had a heart made of the same stuff as a woman's, Mr. Seymour, it would need no reminder. Did you not come to the poor girl without letting her dream that any obstacle stood in the way of your union with her? Did you not declare your attachment plainly and unequivocally? Did you not tempt her into a confession of her own in return? And did you not, after all this, say to her that what you had uttered was a mockery—that your actions were a mockery—that the very glance of love which you had bent upon her was a mockery? Did you not extend the cup of life and happiness to a famished and dying one, and the instant that her lips were about to press the brim, did you not dash it into fragments upon the ground? Throw cold water upon the heated rock, and you rend it—think you that a woman's heart is harder than granite to endure unharmed a revulsion, to which the change from fire to ice bears no comparison?"

"But what could I do?" cried Seymour, "what could I possibly do. She wrote to me—ought I to have refused to obey the summons?"

"I do not say it," responded Emily.

"And, after I was once in her presence, could I help pouring forth my assurance that her condescending and most noble advances were not misunderstood nor undervalued?"

"You would not have been a gentleman to have withheld such an acknowledgment," said Emily, approvingly.

"When my tongue had said so much, was it in man to be able to restrain it from uttering more—from declaring the ardor of my pent up passion?"

"I have nothing to blame in that, either," observed Emily.

"What was there wrong, then?" said Seymour, impetuously. "Could I, when that wretched hag brought me the letter, when I saw Reginald Ander's own handwriting, when I read the words which withered every muscle, which drove the marrow from my bones—could I then persist at the moment when all power to move was stricken from me? What should I have done?"

"I'll tell you, sir," said Emily; "you had gone too far to retreat, you had voluntarily connected the existence of another

being with your own. After what had been said by you, and by Matilda, your first and only thought should have been for her."

"But consider, I beseech you," urged Seymour, "what the only alternative was—to act as I have done, or—"

"To marry her," interrupted Emily; "I understood it perfectly."

"Yes, marry her," said Seymour, with bitterness, "marry her—and be forewarned."

"This last consideration," rejoined Miss Marshall, "be it worth what it may, concerned only yourself; and your only care, as I have said, *ought* to have been for the welfare of her who had entrusted herself to your protection."

"How think you," retorted Seymour, "would her welfare have been cared for by uniting her indissolubly to a dishonored catiff?"

Miss Marshall answered, readily, "She need not have known anything of your engagement, nor, consequently, of its violation. Her happiness would have been secured;—whether at the expense of your own peace or not is a question which should not have been involved in the matter. As it is, you have made a sacrifice of her upon the altar of over-nice punctilio; and how much is your misery lessened by the reflection that you have made Matilda miserable, also?"

"Over-nice punctilio!" repeated the gentleman, with an expression of great surprise.

"Yes," replied Miss Marshall, hardily, "if you had really been placed under a substantial and reasonable obligation, I should not think so severely of your conduct. But when I see that you have overwhelmed Matilda with distress merely to gratify a fanciful scruple, I confess I have little patience."

"Is it nothing?" exclaimed Seymour; "does religion use her most solemn tones to enjoin veracity—does the law devote all its cumbrous machinery to the maintenance of good faith—and yet is a man at liberty to regard his plighted word as a thing to be adhered to or falsified, just as convenience may suggest?"

"Neither religion nor law," said Emily, with emphasis, "bind you to the observance of a contract like that made with Reginald Ander."

"The law of *honor* does compel its observance."

"No, Mr. Seymour, true honor never enjoins aught that religion refuses to sanction;—is it not a sin akin to idolatry to set up for reverential homage a code of ordinances purer and more refined than that which the Creator has deemed sufficient for the frail children of Adam? You are disposed to carry the creed to its full extent—would you take the life of another or throw away your own for the sake of maintaining a fantastic point of honor? It is necessary, it seems, that the gentleman who has won a woman's affections in disregard of the law of honor may, by breaking her heart, wipe off the stain with which his own conduct had sullied the hitherto immaculate purity of his escutcheon. A worthy cause, indeed, to demand such an expiatory victim! What, though the spot be invisible to ordinary eyes, if it be detected by Mr. Seymour's nice optics, if it disturb the serenity of his demeanor in the presence of *petit-maitres* and crack-brained followers on subjects of the phantom-tyrant, honor, right fortunate it is that the blot can be removed at so trivial a cost as the life of Matilda Chesley. How valuable the end, how small the price!"

"Is it possible," said Seymour, "that I can be mistaken? Does not every one look at the matter as I do? Can others discern no obligation resting upon me? Were it so, how gladly would I defer to their opinion—how gratefully would I fling away my own judgment and seize theirs, grasping with it life and hope and happiness! What an exchange to give up Despair for an earthly heaven. Yet why tantalize myself with thoughts worse than vain! the cord that binds me is no thread of gossamer, but a rigid chain of iron."

"It is a chain, Mr. Seymour, heavy and oppressive indeed, but it has its defective link. Make but one effort of a manly reason, and you are free."

"Prove this to me," exclaimed the Englishman, "and I will reverence you henceforth as never wise Solomon was revered. You have a hearer ready to be convinced. Every strong emotion lashes me onward; remove but the bar which obstructs the road, and your task is done. Yet what single argument can you bring

to overthrow that fearful, immitigable covenant?"

"In the first place you had no right to make such a contract, no right to limit and confine Matilda's affections. Who gave either Ander or you the power to say whom she should or should not love, and when you could not control her affections, it was wickedness to attempt to disappoint and mock them. Suppose she was attached to your rival, could you be justified in defeating him by means through which she also must be a sufferer?"

"I should scorn such baseness," said Seymour.

"Suppose then she loved yourself, and the case is equally strong and clear. There is doubtless a difference in the manner in which it affects you—but none as regards her. The substitution of one object for another does not lessen the sacredness of her affections."

"But I did it to save her," pleaded Seymour.

"The reason is insufficient," answered the accuser calmly.

"Why insufficient?" persisted the other. "Assuredly you do not mean to assert that the preservation of her peace was not worth any effort: still further I think must you be from maintaining that her peace would not have been irrevocably lost the instant she wedded Reginald?"

"It was presumption," said Miss Marshall, "to pretend to speak in her stead. The decision was one which she had an inalienable right as a woman to make for herself. Let all your race act upon such a principle and what would become of us in the world? No, you had not any authority to gainsay the choice that she thought proper to make."

"I admit," said Seymour, "the truth of your general maxim, but this was a peculiar case. Matilda desired to release herself; she was restrained by certain powerful considerations; these considerations did not bind me; hence it was not only justifiable but enjoined upon me by duty to interpose."

"One little thing is lacking, Mr. Seymour, to make your justification complete. It was lawful, indeed, to render her a service, but not in an affair like this, without her consent. Perhaps, however, she was consulted before you ventured to form a

contract in her name—tell me, is it so ?”

Laurence was abashed by this searching interrogatory, and could only stammer out, “There was no opportunity—I could not—delicacy forbade.”

“Delicacy indeed !” said Miss Marshall, taking up the word. “A wondrously delicate lover you were, I must acknowledge. You thought she had rejected you, and did not dare come into her presence, yet you scrupled not to assume authority to interfere in her most delicate concerns.”

“Yet, otherwise, she would have married Reginald.”

“And what was it to you if she had ?” continued Miss Marshall. “Had you been her father, or brother, or near kinsman, you would have had an apology for intrusion, but a lover, I trow, has no right to regulate our affairs for us. Any man who chooses may be a woman’s lover, and at this rate you would bless her with a legion of masters. What liberty of choice would be left us, I pray you ?”

Emily became quite excited by her theme. The curls shook about her lively face with an impressiveness almost equal to that of the ambrosial locks of Homer’s Jove, and the forefinger of her right hand was raised, as if to give additional point and effect to the sharp words which issued from her lips. The unfortunate gentleman had no courage to resist the storm, and she continued—

“And has the result been so excellent as to incline you to further efforts of the sort ? Suppose Matilda had thought proper to marry Mr. Ander, how much worse off would she have been than your most kind and judicious interference has made her ? I am sure that were I in her place I would be glad enough to get rid of my forlorn state at the cost of a year or two’s weeping widowhood. Widows, I believe, Mr. Seymour, are allowed the privilege of thinking and acting for themselves—a desirable one it is too. Let it even be that Mr. Ander had lived, she would at least have had a husband, and that it seems is more than you are disposed to allow her. No, no, I see plainly enough what consideration induced the shrewd bargain. You deemed your chance of obtaining Matilda Chesley so slight that it might well enough be relinquished for the satisfaction of bar-

ring off another creature from the hay in the manger. Yet you had far better have trusted to a woman’s prudence and discretion ; she might have discovered a better way to escape the marriage—at all events she could not have adopted a worse.”

“Do not judge me so harshly, Miss Emily,” said Seymour. “I have done wrong in making the agreement, I know, but consider that it was not my proposition. Ander took advantage of the excited condition of my feelings, and tempted me into it.”

“That brings me to the end of my argument,” answered the lady. “You have admitted that the covenant was one which the parties had no right to make ; the consequence is clear, it is a nullity.”

“I think not,” said Laurence Seymour, after a pause. “If I am the sufferer by my own act, that does not release me. What I have promised is merely forbearance—the continuance of a state of things already existing—had I pledged myself to any active conduct, the case would be different.”

“What conduct more active could there be, Mr. Seymour ; are you not killing poor Matilda as fast as you can ?”

“There is another and stronger principle,” urged Laurence ; “I may not take advantage of my own wrong. I prevented the threatened marriage—by unjustifiable means it may be, yet I ought not to reap benefit from those means by the violation of my engagement.”

“Yet you say Ander wickedly tempted you.”

“He did.”

“Then” added Emily, “you are in no way bound to keep faith to him. He knew of material circumstances of which you were unaware—thus the contract was a fraudulent one, and cannot be obligatory.”

“It is easy,” said Laurence, “to pile up specious reasons, but there is a moral instinct within us which is the best guide. I feel that what you urge me to would involve a breach of honor. I will not depart from my word—I cannot do it.”

“There it is again,” exclaimed Miss Marshall, impatiently, “you will not obey reason, but blindly cling to a false, mistaken pride. Your guide is not conscience—not that instinct implanted by the loving-kindness of the Creator, but a delusive

substitute, a weed of rank growth, whose germ truly is human sinfulness, but which has been nourished and reared by the errors of education and by unchristian and barbarous habits of thought. Place the matter in what light you will and the same judgment must be formed. If Reginald Ander were at this moment living, a word from his mouth would be sufficient to release you—would it not?"

"Assuredly."

"Farther; if the departed had power to communicate with the living, and he were even now to give you a discharge, the result would be the same."

Seymour did not immediately answer. His lips were firmly compressed, the muscles of his throat were rigid, and each cheek became suddenly pale and hollow, whilst his eyes rolled wildly. But he speedily recovered himself sufficiently, if not to speak, at least to nod in answer.

Emily was somewhat frightened, but proceeded. "As it is, however, Ander has no way of holding intercourse with you. How can we be certain then what his sentiments are? Suppose him ever so much inclined to set you free from your promise, what can he do? A terrible barrier is between; you and Matilda are here enduring intolerable suffering—and owing to what cause? Merely to his incapacity to give information of his desire that you should be relieved. Death dissolves his power to do good; it ought to dissolve his power to do evil. The moment that removes the master, annihilates the thralldom; you are at liberty to walk forth from the prison which the stroke of Heaven has shattered—and there is no man to question or stay you."

"Ah!" replied Seymour, "death does not annul a contract. If I owe a debt, the decease of my creditor is far from cancelling it."

"Unquestionably," said Miss Marshall promptly, "for that is a right which is inheritable. If, now, Reginald's heir may represent him as a party to this covenant, you must look to that heir for release. The example which you yourself bring forward shows most plainly the true character of the contract you have entered into. It binds you to the performance of no beneficial act—your debt is not one, the payment of which can advantage the cre-

ditor—all that it stipulates is harm, injury, wickedness."

Seymour answered with agitation, "I am the most unfortunate—nay, if you will have it so, the most guilty of beings, but there is no help for it. If I have committed a wrong, it is irremediable. I have forged my own fetters and shackles it is true, but I cannot break them; nor may the promise once given, lose its force by the act of him that makes it. Cease then, I beseech you, Miss Marshall, to goad the tethered ox."

"This is folly, Mr. Seymour; do not give way to passion, but consider it calmly. Exert yourself to bring up some tangible principle to establish your position."

"I have one," he replied, "I have a principle, plain, weighty, and pertinent. Departure from this life may release from a duty, since it takes away the ability to perform it, but it cannot rob one of a *right*. Were Reginald alive I could not break my promise to him—nor can I now that he is dead."

But contemplate, for a moment," said Emily, "the absurd and horrid consequences to which such a doctrine would lead. I have seen somewhere the story of a tyrant who, on his death-bed, in order to make his subjects grieve his decease in spite of themselves, summoned a number of the best and most influential citizens of his capital into a large public hall, or one of the apartments of his palace, and gave orders to his guards to the effect that the departure of breath from his body should be the signal for commencing an undistinguishing and merciless massacre of the whole assembly. Now that man was a lawful king, his guards owed him obedience, and so long as he lived could not neglect his commands save at the peril of their lives. It was not their place to examine his motives, but to obey promptly and implicitly. The king died; did his right to their service cease? According to your principle it did not, and they were bound to execute his edicts, however atrocious, in the same manner as in his life time. The guards—hard, savage, furious, as they were, interpreted their duty differently, and I believe history has never called them foresworn and perjured because they disobeyed the wicked order of their deceased lord."

"I could answer you," said Laurence,

"but I am sick at heart. I feel little disposition to prolong a discussion which can produce no fruit. Though you were to array against me the authority of every divine from St. Austin to Tillotson, you could not change my conviction. It rests on a foundation which argument cannot reach."

"If this be the case," answered Emily, not a little mortified, "it is indeed useless to say more. Yet if you cannot reason, I suppose you can feel. Carry with you, then, the knowledge that your previous indiscretion, joined to your present punctilious adherence to a void engagement, is draining the life-blood from the veins of Matilda Chesley. Go—since you will go—and think of this."

Laurence Seymour did think of it. The potent arrow which Miss Marshall had launched with a good intention, pierced his breast and made a wound which rankled and festered, and threatened, consequences far different from those she expected.

The energetic and friendly young lady was visited by troubles of her own. Mr. Marshall, about a month before Reginald's death, had left Anderport for Charleston. During all the time that had since elapsed no tidings of him reached his family. Finally they wrote letters to various individuals in Charleston; the answers brought the information that he had not been seen in that city. This was a painful surprise. Conjecture was at fault to account for his disappearance. Emily bore up bravely, and maintained that all would yet come right, but as the days of suspense succeeded each other, even her spirits sank. Matilda became in turn the comforter, and suggested many a bright hope. Mr. Marshall might have found business to take him in a different direction, or the packet in which he sailed might have been compelled by stress of weather to put in at some intermediate port, or he may have chosen not to stop at Charleston but to proceed further, &c., &c. Emily listened eagerly, but the words rather soothed than assured her.

Mr. Marshall's mysterious detention excited much concern beyond the limits of his household; yet the good people of Anderport might have been excused for not indulging in a sorrow which it was possible time would prove causeless—especially

when we consider what there was going on in their midst to engross the attention of every one. Their race-course had long been the boast of the inhabitants of the village and vicinity, but it was now to have the signal honor of being the scene of contest for two of the most noted horses in the South, Caliph and Gallant Grey. The day of decision was close at hand when the boy who was to ride the Gallant Grey was taken with a colic, and in less than twenty-four hours thereafter expired. If this occurrence had followed instead of preceding the race, it would have been of little importance, but as the matter stood, it caused much difficulty. The horse was not more remarkable for fleetness than for his vicious and untameable disposition. Many apprehensions were consequently entertained by those interested in his success, that the Gallant Grey would not prove victor in the trial.

Among those most concerned was Gilbert Jordan, the gambler; and no one manifested more activity and earnestness in looking out for another rider who could be trusted.

"I know of but a single chance left us," he said, at length. "There is only one fellow I would dare trust the horse to, and that is Buck Weeks. He's rather over weight, but we must make him do. Where is the chap? I have not seen him lately."

Some one answered—

"Why, I believe Buck has been taken with a fit of religion, or something of the sort. I heard him say that he had done with a wild life for good."

"Pshaw! never mind that," said Jordan, "I warrant I can coax him. Whereabouts does he live?"

"In a shanty just across the first branch on the road to Shenkins'."

"I'll have him, then, in a trice," said the gambler, throwing himself on a horse.

After fifteen minutes smart riding he reached the wretched little hovel which had been described to him. Buck Weeks was sitting in the door, busily hammering upon a last.

"What's to pay?" exclaimed the visitor. "You are not turned shoemaker, surely?"

"Yes, I am, though," responded Weeks. "I want to get shed of all my bad ways, and try to earn a decent, quiet livin' by

working. It's 'bout time my manners was mended, I judge, for they promise to be past patching before long."

"This is all well enough," said Jordan, "but, in the first place, you must ride one race for me."

"Oh, I'm too heavy—a long ways too heavy."

"Let me take care of that, Buck—I'll bring you right."

"But still I can't do it," said Weeks.

"I've rid my last race—the track isn't to be touched any more by me."

"You'll do this little thing though, Buck, I am sure. You cannot mean to stand at such a trifle when it's to oblige Gil. Jordan. And what in the world's to hinder?"

"I've promised faithful not to."

"Who have you promised?"

"Mr. Ander, what was."

"A dead man!" rejoined Gilbert Jordan. "Oh, you may afford to break your word this once; he'll never know it, or if he does, will not trouble you about it."

"I'm not certain of that," answered Buck Weeks, "if there's any folks what turn to ghosts, I reckon he's like to be one of 'em."

Jordan laughed and said,

"Well, I tell you what, Buck, if he goes to pestering you any, just send him to me—I can manage a live man easy enough, and I think it can't be so much worse to take a tug with a dead one. It's natural to suppose, too, that ghosts are not extra stiff in the knees."

Still Weeks appeared unpersuaded: he shook his head and replied:

"I promised him and I must stick to it."

"Nonsense!" exclaimed Jordan.—

"What's got into you that you should make so much of your word, all of a sudden?"

"Why you know how I tried to keep him from getting to you at Reveltown?"

"Yes," said the gambler.

"And how he got wet as a rat in fording the big creek."

"You've told me before about that, too."

"Well," continued Weeks, "the cold that he caught then was what killed him. About six weeks or such a matter before he died, he saw me walking along by the gate and gets into a talk with me, and you

may depend you never heard a preacher go on as solemn and affecting. He said his being to die was my work, and asked if I didn't feel as if I ought to do him a little sort of favor to pay. Some how or other before that he'd got me to crying, and when he says this, I spoke up that I'd do anything requested. 'What I want, then,' says he, 'is for you to change your way of life. Give up drink, and cock-fighting, and betting, and all kinds of wickedness, and take to some respectable trade.' He told me, too, to read the Bible; and at the last he said that perhaps he would see me again to find out whether I minded my promise. I haven't seen him since, and I've a queer notion that if I get into any badness he'll come yet to make me toe the mark. So you see, Mr. Jordan, it's quite impossible that I could ride any race."

"Pshaw, pshaw!" said the other, "I'll be bound you've made promises to hundreds of persons before now, and broke them as easily as you would break a stick of candy. What was young Ander more than other people that you must mind him so particularly?"

"That's a puzzle," answered Weeks, "that rather bothers me as much as it does you. I can't tell for my life what it was that made him so, but it is a fact he had a gift of twisting folks about as he wanted. He never asked for anything but he was sure to get it."

"I can explain that without the least trouble," said Jordan; "he was rich, and there's nothing but can be bought."

Buck Weeks replied thoughtfully:

"Money helps mightily, I know, but there's many rich folks, and I'd back Reginald Ander (that is, in course, supposing he was alive,) against the whole of them. A man could have come and offered me a hundred pounds, providing I should quit liquor, and so forth, and I'd have jerked it back to him and grinned under his very nose. Now, Mr. Ander hadn't given me a penny—he hadn't even paid me for showing him the road, because I didn't take him in the appointed time. Still I'm going to mind his orders."

"See here, Buck," said Jordan, "it's not worth while to talk any more—you must just ride this once and then you may quit for good. I have staked every shilling I'm worth on Gallant Grey. If that

horse beats, I'm a rich man; if he loses, I am *ruined*. There's nobody now in Anderport who can give him any sort of a chance. He's a hard horse to manage right—but if no one else can do it, you can."

"You are correct there, certain," answered Buck, proudly. "I have been on wild and wicked horses before now."

"I know that," said Jordan, "and therefore it is you can't refuse to come out and save me from being broken. I once undertook a much more difficult job for you."

"You did," exclaimed the ci-devant cobbler, throwing away his tools, "and I'm in for it now to help you what I can. When I think, though, of Mr. Ander, I'm kind of a-feared—still your time comes first, and then I'll mind him."

Jordan carried his prize directly to Anderport, and the first thing done there was to consult the scales. The gambler's face grew long as one weight after another was laid on to balance the diminutive person of the race-rider.

"Why, Weeks," he said, "you have surely grown fatter since you have changed your life. Goodness brings laziness, I reckon."

"How much has to come off of me?" asked the youth with a rueful presentiment of the regimen that was to follow.

"I won't frighten you," answered Jordan, "by naming the number of pounds, but it's more than one or two, you may be satisfied. The time is plaguey short, besides—that's the mischief—only a week from Thursday. We must make brisk work. All this hair of your's may as well be clipped off in the first place. I really believe you have as much weight on your head as the man had that the parson told me about—a fellow that raked off half-a-stone of hair every shearing time."

"I can't spare my hair, by no manner of means," said Buck. "It's the only thing to brag of about me."

"You must, though," said Jordan.

"No, sir; I can't go that. If even Mr. Ander had told me to be bobbed, I should have stood out stiff agin him. But I'll take off an extra chunk of flesh to make it the same as if I did. I'll wrop myself in hot blankets of night times and sweat myself down to skin and bone; so

never fear for this boy; when he undertakes a thing, howsoever agin the grit, he will go through with it for certain."

It was the day before the race. Buck Weeks and his trainer had each done his part, and as the youth tottered about the tavern yard, he appeared sufficiently thin and ghastly to rival the *Anatomie Vivante*. The friends of the Gallant Grey were in high spirits. Their unmatched horse had now a rider equal to the task of controlling and directing his energies. Buck Weeks, with the applauding eye of Jordan upon him, had made the circuit of the course in a style which warranted the highest expectations of his future performance. The race-rider's pale cheek kindled with animation as he descended from the saddle to receive the congratulations and praises of the privileged few who witnessed the trial. Yet the youth was not happy. The memory of Reginald Ander haunted him. With a nature whose susceptibility and kindly impulses had survived even the degrading and brutalizing life which he had led from infancy, he possessed the dangerous gift of a lively imaginative faculty. His grateful attachments to the gambler had overcome a reluctance which had resisted unmoved all the various and seductive influences of the race-course, yet it could not free his mind from the painful presentiment of coming ill. "Something is going to happen to me, I am certain," was the thought of the untutored but generous lad. "Let it come, though: if I help Gil. Jordan in his time of trouble it's enough for me. Never mind the risk—I wouldn't have it away. Strong and rich as he is, he has nobody else to look to but Buckner Weeks—that's a thing to make a fellow's heart jump."

That evening he ate no supper. When some one urged the importance of taking something to support his strength, his wan features assumed a faint smile, and he answered,

"Taint best to be over hearty. I can't have too little meat on my ribs to-morrow. Think what curses I should get if the scale-master was to call me too heavy. I reckon you'd have nothing else to do then but to lash a couple of bushels of wheat on Gallant Grey's back, and fasten a bunch of thistles to each stirrup, and turn him into the track to shift for himself. I'd bet a

ninence he would do better at that fixing than with any other rider besides me that you could put on his back."

"But if you fast at this rate, Buck, you'll be too weak to ride."

The youth laughed scornfully.

"Do you think so, sure enough? Don't you fret if I shouldn't be able to crawl, but pour a gill of brandy down my throat and lift me on to the saddle, and you'll find out what Buck Weeks can do."

This apology for his abstinence was ingenious, but it did not give the true reason. There were feelings stirring in his bosom which took away all power to swallow food. When he laid himself on his pallet it was not to sleep. The day that was next to dawn would prove the crisis of his fate. Let those who believe that the dignity of self-sacrifice attaches only to the heroes of the world—the Curtii, the Damons, and the Lochiels—look with contempt upon the sorrows and intrepidity of poor Buck Weeks. Their sympathy is not called for. The race-rider knew well that his emotions were ridiculous, and therefore he concealed them. He rose from his uneasy pillow, hoping that it was dawn. When he drew aside the curtain the stars were still shining brightly, and the only sign that could be discerned of the approach of day was a faint tinge of red upon the upper surface of the long dark cloud which rested motionless on the horizon.

"Daybreak ain't very far off," muttered Buck Weeks, glad to escape on any pretence from his unwelcome couch. Slipping on his boots, he crept softly down stairs. The fresh air without seemed to invigorate his exhausted frame, and he was encouraged to extend his walk beyond the narrow precincts of the yard. The road conducted him to the front of the white mansion. He stopped. Here it was that the conversation was held which had left so deep an impression upon his mind; and there, a few rods to the left, appeared the dim outline of the cedar hedge which encircled the spot where Reginald Anders was sleeping with his fathers. At that moment, all those solemn warnings, and the no less solemn promise which had been the consequence of them, rose before the lad's mind. Remorse and shame at the violation of that vow were the first feelings

which this train of reflection produced, but he soon made a determined effort to free himself from them. "I couldn't help breaking my word—I haven't done wrong—I'm willing to stand up before anybody's face and speak right out that I haven't done a bit of wrong."

Buck Weeks felt himself nerved with new and surprising energy. Instead of shrinking away conscience-stricken, he was moved by a daring wish to brave the very presence of his monitor. As thought succeeded thought in his soul, the inclination became stronger and stronger. His whole corporeal system partook of the agitation. His hand tried the latch of the gate; it was rusted, and could not be raised. The interposition of an obstacle transformed the vague, dreamy wish into desperate resolve. He speedily climbed the paling, and hastened towards the gloomy thicket. As he groped along in search of a passage-way through the closely planted cedars, a sound from within startled his ear. Was it a groan, or a sigh, or the murmur of the breeze?

Startled beyond measure, the youth paused and listened. There was no repetition, yet his audacity had left him. He was actuated then by no desire to confront the dead. But shame came to the rescue of his faltering purpose, and parting the branches with a sudden effort he pressed into the palpable darkness that filled the inclosure. At first he was like one blinded; no object whatever could be distinguished. When his eyes became a little accustomed to the gloom, he discerned the bright, freshly riven bars of a fence. That fence he knew enclosed the grave of him whose body had last claimed the right of sepulture in the family burial place of the Anders. The race-rider began to advance with a degree of confidence, but soon had occasion to halt and strain his vision to the utmost. One pannel of the fence was divided by a dark upright form. It was not a post, but something broader and higher; to the now thoroughly frightened race-rider it seemed to resemble the human figure. His earnest and long-continued gaze could make nothing of it. The darkness proved an impenetrable veil. He made a few steps, watching the object eagerly the while. It did not move; he proceeded, and finally met the fence on the southern side of the

grave. A space of only two yards width separated him from the form which he had been scanning so anxiously, and which still preserved its position unmoved. The high fence obstructed the youth's sight; and in order to gain a better view he placed his foot upon the lower rail, and was thus enabled to raise himself easily several feet. Then it was that the figure opposite stirred, and from it there burst in agonized tones, "Gracious Heaven help me—he is come!"

Buck Weeks clung nervously to the fence, without power to move a limb. Sensation, thought, every active faculty deserted him.

The figure on the other side continued to utter incoherent and broken sentences. "If you be Reginald Ander—if unexpiated crime have rent the coffin—give me back the pledge; I adjure you to restore that liberty—that peace of which you have robbed me. Now that you have felt the weighty hand of death you dare not refuse me. Hasten while there is yet time—hasten ere the living become as thee!"

Many more expressions equally wild and extravagant were poured forth without intermission. Buck Weeks perceived that he need not apprehend encountering any supernatural being, but he was none the less disposed to relieve the spot of his presence, and as a preliminary measure slid down from the fence.

At this the other individual cried out, "He is gone—he is gone—he has left me no discharge—he has left me no hope!" Thus saying he gave a fearful groan and fell to the earth.

The flight of Buck Weeks was at once arrested. Humanity forbade him to go without some examination into the condition of the unfortunate man. He crept around therefore to the other side of the narrow enclosure. He found the man prostrate and inanimate. Calling up every power of his attenuated and feeble limbs, he dragged the body through the cedar hedge to the comparative light of the exterior. Then he was able to discern clearly, what he suspected from the tones of the voice—that the fainting man was Laurence Seymour.

This ascertained, the next thought of Buck Weeks was to procure assistance. Forgetting, in the confusion of the moment, the proximity of the mansion, he climbed

the fence and proceeded towards the village. Day had faintly dawned, and out of the shade of the trees it was quite light.

Before the lad had gone very far he met Gilbert Jordan. "You scamp!" exclaimed the latter, "we did not know what had become of you. Jake said he heard you slip out of the house an hour ago. Where in the world have you been—you look pale and scared enough to have seen a ghost!"

"You might make a worse guess, that's a fact," answered Buck Weeks, "I've been in the very place for ghosts—that is the grave-yard up yonder."

"The grave-yard? Are you out of your senses?"

"There'd be no cause for wonder if I was, at any rate. I wouldn't be the only person neither that this morning has taken the wits from. There's another body I judge who will give you his word, providin' he ever gets able to talk again, that inside of those cedars is the spot where funny sights is to be seen."

"How now, Buck, what is all this you are talking about?"

"Just go along with me and I'll show you."

Buck Weeks took Jordan by the arm, but the stout gambler remained still without yielding.

"Do come along, Mr. Jordan; that Englishman, Mr. Seymour, is over there in a fainting fit, if not worse off."

"Is this the plain truth," said the other, "or are you trying to make a fool of me?"

"It's the fact, and no mistake at all," answered Weeks, leading his now passive companion towards the place where he had left the lifeless Seymour. When they got there Jordan saw the impression which was left on the dewy grass, but neither he nor Buck Weeks could find the form that had made it.

It is necessary now to refer to another person, to whom also that night was one of great wretchedness. Information was received the day previous, by the family of Mr. Marshall, that some fishermen had found on the beach of a small inlet, in the vicinity of Charleston, the body of a man. The face, said the accounts, was so much marred as to defy recognition, but the height and general proportions of the figure were those of Mr. Marshall. A

gold watch was suspended around the neck, and the breast-pocket of the coat, which was of fine broadcloth, contained a letter without address, (having probably been sent in an envelope), but signed W. S. Thompson. The letter was an invitation to the writer's residence, and commenced with 'Dear Cousin.' It had no date, and afforded no intimation of the place from which it was sent. These facts were made known in the belief that Mr. Marshall's family would be best able to determine whether they justified the apprehensions entertained of the identity of that gentleman with the person whose remains had been found.

Mr. Marshall had no relative of the name of W. S. Thompson, but he *had* a cousin named W. L. Thompson. The doubt whether or not a mistake had been made by those who deciphered the letter was all that separated the distressed family from the horrible certainty that the husband and the father had perished.

With such a theme for her meditations, Emily Marshall, as may well be supposed, passed an unquiet night. Before breakfast on the morrow she was informed that a visitor waited to see her below, and when she was told subsequently that it was Mr. Seymour, she believed at once, from the unusual hour of his call, that he came to bring a confirmation of the evil tidings received the day before.

She entered the parlor trembling and pale. The single glance which she was able to make at the ghastly countenance of Laurence, seemed to warrant her worst presentiments.

"You need not speak, Mr. Seymour, I understand it all. It is certain the—the body which was found is—is in truth—my father's."

"Oh I trust not," said Laurence, "I have nothing to say about that, I came for another purpose. Yet I have been grievously inconsistent, I forgot what alarm must be excited by the news you have so recently heard. Pardon me. Even now I had better retire."

"Stay sir," she said, "stay, I assure you I am glad to have my thoughts diverted from the subject which has occupied them. But you appear unwell Mr. Seymour."

"Do I?" he answered. "It is not won-

derful; this evening the Liverpool packet, the Royal Maiden, leaves Anderport, and I embark in her."

"Why this sudden determination sir?" enquired Emily, with great interest. "Have you so soon succeeded in releasing your mind from Matilda Chesley?"

"No," said Seymour, "I return to England, but I have two companions thither, close companions, who go wherever I go, the memory of Matilda and Despair. What should detain me in America? If I had any thought now for wealth, no hope of acquisition could keep me, for the mines in which I invested the whole of my scanty means have proved an utter failure. No, I am equally a beggar in fortune and happiness. Why should I remain to prolong an agony of which the certain termination is foreseen?"

"Yet continue a little longer, Mr. Seymour; remain to comfort Matilda."

"Comfort Matilda?" he repeated passionately. "Ah have you not already told me how successful I have heretofore been in administering consolation? Am I ignorant of the suffering which my guilty, selfish imprudence has brought upon her? Because I have wounded, must I slay outright? Were it not for her I should be less utterly miserable. But cursed as no other wretch on earth is cursed, I have made Matilda's fate as dreadful as my own, saving that she has the support of innocence, and that my torture is aggravated by the knowledge of hers. You have shown me clearly, Miss Marshall, the villainy of my conduct, yet you cannot conceive the intolerable anguish of the remorse which your faithful reproof has quickened. Well it is that you cannot know what I endure, for barely to witness each agony would be enough to poison the peace of the most innocent and happy of God's creatures."

Emily was much shocked at the abandonment of all hope and energy which was revealed, not less in his neglected attire and care-worn features than in his wild, impassioned language. She feared that she had heretofore urged matters too far, and endeavored to assuage the storm which she had roused.

"Remember, sir," she said, "that if I painted the situation of Matilda in strong colors, it was merely for the sake of persuading you to adopt the only course which

can secure either her happiness or your own."

"It is needless to recur to that," answered Seymour with a shudder, "I am convinced that my promise ought not to be broken."

"Yet think of it," said Emily earnestly, "think it over seriously and carefully, and you will see as plainly as I do that——"

"And have I not thought of it?" he exclaimed, interrupting her. "What soul has ever been exercised in thought if mine has not? For what instant have I *ceased* to dwell upon it? Do you charge me to think? I have thought till my brain can endure the rack no longer. I have thought till intellect reels from exhaustion! You have seemed to suspect me of indifference to Matilda's happiness because I will not sacrifice what you term my scruples; how quickly would such suspicions be dismissed if you but knew, Miss Marshall, to what measures my longing desire to escape my obligation has led me. I have come to you this morning with dank and tangled hair, and clothing all in disorder. Where think you was my toilet made? What scene was it that I left to proceed hither?"

Emily's countenance expressed the inquiry which she was too much frightened, by the increasing wildness of his demeanor, to utter in words.

"Ay," he went on to say with an intensely bitter emphasis, "I did think the matter over as you directed; and I was driven to the conviction that earth afforded but a single chance of escape. There are accounts—we read them—we hear them—that spirits of the departed have been known to exhibit themselves to living eyes, and to declare those wishes and injunctions which men would not otherwise learn. Are these but vain fables? Say so and I will believe you. Call them rather madmen's dreams. Yet while you are rejoicing in a sound and vigorous reason, pity the wretch who is compelled to look to the delusion of a sickly fancy as to his sole reliance. Yes, Miss Marshall, the shipwrecked, drowning man, with no plank or life-boat in view, elings in agony to the floating straw;—in dreams and in my waking hours I invoked the shade of Reginald. He mocked my impotent calls and would not appear. One night only intervened before the departure of the packet-ship. In that last moment

I could dare all things; Reginald refused to come to me, I determined to go in search of *him*. The night which has just past I spent by the side of his grave."

Seymour stopped abruptly, and looked steadfastly at Miss Marshall. There was something in the almost insane energy of his manner that fascinated the listener and carried her attention along irresistibly.

"Go on, go on sir," she said; "saw you aught?"

"I did. What it was, I know not; perhaps an earthly exhalation, or a phantasma of the wearied vision, perhaps it was Reginald. Be it what it may, I hailed the form without dread, for had I not longed for its appearance? But I saw it sink into the grave from which it had risen; then my strength which could have endured undaunted a converse with the dead, proved inadequate to support a disappointment. I was smitten to the earth. Afterwards I revived to find myself stretched upon the long grass at a distance from the grave."

Seeing Emily quite confounded by his story, he added, "But I did not come Miss Marshall for the purpose of taxing either your nerves or your credulity. My object in intruding upon you in a time and manner so unseemly, was merely to inform you that after the lapse of a few hours I leave the colony for ever, and then to solicit your kind and prudent advice upon a point which I am not in a state of mind to judge fitly myself. Shall I see Matilda before I go?"

"Does your purpose," answered Emily, "indeed admit of no change? Would it not be well to delay your departure if but so long a time as would enable both you and her to prepare for such a meeting and separation?"

"It cannot be," he said. "If I do not avail myself of this opportunity I must remain several months, and to stay here that space would reduce me to a condition even worse than this in which I now am. I dare not think what I might sink to. No, I must preserve, if it be possible, the degree of reason which I have left. I shall not pass another night in Anderport, [this declaration was attended with a visible tremor of the muscles of his face,] I shall go on ship-board at three this afternoon."

"I do not know what to advise," said Emily, "judging of Matilda's feelings by

my own, I should say that she ought to see you, yet I may be wrong."

Laurence now spoke quickly. "Let the decision be left to Matilda herself, it is most fitting. See her Miss Marshall, I entreat you, and if she can bear to hear me say farewell, let her attend you on your return hither. In four hours I will call again. But tell her to regulate her course from consideration only of what will least wound her own peace. To me the bitterness of the parting consists in the necessity which compels it, not in any attendant circumstances. My distress is incapable of alleviation, and the only thing that can aggravate it is that any suffering, which can be avoided, is incurred by Matilda. You will communicate this to her, will you not?"

Miss Marshall gave the promise, and added that she would be at home to meet him at ten o'clock, either with or without the company of Matilda, as she should determine.

As soon as the morning meal was over, the young lady mounted her pony and quickly arrived at the house of the Chesley's. With all the calmness she could summon she informed her friend of the conversation which she had had with Seymour. Then she proceeded to impart the reflection and fears which it had excited in her own mind.

"You can have no idea, Matilda," she said, "of his appearance. The severest and most protracted sickness could not have produced so great an alteration as he has undergone within a week;—it is astounding. But the terrible change in his exterior is nothing to the distemperature and disorder which his mind exhibits. You know, dear Matilda, that I could not be foolish nor wicked enough to alarm you without occasion—I should be far more inclined to err in the opposite direction. Yet, I do assure you, that there is serious cause for apprehending that Laurence may lose his reason."

Matilda was, of course, much affected.

"May a merciful Providence avert such a calamity! But what a weight of responsibility rests on the decision which is left to me. If I refuse to see him, who can tell the effect of such an answer upon a mind in the state of his? Yet, what possible good can issue from a meeting?

What do you think, Emily? Give me counsel—assist me to choose the lesser evil, where both appear equally great and threatening."

Miss Marshall replied: "I am utterly unable to distinguish between them, or rather I see but one evil—an evil which you cannot hope to moderate by any course that does not annihilate it. If he is to leave the colony with this bitter disappointment preying upon his mind, it can make little difference, it seems to me, whether or not you permit him to utter his farewell. If he quits you at all, I think—no I would not say that, but I *fear*—that though Laurence Seymour may survive, the light of his mind will be extinguished for ever."

"This is a day of horror," exclaimed Matilda; "I have endured anguish before, but never till now have I felt that I could be content to barter life for oblivion. To know the future and to see no means of affecting it, make up perfect wretchedness. What crushes me most, Emily, is to behold the fate that impends over Laurence, and, at the same time, to be unable to make even an effort for his succor. Would that I had power to confer on him the ability to bear."

"This is, indeed, beyond your skill," said Emily; "but can you not do a better service? It is impossible for you to give Laurence a faculty which his maker has denied him; but are you not blessed with a prerogative still more to be desired? May not an exertion of your will save him from any occasion for the use of that deficient faculty—save him, I mean, from the suffering itself, which he is not able to support?"

"Speak more plainly, dear Emily; do not tantalize me—is there any prospect or possibility of such a result? Can your ingenuity and zeal point out any imaginable way for his relief as well from his present distress as from that other and far worse calamity? Oh, Emily, I do not ask you now to give him happiness—only preserve him from insanity—preserve him from a living death. So long as that noble form is permitted to walk the earth, may it never cease to be tenanted by the unclouded soul of Laurence Seymour."

"The course," said Emily, "which, as it seems to me, you are plainly called upon

to follow, besides being the only effectual one, is the most simple and direct. Come with me, see Laurence and tell him (what no dispassionate person requires to be told) that he is torturing himself unnecessarily—that he does wrong to cling to a wicked and null engagement—that he has no right to destroy himself or you for a point of honor—tell him, finally, that the reluctance with which he will yield testifies amply to his fidelity. Assure him—and your word he will accept—that when he violates a pledge, in obedience to the demands of a higher duty, his pain is not the anguish of him who commits a sin, but the noble and not dishonorable pain of the martyr who tears away one portion of his heart in order to maintain the integrity of the rest.”

Matilda mused a while, and then answered, “Let not your anxiety, dear Emily, to deliver me from present unhappiness, mislead your judgment. Is it your calm, deliberate conviction that it is incumbent on me to urge Laurence to break his word? Consider the matter well and from all sides. Ought I to contribute the weight of any influence I may possess to induce him to act contrary to his own sense of duty?”

“It is certainly incumbent on you,” answered Miss Marshall, “to guide his judgment when it errs.”

“Ah, but, Emily, would it not be presumption in me to present myself in opposition to conscience? The man who does what he thinks is right, does right; while he who prefers even a beneficent and righteous action, at a time when he believes it wrong, sins. Remember, too, that the person who undertakes to advise another upon a question of duty must always assume a great responsibility, and especially when the case admits of doubt; but if the question have been already decided in honesty and sincerity by the individual himself, ought we not to be exceeding cautious how we interfere?”

Emily Marshall, though conscious that her gentle friend was far from intending a personal reproach, felt her conscience tingle under this observation. Then it occurred to her to doubt how far her own officious interference had tended to the profit of those in whose concerns she had been interested. Nature, however, was not to be quelled at once, and she replied,

“Would you stand aloof, Matilda, while Laurence committed suicide? and is he not, even now, laying violent hands on the noblest part of his being? The danger is instant—urgent: will you wait quietly to see it run its course?”

“No, I will not,” said Matilda; “my efforts may, indeed, be of little avail; but when such a disaster happens, feeble instruments, in the absence of better, may, without folly, be put into use. I will meet Laurence.”

“It was exactly ten o’clock when Seymour made his second call upon Miss Marshall. She descended to the parlor immediately, and with her came Matilda. Emily must have been the least agitated of the three, but her eyes were so filled with tears, and her heart so overwhelmed by a torrent of emotions that she had little power to watch the demeanor of the lovers. She could discern, however, that Seymour had the same haggard aspect as in the morning, but was more composed. Neither he nor Matilda said much for a considerable space of time—each fearing to disturb the calm which it cost them such an effort to preserve. Seymour at length found the trial becoming too severe, and determined that the interview should be brought to a close before his self-control quite gave way.

“Matilda,” he said, “can you pardon me for the folly and weakness which have inflicted such distress upon you? I meant for the best, and if I had contributed in any degree, however small, to your welfare, my pains would be lighter: yet I cannot consider how I have harassed and betrayed your heart without being oppressed with humiliation and remorse. In my very selfishness I have been weak and unmanly and vacillating. It is anguish to perceive now that a villain, who had subjected himself to no restraint whatever, would have injured you less than I have done. Half-way crime has equal guilt, and is followed with greater suffering.”

Matilda answered: “Speak not so, Laurence; this is not to reproach yourself, but to humble me by recalling how much your generous sacrifice, on my account, has cost you. To talk of having committed any wrong against me is cruel mockery. You have performed an inestimable service; for it receive my thanks.”

At this she took his hand in hers, and looked him full in the eye—"With all my heart I thank you, Laurence. Will you then grieve for what has passed? Complete your kindness: you have done that for me which only the truest affection would have done—do not now make me believe that you would repent it. If your self-devotion is attended with pain, bear it, I pray you, for my sake—my heart sympathises with yours. The thought of you will never hereafter be separated in my mind from the grateful sense of an act surpassing the acts of ordinary love. Would you strive to blot out from memory that part of your life which must ever appear to me the brightest and noblest?"

Seymour's firmness was nearly overcome. Returning her glance with one full of gratitude and love, he answered:

"And is it really true that you regard my conduct in this light? Ah, I fear me greatly that it is your kindness and forgiving charity that forces your tongue to utter these words of comfort: in your inmost soul you know and feel that I have been both weak and base."

Matilda spoke up, eagerly—"Has my manner, then, been so cold and harsh as to be thus misinterpreted? Laurence, Laurence, if my countenance and tone, and word, do not convince you, in what way can I make known the depth and sincerity of my grateful affection?—such consolation as the knowledge that I worthily appreciate your devotion is capable of giving, receive with undoubting assurance."

This declaration, made in a tone of thrilling earnestness, could not, indeed, be mistaken. It gave Seymour an immediate sensation of relief. He felt like a just-awakened sleeper, who, as he rejoices at being delivered from the tortures of the nightmare, contemplates the vexations of the previous slumber with a lightened heart, and looks forward to the coming toil with buoyant content. Afterwards this feeling gave place, naturally, to satisfaction and joy at receiving from Matilda such an unequivocal testimonial of her love. Then came the chilling consciousness that he was to be torn away forever from that beautiful and devoted being. These changes succeeded each other with a rapidity which the universe affords no material image to represent. Each emotion,

as it wielded the sceptre of an instant, used its power in rendering his soul less capable of withstanding that which was to follow. The last one burst the guard which he had placed upon his lips; his resentment would have vent; and he spoke of him by whom he had been inveigled into these galling fetters, in terms passionate and fierce.

Matilda Chesley, affectionate and sympathising towards the living lover, did not forget to be just to the dead one.

"We have our sorrows," she said, "but let us bear them without heaping reproaches upon another. If Reginald were alive and had done us harm, it would be our duty to forgive him, is it not now much more our duty? Let us not assume authority to judge motives. Reginald, perhaps, meant to repair the wrong; perhaps he was not conscious of the degree of injury he was inflicting. It is possible—I pray you think of this—it is possible that he has brought about what is best for us in effecting our separation. You and I, Laurence, were, perhaps, in danger of becoming too entirely devoted to each other. May it not be that, pursuing different paths, as we now must, we shall be able to do more for the honor of our Maker and the benefit of mankind? Does not the very pain of this hour teach that it may be good for us that we part? Our business in life is to labor, and why should we murmur when one task is assigned us instead of another? Let us be diligent and faithful in the performance of duty, and then, if happiness is to be enjoyed on earth, doubt not that we shall be happy."

Seymour was revived and greatly encouraged by her words. He answered: "Matilda, if you can feel thus, the care that was crushing me is removed. If you do not hate and condemn me for my conduct—if you believe that I have not wantonly and selfishly trifled with your affection, I can go forth into the world contented if not cheerful. In leaving you now, do I appear culpable and cruel? Miss Marshall has told me that I am sacrificing you to an over-scrupulous sense of honor—is it so? Matilda, I commit myself, my honor, my duty, my self-respect, entirely to you. Be you instead of conscience to me. Is my promise to Reginald binding or not? Speak, for I dare trust to your decision."

Emily Marshall's eyes brightened up. "Now," she thought, "everything will be brought right."

The warm blood rushed, indeed, with a stronger current to Miss Chesley's own heart. The fate of a life-time rested upon her decision that moment. A hundred considerations to justify the disregard of the covenant rose before her. All that Emily had said, all that reason could urge, all that passion could plead, came upon her mind with the vehemence of a torrent. Yet, though shaken, she was steadfast. In a tremulous voice she replied, "I do not know what course would be enjoined by the wise and dispassionate; but this I know, Laurence, that the human heart seldom hesitates between the gratification of its most earnest longings and disappointment, unless duty be on the bitter side. There is always danger, even when no warnings intervene, in yielding to inclination; and whenever room is afforded for deliberation and doubt, they choose most safely who permit not the scale to descend in which the weight of self is placed. Far be it from me to change a purpose which honor and conscience alike command. I feel that I could stifle any passion however strong or engrossing, which should dare persuade me to wish you one jot less worthy of my respect and admiration."

"I might have been assured of it," said Seymour, fervently; "It was impossible that my dishonor and breach of faith could be demanded by a regard for your happiness and welfare. Released from this, the single fear which unnerved me, I can return to England a man. I bless you, Matilda, for the lesson your lips have given: without you I cannot, indeed, be happy; but it is in my power to be useful, and what higher privilege need a created being ask?"

Then the farewell was exchanged, almost silently and with little show of passion. Afterwards Seymour took Miss Marshall's hand, saying, "Accept my heartiest thanks for the sympathy which you have manifested, and for the kind and earnest counsel by which it has been accompanied; but the path she points out"—his eyes were here turned for an instant to Matilda—"is best. Is it not so?"

Emily, who saw him in the course of that brief interview brought from the brink

of frenzy to the gravity and composure of conscientious resolve, could return no denial. When Seymour immediately after left the house, still preserving his calm, manly and thoughtful demeanor, Miss Marshall whispered to her friend, "I believe in truth that your way is best."

Seymour went back to Anderport—on foot as he came. When he neared the tavern the sound of many voices struck his ear. The cause of the unwonted confusion and clamor was at once apprehended; for the hour—it was noon—testified that the race must be over; yet it was with a sensation of pain that he saw himself obliged to encounter a scene for which the present state of his mind was so little fitted. There was no opportunity for retirement to his favorite moody solitudes;—the packet would leave in a very few hours, and go he must. It is necessary to anticipate him, and even to recur to the race-ground.

There the proprietors of the horses, and a numerous throng besides, had duly assembled. Jordan was there supporting Buck Weeks. The latter, (now the excitement of the morning was over,) appeared too pallid and frail to direct the motion of his own limbs, yet was he depended upon to rule the mettled steed that pawed the earth as the stout groom who led him into the field was compelled to keep both hands on the halter.

"Have a bold heart Buck," said Jordan; "win this race and I'll make a man of you."

The lad returned a sickly smile, and said, "I hope the Grey will win, but as for me, I reckon I'm done up; I feel the notion coming on stronger and stronger; it aint good to break promises—there's no luck in it."

"Enough of this talk," exclaimed Jordan, almost savagely; "I believe in my heart you are going to knock everything to pieces by this cursed folly."

"No, I shan't," answered Buck Weeks, "I'll do what I'm able; and, I reckon, you'll say nobody could have filled them stirrups better. Help me up now—hold on there, Jake."

Three rounds had been made, and the fourth and decisive heat only remained. Gilbert Jordan was so well satisfied with the performance of the gallant Grey and

his rider that he made large addition to his heavy bets. It was with intense anxiety, therefore, that he awaited the result. The trying and dangerous as well as critical moment had come. Gallant Grey, who combined swiftness with his great power of endurance, was apt to do well so long as his rider could afford to bear a heavy hand upon the bridle; but the least excess of liberty spoiled him. When the demands of the race no longer permitted the rider to hold him in, and when, on the contrary, it was necessary to stimulate his energies with whip and spur, then was the time of peril. On three previous occasions he had become quite ungovernable. Once he had pranced and leaped from one side of the track to the other till the race was lost. The next time he leaped the fence and ran off to his stable with a dizzy speed far exceeding his best achievements on the turf. At the third repetition of the hazardous experiment he threw his rider and returned to the starting post.

Buck Weeks, profiting by his own experience and sedulously tutored by Jordan, was fully aware of all the risks attending his situation, and did what he could to diminish them. Caliph, however, the other horse, was nearly a match in every respect for his antagonist; and Buck, though he postponed the desperate effort as long as possible, saw that it must be made at last.

Three-fourths of the course were passed. The horses ran side by side, and the most practised spectator could not distinguish that either was a head's length in advance. It was an animated and exciting, though painful, sight. The lad who rode Caliph plied the whip and was, evidently, urging the horse to his utmost. Buck Weeks was leaning back in the saddle, his whip hanging unused from his wrist, while both hands grasped the bridle. There was a sudden change. The Gallant Grey dashed forward at a rate to which his former speed seemed like rest;—Caliph panting and straining was left far behind. Then arose the shout, "Hurrah, Buck! hurrah, Buck!" Jordan, whose ears were insensible to any sound, held his breath and leaned eagerly across the railing. In three leaps more Gallant Grey will reach the goal. At that instant his wild, ungovernable nature showed itself. He reared bolt upright; then, as the ready spur pierced his flank, he half wheeled and sprang to the futher

side of the track. The skill of Buck Weeks, equal to any emergency, returned him to his place ere it was quite too late. The maddened animal again reared, again the rowels were plunged in each flank. As that next leap should be directed the race would be lost or won. Just then a stirrup-strap broke; the hapless rider was cast from the saddle with prodigious violence, Gallant Grey tossing the bridle to and fro, and making many a wild curvet, dashed over the field; while Caliph shot by at an unbroken gallop, gained the stand, and was pronounced winner of the race.

Gilbert Jordan ground his teeth together and turned in rage from the course.

"Don't you mean to see after Buck Weeks?" inquired a by-stander; "that was a dreadful fall, and I shouldn't wonder if his neck was broke."

"No!" shouted the gambler, harshly, "let him take care of himself;" and he accompanied his answer with a volley of imprecations upon the horse, the rider, and his own soul.

Others had more humanity or were less vexed by disappointments and losses. As they raised Buck Weeks from the ground the poor youth groaned and opened his eyes. Bearing him as gently as possible, for every motion seemed to cause acute pain, they took him to the tavern. There he was examined by a physician, who declared that an arm and two ribs were broken, and that there was also reason to fear his having suffered some severe internal injuries.

Buck Weeks received the information of his danger with great fortitude. "I knew it was a coming," he said, in a tone of mournful resignation. "A promise aint to be forsook without a judgment—especially when it's made to them that haven't got living eyes to watch how you keep it. But it couldn't be helped, I reckon—I was bound to mind Gil Jordan's bidding. Where is Mr. Jordan, though? I'd like mighty to see his face so as to tell him that I aint sorry."

"Oh, Jordan's gone," answered some one—"clean gone and no mistake. He went off raving and tearing mad, and you needn't to trouble yourself about him, Buck; for, you may be sure, he don't care the value of ninepence whether you are alive or dead."

This news inflicted a sharper pang upon

the grateful lad than a fractured bone could give.

Laurence Seymour now came upon the porch. Learning what had befallen the race-rider, he entered the room where he lay and inquired kindly after his condition. Buck, on hearing the Englishman's voice, instantly raised his head, "You, likewise," he said, "have had something to do with Mr. Ander."

"With Reginald Ander?" said Seymour, much surprised.

"Yes," answered Buck Weeks, "and he's a queer body, too, to have dealings with, that's certain. Are you afraid to meet him?—I aint—no, not a bit, for all what's happened. A promise is a promise, but there's things that ought to stand higher—I'm sure there are. He was wise and 'cute and talked what was rational; and the promises that he worked a fellow up to were for a body's good, I'm well persuaded, but the heart must be first served; and if it ever leads the wrong way, don't it pay for it afterwards in suffering? I think so—I wouldn't have believed that of Gil Jordan. Well, its all done up now, and I shant let it worry me. I tried to do what was according to right all along—even when the Grey jumped the track I managed as well as the state of things gave leave, and it wasn't my fault that the stirrup-leather broke—was it? When that did give way I'm sure that if I had been a piece of the critter's back I must have been flung off. But I did what I thought I ought to, all through—so let Reginald Ander say what he pleases."

"His mind is wandering," remarked several bystanders to one another. Just then, however, their attention was drawn to the outside. In front of the door a horseman had that instant drawn bridle. The eyes of all were directed to him. To many he seemed like one risen from the dead; but the hearty tone in which he replied to the cordial salutations that greeted him from every side left no room to doubt that Mr. Marshall was before them in life and vigor. As he dismounted, Seymour, who had descended the steps with eager haste, was the first to grasp him by the hand.

"How do you do sir," said he, "I am rejoiced to see you. Your protracted absence caused us all at length to share the apprehensions of your family respecting

you. We were shocked only a day or two since by the news that your body had been found in a creek in South Carolina."

Mr. Marshall answered laughing, "if that's the worst news you have to tell me I shall be well contented. I do not know what body has been picked up—indeed this is the first I've heard of the story—but I feel quite comfortable with this I have with me. By the way, I wonder if our good landlord could not supply me with a little something to nourish it? I have ridden fifty miles this morning, and I know that when I get home my good folks will keep me so busy answering questions that I shall be allowed no chance to eat."

"But satisfy at least, sir," said Seymour, "our more moderate and less exacting curiosity, while dinner is on the travel from the kitchen to the table. Explain the mystery of your detention."

"There's no mystery about it," replied Mr. Marshall, taking a seat on the porch. "That stupid captain of the schooner, instead of putting me ashore as he promised at Charleston, or in the vicinity, kept directly on to New Orleans, pretending that the winds or some other nonsense prevented his stopping. I am rather inclined to believe that he was asleep or drunk when he passed the coast, and was too lazy to turn back. I have returned from Louisiana as quick as I could, stopped one day only at Charleston, performed all my business in that time, and am now here waiting for dinner."

"Did you return in the same packet that took you out?"

"Very far from it I assure you," said Marshall; "I would not trust the rascally captain again. When I told him, too, that he should not have a shilling in payment for the passage out, the impudent fellow smiled and answered that he did not expect anything. But what has been going on in my absence? Poor young Ander's dead I understand. I knew he was in a bad way when I left, but I had no idea that his notice was so short as it has proved."

"Yes he's gone," said one of the company, "and as he died intestate, Eugene Ander's eldest son will get the property."

"Eugene's fiddlestick," responded the old gentleman, "why Mr. Surecase here could have told you better, and Higgs, and Draper, too!"

Many eyes were now turned upon the three individuals enumerated. Surecase the lawyer spoke. "Of course, I knew there was a will, and that it was put in your possession, Mr. Marshall; but the testator, when I drew it up, requested me to say nothing about it till the time came for its execution. So it is evident that professional honor made it incumbent on me to preserve silence."

"And as for Draper's part and mine," said Higgs, "we witnessed the will,—that can't be disputed, but it was't for us to be telling tales out of school. Liars and lawyers are all one word they say, so it would have been a hard case indeed if professional spunk could do more for Mr. Surecase than honesty could do for us. Mr. Ander made us promise to keep our lips tight for a while."

"Tell us then what the will is," exclaimed a dozen voices together.

"The document, I suppose," answered Mr. Marshall, "is safe in my desk at home, but you will hardly be satisfied to wait till I fetch it here, so I may as well tell you the substance of it. Where are you going Seymour?"

The young Englishman who had risen from his seat, replied, "I return to England in the packet which leaves this afternoon, and it is time I was preparing my little baggage—I will stop, however, sir, to hear you through before I make my farewell."

"You act wisely," rejoined Mr. Marshall, "and to reward your patient attention to an old man's prattle I will be very brief. The short and long of the matter is, that the whole property is bequeathed to Laurence Seymour and Matilda Chesley, and *their heirs*."

"Is this really so?" said Seymour, suppressing his agitation.

"It is lucky for me," said Mr. Marshall with a smile, "that I am able to establish my assertion by good evidence. I should have been sorry to have lost my reputation for veracity at this late day. Yes, Mr. Seymour, I am in truth able to congratulate you on a bit of good fortune which is not met with every day. The will is plain, decisive, and I think incontestible. The only dark sentence in it you probably are able to throw light upon. Its object as well as I can comprehend it, is to release you from some bargain or other.

That seems nonsense now, by your leave friend Surecase, to tell a legatee he need not pay a debt to himself."

The lawyer, anxious to vindicate himself from the suspicion of a blunder, hastened to say in a tone raised considerably higher than usual, "I am not answerable for that; Mr. Ander would have it written just so."

A feeble voice from within the chamber was now heard to utter, "what's that about Mr. Ander?"

To Mr. Marshall's look of inquiry, Seymour answered, "it is Buck Weeks; he has had a bad fall from a horse."

"Is it indeed," said Marshall, rising and entering the room, "I have news for him too. Ander charges you, Seymour, and Miss Chesley, to take Buckner Weeks under your care and instruction, and if he should prove worthy, to establish him comfortably in some honest business. What do you think of that Buck?"

The youth was at first somewhat bewildered by the suddenly communicated information, but as soon as the case was made clear to him, answered, "well, Mr. Ander's the best leader after all, and here's one that means to stick to him henceforth, that is if I live, and I reckon I've got some physie now that's a big sight more healing than 'intments and plasters."

Such was the manner in which the Ander estate came into the possession of the Seymours. As to the note of which black Achsah was the bearer, inquiry revealed that Mr. Ander had given it to her nearly six weeks previous to his decease, with the direction to put it into the hand of Laurence Seymour when he should make his next visit to Miss Chesley. Secrecy was enjoined till then, and so successful was Reginald in the choice of all his agents that the old woman, as has been seen, fulfilled her charge with the most exemplary fidelity. It may be added, that some expressions dropped by the captain of the schooner gave ground for the shrewd conjecture that Mr. Marshall's involuntary voyage to New Orleans was not altogether accidental. What Reginald's object was in subjecting his heirs to such a trial as he did can only be guessed. Perhaps the best explanation was that given by Buck Weeks.

"Mr. Ander," he said, "was queer, and had his own way of doing things."

The race-rider recovered perfectly from his injuries, and his subsequent life testified that his admiration of his benefactor was sincere and lasting. Mr. and Mrs. Seymour did their part, and Buckner Weeks is remembered as having been in his day one of the most substantial farmers in the neighborhood of Anderport.

TITIAN'S ASSUMPTION.

BY WILLIAM ALLEN BUTLER.

[THE ASSUMPTION OF THE VIRGIN, Titian's most celebrated painting, is the glory of the Academy of St. Luke and of Venice. It is one of the grandest works of art in Italy. Following the tradition of the Roman Church, it represents the Virgin soaring to heaven from her grave, supported and surrounded by groups of angels, while the Apostles gaze upwards in wonder and adoration.]

Burst is the iron gate!
 And, from the night of fate,
 Out of the darkness and the gloom abhorred;
 Amidst the choral hymn,
 With cloud and cherubim,
 The Virgin leaves the tomb—arisen like her Lord!

Free in the heavens she soars,
 While the clear radiance pours
 Like a vast glory, round her upward face;
 And higher still, and higher,
 With the angelic choir,
 The soul by grace regained, regains the realms of grace.

In mortal shape! and yet,
 Upon her brow is set,
 The new celestial glory, like a crown;
 Her eyes anticipate
 The bright eternal state;
 Her arms to heaven extend; to her the heavens reach down!

We, with the saints, beneath,
 Half lose our mortal breath,
 With sense and soul still following where she flies;
 They, rapt into the light
 Of the miraculous sight,—
 We, of the wondrous art that gives it to our eyes!

Venice, May, 1847.

M'LE DE LA SEIGLIÈRE.

(Continued from page 495.)

CHAPTER VII.

M'LE DE LA SEIGLIÈRE watched alone. Leaning upon the support of an open window, with her brow resting in her hand and her fingers lost amid the tresses of her flowing hair, she heard, with an air of abstraction, the confused murmur which came up from the sleeping fields—the concert of the water, the waves and the winds, the nocturn of creation, the harmonious language of the serene and starry night. With all these voices and all these murmurs M'le de la Seiglière mingled the first stirrings of a heart wherein a new life was just beginning to dawn and reveal itself. It came up in her like the noise of some hidden fountain about to gush forth and already lifting the moss and turf which cover it. Helen had been reared in a world of grace, elegance and polish, but circumscribed, cold, correct, and monotonous—we will not say absolutely tedious. Her interviews with old Stamply, the letters of Bernard, the image and memories of one she had never known—these constituted all the poetry of her youth. But from these frequent conversations and the frequent reading and re-reading of his letters, all of which breathed the warmest filial affection united with the exaltations of glory—letters of a child as well as a hero, caressing and chivalrous, all written in the intoxication of triumph the day after the combat—she had come to entertain toward him that romantic affection which attaches to the memory of friends gathered before their time. Little by little the strange feeling had grown up and was beginning to open in her bosom like a mysterious flower;—a little, blue, ideal flower which perfumes the depths of the soul in its lonely hours. Helen cherished it in her heart that she might look upon it and breathe it there. And why should she distrust the dream when she had never seen the reality? Why should she fear

the shadow whose body was resting quietly in the tomb? Sometimes she carried his letters with her on her excursions, as she would have done some cherished book; and that very morning, seated on the side-hill under a bunch of aspens, she had re-read the most touching—that wherein Bernard enclosed to his father the first piece of red riband which had decorated his breast. The end of the riband still showed traces of powder, and was tarnished, moreover, by the kisses of old Stamply. Helen could not help thinking that this was worth all the carnations, roses, and camellias which Madame de Vaubert was accustomed to wear in her belt. With her imagination excited by the descriptions of the scenes of which Bernard gave an account in the letter, and a heart inflamed, she returned to the chateau, and had scarcely entered the room when they pointed out to her—Bernard, Bernard resuscitated, Bernard living and standing before her. This, certainly, was more than was necessary to surprise one who had hitherto dealt only with chimeras. The miraculous apparition of the young man, who bore no resemblance to any one she had ever seen before, but who did not illy respond to the idea which she had confusedly formed of him, the position of the son, whom she believed disinherited by the probity of his father, his grave and sombre look, his stern and haughty attitude, the sunlike brilliancy of his eye, and his shining forehead, his trials and sufferings, in short, all the details of that strange day, produced upon her an impression singularly romantic and deep. So far was she from suspecting that what was passing within her gave cause for alarm, that she abandoned herself, without the least solicitude to the sensations which were moving in her heart like the waves of a new life. Nevertheless she saw at once that, since Bernard

was living, she had no claim upon the letters which his father had given her upon his death-bed. But the thought of separating from them troubled her; she took them all, one by one, read them again, for the last time, and then put them all into the same envelope, silently bidding adieu to these friends of her solitude, these companions of her leisure hours. This done, she went out upon the balcony and there stood for some time gazing upon the stars, the white vapor which marked the winding course of the Clain, and the moon, like a disk of brass, just passing below the horizon.

Although it had been light for some time, Bernard awoke in darkness. A single beam of light, coming, he knew not whence, divided the apartment like a luminous band, in which were suspended millions of little particles—like golden dust in a riband of fire. After remaining for some instants in that state of listless indifference which amounts neither to sleeping nor waking, he suddenly started up at the low, murmuring sound of the reality which was stealing upon him like the flowing tide, listened for a moment, and threw an enquiring look around the chamber. The sound drew nearer; the tide was continually advancing. Startled and amazed, he leaped from his bed, drew the curtain and threw open the shutters. His eyes and his mind were enlightened at once; he comprehended the peculiarity of his position as clearly as he saw around him the sumptuous furniture of the chamber. The eagle which falls to sleep free in its eyrie, and wakes up perched in the cage of a menagerie, does not experience a feeling of rage and stupor more sombre and terrible than Bernard now experienced at the recollection of what had passed the day and evening before. He almost despaired of himself, and felt self-accused of cowardice, perjury, and infamy. He was tempted to throw the Japan vases, the cup of gold pieces, the Turkish slippers, and the cigars, out of the window, and to finish the matter by throwing himself out after them. He went through all the motions of twisting Madame de Vaubert's neck, and be thought himself what chastisement he should inflict upon the Marquis. Even Helen herself found no favor before his burning indignation. He stood motionless before the mirror, and asked himself if that could be his image reflected there. Was

it, in reality, his? In a single day, untrue to all his instincts, a traitor to his opinions, to his feelings, to his origin, to his duties, to his resolutions, to his interests even, he had struck hands with the nobility and accepted the hospitality of the plunderers and assassins of his father! By what sad charm? by what dark enchantment? Indignant at having been thus sported with, and convinced that the Marquis was only an old *roue*, and his daughter a young intriguer trained in the school of Madame de Vaubert, disengaged from all the bands with which they had insidiously bound him, ashamed and furious at the same time, at having suffered himself, like Gulliver, to be thus caught by such pigmies, he seized his whip, crushed his hat hastily upon his head, and, without even taking leave of his hosts, rushed from the chateau resolved not to return till he had driven out the entire race of the La Seiglières.

As he passed through the court, planted with fig-trees, horse-chestnuts and lindens, on the way to the stable to saddle his horse, he was met by Mlle de La Seiglière, who had just left the chateau for a morning walk, arrayed in her simple morning attire, yet, even more beautiful than she had seemed the evening before, and with a brow so serene, an air so calm and a look so limpid, that Bernard's indignation gave way before her as the mist upon the hills melts and disperses before the rising sun. To suspect that noble and sweet creature of hypocrisy, of lying, of intrigue and duplicity, was like accusing the innocent birds which were cooing and fluttering upon the neighboring dove-cot, of murder and carnage. She advanced directly towards him.

"I was looking for you, Monsieur," said she.

At the sound of her voice Bernard started, and the charm recommenced. They were at this moment near a little gate, which opened into the fields. Helen opened it, and, passing her hand through the arm of Bernard—

"Come," she added, "there is time enough yet. Father thought last evening to go and take a hunt with you this morning; but you will be obliged to content yourself with a stroll with me through the fields. You will lose by it; but the rabbits will be the gainers."

"Stay, Mademoiselle," said Bernard, with a tremulous voice, gently disengaging himself from the hand of Helen. "I respect and honor you. I believe you are as noble as you are beautiful. I feel that to doubt you, were to doubt truth itself. You loved my father; you were the guardian angel of his declining years. You administered to his wants, you solaced his sufferings, smoothed his pillow, and caught his dying breath. May Heaven bless and reward you. You fulfilled the duties which, but for my absence, would have devolved upon me. For this I shall ever cherish in my heart towards you a feeling of the warmest gratitude. Nevertheless, permit me to go. I cannot explain to you the imperative reasons which compel me to this course; but since I am compelled, and by a force which tears me from the charm of your society, you will see, Mademoiselle, I trust, that the notions by which I am governed are, indeed, imperative."

"Monsieur," replied Mlle de La Seiglière, who believed that she understood the motive of which she spoke, "if you are alone here, if your affection does not call you elsewhere, if your heart is free, I do not know how we can consent to your leaving us."

"I am alone, and my heart is free," sadly replied the young man; "but I am only a soldier of rude and, doubtless, gross manners. I have none of the tastes, habits or opinions of your father. A stranger to the world in which you live, I should neither enjoy it myself nor contribute to the pleasures of others."

"Is it so, Monsieur?" said Helen. "But bear in mind in your turn, that this is your domain, and that no one here will think of interfering with your tastes, habits, or opinions. My father has a kind heart, indulgent and tractable. You shall see us only when you desire; and if you prefer it, you shall not see us at all. You can choose that kind of life which pleases you best; and, aside from the temperature, which we cannot control, there shall be nothing to prevent your enjoying a perfect Siberia; only you shall not freeze, and France shall be at your door."

"Be assured, Mademoiselle," returned Bernard, "that my place is not in the same mansion with the Marquis de La Seiglière."

"Would you have me understand by that, Monsieur, that this is not our place," said Helen; "for this is your property."

Thus did these two innocent and honest hearts reciprocally abdicate their claims. Bernard blushed, was troubled, and said nothing.

"You see," continued Helen, "that you cannot and shall not depart. Come," she added, taking him by the arm, "yesterday I delivered to you, as it were, the last words of your father; there remains yet another deposit, which he confided to me on his death-bed, and which I must transfer to you."

Thus saying, she gently drew Bernard along, who followed her almost involuntarily, and both were soon out of sight, in a covered walk which led through the grounds between two hedges of thorns and privets. It was one of those smiling mornings which the autumnal sadness has not yet touched. Bernard recognized the old sights and scenes in the midst of which he had been brought up; at each step, some awakened recollection; at each turn of the path, some fresh memorial of his early years. As they thus proceeded, they talked of by-gone days. Bernard, of his turbulent childhood; she of her quiet and sober youth. Occasionally they would stop, whether to exchange an idea, an observation, or a sentiment, or to pluck the mint and digitalis which bordered the walk, or to admire the effects of the light upon the neighboring meadows and hill-sides; then, as if surprised by some sympathetic revelation, they pursued their walk in silence till some new incident arose to interrupt the mute language of their souls. If it appear strange, perhaps even improper, to some rigorous and delicate persons, that the daughter of the Marquis de La Seiglière should thus walk, in her morning toilet, leaning on the arm of a young man whom she had, for the first time seen the evening before, it is because these persons, for whose exquisite sensibility we, nevertheless, entertain a high respect, forget that Mlle de La Seiglière was too pure and too chaste to be influenced by that affectation of modesty and reserve, we will not say shyness, which the world teaches to its vestals. We would, also, recall to their recollection that Helen had grown up in solitude and

freedom, and that, in short, in following the secret tendency of her heart, she believed she was discharging her duty. After nearly an hour's walk they came, without being aware of it, and without design, to the farm where Bernard was born. At the sight of the humble cottage, where nothing had materially changed, he could not restrain his emotion. After taking a rapid survey of these scenes of his infancy, he sat down by the side of Helen, in the court, upon the same stone where his father sat on the occasion of his last visit to the farm a short time before his death. Both were deeply affected and remained silent. When Bernard raised his head, which he held for a long time between his hands, his countenance was moistened with tears.

"Mademoiselle," said he, turning towards Helen, "I yesterday, in your presence, spoke of my six years of exile and servitude. You are kind; I know it—I feel it. Perhaps you grieved for my sufferings, and yet, in that indiscreet recital of my ills and misfortunes, I made no mention of that which most cruelly tortured me, and still tortures me without ceasing. I carry it with me, like a vulture gnawing at my heart. When I left my father he was already old and alone in the world. In vain did he protest that I was his earthly treasure. I abandoned him without pity to run after that phantom which men call glory. Surrounded by the turmoil of the camp, and occupied by the excitement of war, I did not once think of my ingratitude; but in the silence of my captivity I felt myself suddenly overwhelmed by the weight of a terrible thought. I pictured to myself my old father, without relations, friends or family, abandoned, mourning my death, and reproaching my life. Thenceforward, the thought that he mourned for me, and that he doubted my affection, gave me neither truce nor mercy; it became the evil of my heart; and I still ask myself if, upon his dying bed, he could have forgiven me.

"He died with his blessing upon you," replied the young girl, "and in the joyous hope of meeting you in heaven."

"Did he never speak of me with bitterness?"

"He never spoke of you except with love and enthusiasm."

"Did he never curse my departure?"

"The very thought of your glorious conduct filled him with pride. You no longer existed for him, it is true; but still you were his entire life. He mourned for you, and yet he existed only in you and by you. As he was just expiring he gave me your letters as the dearest and most precious legacy which he had to leave. These letters—here they are," said Helen, drawing them out of a velvet bag and handing them to Bernard;—"they have taught me to know and to love France, and I have often seen your father moisten them with his tears and kisses."

"Mademoiselle," said Bernard with a trembling voice, "may you, who aided the father to die, and who help the son to live, be rewarded and blessed."

They returned more silent than they had come. Though still laboring under the shock of the frightful dream which he had had during the night, M. de la Seiglière cordially received Bernard, who could not excuse himself from taking breakfast with the Marquis and his daughter. Left to himself, the Marquis was most agreeable, and if now and then he was guilty of some imprudences, they were marked by such a character of freedom and good faith that they were by no means displeasing to the free and loyal nature of his guest. The repast finished, the day rolled away like a dream;—Bernard, always ready to depart, and always prevented by some new episode. He turned over the leaves of the albums with Helen, played billiards with the Marquis, rode out with both in an open calash, visited the stables of the chateau, praised the horses to the old gentleman, who was fond of them and pretended to be a judge. In the afternoon came Madame de Vaubert, who displayed all the powers of her grace and wit. The dinner was to Bernard almost a pleasant one. In the evening, by the fireside, he so far forgot himself as to again recount his battles. In short, a few moments before midnight, after shaking the hand of the Marquis, he retired to his chamber, and, firmly resolving that he would leave the next day, he smoked a cigar and laid down to pleasant dreams.

But what has become, meanwhile, of our young Baron? On the morning of that very day, Madame de Vaubert, who

had, the evening before, prevented her son from presenting himself at the castle, sent for him to her room.

"Raoul," said she to him, at the moment of his entrance, "do you love me?"

"What a question, mother!" replied the young man.

"Are you devoted to me, body and soul?"

"Have you ever doubted it?"

"If grave interests, concerning me, should require you to go to Paris ——"

"I would go."

"Immediately?"

"At once."

"Without losing an hour?"

"Now," said Raoul, taking his hat.

"Very well," said Madame de Vaubert.

"This letter contains my instructions; you will not open it until you arrive at Paris. The Bordeaux mail will pass through Poitiers in two hours. Here is some money. Embrace me. Now, go."

"Without taking leave of the Marquis and presenting my homages to his daughter?" demanded Raoul, hesitatingly.

"I will charge myself with that duty," replied his mother.

"Still ——"

"Raoul, do you love me?"

"What will ——"

"Are you devoted to me?"

"Mother, I go."

Three hours afterwards, Raoul was whirling away towards Paris, less perplexed and less doubting than one would suppose; and, under the belief that his mother had sent him thither to purchase the bridal presents. Scarcely arrived, he broke the seal of the envelope which contained the instructions of the baroness, and read the following lines:

"Amuse yourself; see the world; associate only with persons of your rank; do nothing to degrade yourself; husband your youth; think not of returning till I recall you, and leave to me the care of your happiness."

Raoul neither comprehended it nor sought to comprehend it. The next day he walked gravely upon the Boulevards, with a cold and serious look, in the midst of the splendor of Paris which he saw now for the first time, with as little curiosity as if he was walking through his own grounds.

CHAPTER VIII.

WEEKS and months rolled on. Though ever upon the point of departure, Bernard had not yet gone. The season was delightful. He hunted, rode the Marquis' horses, and finally gave himself up to the current of that easy and elegant life enjoyed by the rich country proprietors. The sallies of the Marquis pleased him; and although he still felt, in the presence of Madame de Vaubert, a vague sentiment of distrust, of inexplicable uneasiness, he nevertheless was not insensible—he hardly knew why—to the charms of her grace, dignity and intelligence. The dinners were gay and the wines exquisite. Rambles at nightfall along the banks of the Clain, or under the trees of the park, which the autumn had stripped of their foliage, discussions, stories and chit-chats by the fireside, whiled away the leisure evenings. If the Marquis occasionally let off an aristocratic shot which exploded like a bomb-shell at the feet of Bernard, Helen, always present

and busy with her needle-work, would raise her head and with a smile, heal the wound which her father had made. Mlle de la Seiglière, who still thought the young man's position at the castle was of an irksome, humiliating and precarious tenure, sought only to make him forget it; and this mistake was a full compensation for the heroic patience, at which he himself was surprised, with which he endured the provoking impertinences of the incorrigible old man. Besides, although they really agreed in nothing, Bernard and the Marquis began to feel an affection for each other. The open character of the son of Stamply, his frank and loyal nature, the manliness of his demeanor, the bluntness and boldness of his speech, even his extravagance of expression when he spoke of the battles of the Empire and the glory of his commander, were far from repugnant to the old gentleman. On the other hand, the chivalric puerilities of the Mar-

quies were not without something of attraction for the young soldier. They hunted, rode horseback, and talked politics together; got excited, battled—and were not far from loving one another. Faith, thought the Marquis, for a hussar, the son of a clown, the boy is really not so bad as he might be. Well, said Bernard, for a Marquis, a *voltigeur* of the old *regime*, the old man isn't the most disagreeable in the world. And when they parted in the evening, and in the morning when they met, they would cordially shake hands.

The autumn drew to its close, and the winter made Bernard feel more sensibly the joys of the fireside, and the pleasures of society. From his installation at the castle, it had been deemed prudent to avoid company. They lived by themselves. There were no parties. Bernard, who had passed the preceding winter among the frozen steppes of Russia, thought no longer to resist the seductions of so lovely and charming a retreat. The nobility, upon the whole, had an admixture of good, and rather improved upon acquaintance. He thought what would be his situation, sad and alone, in that deserted castle; that he should be wanting in respect to the memory of his father were he to proceed vigorously against those who had soothed his declining years, and that, since they did not question his right, he ought to leave to time and their delicacy and honor the fit determination of their strange history, without violence, or strife, or animosity. In short, in thus gently abandoning himself to the caprice of the wave by which he was rocked, he was not without good reasons for excusing himself in his own eyes, and justifying his weakness. There was one, however, more powerful than all, and this was the only one which he did not give.

Lightly and swiftly did the time fly away both for Helen and Bernard. It required no great sagacity to perceive what was going on in their young hearts; but our gentleman who knew as little of love as of politics, never for once dreamed that a patrician's daughter could fall in love with a plebeian's son. On the other hand, Madame de Vaubert, who with all her shrewdness, knew nothing of the surprises of passion, could not reasonably suppose that the presence of Bernard would com-

pensate for the absence of Raoul. Nor did Helen herself. In her innocence she did not doubt that she loved him; and recognizing herself before God as his betrothed, and believing that with reference to Bernard she was but obeying the dictates of a generous hospitality, she gave herself up, without distrust, to the mysterious current which was wafting her towards him.

She would sometimes compare the heroic youth of Bernard with the idle existence of Raoul; and sometimes, when reading the letters of her affianced, she would think of those of the young soldier, and wonder that the tenderness of the lover had so much less warmth and exaltation than that of the son. When with sparkling eye and a beaming countenance, Bernard spoke of the field of glory and combat, or when he sat gazing upon her in silence, she felt a strange emotion which she had never experienced in the presence of him to whom she was pledged. Still she did not divine that love was lurking in these sudden emotions of her soul—she, who had always supposed that love was a sober, quiet sentiment, without anxiety or mystery, without sorrow or joy. In fine, Bernard himself, without knowing it, was intoxicated with the charm which enveloped him, and day after day, with perfect freedom and innocence, each sought to throw the other's position into forgetfulness—Helen growing more charming and Bernard more humble—and neither suspected that love was at the bottom of these delicate attentions. Nevertheless they had, simultaneously, not long after, a vague revelation of the truth.

A short time before the arrival of Bernard, in one of those boyish fancies to which the Marquis was becoming sufficiently subject in his old age, he had bought a young horse of the pure Limousin blood, and so untameable that no one had yet dared to mount him. Helen had named him Roland, from his untractableness. A poor fellow, who thought himself a centaur, had volunteered to break him; but Roland was too much for the centaur, whom he quickly unhorsed with a broken back. From that time no one had ventured to meddle with the rude player, though he was the boast of the neighborhood for ten miles, both for his marvellous beauty and

the purity of his blood. The conversation turning upon this matter, one day, Bernard made bold to say that he could, in a month, render him gentle as a lamb. Madame de Vaubert urged him to try; the Marquis dissuaded, and Helen begged him not to undertake it. But Bernard had something beside mere pretension. He ran to the stables, and very soon made his appearance under the balcony, where the baroness, with the Marquis and his daughter were waiting, in the saddle and on the back of the bold and fiery Roland. Enraged by the curb, with foaming mouth, nostrils distended, and fiery eyes like a wild courser of the desert, which for the first time feels the girth and the bit, the proud animal bounded with incredible fury, pranced, wheeled, reared and plunged, all to the visible satisfaction of Madame de Vaubert, who seemed to take the greatest interest in the exercise, and to the special delight of the Marquis, who admired the grace and dexterity of the rider.

"*Ventre-saint-gris!* young man, you belong to the race of the *Lapithæ*," cried he, clapping his hands.

When Bernard returned to the parlor, he found Helen pale as death. During the entire day she neither looked at him, nor spoke to him. In the course of the

evening, however, when Bernard was standing near her, silent and sad, lest he had offended her—the Marquis and Madame de Vaubert, meanwhile, being absorbed in a game of chess:—

"Why will you so foolishly risk your life?" said she in a low tone, and somewhat coldly, without raising her eyes from the work upon which she was engaged.

"My life?" replied Bernard, smiling. "No great risk."

"You don't know that," said Helen.

"Nobody cares for me," rejoined Bernard, with a trembling voice.

"You don't know that," said Helen.

"Besides it is wrong thus to trifle with the gift of God."

"Check-mated!" shouted the Marquis.

"Young man," added he, turning to Bernard, "I repeat it; you are of the blood of the *Lapithæ*."

"From what we have seen," interrupted Madame de Vaubert, "Bernard will soon be master of Roland."

"You shall not ride that horse again," said Helen, with her eyes still fixed upon her work, and in a tone of cold and calm authority, and in a manner to be heard only by the young man, who retired almost immediately to conceal his emotion.

CHAPTER IX.

Thus matters stood, and nothing gave reason to suppose that for a long time, if ever, they would wear a new face. Bernard was fairly established, and his position appeared so impregnable, that the most the Marquis could hope for was, that he would suffer matters to remain as they were. In truth, the Marquis was in a quandary. He was instinctively drawn towards Bernard, and was fond of him, or rather willingly endured him, whenever he gave himself up to his natural levity, and forgot by what right the young Stamply sat at his table and fireside. But in his hours of reflection, so soon as he began to feel his dependence, and to perceive the true character of his situation, the Marquis saw in him only a domestic enemy—a sword of Damocles suspended by a thread and gleaming above his head. There were,

for him, two Bernard's, one of whom he was not at all displeased with, while the other he could have wished buried a hundred feet underground. He had not now, when speaking of him with Madame de Vaubert, those bursts of indignation, those laughable sallies which we have before described. He was no longer the petulant and mettlesome Marquis, breaking at every moment from his leading string, and bounding free in the fields of fancy. The reality had tamed him, and if at times he endeavored to throw off its influence, a touch in the flanks from the spurs of his rough rider, brought him to a sudden stop. Madame de Vaubert herself, was far from that confident assurance which she had at first discovered. Not that she had abandoned her purpose; Madame de Vaubert was not a woman to be easily discouraged; but not-

withstanding all her efforts to reassure him, she seemed to the Marquis hesitating, doubtful, troubled, and irresolute. The fact is, the baroness no longer felt that undoubting intrepidity which had so long sustained her, and with which she had also succeeded in inspiring the old gentleman. As she studied Bernard, watched him more nearly, and learned him more thoroughly, she became convinced that the chances for compromise and accommodation were exceedingly meagre; she perceived that she had to do with one of those sensitive and proud spirits, who impose conditions, but never receive them, who can abdicate, but never compound. Now, as here was a million at issue, it was not very likely that Bernard would readily resign it, however disinterested and generous he might be supposed to be. Mlle de La Seiglière was the only one who could attempt, with any hope of success, to accomplish such a miracle; she alone could consummate the work of seduction, which unconsciously to herself, the charms of her youth and beauty had victoriously begun. Unfortunately for Madame de Vaubert's plans, Helen was unsophisticated and ingenuous. If she possessed the charms which could turn the lion into love, she had not the artfulness which could file his teeth and pare his claws. By what arts, by what management, could she bring this noble heart to become, without suspicion, the instrument of her craft, and the accomplice of her intrigues? Such was the secret which all the ingenuity of Madame de Vaubert vainly exhausted itself in seeking. Her conversations with the Marquis had ceased to be marked by that nerve and force with which they had but recently been animated. There was no more of that high disdain, that proud contempt, that haughty bearing, which has more than once perhaps caused the reader to smile. When the hunter goes forth in the morning at the first dawn of light, full of ardor and hope, he breathes the air with a swelling chest, and cheerfully sets his feet in the dewy fields. Thus seeing him with his gun upon his shoulder, and escorted by his dogs, we would say he was marching to the conquest of the world. Meanwhile noon approaches; the dogs have started neither partridge nor hare, and the hunter foresees that he is to return with an empty bag, without having burned

his powder, unless, perhaps, in a shot at the limets. Through the briars, which tear his clothes, and beneath the sun, beating down upon his head, he marks his way with jaded steps, and sits down discouraged under the first hedge he enters. This is nearly the history of the baroness and the Marquis. It is noon with them, and they have taken no game; but worse off than the hunter, the game has caught them.

"Well, Madame la baronne?" occasionally said the Marquis languishingly and doubtfully shaking his head.

"Oh, Marquis," replied Madame de Vaubert, "we must see; we must wait. This Bernard is not exactly the person we have taken him to be. Whether feigned or real, a certain elevation of ideas and a certain distinction of sentiments is not wanting to him. At the present day all mingle together. Thanks to the benefits of a revolution which has confounded all classes, and obliterated all the lines of demarkation, the rabble may pretend to have as much heart as we. There is not one of them so mean but would think it dishonorable not to affect the stateliness of a Rohan, and the pride of a Montmorency. It is a great pity; but so it is. These people will finish by emblazoning their filth and mounting their armorial bearings."

"We are still playing a villainous game," added the Marquis, "for while we have no chance for excuse, thanks to your skill and counsel, I am in a fair way to lose both my fortune and my honor. This is too much! How shall we get out of this comedy? You are incessantly telling me that we hold the prey in our hands; *par Dieu!* I think rather that the prey holds us. We have shut up the mouse in a Flemish granary."

"We must see; we must wait," repeated Madame de Vaubert. "Henry IV. did not conquer his kingdom in a day."

"He conquered it in his hour, and at the point of a stainless sword."

"You forget the Mass."

"It was a Low Mass; I have been listening to one these three months, and am only at the *Introit*."

However much it might cost him to admit strangers into the secret of this business, which, however, was a secret to no one; however much of repugnance he

might feel to committing himself with the lawyers, the Marquis had arrived at such a state of perplexity that he determined to take the advice of a celebrated jurist, who then flourished at Poitiers, where he passed for the D'Aguesseau of the place. M. de La Seiglière still doubted the validity of the claims of his guest; he refused to believe that a legislator, even a Corsican, could carry iniquity so far as to sanction and encourage pretensions so exorbitant. At the risk of destroying his last hope, he one morning sent for the Poiterin D'Aguesseau to call at his cabinet, and carefully explained the whole matter, preparatory to the inquiry if there was any honorable way of disembarassing himself of Bernard; or at least if he could compel him to any arrangement which should compromise neither the honor nor the fortune of his family.

This celebrated jurist, whose name was Des Tournelles, was a little old man, keen, crafty, and withal fond of a joke, belonging to the noblesse of the robe, and therefore entertaining no great affection towards the noblesse of the sword, particularly the La Seiglières, who had always treated ermine and the wig as a smacking of the bourgeoisie. Besides, he had not forgotten a rencounter, in which our gentleman treated him very cavalierly, and while, though it had happened some thirty years before, and had been long forgotten by the offender, still rankled in the heart of the offended. M. Des Tournelles was therefore by no means grieved to find the Marquis in difficulty. Having thoroughly examined into the facts of the case, and assured himself that by the terms of the deed from Stamply to his old master, the rights of the donee were entirely revoked by the single fact of the existence of the son of the donor, he took a malicious pleasure in demonstrating to his noble client that not only had he no legal remedy against Bernard, but that the latter might at any time, according to the provisions of the law, turn him and his daughter out of doors. The old fox did not stop here. With the ostensible purpose of satisfying the Marquis, he entered into a defence of the principle upon which the law restoring Bernard to his father's property was founded; he developed the idea of the legislator, and maintained that in this, so far from being

iniquitous as the Marquis alleged, the law was just, provident, wise, and paternal. In vain did the Marquis object; in vain did he charge the republic with extortion, violence, and usurpation; in vain did he attempt to show that he held his property not of the liberality but the probity of his old servant; in vain, in short, did he endeavor to escape from his dilemma by any of the thousand and one ways which he knew so well. Our legist politely proved to him that in appropriating the estates of the emigrants, the republic had only made use of a legitimate right, and that in restoring to him the domain of his father, his old farmer had only performed an act of munificence. Under the pretext of still further explaining the matter, he expatiated at length upon the generosity of the old miser. He was gifted with an inexhaustible faculty, and the words poured from his mouth like showers of arrows from a quiver; so that the poor Marquis, pricked and stung like a man who had recklessly provoked a swarm of bees, began to sweat profusely, and writhed in his chair, cursing the day when he thought of consulting such a pitiless babbler, without even the poor resource of getting into a rage, so politely and dexterously did his tormentor bear himself. At length pushed to extremities—

"Enough! Monsieur, enough!" cried the Marquis; "*ventre saint-gris!* it seems to me that you abuse both eloquence and erudition. I am sufficiently informed; I have no desire for any further instruction."

"Monsieur le Marquis," gravely rejoined the sly old man, who enjoyed the sport exceedingly, and was determined not to let go his victim till he had gorged himself with his blood, "I am called in as the physician of your fortune and your honor, and I should deem myself unworthy the confidence you have shown me if I did not respond with equal candor. Your case is a grave one; and it is not by consulting your prejudices yourself, or by humoring them on my part that you can expect to extricate yourself from your embarrassment."

These last words fell like refreshing dew upon the indurated heart of the Marquis.

"Eh! Monsieur," he demanded with a hesitating and submissive air, "then the case is not desperate?"

"Possibly not," replied the crafty Des Tournelles with a smile, "provided always that you consent to disclose the whole, and to hear what is necessary to be heard. I repeat it, Monsieur le Marquis, you are to see in me only the physician, whose duty it is to examine into your complaint, and prescribe the proper remedy."

Softened by fear, allured by hope, and encouraged withal by the apparent good nature underneath which the old serpent concealed his perfidious designs, the Marquis resigned himself to the most thorough and intimate disclosures. To adopt the comparison of Des Tournelles, he fared like those persons, who, after a life of railing at medicine, throw themselves blindly into the arms of the doctor the moment they fancy that they can feel the cold breath of death. Apart from a few trifling details which he thought it his duty to omit, he laid the whole matter open without reservation—his return, the arrival of Bernard, and the manner in which the young man installed himself at the chateau. Urged on by the diabolical juriconsult, who every now and then interrupted him with—"Very well! all very well! Less serious than I expected. Courage, Monsieur le Marquis! All right so far, we shall get out of it,"—he laid himself completely open, while, with his chin supported upon his bill-headed cane, the old counsellor was swelling with joy to see the proud old gentleman thus expose his infirmities and discover, without hesitation, the wounds of his selfishness and pride. When the latter had finished his story, M. Des Tournelles assumed a serious look, and ominously shook his head.

"Serious matter," said he, "very serious; more so than I supposed just now. Monsieur le Marquis, it is not to be dissembled that you are in the most unfortunate position in which a nobleman of any time or country was ever placed. You have, in fact, no home which you can call yours. You do not tolerate Bernard; he tolerates you. You are at his mercy; you are dependent upon his caprices. This boy may at any time, or any day, compel you to leave. Serious, very serious, exceedingly serious!" and the lawyer looked still more grave, and shook his head still more ominously.

"I knew it, *par Dieu!*" it is very se-

rious," cried the Marquis with impatience; you may repeat that a hundred times, and teach me nothing new."

"I am quite aware," coolly pursued M. Des Tournelles without noticing the interruption of the Marquis, "I am far from ignorant of the fact that it is for the interest of this young man to retain you and your amiable daughter under his roof; I know very well that it will be difficult for him to find guests so distinguished, and who will do him so much honor. I go further; I maintain that it is his duty to seek to retain you; I conceive that filial piety imperiously commands him to connect you with his fortune. You were so kind to his father! It was said, with truth, that that old man enriched himself by the very act of divesting himself of his estate, so overwhelmed was he in his latter days with your kind attentions, your care, your tenderness, and your regard! Charming spectacle! It is delightful thus to see the hand which gives, overcome in generosity by the hand which receives! Although I have not the honor of an acquaintance with M. Bernard, I do not doubt his honorable disposition. So far as I am aware, everything indicates in him a noble heart, an elevated mind, a generous and grateful soul. But, aside from the fact that it hardly comports with the dignity of a La Seiglière to accept a humiliating condition, life is strewn with rocks, against which, sooner or later, the purest intentions and the most honorable resolutions must break. Bernard is young; he will marry, and have children. Monsieur le Marquis, I must tell you the truth; this is a very serious matter!"

"What! The devil!" shouted M. de Seiglière, who felt his blood tingle in the very tips of his ears. "I sent for you not to calculate the depth of the abyss into which I have fallen, but to tell me how I can get out of it. Will you begin to help me out; when I get out it will be time enough to measure its depth."

"Pardon me, Monsieur, pardon me," replied M. Des Tournelles; "before finding you a ladder it is well to know how long it must be. Monsieur le Marquis, the abyss is profound! What an abyss! If you return you may flatter yourself, like Theseus, that you have visited dismal shores. And what a history, monsieur, is yours! What singular freaks of fortune! What

strange vicissitudes! The Marquis de La Seiglière, one of the greatest names in history—one of the first gentlemen in France, recalled from exile by one of his old servants! The worthy man despoils himself to enrich his former lord! The son, who was supposed to be dead, returns one fine morning to reclaim his heritage! This is a drama; it is all a romance; we have nothing more interesting in all our judicial annals. No doubt, Monsieur le Marquis, you were very much surprised at the appearance of this young soldier, whom rumor had slain in the battle of Moscow! But, although his return must have cost you some embarrassment, I should be willing to swear that the appearance of the son of your benefactor alive and well, was not disagreeable to you."

"To the point! Monsieur, to the point!" cried the marquis, ready to burst, and red as a peony.

"Do you know of any way to get me out of this affair?"

"Zounds! Monsieur le Marquis," cried his tormentor, "we must find some way. You must not remain in such a deplorable position. It must not be said that a Marquis de La Seiglière and his daughter have lived at the charge of the son of their old farmer, liable at any day to be sent away, like tenants who have not paid their rent. This ought not to be; it must not be."

Here M. Des Tournelles appeared to fall into a learned meditation. For a quarter of an hour or more he sat marking out circles on the floor with the end of his cane, or, with nose pointing upwards, regarding the mouldings of the ceiling; while the marquis watched him in silence, with an anxiety impossible to describe, but easy to comprehend, trying to read his fate in the visage of his counsel, and passing, by turns, from disappointment to hope, according to the anxious or smiling expression which played upon the countenance of the perfidious Des Tournelles.

"Monsieur le Marquis," said he, at length, "the law is explicit; the claims of young Stampy are incontestible. Nevertheless, as there is nothing in the law which cannot be disputed, I am of opinion that, with the requisite management and skill, you may succeed in compelling young Stampy to relinquish his pretensions. But the difficulty is that, in order to do this,

it is necessary to resort to the subtleties of the law; and you, Marquis de La Seiglière, you will never consent to engage in the obliquities of chicane."

"Never, Monsieur, never!" proudly replied the marquis. Better leap out of the window than descend by a filthy staircase."

"I was sure of it," resumed M. Des Tournelles. "These sentiments are too chivalrous for me to think of combatting them. Allow me, however, to observe that the stake is a great one—the domain of your ancestors—a million of property—the future prospects of your daughter and your family. All this is to be taken into consideration. I do not speak of this with reference to yourself, Monsieur le Marquis; you possess a heart as disinterested as ever beat in the human bosom, and ruin is less terrible to you than a stain upon your escutcheon. Want has no terrors for you; you would live, if need be, upon the roots of the earth and water. This is noble, beautiful, grand, heroic! I can see you already, in my mind's eye, resuming the route to poverty, and at the view my heart is moved and my imagination kindled; for, as has been truly observed, the wrestlings of a strong man with the assaults of adversity, is the most magnificent spectacle which one can behold. But your daughter, Monsieur, your daughter, for you are a father! Though you may be willing to accept the part of Oedipus, will you impose upon that darling child the task of Antigone? What do I say? As pitiless as Agamemnon, will you sacrifice her, a new Iphigenia, upon the altar of pride to the selfishness of a false honor? I was well aware that you would find it repugnant to your feelings to suffer your name to be brought before the tribunals, and to seek by technicalities to snatch from justice the consecration of your rights. Still, think of it, a million of property! Monsieur le Marquis, you are properly here; it is your place; this hereditary wealth becomes you; it fits you like a glove, and you wear it well. And then, between you and me, is it more dishonorable to seek a blow at one's adversary, through a defect in the law, than it was formerly for knights to aim, lance in hand, at the joint of the visor, or at some defect in the cuirass?"

"Well, proceed Monsieur," said the marquis, after a few moments of hesitating si-

lence, "if you will answer for the success of the plan, out of the devotion which I feel for the interests of my daughter, I will resign myself to drain the cup of humiliation to its last dregs."

"Triumph of paternal love!" exclaimed M. Des Tournelles, with an air of astonishment. "Then it is agreed that the case shall go to court. It only remains to determine by what niceties we shall be able to succeed in legally depriving of his legitimate rights the son of the good man who left you all his estate."

"*Ventre-saint-gris!* Monsieur. Let us understand ourselves!" cried the old gentleman, who, in less than a second, changed from the blush of shame to the pallor of indignation. "That is not what I want. I believe it to be my duty to transmit, intact, to my daughter the inheritance which I received; but God forbid that I should ever think of depriving that young man of his legitimate property. I will set apart a portion of it to him. I will assure to him, at whatever expense, an easy and honorable support."

"Ah! noble, noble heart!" said M. Des Tournelles, with a tenderness so perfectly affected that the marquis himself felt somewhat moved. "And yet they accuse these grand seigniors of selfishness and ingratitude! Well, since you insist upon it, we will do something for the husband. Besides, we will declare this in open court; the advocate on the other side can make nothing of it, and it will have a good effect on the minds of the judges."

Hereupon, M. Des Tournelles, desiring a few moments for reflection, to see, as he said, if he could find any defect in the law, appeared again to lapse into a profound cogitation. In about ten minutes he came out with a countenance radiant with smiles; seeing which, M. de La Seiglière felt the joy of a man who, under sentence of death, and in daily expectation of being executed, suddenly learns that his punishment is commuted to perpetual imprisonment in the galleys.

"Well, Monsieur," demanded the marquis.

"The fact is, Monsieur le Marquis," responded M. Des Tournelles, suddenly assuming a look of mingled pity and consternation, "the fact is, you are lost, lost without resource, lost without hope! After considering the whole matter and tho-

roughly weighing it in all its details, to go to court would be a great mistake. It would only compromise your reputation without saving your fortune. I made no doubt of being able to get round the law in some way, and save you from the 960th article of the chapter on donations; with the code there is always some means of getting along. Unfortunately, the terms of the deed which restored the property to you, are too clear, too precise and explicit to admit, with the best will in the world, of any doubt as to their meaning; it would be only a waste of time and labor. John Stamply left you his property only under the conviction that his son was dead; but his son is living; therefore the father gave you nothing. There is no escaping the conclusion; it is inevitable! inevitable!" repeated the lawyer, with peculiar emphasis, and a look of despair. "But I desire to know," he continued, with an air of triumph, "why it is that you and I sit here amusing ourselves with so remote and so sorry a prospect of escape, when it is not impossible that we have one at hand which is at once honorable and infallible? In your familiarity with comic authors, the fact cannot have escaped you, that all comedies end with a marriage. Indeed, it almost seems as if marriage was instituted for the pleasure and profit of poets. Marriage, Monsieur le Marquis, is the grand resource, the *deus ex machina*, the sword of Damocles cutting the Gordian knot. You find it so in Molière, in Regnard, in all the poets. How could they extricate themselves from their plots, except by marriage? In all comedies, what reconciles divided families? what terminates differences? What stops litigation, extinguishes hatred, and puts an end to intrigues? Marriage! always marriage! And what prevents us, if it is true that the drama is but the painting and expression of real life, from winding up with a marriage? Eh? Mlle de La Seiglière is young, and admitted to be charming; on the other hand, Bernard is young, also, and very passable in his appearance? Let them be married. Molière himself would not have asked a better dénouement for such an adventure."

Notwithstanding the difficulty of his position, the marquis was seized with such a fit of hilarity at this proposition that he sat rolling in the chair, and holding on upon

his sides for some five minutes in immoderate laughter.

"*Par Dieu !* Monsieur," said he, after having recovered himself, "you owed me this recompense for the two hours you have kept me on the stand. I beg you will repeat your proposition."

"I have the honor to repeat, Monsieur le Marquis," replied the malicious old man; with an imperturbable *sang-froid*, "that the only way of reconciling, in this affair, your reputation with your interest is to offer M^{lle} de La Seiglière in marriage to the son of your old farmer."

This time the marquis was utterly unable to contain himself. He was obliged to get up from his chair and take a turn or two about the chamber before he could recover himself from the convulsions of laughter induced by his excessive delight. When he had become tolerably calm—

"Monsieur," said he, "I had been told that you were a very able man, but I had no conception of your real power. *Ventre-saint-gris !* What penetration ! What a prompt and ready glance ! What a way of arranging things ! You must have been sent to school early to have acquired so much at your age. Your father was, doubtless, king's attorney. *Vive Dieu !* What wells of science ! Madame Des Tournelles, when you walk out with her, at Blossac, on Sunday, must carry a high head. Monsieur le jurisconsulte," added he, suddenly changing his tone, "you have to consult not to advise."

"Oh ! to be sure, Monsieur le Marquis," replied M. Des Tournelles, without discovering the least embarrassment, "I understand perfectly well that such a proposition is revolting to your noble instinct. I can fully appreciate your feelings ; I can feel all the weight of your objections ; I can excuse your opposition. Still, if you will reflect but for one moment you will see in your turn, that there are exigencies to which the most legitimate pride is obliged sometimes to yield."

"Stop there, Monsieur," said the Marquis, in a severe tone, which admitted of no reply ; which however did not silence the crafty old man.

"Monsieur le Marquis," he continued with firmness, "the sincere interest, the very lively sympathy with which your position inspires me, the respectful attach-

ment which I have always felt towards your illustrious family, the frankness and well known sincerity of my character, all unite in compelling me to insist ; and I must insist, though I incur your ridicule and even your indignation, as the reward of my devotion. Suppose, some day, your foot should slip, and you should be precipitated into the Clain, would he not be justly chargeable with crime before God and man, who, when it was in his power, should not lend you a helping hand. But the truth is, you have fallen into a gulf a hundred times deeper than the bed of our river ; and I think I should be wanting to my duty did I not make use, even at the risk of wounding you, of all possible human means to attempt to extricate you."

"Well ! Monsieur," retorted the Marquis, "let people drown in peace, if it is their good pleasure. Far better to drown respectably in pure, transparent water, than drag out a dishonorable life in poverty and disgrace."

"These sentiments honor you ; I recognize in them the worthy heir of a noble family. I fear, however, that you exaggerate the dangers of an alliance with a family not of your rank. You must be aware that, whether right or wrong, opinions have latterly undergone a great modification on this point. Monsieur le Marquis, these are trying times. Although nominally restored, the noblesse are by no means really so ; under the factitious brilliancy which has recently been imparted to them, there is already the melancholy of a star which pales and declines. I am convinced that they can recover their ancient splendor only by mingling, to some extent, with the democracy which surrounds them on all sides. I have carefully reflected upon our prospects, for I also am interested as well as yourself ; and for the purpose of convincing you how deeply I am penetrated with the necessity of an alliance between us and the people, I will state, what you are perhaps not aware of, that I recently resigned myself to the marriage of my eldest daughter with a sheriff. We must take things as they are. At the present time it is with the aristocracy as with the precious metals, which cannot be sufficiently hardened to be useful without a grain of alloy. In these times a marriage of convenience, such a one as I am recom-

mending, is a sort of family lightning rod, for the protection and the best interests of all concerned. We must stoop a little that we may get a better support, and fortify ourselves more strongly against the tempest. A great and curious change is at this moment going on in society. Before twenty years shall have passed the citizen gentleman will take the place of the gentleman cit. Will you, Monsieur le Marquis, have my whole thought?"

"No, I am not particular about it," said the Marquis.

"Well, as I was going on to say," resumed M. Des Tournelles with unwavering assurance, "your great name and fortune, your intellectual superiority, and your accomplished manners, have very naturally excited towards you feelings of envy. You have enemies; what superior man has not? He must be unfortunate indeed who has not two or three at least. But you, for the reasons I have just stated, have many. How could it be otherwise? You are not popular. What more easily accounted for, since in all things popularity is only the seal of stupidity, and the crown of mediocrity? In short, Monsieur le Marquis, you have the honor to be detested."

"Monsieur——"

"I beg pardon; I appreciate your modesty; but, as I was saying, you have the honor to be detested. You serve as the mark for the shots and jibes of an unscrupulous party, which is increasing every day, and which threatens very soon to become the majority of the nation. I shall not allow myself to repeat to you the thousand base calumnies which this lawless and faithless party is daily engaged in spreading like venom over your noble life. I know too well the respect due to you to consent to become the echo of these vile and cowardly aspersions. They charge you openly with having deserted your country at a time when it was in danger; they accuse you of having borne arms against France."

"Monsieur," replied the Marquis with virtuous indignation, "I have never borne arms against any one."

"I believe it, Monsieur le Marquis; I am sure of it. All honorable persons are agreed on this point; but, unfortunately, the liberals have no reverence, they respect nothing, and honorable men are rare.

They are pleased to point you out as an enemy of the public liberties; the rumor goes that you detest the charter; they insinuate that you are seeking to restore within your domains the dime, the corvée, and other seigniorial privileges. They assert that you have written to His Majesty Louis XVIII. to advise him to enter the Chamber booted and spurred, whip in hand as Louis XIV. did his parliament; they affirm that you annually celebrate the anniversary of the battle of Waterloo; they suspect you of being in correspondence with the congregation of the Jesuits; in fine, they go so far as to say that you openly insult the glory of our arms by habitually attaching to the tail of your horse a tricolored rosette. This is not all, for calumny will not readily stop where it finds so many attractions; they declare that old Stampy was a victim of scandalous and heartless devices, and that as a return for all his benefactions, you left him to die with chagrin. I do not wish to alarm you; nevertheless, I must avow that as things are situated, if a second revolution should break out—and God only knows what the future has in reserve for us—you would be obliged to fly again with the greatest haste; otherwise, Monsieur le Marquis, I would not answer for your head."

"You know very well, Monsieur, that this is infamous," exclaimed M. de La Seiglière, whom this oration of the satanic old man had excited to the utmost pitch of endurance. "These liberals are villainous scoundrels. I, an enemy of the public liberties! I adore them. And how could I detest the charter? I never saw it. The Jesuits! but ventre-saint gris! I never saw the tail of one; and as for the other charges, I will not deign to reply to such low and vulgar accusations. As to a second revolution," added the Marquis gaily, as cowards whistle to keep up their courage, "I imagine, Monsieur, you must be jesting."

"Jesting! By no means," quickly replied M. Des Tournelles. The future is thick with tempests; the heavens are charged with livid clouds; political passions can already be heard in the distance; the very soil beneath us is mined, and ready to explode. Indeed, Monsieur le Marquis, I tell you in all earnestness, that if you would

not be surprised by the storm, you must watch, watch incessantly, give ear to every sound, be on your guard night and day, have neither rest nor truce, nor respite, but have your baggage constantly ready, that you may be on your way at the first clap of thunder that shall break in the horizon."

M. de La Seiglière turned pale, and regarded M. Des Tournelles with a look of fear. After enjoying the fright for a few moments, which he had thus thrown into the heart of his unfortunate client, the lawyer continued:—

"Do you now perceive, Monsieur le Marquis, the propriety of this alliance? Do you not begin to see that a marriage between the son of Stamply and your daughter, would be, on your part, an act of profound policy? See how, by such a course, you would change the face of things. You are suspected of hating the people; you give your daughter to the son of a peasant. They mark you as an enemy of our rising glory; you adopt a child of the empire. They accuse you of ingratitude; you mingle your blood with that of your benefactor. Thus, at a single stroke, you confound calumny; you disarm envy; you bring public opinion to your support; you contract a favorable alliance with a party which now seeks your ruin; you insure your head and fortune against the danger which threatens; in short, you will end your days surrounded with luxury and opulence, happy, tranquil, honored, and safe from the storms of revolution."

"Monsieur," said the Marquis, with dignity, "if need be my daughter and I will mount the scaffold. We can pour out our blood; but we will never pollute it so long as it shall flow in our veins. We are ready; the noblesse of France have proved, thank God! that they know how to die."

"To die is nothing. To live is the difficulty. If the scaffold was ready at your door, I would take you by the hand and say to you: 'Mount into heaven!' But from here there, how many sad days to pass! Think ——"

"Not a word more, I beg of you," said M. de La Seiglière, drawing from the pocket of his black satin breeches a little silk purse, which he furtively slipped into the hand of M. Des Tournelles. "You have exceedingly entertained me," added the

Marquis; "it is a long time since I have laughed so heartily."

"Monsieur le Marquis," replied M. Des Tournelles, carelessly letting the purse drop upon the floor; "I am abundantly recompensed by the honor you have done me in esteeming me worthy of your confidence. Besides, if it is true that I have succeeded in making you laugh in the position in which you are placed, it is one of my greatest professional triumphs, and I am under great obligation to you. Whenever you may be pleased to resort to my humble advice, I shall ever be ready to afford you any assistance in my power, and think myself fortunate, if, as to-day, I shall succeed in allaying, in any degree, your apprehensions."

"You are too kind a thousand times," rejoined the Marquis, with a low bow.

"And though this is no longer to be your home," resumed Des Tournelles, "though you may, henceforth, possess neither chateau, nor park, nor forest, nor domain, not even a poor corner of the earth large enough to pitch your tent upon, you are still, and will continue to be, to me, the Marquis de la Seiglière, greater, perhaps, in misfortune than ever you were in prosperity. It is my nature; misfortune seduces me, adversity attracts me. Had my political opinions admitted of it, I should have accompanied Napoleon to St. Helena. Be assured that my devotion and respect will follow you wherever you may go, and that you will always find in me a friend faithful in misfortune."

"On your part, Monsieur, be persuaded that your respect and devotion will ever be to me a precious source of aid and consolation," replied the Marquis, pulling the bell.

M. Des Tournelles had arisen from his seat. As he was about to leave, he threw a complacent look around the apartment and observed in all its details the sumptuous furniture.

"Delightful sojourn! enchanting retreat!" murmured he, as if talking with himself. "Carpets from Aubusson, damasks from Genoa, Saxony porcelain, chairs from Boule, Bohemian glass, splendid paintings, objects of art, charming fancies — Monsieur le Marquis, you live here like a king. And this park! Why, it is a perfect wood," added he, approaching

the window. "As you sit by the corner of your fireside, in the spring, you must hear the songs of the nightingale."

At this moment the door opened and a valet appeared.

"Jasmin," said M. de la Seiglière, kicking the purse which still lay upon the carpet and discovered the yellow metal gleaming through its silken meshes, like the scales of a gold fish—"pick that up, it is a present to you from M. Des Tournelles. Good day, Monsieur Des Tournelles, good day. My compliments to your wife. Jasmin, show the gentleman out, you owe him that politeness."

This said, he turned his back without more ado, stepped behind the window and leaned his head forward against the glass. He supposed that M. Des Tournelles had left, when, all of a sudden, the execrable old man, who had slipped back, stealthily as a cat, standing on tiptoe and placing his mouth close to the ear of the ruminating Marquis—

"Monsieur le Marquis—" said he in a low tone, and with a mysterious look.

"What!" cried the Marquis, suddenly starting up, "you here yet?"

"A last opinion, it is a good one. The matter is a very serious one, and if you wish to get well out of it, marry your daughter to Bernard."

Thereupon, followed by the maledictions of the Marquis, and attended by Jasmin, who overwhelmed him with bows and other demonstrations of politeness, M. Des Tournelles turned quickly on his heel, and, with cane under his arm and rubbing his hands, darted out of the door delighted as a fox just leaving the poultry yard drunk with blood and licking his jaws.

Thus, apparently with the intention not to touch, or to touch only to cure, M. Des Tournelles had only irritated and poisoned the wounds of his victim. M. de La Seiglière who had previously felt sick, was now convinced that his sickness was mortal—that he should never recover. Such was the result of this memorable consultation; a Marquis was drowning; a lawyer, who was passing by, proved to him that he was lost and tied a stone to his neck, after having, for a couple of hours, dragged and rolled him in the mud.

But the heart of the Marquis was not the only one in the valley of the Clain

that was true blood. To say nothing of Madame de Vauvert, who was not quite reassured as to the success of her enterprise, Helen and Bernard had both lost their repose and serenity. For some time Mlle de La Seiglière had been greatly perplexed, and a thousand strange questions were constantly coming up in her mind. Why, in none of her letters to Raoul, had she ventured to mention the presence of Bernard? Doubtless she feared to provoke the pleasantry of the young baron, who could never tolerate old Stamply; but why, when in conversation with Bernard, and mention was made of the son of the baroness, had she never dared to speak of her approaching union with him? Sometimes she seemed to herself to be deceiving them both. Whence came that vague dread, or that cold indifference, which she had recently experienced at the thought of the return of Raoul. Whence was it, also, that his letters, which at first so delighted and almost charmed her, brought now only a profound and mortal ennui? Whence, in fine, that overwhelming feeling of lassitude which she invariably felt on sitting down to reply? These questions troubled her. Nor was she troubled by what was passing in her own mind alone. She saw instinctively that the movements and acts of those around her had a mysterious and equivocal appearance. The dejection of her father, the sudden departure of Raoul, his prolonged absence, the attitude of the baroness, all these alarmed her. The glow of health upon her cheek was disappearing; her full dark eyes were losing their fullness and lustre; her cheerful temper was gradually becoming changed. In order to explain, if she could, the trouble and embarrassment which she experienced in the presence of Bernard, she tried to hate him. She knew that it was since his arrival that she had lost the calm and freedom of her young days. She accused him, in her heart, of too readily accepting the hospitality of a family whom his father had despoiled. She said that he ought to have sought a nobler employment for his courage and his youth, and regretted that he had not more pride and dignity. Then turning her thoughts towards Raoul, with every determination to love him, mistaking her conscience for love and her love for hatred, she gradually and purposely avoid-

ed Bernard, renounced her walks in the park, ceased to appear in the saloon, and secluded herself in her chamber. Reduced to the intimacy of the baroness and the Marquis, since Mlle de La Seiglière was no longer present to veil with her sincerity, innocence and beauty, the intrigues and ruses of which he was the sport, Bernard became sombre, eccentric and irascible.

It was then that the Marquis, by a resolution which merits all the epithets which Madame de Sévigné lavishes upon the marriage of a grand-daughter of Henry IV. to a cadet of Gascony, suddenly determined to suffer the humiliation which M. Des Tournelles had pointed out as the only way of safety which remained to him in this lower world.

To be Continued.

HON. HENRY WASHINGTON HILLIARD,

OF ALABAMA.

THE reputation of the public men of every country is the property of the nation, and illustrates the character of the government. This is especially so in the United States, where the invigorating influence of our free institutions is displayed in the lives of those who, deriving no aid from wealth or powerful connections, rise from the level of common exertion to distinction, and reach stations which interest the whole country in their history.

The position which the Hon. Henry W. Hilliard has attained among the public men of the United States, is another instance of this influence which our brief history has furnished, and will make the following sketch of his life, up to the present moment, acceptable to our readers in every part of the country. He is a native of North Carolina, but shortly after his birth his parents removed to Columbia, in the State of South Carolina, where he grew up to man's estate. He was educated at the South Carolina College—an institution justly celebrated for the learning of its faculty, the number of distinguished men who have taken its degrees, and the enlightened patronage which it receives from the State. He graduated with distinction at eighteen; and, as a proof of the early bias of his mind towards politics, it may be stated that the oration which he delivered on the occasion had for its subject, "The tendency of the American Government to exalt the character of its people." In his youth he enjoyed the rare advantage of associating with men of mature minds, who had already reached distinction, but who extended to one whose aspirations after honorable preferment, and whose strong sympathy with intellectual exertion even then interested them, a friendship which cheered and stimulated him;—such men as Preston, Legaré, and others, who, at that time, exhibited in the Legislature of South Carolina, those great

powers that have since earned for them the noblest national fame.

Mr. Hilliard, after leaving college, entered immediately upon the study of the law, which he prosecuted for some time in Columbia; but a desire to engage as early as possible in the practice in a new field, induced him to remove to Georgia, where he continued the study for nearly two years longer in the office of Judge Clayton, at Athens. Within a few days after reaching his twenty-first year, he was admitted to the Bar. At that time, when about to enter upon the career of manhood, he adopted those religious sentiments which he still entertains, and connected himself with the Methodist Episcopal Church—a church characterized by the earnestness of its faith, and the strong resemblance of some of its usages to Puritan habits. Of this Church he has ever since continued a member, engaging in its service, and unhesitatingly complying with its forms, which enjoin upon him the duty of proclaiming, at times in public, the truths of the Christian system. He commenced the practice of law; but in a few months he was invited to fill a chair in the University of Alabama, and one of the subjects confided to him was the Constitution of the United States. After two or three years of service there, which he employed not only in instruction but in study, he resigned his appointment. Shortly after, having removed to Montgomery, he resumed the practice of his profession with great success.

In 1838 the political course of Mr. Hilliard begins. The Hon. Dixon H. Lewis at that time represented the Montgomery district in Congress, and, having adopted Mr. Calhoun's plan of the Sub-Treasury question, he undertook, upon his return home, to bring his constituents to the support of that measure in a series of able numbers which he published over the

signature of a "Nullifier." Most of the aspiring men of that part of Alabama fell in with Mr. Lewis' opinions; but Mr. Hilliard offered to them a very vigorous opposition. He replied to the articles of Mr. Lewis as they appeared, in the leading Whig paper of Montgomery, in six letters, over the signature of "Junius Brutus;" and he succeeded in rallying the great body of the Whig party against the doctrines which Mr. Lewis vainly strove to establish. These papers attracted great attention; and while Mr. Lewis' numbers were attributed to "a determination on the part of certain politicians of the extra session to bring over the nullifiers to the support of Mr. Van Buren's administration," Mr. Hilliard's replies were hailed as "an argumentative and eloquent refutation of Mr. Lewis' views." In the summer of 1838, Mr. Hilliard was elected to a seat in the Legislature of his State, after an animated contest; and the triumph was regarded with pleasure, even in South Carolina, where the discussion to which we have referred had been observed with much interest. The most important paper published in Columbia expressed high gratification at the success "of the leading champion of the cause in refuting the arguments in Mr. Dixon Lewis' papers;" and it added, "the election of Mr. Hilliard is the decision of the controversy between 'Junius Brutus' (Mr. Hilliard) and 'A Nullifier;' (Mr. Lewis); and this deed of the stripling with his sling and pebble, is an earnest of his future success. Mr. Hilliard is of our college—he left us some years since, carrying with him the best wishes and the high expectation of this community." Judge Smith, who had previously distinguished himself as a Senator of the United States from South Carolina, was, at that time, a member of the Alabama Legislature; and, in an elaborate speech, he urged that body to adopt resolutions instructing the Senators from that State to give their support to the Sub-Treasury scheme. The task of replying to him was assigned to Mr. Hilliard by his political friends in the House; and the manner in which he acquitted himself heightened the reputation which he had before acquired. His argument was a full one; and we find his views of the doctrine of instruction, as applied to Senators in

Congress, expressed with so much justness and force, that we regret our limited space will not allow us to quote them at length.

After adverting to Edmund Burke's splendid and philosophical exposition of the relation existing between the representative and his constituents, he proceeded to argue that the responsibility of a Senator of the United States to the Legislature of a State, was a peculiar and limited one. "It was the aim of the Constitution to ensure to the Senate of the United States a fixed and steady policy, to protect the exercise of an enlightened and independent judgment, and to encourage the influence of lofty and expanded considerations. In the representative branch of the National Legislature, every popular feeling, and even prejudice, is expected to be felt and exhibited; coming from the great body of the people, directly responsible to them, and holding offices for so brief a season, they are supposed to feel sensitively, and to reflect most faithfully every fluctuation in public sentiment. But the waves of popular commotion, which will sometimes, in the purest republics, and among the most generous people, rise too suddenly and mount too high, are expected to dash and break at the feet of a calm and unmoved Senate." Against the political features of the Sub-Treasury scheme, his argument was a triumphant one. He insisted that the Treasury Department should be under the control of Congress, and as little dependent as possible on the President; that "among the powers assigned to Congress, is the control of the public funds, in itself a very high trust. They [the representatives of the people] are to guard the treasure of the nation with unrelaxing vigilance, and no appropriation can be made without their action. It will at once be seen how deeply this arrangement concerns popular liberty, and any measure which proposes to disturb this adjustment of power, is condemned by the Constitution, and is hostile to the dearest public interests." Mr. Hilliard served but one session in the Legislature—professional engagements inducing him to decline a reelection. He took part, however, in the great contest of 1840. Having urged in the Harrisburg Convention, of which he was a member, the nomination of Mr. Clay without success, he returned to Ala-

bama and threw himself into the contest for Gen. Harrison with his characteristic energy. Being the elector for his district, he canvassed it thoroughly, and carried it by an overwhelming majority for the Whig candidates. So powerful an impulse was given to the cause that it rolled its triumphant tide over South Alabama, and shook the mountain fastnesses of the northern portion of that State. In Georgia, too, Mr. Hilliard exerted himself, with the greatest success, for the interests of the Whig party.

The next year he was nominated for Congress, but the Legislature interfered in behalf of Mr. Lewis, and, for the first time, adopted the general ticket system—referring the question whether it should continue to be the mode of electing representatives, to the people, who decided that the district system should be restored. Mr. Hilliard received in his own district an overwhelming majority, but was, of course, defeated by the northern portion of the State.

In the summer of 1841, he was offered a foreign mission, which he declined; but in the spring of 1842, he was sent out as Minister to Belgium, to succeed the Hon. Virgil Maxey, who was about to return home.

His residence in Brussels brought him in contact with the representatives of other nations, and afforded him the opportunity of becoming extensively acquainted with the condition of the European States. His own countrymen travelling abroad received from him such attention as have been, on more than one occasion, the subject of public acknowledgements. One of our own citizens, residing in Albany, who, in company with three others from the State of New York, visited Brussels in 1843, described Mr. Hilliard "as *really* an American Minister and a *practical* republican." Mr. Hilliard voluntarily gave up his mission, and returned to the United States in the fall of 1844—having represented his country in a manner so satisfactory that he acquired the good will of the Belgian Government, while he enjoyed the confidence of his own; and while the Belgian journals of Brussels contained the most favorable notices of him when about to retire from the Belgian Court, he received from home an official assurance that

his resignation was accepted because it had been repeatedly tendered, and that his conduct was entirely approved. On his return he took part in the contest then going on, and warmly advocated the election of Mr. Clay. In the spring of the next year he was brought out as a candidate for Congress.

The Montgomery district was, at that time, represented by a democrat; and the task of redeeming it was not a light one. Mr. Hilliard was; however, elected and took his seat in the House of Representatives at the opening of the twenty-ninth Congress.

Since that time he has become well known to the whole country. A great question which came before Congress, excited the deepest concern in the public mind, and which gave rise to a protracted and powerful debate in both houses, afforded him the opportunity at once of exhibiting his powers. Mr. C. J. Ingersoll, chairman of the Committee on Foreign Affairs, soon after the opening of the session, reported to the house a resolution, instructing the President to give notice to the Government of Great Britain of our intention to terminate the joint occupancy of the Oregon Territory, the title to which had long been in dispute between the two countries.

Mr. Hillard made one of the first speeches upon the question, and took a position that was new and bold; he proposed to amend Mr. Ingersoll's resolution, which *instructed* the President to give the contemplated notice *forthwith*, so as to *empower* the President to give the notice, *at such time as, in his judgment, the public welfare might require it*, thus transferring the responsibility from Congress to the Executive, where it properly belonged. His speech in support of his views was pronounced on all sides to be a most triumphant one. It made a profound impression on the house and the country, and he at once took rank with the first debaters in Congress. Political and personal friends gathered about him with their congratulations, and among the members, the venerable Mr. Adams was observed to approach and grasp him by the hand, saying with deep feeling, "Sir, I can forbear no longer; I am come to congratulate you; I think you have settled the question."

Mr. Hillard was disposed to maintain our title to Oregon with firmness, but at the same time he desired to avoid a war if it could be done without too great a sacrifice of the rights and the dignity of the American Government. It seemed to him that peace between the two countries, and our own interests, could both be better served by action, than by the further postponement of a settlement of the question. A paragraph or two from his speech will present his views :—

"There are occasions when, to save what is dear to us, it becomes necessary to act promptly;—to act with decision, and to act immediately, is often the only way to act with effect. I do not see that we have any course left but to act, whether we regard the perpetuity of peace or the possession of the territory in dispute. If we would avoid war, we must have the causes of war passed upon and settled. It is not always by adjourning over great, and difficult, and delicate questions, that war can be avoided. Our condition in regard to Oregon is such as to demand action—intelligent, prompt, decisive, comprehensive action. If we should leave this question open, in the present state of the two countries, who can avoid seeing that war is inevitable ?

"When Lord Ashburton returned to England, after having successfully arranged the difficulties about the northeastern boundary, and was congratulated in the British Parliament on his success, I believe that experienced statesman said that the national sky was then clear and without a cloud, saving one minute speck upon the horizon, which he did not doubt would soon disappear. But how has his prediction been fulfilled ? That little speck, then no bigger than a man's hand, and scarce perceptible on the far-off margin of the heavens, has since become a dark, and lowering, and portentous cloud ; it has swept over the face of the sky, and hangs all over our northwestern frontier, gloomy as night. The whole aspect of the question is changed ; and, if we wish now to maintain our position as the friends of peace, it is time we awoke to action. We must assert our rights ; we must shun a temporizing policy ; we must adopt vigorous measures, and carry them to the very farthest verge to which they can be maintained without a violation of the terms of the convention. Otherwise, we shall find that the population of the two nations intermixing in that remote territory, carrying with them the prejudices and heat of the contending parties, protected by and amenable to conflicting jurisdictions, entering into the eager competition of trade—will, at no distant day, precipitate us into a war with Great Britain.

"Nor, sir, is the danger of war all that is involved in the adjournment of this question ; we incur the danger of losing the territory altogether. 'And why do I think so ? From the whole colonial history of the British empire. There was a time when Spain possessed great and extensive colonies, but they have dwindled away. There was a time when France could boast of her colonies, but they have dwindled away. There was a time when Holland swept the seas with her fleets, and held important colonial possessions, but they have dwindled away. In the mean time Great Britain has gone on, growing in strength, extending her power, and spreading her armies abroad, into every part of the habitable world. Her language, her laws, her military prowess, fill both hemispheres, while she has belted the globe with her fortresses, to say nothing of her colonies. The British people and their Government well understand the management of colonies. When in Europe, a short time since, a distinguished British diplomatist said to me, 'Sir, France does not understand how to manage colonies ; we do understand it ;' and he spoke the truth. Since the year 1609, Great Britain has acquired no less than forty-one colonies, twenty-four of which she has obtained by settlement, nine by capitulation, and eight by cession. In the possession of Oregon, she seeks to plant herself there permanently, and is employing all her power and all her skill to establish her authority over the greater part of that region."

He admitted that the measures which he advised might lead to war. He should sincerely deplore such a result. He had no sympathy with the warlike spirit which had been manifested by others upon the floor. He said :

"Peaceful triumphs alone are those which I seek—the benign victories of reason and truth. These I desire, and none other. If, however, while pursuing such a policy—a policy wise, vigorous, but conciliatory, war should come upon us, I trust the country will be prepared to meet it. If it should come upon us as the result of a moderate but firm assertion of our national rights, the response in every American bosom must be, 'Let it come.' The venerable gentleman from Massachusetts near me, (Mr. ADAMS,) in tones which rang on my heart like a trumpet, reminded me of the days of our revolutionary glory. The old fire which blazed so brightly in that ever memorable struggle, seemed to be flashing up within him ; and, whilst I listened to his patriotic strains, I felt assured that in such a cause we should all act as one man. If we should go into the war in this spirit, I should feel little anxiety as to how we should

come out. The power of England is fast approaching the culminating point. It must soon reach that climax in the history of nations from which they have, one after another, commenced their decline; and she ought not to enter into a contest with a great Power. If wise counsels prevail, she will not. Yet, if she should be so irrational, on the ground of such a controversy as that of Oregon, as to rush into such a contest, I trust that she will be driven back from these shores shorn of her splendor; and she may be very sure that when this happens, it will prove no temporary eclipse, but will endure for all time to come; and she will be left a portent in the political heavens,

‘Shedding disastrous twilight over half the nations.’ ”

He felt the greatest solicitude to secure an important possession on the Pacific coast, because he believed that it would contribute to the wealth, the power, and the glory of the country. At that time we had no other possessions on that distant region than those which we might be able to secure in Oregon, and he fully estimated the advantages which an establishment there would give us in prosecuting our trade with Southern China. We quote from the conclusion of his speech the following passage:—

“In either of the views which I have presented, it is impossible that the importance of Oregon can be overlooked. I trust that these great results will be realized, and I hope at no distant day to see a mail line established across the continent. England has very recently been engaged in an experiment in ascertaining the shortest overland route across the continent of Europe to the East Indies; and I believe the Oriental Steam Company has determined upon that through Germany, by Trieste; but if we construct this railroad, she will then be dependent on us for the shortest and most expeditious, as well as the safest route to China and her East India possessions. Is not the language of Berkeley in the progress of fulfillment, when he wrote that immortal line—

‘Westward the star of empire takes its way.’

When Oregon shall be in our possession, when we shall have established a profitable trade with China through her ports, when our ships traverse the Pacific as they now cross the Atlantic, and all the countless consequences of such a state of things begin to flow in upon us, then will be fulfilled that vision which rapt and filled the mind of Nunez as he gazed over the placid waves of the Pacific.

“I will now address myself for a moment to

the *moral* aspect of this great question. Gentlemen have talked much and eloquently about the horrors of war. I should regret the necessity of a war; I should deplore its dreadful scenes; but if the possession of Oregon gives us a territory opening upon the nation prospects such as I describe, and if, for the simple exercise of our rights in regard to it, Great Britain should wage war upon us, an unjust war, the regret which every one must feel will at least have much to counterbalance it. One of England's own writers has said: ‘The possible destiny of the United States of America, as a nation of one hundred millions of freemen, stretching from the Atlantic to the Pacific, living under the laws of Alfred, and speaking the language of Shakspeare and Milton, is an august conception.’

“It is an august conception, finely embodied; and I trust in God that it will, at no distant time, become a reality. I trust that the world will see, through all time, our people living, not only under the laws of Alfred, but that they will be heard to speak throughout our wide-spread borders the language of Shakspeare and Milton. Above all is it my prayer that, as long as our posterity shall continue to inhabit these mountains and plains, and hills and valleys, they may be found living under the sacred institutions of Christianity. Put these things together, and what a picture do they present to the mental eye! Civilization and intelligence started in the East; they have travelled and are still travelling westward; but when they shall have completed the circuit of the earth, and reached the extremest verge of the Pacific shores; then, unlike the fabled god of the ancients, who dipped his glowing axle in the western wave, they will take up their permanent abode; then shall we enjoy the sublime destiny of returning these blessings to their ancient seat; then will it be ours to give the priceless benefits of our free institutions, and the pure and healthful light of the Gospel, back to the dark family which has so long lost both truth and freedom; then may Christianity plant herself there, and while, with one hand she points to the Polynesian isles, rejoicing in the late recovered treasure of revealed truth, with the other present the Bible to the Chinese. It is our duty to aid in this great work. I trust we shall esteem it as much our honor as our duty. Let us not, like some of the British missionaries, give them the bible in one hand and opium in the other, but bless them only with the pure word of truth. I hope the day is not distant—soon, soon may its dawn arise—to shed upon the farthest and the most benighted of nations the splendor of more than a tropical sun.”

Mr. Hilliard was a member of the Committee of Conference, which disposed of the question by reporting a resolution as

to the notice almost identical with that which he had proposed, and it was carried through both Houses by large majorities.

At the same session, he was entrusted by the Committee of which he was a member, with the duty of inquiring into the expediency of opening a communication with Europe by a line of Mail Steamers of our own, and he presented an elaborate report in favor of the enterprize, of which the House ordered five thousand extra copies to be printed; and a bill, framed in accordance with its views, was passed.

Utterly opposed as he was to the usurpation of authority with which the President conducted the operations of our armies against Mexico, he steadfastly sustained the cause of the country, by voting on every occasion in favor of granting the supplies of men and money which the Administration asked for carrying on the war, from the first to the last, incurring with some others who thought as he did, the censure of those who felt it their duty to arrest hostilities by depriving our Government of the means of repelling them. In one of his speeches on the war, he said:—

“But first, as to the war. This is the great theme of the message—the prominent colossal figure in the foreground of the picture, about which the other objects are grouped in humbler and smaller proportions. I suppose it must be so; our foreign relations, with the single unhappy exception referred to, are all of the most amicable kind; our internal tranquillity is perfect; the vast resources of our country are in a course of prosperous development. There is but the one check to our prosperity; but for this, the President informs us, the public debt would have been discharged, and we might now have been engaged in plans for increasing the happiness of our people, and advancing in our high career of civilization. But, though it must be admitted that war is a calamity, yet I cannot bring myself to agree with those who think it best to arrest all our movements against Mexico. I concur in opinion with a distinguished Senator from Delaware, (Mr. J. M. CLAYTON,) who, some days since, took occasion to say, that he was decidedly in favor of sustaining the Government in the prosecution of the war. My honorable friend from Philadelphia, (Mr. J. R. INGERSOLL,) has avowed the same determination. I do not see that any other course is left us. The question is not now, whether we shall plunge into a war or not; the question is, a war having been commenced, shall we sustain it, or shall we let it go

down? Shall we infuse new vigor into the war, by voting the men and the money asked for, or shall we withdraw all support from the war, and arrest it before it has accomplished its objects?

If the question were now presented to me, between peace and war, I should undoubtedly be in favor of peace. But no such election is presented to us. The spectacle before us is a war in progress; our own country on one side, a foreign country on the other; our own country, at every step which our armies take, holding forth an offer of peace, an offer which the enemy as yet have shown no disposition to entertain. This is enough for me. I range myself on that side on which I see the standard of my country. The question before Congress is, “Shall we prosecute this war?” On that question I cannot hesitate for a moment. The Constitution has conferred on Congress the prerogative of declaring war. We have recognised the war, and by that vote we have made the Chief Magistrate responsible for the mode of conducting it. So long as the President is thus responsible, by the theory of our Government, he is charged with the conduct of the war. He is invested with all the authority which belongs to that important station. It is for us to say how far we will go in voting supplies; and it must be a great crisis, one such as I have never yet seen, and which has never occurred in our history, which would warrant me in refusing to vote them. Other gentlemen must of course decide for themselves; these are my convictions. I shall, therefore, while I should be happy to see this war brought to a speedy and honorable termination, continue to sustain the Government in its prosecution, till such terms of peace as we ought to accept can be secured. I trust, too, that this will be the sentiment of the whole country. So far, the progress of the war has been marked by a self-sacrificing and patriotic spirit, which illustrates our free institutions, and by victories as remarkable and brilliant as any which history records. Whatever regrets may be felt at the interruption of the long career of peace which our country has enjoyed, we have at least gratifying proof that it has left no enervating influence on the national character.”

He added: “We ought not to strike with a view to dismember the possessions of a weaker people, but our operations ought to be characterized by unflinching energy, and by such a putting forth of strength as shall teach those against whom they are directed that it is their interest to seek a speedy peace. I would accept the first sign of such a disposition on the part of Mexico; and so far from degrading or

crushing her, I would meet her with the most generous terms. They should be marked by the magnanimity of a great nation treating with a weak one."

Upon the proposition which has been more than once brought forward in Congress, to exclude slavery from the territory acquired from Mexico, Mr. Hilliard has expressed himself with great force and clearness. He regards the proposition as neither patriotic nor in accordance with the spirit of the Constitution. This question is one of acknowledged magnitude and difficulty. Mr. Hilliard views it as a southern representative, but he uniformly treats it as a great American question, involving our highest interests and appealing to the patriotism of the whole country. He insists that the principle of the Wilmot Proviso is unjust and dangerous—originating in no real concern for the condition of the slave, but prompted by a desire to aggrandize one section of the Union at the expense of the other. He has at all times vigorously resisted what he conceives to be a threatened encroachment upon the rights of the South, but he has as steadfastly contended for the preservation of the Union. His opinions of this great question are expressed with so much clearness in his speech viewing the policy of Mr. Polk's administration, in the House of Representatives on the 24th of July, 1848, that we quote a passage from it.

"In regard to the authority of Congress over the Territories of the United States I desire to give my views. The question, at all times an interesting one, has now assumed great practical importance. The first proposition which I shall state is, that Congress possesses exclusive power to legislate for the Territories of the United States. Of this I do not entertain a doubt; and, while I have heard various opinions expressed here in regard to this subject, I am at a loss to see how any one who examines it can reach any other conclusion. That the whole power over the Territories originally rests in Congress is perfectly clear, and it remains for those who assert that the right to legislate in respect to them belongs to the people who inhabit them to show at what time the power is transferred from Congress to the inhabitants. But, sir, this question has been so often examined here that I will not consume my limited time in considering it.

"My second proposition is, that while Congress possesses the exclusive power of legis-

lation for the Territories, that power is by no means an unlimited one. It is just here that gentlemen often fall into error. Exclusive does not mean unlimited. The power to which I refer is exclusive, in that it acknowledges no co-ordinate jurisdiction; but it is restricted, as are all powers delegated to Congress. While Congress, then, undertakes to exercise the power of exclusive legislation for the Territories, it is bound to carry on its legislation in reference to the character of the States of this confederacy from which it derives the power. It must regard the rights of all the States, and cannot, without an abuse of power, legislate for the benefit of one section at the expense of another; it is an abuse of its power, as an agent for the States, I care not whether the legislation be for the benefit of the South at the expense of the North, or for the benefit of the North at the expense of the South.

"This brings me to my third proposition, which is, that Congress is not, in its legislation for the Territories, to look to their welfare alone, but is bound to regard the good of the parties interested in the ownership of the Territories. This, it will be perceived, is in direct opposition to the opinions advanced by a distinguished gentleman from Massachusetts, the successor of Mr. Adams, (Mr. Mann,) in his beautiful introductory speech in this hall—a speech which, I confess, I listened to with admiration, though I strongly dissented from some of its sentiments. The gentleman insists that Congress, in legislating for the Territories, must look to their good alone, and shape all measures so as to advance their prosperity without any regard to the rights of the people of the several States. This doctrine, though it has a certain charm about, is wholly erroneous. Let us apply this reasoning to the Territory of Oregon, which, stretching along the Pacific coast, fronts certain parts of Northeastern Asia. Would Congress have a right to say that this Territory should be occupied only by colonists from China because a prosperous trade might be attained with the East, and the prosperity of Oregon rapidly advanced if that course were taken? Unquestionably not. Or, suppose that Congress should happen to conclude that it was important to the welfare of that Territory to allow only a manufacturing population to remove there, would it be proper to legislate for this object? Unquestionably not.

"The gentleman from Massachusetts considers territory which we acquire as the property of this Government, and insists that Congress possesses the right to control it absolutely. This is a very common error. It results from a certain system of political training. If our Government were a monarchy, and all powers, or the sovereign power, centered in the crown, the argument might hold good; or it might be

maintained if the States which we represent were consolidated into one great empire. But, sir, ours is a federative republic; it bears no resemblance to an empire whatever; it is a structure unlike what the world ever saw, deriving its powers from sovereign States, who are members of this confederation; and this Government, this General Government, can exercise none but the powers which are clearly granted to it by the States. Whatever territory is acquired, is acquired for the people of the several States, and Congress must remember to exercise its legislative functions in regard to it as their agent."

There are other fully reported speeches of Mr. Hilliard's which we feel strongly disposed to examine and quote from, but our want of room will not allow it. He has participated in the debates which have arisen in Congress upon all the great questions affecting the country since he became a member, and his efforts have exhibited a thorough acquaintance with the subjects which they touch, while they are characterized by the spirit of the enlightened and christian age in which we live. In the speech from which we have just quoted, he says—

"California and New Mexico are ours, and costly acquisitions we must admit them to be; Yucatan has barely escaped our grasp; and what other neighboring provinces are next to be overrun, and conquered, and annexed, no man tell. Our true policy is peace. We are set apart by a dividing ocean from the Old World; we have nothing to do with its complicated system; we have no balance of power to preserve; no intervention to make in the affairs of other nations. We should desire friendly relations with every people, entangling alliances with none. When the rights or the honor of the country demand it we will go to war, as we have done twice with great Britain; but war is too great a calamity and too much opposed to the principles of Christian civilization for any insufficient cause. With the blessing of God we shall advance rapidly enough in a career of peace. Our political system is at once great and economical; it should be kept so; we need never go to war to extend our territory or to increase our wealth and power. Patrick Henry said, in the true American spirit, 'Those nations which have gone forth in search of grandeur, power, and splendor, have also fallen a sacrifice and been victims to their own folly.'

"I was struck last summer with an article which met my eye in one of the best reviews of our day, a French review, '*La Revue des Deux Mondes*,' in which the writer says:

"The spectacle which North America offers us to-day is nothing less than the whole of the new continent learning to recognize its masters in the Anglo-Americans, in education; and the simple and beautiful constitution of 1789, after half a century only of existence, extending an influence under which all must come, sooner or later.'

"This great triumph, if we are true to our principles, will be accomplished without arms."

His speech in support of the appropriation for sending a minister to Rome is so deeply imbued with the spirit to which we have referred, that we cannot forbear from giving a short passage from it. He said—

"I regret that the opportunity was not afforded me of replying to the speech of my honorable friend from Pennsylvania, (Mr. Levin,) before the committee proceeded to vote on the appropriation, which provides the means of opening diplomatic intercourse with the Papal States. The speech was remarkable for the beauty of its language and the elevated tone of many of its sentiments, but it lacked one great quality—liberality. There was about it nothing of toleration; it disclosed none of the spirit of the beautiful sentiment of St. Augustine, 'Let there be charity in all things.'

"I cannot, of course, within the few minutes allowed me, attempt to reply to the speech of the honorable gentleman, but I shall seek an early occasion to do so, when I hope to be able to show that there is much in the present condition of Italy to awaken the hopes of all men who watch with interest the progress of reform throughout the world. In the meanwhile, let us not, in our impatience, forget that there is a mighty difference between reform and revolution. A reformation is brought about by the steady and gradual march of truth; while a revolution, like the earthquake, too often upheaves to overthrow and crush. That a reform has begun in Italy no man can doubt who will take the trouble to compare the present political state of that country with that which it exhibited previous to the accession of the present Pontiff. The spirit of reform is waked up in that beautiful and classic land. It can never be put down. While a representative of the freest Government on earth may be employed in observing the progress of liberal principles in that interesting and important part of Europe, and may serve to diffuse a better knowledge of our political system, I cannot discern that we can suffer any injury from such intercourse.

"In my judgment, neither Christianity nor free principles have anything to fear from a

conflict with opposing powers. I would send a minister to the Papal States, as I would to any other Power. I would encourage every reform in the Government. I would cheer the friends of freedom, in all Europe, by sending a minister from the United States of America, where the noblest toleration is granted to all opinions, to reside at a Court where hitherto the policy has been to crush all freedom of thought and action. It would be a spectacle of high moral interest, to such a representative from Republican America, taking his post amidst the ruined temples and arches of a country where in other days Republican Rome exhibited to the world its colossal proportions.

* * * * * My honorable friend and myself do not differ in our horror of an intolerant and dangerous system; but we do differ in our views of the true policy to be pursued towards the Papal power. We both desire to sustain the Bible, and to vindicate Protestant Christianity. I need not say that I am no partizan of the Pope; on the contrary there breathes not a man whose sympathy with the Protestant cause beats stronger or quicker than my own. I can never forget its battles nor its victories, its persecutions nor its triumphs. But, sir, I solemnly believe that *toleration* is the wisest as well as noblest policy. * * * * * Our true policy is to extend our peaceful relations with the world. We have nothing to fear from an intercourse of that kind with other Powers. Truth is clad in more than triple steel; and I would bid her to spread her standard in the very midst of the world, and take her station in front of the Vatican. By keeping the Papal See isolated, you strengthen it. It carries on its agencies in secret. Bring it upon the open field; do not shun it; bring it into open intercourse with a free Protestant nation, and civil and religious liberty will achieve new triumphs."

While, however, Mr. Hilliard has shown a disposition to recognize and encourage the first efforts made by every people to establish free institutions, his remarks upon the resolutions offered in the House upon the reception of the news of the overthrow of the government of Louis Philippe, show, at the same time, that he does not mistake every popular outbreak for a national struggle for liberty. He moved to refer the resolutions to the Committee on Foreign Affairs, saying, "He simply desired to secure a proper expression of the sympathy which we felt in that movement. The occasion," said he, "is one of no common moment—it must deeply affect the cause of mankind throughout the world. I am not ready to extend the

sympathy of this Government to any people who overturn a throne to plunge into the wild, unrestrained and reckless experiment of ideal liberty. Every kingless government is not of necessity a republican government. Liberty cannot exist without law; its elements must be consolidated, and its great principles be embodied in a Constitution. The great movement in France must develop institutions before it accomplishes any permanent good for the French people. I confess I am not free from apprehension with regard to the future. The convulsion which exhibits a form so attractive to-day, may yet upturn the foundations of society, and result in the wildest anarchy. On the other hand, there is in the great popular movement, which has so suddenly and so successfully expelled royalty from France, much of promise for that beautiful country and for mankind. I solemnly believe that the time has come when king-craft has lost its hold upon the human mind: the world is waking from its deep slumber, and mankind begin to see that the right to govern belongs not to crowned kings, but to the great masses. * * *

"I think, sir, that we ought to sustain our Minister, Mr. Rush, who so promptly, without the opportunity of consulting his Government, hailed the popular movement which expelled a powerful dynasty and proclaimed a Republic. It was a generous impulse which prompted the act, and the country will applaud it. There are, certainly, some features in the scene that France presents, not wholly agreeable to a thoughtful observer, and which awakens the apprehension that the Provisional Government just established, has promised more than it can redeem. The *fraternite* which has been adopted may not be consistent with regulated liberty; it may be the dream of idealists and not the conception of a philosophical statesman. The measure, too, which has been adopted in regard to the labor and wages of operatives, doubling their compensation and undertaking to employ them on the part of the Government, is a very unsafe one. Every one accustomed to the order of a well regulated liberty must see the danger of such legislation. It partakes too much of a system of social reform—it is too impracticable to be easily realized. Still, these

may be but temporary arrangements, designed to give the new government time to adjust the complicated details of the great task which has been undertaken. These are circumstances that may awaken apprehension, but they cannot repress sympathy. No, sir, they cannot prevent the expression of our deep and full sympathy with a people struggling to make a free government like our own. I, for one, cannot look on such a spectacle unmoved. It may be premature—it may even be rash, but I should feel myself unworthy of a seat in an American Congress if I could refuse to cheer a people engaged in such a work. May they go on and prosper, and may they erect upon the soil of France a government resting upon the great principles of constitutional law, ensuring order at home, commanding respect abroad, and throwing over Europe the clear and steady light of rational liberty."

Mr. Hilliard possesses an acquaintance with Foreign Affairs that has made him a distinguished and useful member of the Committee to which they are referred for consideration in the House. His report on the subject of our Foreign Missions, made at the first session of the last Congress, is an elaborate review of the whole diplomatic system, full of information, and suggesting certain modifications in our intercourse with other nations, which seemed to him to be required by the dignity of the country and its growing power and resources. This course of study and his residence in Europe, both qualify him for usefulness in that department of public affairs.

His recent election is the most brilliant triumph of his life. One of the first to discover in Gen. Taylor those great qualities that fit him for places of high trust in the service of his country, he was conspicuous in giving impulse to the movement which resulted in his triumphant election. In the Philadelphia Convention he did his utmost to secure his nomination, and on the adjournment of Congress he threw his energies into the contest in Alabama, and contributed his efforts towards bringing that state so nearly to the support of the whig candidates. After Gen. Taylor's election, Mr. Hilliard, having unbounded confidence in his character and principles, was willing to confide to his administration

the settlement of all open questions, including that of providing governments for the new territories. Hence he refused to participate in any mode of action that seemed to imply distrust; and he declined to put his name to the address prepared by Mr. Calhoun, and issued by a portion of the southern members to their constituents. Faithful as a southern representative—steadfastly opposed, as he had shown himself to be, to any encroachment on the rights of the section from which he comes, he did not, it seems, think it his duty to co-operate in that movement. He had, besides, expressed it as his firm purpose to exert whatever power he possessed for effecting a settlement of the important question which so deeply interested the country and threatened its tranquillity, so as to secure the rights of the South without impairing the strength of the Union. This course subjected him to the fiercest assaults on his return to Alabama, and a canvass ensued which is described as far the most excited ever witnessed in that state or, perhaps, in the Union. The most formidable opposition was organized against him—an opposition to which talent, energy, and money were freely contributed as elements, and unparalleled efforts were made to ensure his defeat. The press and the stump teemed with the most violent denunciations against him: his speeches and votes were misquoted and misinterpreted to make him odious to the people. His refusal to sign the address sent out by some of the Southern members, was represented to be conclusive proof that he was faltering in the vindication of Southern rights; while certain appeals which he had made in Congress in behalf of the Union—appeals which were intended to rouse the patriotism of the representatives from every part of the country—were tortured into open renunciations of the section which had given him birth, and which had advanced him to honors. The contest, relentless, implacable and heated, drew the attention of the whole state, and was observed with interest in other parts of the Union. Eloquent and influential gentlemen of both parties entered the lists, and extraordinary exertions were made on either side. Mr. Hilliard is described as having borne himself throughout the protracted and trying

contest with the most determined manliness, never for a moment yielding a principle or asking a concession—staking every thing upon the open field. He met the opposition in the most fearless spirit; defied the combination against him; entered the arena in person; appealed to the people throughout his extensive district, and addressed them in mass-meetings; brought the question before them in all its relations, involving in its ultimate settlement the honor of the South, the safety of the Union, and the glory of the nation; and insisted that, under Gen. Taylor's administration, we should be able to maintain "the RIGHTS of the States, and the UNION of the States." He emerged from the contest with a triumphant majority, and he returns to his seat in Congress—which he has filled with such distinguished ability, and with the increased confidence of his constituents and his country—to employ his powers still farther in the service of both. He is just reaching the prime of manhood, and we may hope that a long career of usefulness and distinction opens before him.

Mr. Hilliard as an orator, enjoys a wide and enviable reputation. His speeches are characterized by comprehensiveness and liberality. Generous in sentiment, candid in opinion, inclined to the most favorable construction of action and conduct, he ever

deals justly and liberally with an opponent. But when provoked by any low or unfair attack, his sarcasm is irresistible. Keen as the blade of Saladin, it cuts to the quick or leaves excoriations that smart through life. In his wielding it is a fearful weapon, never used unless deserved, but when used scathing to an unmeasured degree. Many of his speeches, during his late canvass, in grandeur of style, indignant declamation, wit, and burning sarcasm, would have earned him distinction among the first orators of any day or country. His style of oratory, when engaged in earnest discussion upon a great question, is thought to bear a strong resemblance to that of Fisher Ames, vividly recalling that eloquent statesman to the memory of those who are acquainted with his peculiar manner. He requires an occasion to arouse him to his best efforts; but his powers are most advantageously displayed when encountering a formidable opposition. He is characterized by energy, firmness, and unswerving adherence to the principles which he professes.

Of Mr. Hilliard's literary attainments we have not space to say anything. He has been a Regent of the Smithsonian Institution from its organization, and still continues to manifest the deepest interest in the success of that great establishment.

JANE AUSTEN.

I REMEMBER Jane Austen, the novelist, a little child; she was very intimate with Mrs. Lefroy, and much encouraged by her. Her mother was a Miss Leigh, whose paternal grandmother was a sister of the first Duke of Chandos. Mr. Austen was of a Kentish family, of which several families have been settled in the Weald, and some are still remaining there. When I knew Jane Austen I never suspected she was an authoress, but my eyes told me that she was fair and handsome, slight and elegant, but with cheeks a little too full. The last time I saw her was at Ramsgate, in 1803: perhaps she was then about twenty-seven years old. Even then I did not know that she was addicted to literary composition.—SIR EGERTON BRYDGES.

YOU mention Miss Austen; her novels are more true to nature, and have (for my sympathies) passages of finer feeling than any other of this age. She was a person of whom I have heard so well, and think so highly, that I regret not having seen her, nor ever had an opportunity of testifying to her the respect which I feel for her.—SOUTHEY, (*in a letter to Sir E. Brydges.*)

THE brightness and beauty of the morning have induced me to go down in the garden, and there read and write. The trees are now in blossom. The peach with its delicate blush color, beautiful bell-shape, the lips turning backward and exposing the entire beauty of the flower, is mingled with the white blossom of the plum, and that of the cherry twining its lovely flowers all around the long straight branches, from end to end, not a leaf to be seen except those that come as a green crowning ornament at the tip of each bough—and, sweetest of all, there are the apple blossoms, fresh, delicate and modest,—a blending of the rose and the lily. Countless bees are diving down to the very heart of the flowers, and with a perpetual and drowsy hum make pleasant music to

the ear. Some white pigeons on the roof are cooing and bowing amourosly, and finely contrast with the blue back ground of the sky. The picturesque elm trees are leafing out in broad masses of a refreshing green.

Ah, friends! methinks it were a pleasant sphere,

If, like the trees, we blossomed every year;
If locks grew thick again, and rosy dyes
Return'd in cheeks, and raciness in eyes
And all around us, vital to the tips,
The human orchard laughed with cherry lips.

Jane Austen was born on the sixteenth day of December, 1775, at Steventon, in Hampshire, in which parish her father was rector for upwards of forty years, remaining there till he had passed three score and ten, faithfully discharging the duties of his office.

The love of Christ and his Apostles twelve
He taught; but first, he followed it himself.
CHAUCER.

He then retired to Bath with his wife, Jane, and her sister, where he died in about four years. He was a man of taste and acquirements, and gave the direction to his daughter's talents. After his death, his wife and her two children retired to Southampton, and subsequently to the village of Chawton, in the same county, where Jane wrote her novels, four of which were published anonymously in her life time, namely: "*Sense and Sensibility*," "*Pride and Prejudice*," "*Mansfield Park*," and "*Emma*." A fair constitution, regular habits, calm and happy pursuits, seemed to promise her a long life, but in May, 1817, her health rendered it necessary that she should remove to some place where constant medical aid could be obtained. She went to Winchester, and there expired on the 24th day of July in the same year, aged forty-two. For two months before her death she suffered great pain and wear-

ness, natural to drooping and fading life, with unflinching patience. Her memory, judgment, temper and warm affections, were unimpaired to the last. While she could write with a pen she did so; when that became inconvenient, she used a pencil. Her last words, in reply to the questions of what could be done for her, were, "I want nothing but death." She thanked her physician for his attention, and received the sacrament before she became exceedingly weak: she was buried in the Cathedral church of Winchester.

It is said that of personal attractions she possessed a considerable share, her figure was fine, her deportment quiet and graceful, her countenance expressive of cheerfulness, sensibility and benevolence. Her complexion was superb; the blood spoke in her modest cheek through "the pearly texture of her dainty skin." Her voice was sweet, her language fluent and precise. She was formed to enjoy and adorn elegant society. She was a good musician, and fond of dancing in which she excelled, as she did also in drawing. She was considerate as regards the frailties and foibles of others, although fully alive to them, and never uttered either a hasty, a silly, or a severe expression. Her manners were exceedingly pleasant, and those who once met her had a strong desire to become better acquainted with her, and to gain her friendship. Her mein was tranquil and serene. She became an author entirely from taste and inclination, when neither the hope of fame or gain mingled with her motives.

It was with great difficulty her friends could persuade her to publish her first work, and she thought its failure so certain, and that its sale would not repay her publisher, that she retained a part of her small income to meet the expected loss. How great was her surprise when "*Sense and Sensibility*" brought her a clear profit of £130. With all her great talents she was unpretending, although gratified to hear the applause that from time to time reached her ears from those whose judgment she highly valued. She shrank from the idea of attaching her name to any of her productions, although amid her own family she talked of them freely and modestly, was glad of their praise, and submissive to their criticism.

The poet's name,
And hero's—on the brazen book of time,
Are writ in sunbeams, by Fame's loving hand;
But none record the household virtues there.

In company she turned away from any mention of herself as an author.

She was a warm admirer of fine landscapes, both on canvass and in nature. Gilpin, on the picturesque, fascinated her at an early age, and she seldom changed her opinion either of books or men. Her memory was excellent, and her reading extensive. Johnson and Cowper were her favorite moral authors. Her natural discrimination was gratified by Richardson's power of creating, and preserving the consistency of his characters, as he has done in Sir Charles Grandison. Her power of inventing characters was intuitive, she studied from nature. But better than all these endearing qualities and talents, she was thoroughly devout, fearful of giving offence to God or to any of his creatures. In one of her letters in reply to a mock charge of purloining from the manuscripts of a young relation, she writes: "What should I do, my dearest E——, with your vigorous and manly sketches, so full of life and spirit? How could I possibly join them on to a little bit of ivory, two inches wide, on which I work with a brush so fine as to produce little effect after much labor."

The following extract is from a letter written a few weeks before her death:—"My attendant is encouraging and talks of making me quite well. I live chiefly on the sofa, but am allowed to walk from one room to another. I have been out once in a sedan chair, and am to repeat it, and be promoted to a wheel chair as the weather serves. On this subject I will only say further, that my dearest sister, my tender, watchful, indefatigable nurse, has not been made ill by her exertions. As to what I owe to her, and to the anxious affection of all my beloved family on this occasion, I can only cry over it and pray God to bless them more and more." She concludes in this vein:—"You will find Captain —— a very respectable, well-meaning man, without much manner; his wife and sister all good humor and obligingness, and I hope, (since the fashion allows it,) with rather longer petticoats than last year." Ah, Jane, the last sentence savors

of old maidishness. Can morality or immorality be judged by the length of petticoats and skirts, or by their shortness? A Swiss peasant girl is as likely to be modest as a fine lady with a long trail to her dress.

Miss Austen's novels are entirely unexceptionable, naturally and ably written. Her characters you seem to have known all your life, to have been with them and listened to their conversation in the sitting room, or by the dining table, and to have walked with them in parks, fields, and by the road side. You see into their very hearts, become acquainted with their virtues, foibles and vices. For instance, let any one take up *Pride and Prejudice*; they will never forget Mr. and Mrs. Bennet, or Elizabeth, Ann, or Lydia, with her intense love for officers, or the pompous and empty Sir William Lucas, the foolish Collins, tedious, and with a skull of solid proof, impenetrably dull; the haughty, vain and silly Lady Catherine de Bourgh; the good hearted but wavering Bingley, and his sister, proud, scheming and heartless, or the sensible, well-bred Mr. and Mrs. Gardiner, the sleek villain Wickham, or the proud, generous Darcy, who is at last compelled to love and wed Ann Bennet in spite of the vulgarity and offensive manners of her mother. The story of this courtship is well told.

Miss Austen possessed good sense and pure religious feeling, not ostentatiously put forth, but winding like a thread of gold through all her writings, beautifying and enriching her genius. No particular moral, no dogma is inculcated in her stories. They give a true picture of life, of men and women as they really are, not as the imagination often dresses them up, and we see characters such as she describes, daily. The drawing and coloring is so correct and true, the outline so definite, that it seems as if any one could write novels equally good. In this respect they are deceitful enough, reminding us of the inimitable grace and flowing ease, the felicitous endowments, and the copiousness of Goldsmith, apparently easily to be imitated, but their naturalness and style have hitherto been unapproached. Doctor Johnson's style was happily copied by all, from lottery dealers to utterers of heavy sermons from well cushioned pulpits.

To interesting narrative, Miss Austen adds sound principles, and inculcates unsophisticated manners, integrity and rectitude, over the more common and artificial pretensions of society. Her discrimination, quiet humor and delineation of character have never been surpassed. A very intelligent writer speaks of novels in the following strain, and I heartily concur with his views. "If all literary fiction could be withdrawn and forgotten, and its renovation prohibited, the greater part of us would be dolts, and what is worse, unfeeling, ungenerous, and under the debasing dominion of the selfishness of simple reason. It has always appeared to me that those who cautiously keep novels from young people mistake the nature of the mind, thinking it only intellect, and would cultivate the understanding alone. Imagination they look upon as an ignis fatuus to be extinguished if possible—an ignis fatuus arising out of a quagmire, and leading astray to one. There is nothing good comes from the intellect alone. The inventive faculty is compound, in which the imagination does the most work; the intellectual portion selects and decides, but collects not the materials. All true sentiment, all noble, all tender feeling, comes not of the understanding, but of that mind or heart, if we so please to call it—which imagination raises, educates and perfects. Even feelings are to be made—are much the result of education. The wildest romances will in this respect teach nothing wrong. If they create a world somewhat, unlike the daily visible, they create another which is a reality to the possessor, to the romantic, from which he can extract much that is practical, though it may seem not so; for from hence may spring noble impulses, generosity and fortitude. It is not true that such reading enervates the mind. I firmly believe it strengthens it in every respect, and fits it for every action, by unchaining it from a lower and cowardly caution. Who ever read a romance that inculcated listless, shapeless idleness. It encourages action and endurance. We have not high natures till we learn to suffer. I have noted much the different effect troubles have upon different persons, and have seen the unromantic drop like sheep under the rot of their calamities, while the romantic have been buoyant, and mastered them. They

have more resources in themselves, and are not bowed down to one thought, nor limited to one feeling; in fact, they are higher beings. The caution professes mainly to protect women; yet, among all the young women I have been acquainted with, I should say that the novel-readers are not only the best informed, but of the best nature, and some capable of setting examples of a sublime fortitude—the more sublime because shewn in a secret and all-enduring patience. Who are they that will sit by the bed-side of the sick day and night, suffer privation, poverty, even undeserved disgrace, and shrink not from the self-imposed duty, but those very young women in whom the understanding and imagination have been equally cultivated, so as to render the feelings acute and impulsive? and these are novel readers. Love, it is said, is the only subject all novels are constructed upon, and such reading encourages extravagant thoughts, and gives rise to dangerous feelings. And why dangerous? And why should not such thoughts and feelings be encouraged? Are they not such as are requisite for wife and mother to hold, and best for the destiny of woman—best in every view—best, if her lot be a happy one, and far best if her lot be an ill one? For the great mark of such an education is endurance—a power to create a high duty, and energy and patience, where both are wanted. Women never sink under any calamity but blighted affection; and we love them not less, we admire them not less, that they do sink then, for their heroism is in the patience that brings and that awaits death.”

Poor Mrs. Bennet with her mean understanding, little information, and variable temper! when she was discontented she fancied herself nervous. The business of her life was to get her daughters married; its solace was visiting and news. “You take delight (she exclaims) in vexing me. You have no compassion on my poor nerves. Don’t keep coughing so Kitty, for heavens sake! have a little compassion on my nerves. You tear them to pieces.” “Kitty has no discretion in her coughs,” said her father, “she times them ill.” “I do not cough for my own amusement,” replied Kitty fretfully. Mrs. B., speaking of Bingley’s sisters, says “they are charming women. I never saw in my life any thing

more elegant than their dresses; I dare say the lace upon Mrs. Hurst’s gown —” here she was interrupted. “The Lucases,” continued Mrs. Bennet, “are very artful people indeed, sister. They are all for what they can get. I am sorry to say it of them, but so it is. It makes me very nervous and poorly, to be thwarted so in my own family, and to have neighbors who think of themselves before any body else. However, your coming just at this time is the greatest of comforts to me, and I am very glad to hear what you tell us of long sleeves.”

“It is amazing to me,” said Bingley, “how young ladies can have patience to be so very accomplished as they all are.” “All young ladies accomplished! My dear Charles what do you mean?” “Yes, all of them I think. They all paint tables, cover screens, and net purses. I scarcely know any one of them who cannot do all this, and I am sure I never heard a young lady spoken of for the first time without being informed that she was very accomplished.”

Mansfield Park, is a most delightful novel, and finely displays the discriminating taste and judgment of Miss Austen. In describing fools she is truly Shaksperian, and in this very production she has hit off the character of Rushworth inimitably well. There is likewise a capital portrait of a Mrs. Norris, who is always dictating liberality to others, but herself mean, plotting and disingenuous, one of those well meaning people who are always doing mistaken and very disagreeable things. The Miss Bertrams are fine, showy, fashionable girls, accomplished, in the worldly sense of the word, but vain, cold, and unfeeling, their heads somewhat cultivated, but their hearts a rank wilderness, from whence spring no wholesome fruits or lovely flowers. Lady Bertram paid not the smallest attention to the education of her daughters. She had not time for such cares. She was a woman who spent her days in sitting nicely dressed on a sofa, doing some long piece of needle work, of little use, and no beauty, thinking more of her pug than her children, but very indulgent to the latter when it did not put herself to inconvenience, being one of those persons who think nothing can be dangerous or difficult, or fatiguing to any body but themselves.

Dear Fanny Price is the most interesting character in this novel, and we love her from the moment she appears at Mansfield Park, a little girl of ten years old, as unhappy as possible, afraid of every body, ashamed of herself, and longing for the home she had left ; she knew not how to look up, and could scarcely speak to be heard, or without crying. Mrs. Norris had been talking to her of her wonderful good fortune, and the gratitude and good behaviour it ought to produce, and her consciousness of misery was therefore increased by the idea of its being a wicked thing for her not to be happy. In vain did Lady Bertram smile, and make her sit on the sofa with herself and pug, and vain was even the sight of a gooseberry tart towards giving her comfort, and sleep seeming to be her likeliest friend, she was taken to finish her sorrows in bed. The growth of her love for her cousin Edmund Bertram, is exquisitely narrated. On what slender grounds she feeds her gentle passion, a few kind looks, some pleasant words ; a few grateful acts suffice her : the description of her scarcely conscious jealousy of Miss Crawford are in the finest style of novel writing. Miss Austen could never have written this sweet story of love without having experienced it herself, with all its rapturous enjoyments and torturing fears.

Miss Crawford, handsome and selfish, gifted with much tact, and with no principles to interfere with the gratification of her schemes of vanity and ambition, soon secures Edmund in her strong toil of grace. "Miss Crawford's attractions did not lessen. The harp arrived, and rather added to her beauty, wit, and good humor, for she played with the greatest obligingness, with an expression and taste which were peculiarly becoming, and there was something clever to be said at the close of every air. Edmund was at the parsonage every day to be indulged with his favorite instrument ; one morning secured an invitation for the next, for the lady could not be unwilling to have a listener, and every thing was soon in a fair train. A young woman, pretty, lively, with a harp as elegant as herself, and both placed near a window, cut down to the ground, and opening on a little lawn, surrounded by shrubs in the rich foliage of summer, was enough to catch

any man's heart. The season, the scene, the air, were all favorable to tenderness and sentiment. Mrs. Grant and her tumbour frame were not without their use ; it was all in harmony ; and as every thing will turn to account when love is once set a going, even the sandwich tray, and Dr. Grant doing the honors of it, were worth looking at. Without studying the business, however, or knowing what he was about, Edmund was beginning, at the end of a week of such intercourse, to be a good deal in love ; and to the credit of the lady it may be added, that without his being a man of the world or an elder brother, without any of the arts of flattery or the gaieties of small talk, he began to be agreeable to her. She felt it to be so, though she had not foreseen, and could hardly understand it ; for he was not pleasant by any common rule ; he talked no nonsense, he paid no compliments, his opinions were unbending, his attentions tranquil and simple. There was a charm perhaps in his sincerity, his steadiness, his integrity, which Miss Crawford might be equal to feel, though not equal to discuss with herself. She did not think very much about it, however ; he pleased her for the present ; she liked to have him near her ; it was enough."

The plot of *Mansfield Park* is simple enough, but it gave ample opportunity for the display of Miss Austen's genius and purity of heart. A sensible critic observes that our fair authoress depends for her effect upon no suprising adventures, upon no artfully involved plot, upon no scenes deeply pathetic or extravagantly humorous. She paints a society which, though virtuous, intelligent, and enviable above all others, presents the fewest salient points of interest and singularity to the novelist—we mean the society of English country gentlemen. Whoever desires to know the interior life of that vast and admirable body, the rural gentry of England—a body which absolutely exists in no other country on earth, and to which the nation owes many of its most valuable characteristics—must read the novels of Miss Austen. In these works the reader will find very little variety, and no picturesqueness of persons, little to inspire strong emotion, nothing to excite wonder or laughter, but he will find admirable good sense, exquisite dis-

crimination, and an unrivalled power of easy and natural dialogue.

Sir Walter Scott, in his *Diary*, March 1826, remarks as follows: "I have amused myself occasionally very pleasantly during the last few days, by reading over Lady Morgan's novel of *O'Donnell*, which has some striking and beautiful passages of situation and description, and in the comic part is very rich and entertaining. I do not remember being so much pleased with it at first. There is a want of story always fatal to a book the first reading—and it is well if it gets a chance of a second. Alas, poor novel! Also read again, and for the third time at least Miss Austen's very finely written novel of *Pride and Prejudice*. That young lady had a talent for describing the involvements and feelings and characters of ordinary life, which is to me the most wonderful I ever met with. The Big Bow-Wow strain I can do myself like any now going; but the exquisite touch which renders ordinary common-place things and characters interesting from the truth of the description, and the sentiment, is denied me. What a pity such a gifted creature died so early!" A pity indeed.

Persuasion, is considered one of the very best of Miss Austen's six novels. It is certainly a most artist like performance, the plot, story, and its conclusion are alike perfect. The characters I have not a doubt were taken from life. They are instinct with vitality, and make a lasting impression on the reader's mind. This novel opens spiritedly with a description of a foolish baronet. "Sir Walter Elliot, of Killynch-hall, in Somersetshire, was a man who, for his own amusement, never took up any book but the *Baronetage*; there he found occupation for an idle hour, and consolation in a distressed one; there his faculties were aroused into admiration and respect, by contemplating the limited remnant of the earliest patents; there any unwelcome sensations arising from domestic affairs, changed naturally into pity and contempt. As he turned over the almost endless creations of the last century—and there, if every other leaf were powerless, he could read his own history with an interest which never failed—this was the page at which the favorite volume always opened. Elliot of Killynch-Hall: Walter Elliot, born March 1, 1760, &c. Eliza-

beth did not quite equal her father in personal contentment. Thirteen years had seen her mistress of Killynch-Hall, presiding and directing with a self-possession and decision which could never have given the idea of her being younger than she was. For thirteen years she had been doing the honors, and laying down the domestic law at home, and leading the way to the chaise and four, and walking immediately after Lady Russell out of all the drawing rooms and dining rooms in the country. Thirteen winters' revolving frosts had seen her opening every ball of credit which a scanty neighborhood afforded; and thirteen springs shown their blossoms, as she travelled up to London with her father, for a few weeks of annual enjoyment of the great world. She had the remembrance of all this, she had the consciousness of all this, she had the consciousness of being nine and twenty, to give her some regrets and apprehensions. She was fully satisfied of being still quite as handsome as ever; but she felt her approach to the years of danger, and would have rejoiced to be certain of being properly solicited by baronet blood within the next twelve months or two. Then might she again take up the book of books with as much enjoyment as in her early youth, but now she liked it not. Always to be presented with the date of her own birth, and see no marriage follow but that of a youngest sister, made the book an evil, and more than once, when her father had left it open on the table near her, had she closed it, with averted eyes, and pushed it away." Sir Walter becomes embarrassed; he had given Elizabeth some hints of it the last spring in town; he had gone so far even as to say, "can we retrench? does it occur to you that there is any one article in which we can retrench?—and Elizabeth in the first ardor of female alarm, set seriously to think what could be done, and finally proposed these two branches of economy: to cut off some unnecessary charities, and to refrain from new furnishing the drawing room; to which expedients she afterwards added the happy thought of their taking no present down to Anne, as had been the usual yearly custom. These petty suggestions of economy did not stay the torrent. Killynch-Hall is finally rented to a frank, good hearted Admiral, named Crofts, a most genial personage, with a considerable sprinkling of oddities. The

Elliot's retire to Bath, and there Anne in walking along the streets, meets the Admiral standing by himself at a print shop window, with his hands behind him, in earnest contemplation of some print, and she might not only have passed him unseen, but was obliged to touch, as well as address him, before she could catch his notice. When he did perceive and acknowledge her, however, it was done with all his usual frankness and good humor. "Ha! is it you? Thank you, thank you. This is treating me like a friend. Here I am, you see, staring at a picture. I can never get by this shop without stopping. But what a thing here is, by way of a boat. Do look at it. Did you ever see the like? What queer fellows your fine painters must be, to think that any body would venture their lives in such a shapeless old cockleshell as that. And yet, here are two gentlemen stuck up in it mightily at their ease, and looking about them at the rocks and mountains, as if they were not to be upset the next moment, which they certainly must be. I wonder where that boat was built! (laughing heartily.) I would not venture over a horsepond in it. Well, (turning away,) now, where are you bound? Can I go any where for you, or with you? Can I be of any use?"

Anne Elliot's love for Captain Wentworth, and its history, form the most interesting part of "*Persuasion*." She had loved him in girlhood, but prudential reasons, and the advice of relations prevented their union. She was young, and he was poor, though full of life and ardor, and confident of success in his profession. The engagement between them is broken. A few months had seen the beginning and the end of their acquaintance; but not with a few months ended Anne's share of suffering from it. Her attachment and regrets had for a long time clouded every enjoyment of youth; and an early loss of bloom and spirits had been their lasting effect. All his sanguine expectations and confidence had been justified. Soon after their separation he had obtained employment, he had distinguished himself, and by successive captures had made a handsome fortune. "How eloquent could Anne Elliot have been! how eloquent, at least, were her wishes on the side of early, warm attachment, and a cheerful confidence in fu-

turity, against that over-anxious caution which seems to insult exertion, and distrust Providence! She had been forced into prudence in her youth, she learned romance as she grew older—the natural sequel of an unnatural beginning." They meet after seven years absence—the course of true love, in their case, did not run smooth. I must make one extract. "Have you finished your letter?" said Captain Harville, (to Captain Wentworth.) "Not quite, a few lines more. I shall have done in five minutes." "There is no hurry on my side. I am only ready whenever you are. I am at very good anchorage here, (smiling at Anne,) well supplied, and want for nothing. No hurry for a signal at all. Well, Miss Elliot, (lowering his voice,) as I was saying, we shall never agree I suppose upon this point. No man and woman would, probably. But let me observe that all histories are against you, all stories, prose and verse. If I had such a memory as Benwick, I could bring you fifty quotations in a moment on my side of the argument, and I do not think I ever opened a book in my life which had not something to say upon woman's inconstancy. Songs and proverbs, all talk of woman's fickleness. But perhaps you will say, these are all written by men." "Perhaps I shall. Yes, yes, if you please, no reference to examples in books. Men have had every advantage of us in telling their own story. Education has been theirs in so much higher a degree; the pen has been in their hands. I will not allow books to prove anything."

"But how shall we prove anything?"

"We never shall. We never can expect to prove anything upon such a point. It is a difference of opinion which does not admit of proof. We each begin probably with a little bias towards our own sex, and upon that bias build every circumstance in favor of it which has occurred within our own circle; many of which circumstances, (perhaps those very cases which strike us the most,) may be precisely such as cannot be brought forward without betraying a confidence, or in some respects saying what should not be said."

"Ah!" cried Captain Harville, in a tone of strong feeling, "if I could but make you comprehend what a man suffers when he takes a last look at his wife and children, and watches the boat that he has

sent them off in, as long as it is in sight, and then turns away and says, 'God knows whether we ever meet again.' And then, if I could convey to you the glow of his soul when he does see them again, when, coming back after a twelve month's absence, perhaps, and obliged to put into another port, he calculates how soon it be possible to get them there, pretending to deceive himself, and saying, 'They cannot be here until such a day,' but all the while hoping for them twelve hours sooner, and seeing them arrive at last, as if Heaven had given them wings, by many hours sooner still! If I could explain to you all this, and all that a man can bear and do, and glories to do for the sake of these treasures of his existence! I speak, you know, only of such men as have hearts," pressing his own with emotion.

"Oh," cried Anne, eagerly, "I hope I do justice to all that is felt by you, and by those who resemble you. God forbid that I should undervalue the warm and faithful feelings of any of my fellow creatures. I should deserve utter contempt if I dared to suppose that true attachment and constancy were known only by woman. No; I believe you capable of everything great and good in your married lives. I believe you equal to every important exertion, and to every domestic forbearance so long as—if I may be allowed the expression—so long as you have an object. I mean, while the woman you love lives, and lives for you. All the privilege I claim for my own sex (it is not an enviable one, you need not covet it) is that of loving longest, when existence or when hope is gone." She could not immediately have uttered another sentence, her heart was too full, her breath too much oppressed.

"You are a good soul," cried Captain Harville, putting his hand on her arm, quite affectionately. "There is no quarrelling with you. And when I think of Benwick, my tongue is tied." Their attention was called towards the others. Mrs. Croft was taking leave. "Here, Frederick, you and I part company, I believe," said she. "I am going home, and you have an engagement with your friend. To-night we may have the pleasure of all meeting again, at your party," (turning to Anne.) "We had your sister's card yes-

terday, and I understood Frederick had a card, too, though I did not see it; and you are disengaged, Frederick, are you not, as well as ourselves?"

Captain Wentworth was folding up a letter in great haste, and either could not or would not answer fully.

"Yes," said he, "very true; here we separate, but Harville and I shall soon be after you; that is, Harville, if you are ready, I shall be in half a minute. I know you will not be sorry to be off. I shall be at your service in half a minute. Mrs. Croft left them, and Captain Wentworth having sealed his letter with great rapidity, was indeed ready, and had even a hurried, agitated air, which showed impatience to be gone. Anne knew not how to understand it. She had the kindest "good morning, God bless you," from Captain Harville; but from him not a word nor a look. He had passed out of the room without a look. She had only time, however, to move closer to the table where he had been writing, when footsteps were heard returning; the door opened; it was himself. He begged their pardon, but he had forgotten his gloves; and instantly crossing the room to the writing table and standing with his back towards Mrs. Musgrove, he drew out a letter from under the scattered paper, placed it before Anne with eyes of glowing entreaty fixed on her for a moment, and hastily collecting his gloves, was again out of the room, almost before Mrs. Musgrove was aware of his being in it—the work of an instant! The revolution which one instant had made in Anne, was almost beyond expression. The letter, with a direction hardly legible, to Miss A. E——, was evidently the one which he had been folding so hastily. While supposed to be writing only to Captain Benwick, he had been also addressing her! On the contents of that letter depended all which this world could do for her! Anything was possible, anything might be defied rather than suspense. Mrs. Musgrove had little arrangements of her own, at her own table: to their protection she must trust, and sinking into the chair which he had occupied, succeeding to the very spot where he had leaned and written, her eyes devoured the following words:

"I can listen no longer in silence. I

must speak to you by such means as are within my reach. You pierce my soul. I am half agony, half hope. Tell me not that I am too late, that such precious feelings are gone for ever. I offer myself to you again, with a heart even more your own, than when you almost broke it eight years and a half ago. Dare not say that man forgets sooner than woman; that his love has an earlier death. I have loved none but you. Unjust I may have been, weak and resentful I have been, but never inconstant. You alone have brought me to Bath. For you alone I think and plan. Have you not seen this? Can you fail to have understood my wishes? I had not waited even these ten days could I have read your feelings, as I think you must have penetrated mine. I can hardly write. I am every instant hearing something which overpowers me. You sink your voice, but I can distinguish the tones of that voice, when they would be lost on others. Too good, too excellent creature! You do us justice, indeed. You do believe that there is true attachment and constancy among men. Believe it to be most fervent, most undeviating in

F. W."

It is needless to say that the parties soon understood one another after this letter.

Sense and Sensibility is full of interest, with a good plot, and great diversity of character. The contrast between Elinor and Marianne Dashwood is very effective. Elinor, with an excellent heart, an affectionate disposition, and strong feelings, knew how to govern them. Marianne, sensible, but eager in everything. There was no moderation in either her sorrows or her joys. She was amiable, interesting, everything but prudent. Sir John and Lady Middleton are an interesting couple. He hunted and shot, and Lady Middleton was a mother: these were their only amusements. Lady Middleton had the advantage of being able to spoil her children all the year round, while Sir John's employments were in existence only half the time. On the first call of the Miss Dashwoods, Lady M. had taken the wise precaution of bringing with her their eldest child, a boy of about six years old, by which means, as Miss Austen says, there was one subject always to be resorted to by the ladies in case of extremity, for they had to inquire his name and

age, admire his beauty, and ask him questions, which his mother answered for him, while he hung about her, and held down his head. On every formal visit a child ought to be of the party, by way of provision for discourse. Lady Middleton's children must have been like those of the family where Lamb was visiting, and who was excessively annoyed by them,—at the dinner table he gave for a toast, "*the memory of the good King Herod.*"

The maternal complacency of Lady M. is boundless. "John is in such spirits to-day," said she on his taking Miss Steele's pocket handkerchief, and throwing it out of the window. "He is full of monkey tricks." And soon afterwards, on the second boy's violently pinching one of the same lady's fingers, she fondly observed, "how playful William is! And here is my sweet little Anna-maria, and she is always so gentle and quiet. Never was there such a quiet little thing. But unfortunately, in bestowing these embraces, a pin in her ladyship's head dress slightly scratching the child's neck, produced from this pattern of gentleness such violent screams as could hardly be outdone by any creature professedly noisy. The mother's consternation was excessive; but it could not surpass the alarm of the Miss Steeles; and everything was done by all three, in so critical an emergency, which affection could suggest as likely to assuage the agonies of the little sufferer. She was seated in her mother's lap, covered with kisses, her wound bathed with lavender water by one of the Miss Steeles, who was on her knees to attend her, and her mouth stuffed with sugar plums by the other. With such a reward for her tears, the child was too wise to cease crying. She still screamed and sobbed lustily, kicked her two brothers for offering to touch her; and all their united soothing were ineffectual, till Lady Middleton luckily remembering that in a scene of similar distress last week, some apricot marmalade had been successfully applied for a bruised temple, the same remedy was eagerly proposed for this unfortunate scratch, and a slight intermission of screams in the young lady on hearing it, gave them reason to hope that it would not be rejected. She was carried out of the room, therefore, in her mother's arms, in quest of this medicine; and as the two boys chose

to follow, though earnestly entreated by their mother to stay behind, the four young ladies were left in a quietness which the room had not known for many hours."

In drawing the characters of Mrs. Jennings, and Mr. and Mrs. Palmer, Willoughby, Colonel Brandon, Edward Ferrars, the two Miss Steeles, Miss Austen has shown a surprising knowledge of human nature. Mrs. John Davy, in her family Journal, under the date of December, 1831, at Malta, says, in returning from Mr. Frere's, Sir Walter Scott spoke with praise of Miss Ferrier as a novelist, and then with still higher praise of Miss Austen; of the latter he said, "I find myself every now and then with one of her books in my hand. There's a finishing off in some of her scenes that is really quite above every body else."

Emma, and *Northanger Abbey*, of the writings of Miss Austen only remain, on which we shall say but a word or two. From *Emma* we should like to make one quotation, but we refrain from so doing; we allude to the important *talk* on the comparative merits of Dr. Perry and Dr. Wingfield, and one of the strangely jumbled together conversations of Miss Bates, but not having the heart of Dogberry, who if he had possessed the tediousness of a king, was willing to inflict it on every one, we hasten on to Mr. John Thorp, in *Northanger Abbey*, who refused to take his sister out riding because she had thick ankles, and who had a horse that *could not* go less than ten miles an hour; even with his legs tied he would get on: and Catharine Morland, who, after reading Ann Radcliffe's romances, and visiting Northanger Abbey, fancies every old chest and cabinet contains some interesting memorial of the past; and the first night she passes in the abbey brings fear and trepidation with it.

What a cheap and delightful pleasure reading is. These novels of Jane Austen I have read thrice, each time with renewed pleasure. They are always charming. I take them up in happy moments, and they cheer me in unhappy ones,—for sorrow comes to all. Even in solitude they introduce you to the most agreeable company, for all Jane Austen's characters are either old friends, or persons that you are confident are living somewhere on the earth,—you listen to their conversation—you know

the tones of their voices. They seem to be in the very room with you.

How much Miss Austen has added to our round of harmless amusements. How much instruction is stamped on her pages. How clearly are displayed the viciousness of ill temper, procrastination, coquetry, affection, jealousy, meanness, and the many minor faults that embitter life. Every good novel is full of instruction. No one ever employed their genius to a better purpose than our fair authoress.

Thou thy worldly task has done,
Home art gone, and ta'en thy wages.

And as Waller writes,

All that we know they do above
Is, that they sing, and that they love.

And surely no one was better fitted for such a sphere than Jane Austen. I commenced the reading of these volumes last summer, when the trees were covered with blossoms, and the air was mild and balmy. During the last few days the rain has fallen incessantly, the winds are roaring and sobbing above the chimney, and rattling against the doors and windows. The walks are strewn with yellow leaves, torn and swept from the trees, and the air is also thick with them. Within, the fire-place has been bright with the flames of a crackling wood fire, and two happy hearts, worthy to be happy, have filled the room with sunshine. I unconsciously nestle near the cheering flame—as the storm drives against the house in angry gusts. Such is the season in which to read an entertaining novel or romance.

When heavy, dark, continued a' day rains
Wi' deepening deluges o'erflow the plains.

BURNS.

The storm has passed over. The glittering sunshine almost turns the dead leaves into things of beauty. My favorite nasturtiums, beautiful and hardy, again twinkle forth joyously. I have ascended the neighboring hills—the view is lovely—the air clear, sparkling and bracing. Some cattle "with meek mouths ruminant," are quietly standing in the sunshine, others eagerly crop the short rich grass. In a neighboring field a boy is driving oxen before a plough—his voice, and the cawing

of some crows are the only sounds that now break the utter stillness. Hark, they are blasting rocks on the line of the rail road. The reverberations echo like the booming of heavy artillery. Sloops are passing up and down the Hudson, and distant objects in the transparent atmosphere seem close at hand.

"The golden orb of the sun is sunk behind the hills, the colors fade away from the western sky, and the shades of evening fall fast around me. Deeper and deeper they stretch over the plain; I look at the grass, it is no longer green; the flowers are no more tinted with various hues; the houses, the trees, the cattle, are all lost in the distance. The dark curtain of night is let down over the works of God; they are blotted out from view, as if they were no longer there."

After my return from my walk, in turning over the leaves of some favorite poets, I met with the following passages that exactly harmonize with the present tone of my feelings. Reader, I know you will enjoy their genial and philosophical spirit.

"Autumn, the princely season, purple rob'd,
And liberal handed brings no gloom to us,
But rich in its own self, gives us rich hope
Of winter times; and when the winter comes,
We burn old wood, and read old books that
wall

Our biggest room, and take our heartiest walks
On the good, hard, glad ground; or when it
rains

And the rich dells are mire, make much and
long

Of a small bin we have of good old wine;
And talk of, perhaps entertain some friend.

Let Winter come! let polar spirits sweep
The darkening world, and tempest-troubled
deep!

Though boundless snows the wither'd heath
deform,

And the dim sun scarce wanders through the
storm,

Yet shall the smile of social love repay
With mental light, the melancholy day.

And, when its short and sullen noon is o'er,
The ice-chain'd waters slumbering on the
shore,

How bright the faggots in his little hall
Blaze on the hearth, and warm the pictur'd
wall."

G. F. D.

LIFE AND WRITINGS OF COLERIDGE.

CHAPTER II.

THE philosophical system of Coleridge may be popularly characterized as that of Plato, or rather of the later Platonists, with the refinements and additions of the more correct science of the moderns. To distinguish it from pantheistic systems, it will be necessary to give some idea of these; characterizing each in the fewest words possible.

To begin, then, with the pantheism of Spinoza. In this system of ideas we find in the first place, all substance, and all the powers of nature, comprehended in a divine unity, and created of one essence with it—nay, totally confounded with it. God is everything, and everything is in and of Deity. Now, of this scheme, we observe; first, that the author of it does not provide for the separate being of souls, beings, profound sources, reason, and the rest. These are only certain forms of one universal *substance*, out of which also were derived the atoms of matter and the principles of life.

The Understanding, upon which this idea is begotten by speculative reason, being itself of a negative character, dealing, indeed, solely in negations, cannot work outside the region of necessitated *matter*, nor by any striving enter into that of *life*, much less into that of *souls*; and is limited to the final conception of a certain *absolute nothing*—the “Ancient Night” of primeval theology.

The next species of Pantheism, and which was an almost universal attendant of heathenism, refers all things, Reason and the soul included, to an UNIVERSAL LIFE, or self-willed principle—which produces Beings and Existences by resolving itself into them—by “hatching” them within itself. This is the physiological pantheism of the inferior Brahmins. The pantheism of Spinoza, arising upon an exclusive contemplation of the laws of matter and mechanism, is thus strongly in contrast with

this second variety of pantheism, which is derived from a too exclusive study of the phenomena of life. The first is the pantheism of the Buddhists, and perhaps very generally of the modern democratic French philosophy, which carries all existence back to universal negation, and infinite night. The second has its defenders among the Brahmins, and some modern poets, who confound the Divine Energy with Life Energy, and reduce all things to a chaos of impulses. This last system seems to be peculiarly a growth of imagination, as the other is of understanding.

By a skillful use of the understanding, a faculty which will be found on the strictest examination to deal only in lines, limits, relations, and generally in the negative class of abstractions; a modern philosopher, Kant, has shown, in his critic of Pure Reason, that it produces nothing, makes no positive additions to truth, establishes no premises, and finally proves nothing without the aid of certain premises or assumptions furnished by Reason or experience. By demolishing the pretensions of the old logic, which made as though it would increase the quantity of truth by working over and over the same meager abstractions, or assumptions, this philosopher cleared the ground for the restoration of the true and only philosophy of Reason.

He had shown that the understanding is a merely analytical organ of the intelligence; that it does not *furnish* any thing; that it is an organ used merely to analyze, to classify, to show the necessary relations of things and events. He separated and defined the modes of its operations, in the various conceptions of cause, and of concurrence; of a substance and its properties; in numbers and in geometrical relations; in the abstract conceptions of time, space, and substance; and concluded by demonstrating, that our know-

ledge of right and wrong, of good and evil, &c. proceeds neither from imagination, experience, nor understanding, but from a higher source, which he did not attempt to characterize or define. He was content simply to indicate its existence.

Kant also showed that no reliance can be placed on experience, or in other words, on the use of perception, for the proof of any absolute truth. That either absolute truth was a nonentity, and quite impossible, or it must be attained by some other process than the working of mere understanding upon experience. Every *empirical* conclusion, that is to say, every conclusion from experience, he showed must have its exceptions; and that no man can know when it may happen to him, that the best experience of his life may be bettered by farther experience. Nothing in regard to right and wrong can be demonstrated, unless we admit the existence of a faculty for it, lying in the superior mind. This faculty, or power, may be named Reason.

Just as the eye is sensible to light, and light itself is also an affection of the eye; and if certain properties had not been communicated to the eye, light would not have been perceived; so the properties of objects would not give rise to the perceptions of things and events, had not the organ of perception, and that of understanding, been internally fitted for their several functions.

But things and events in the mental organ itself, are a mere image, and not the *real* outside things and events. Just as the physiological effect of light is not the same with that mechanical light, or cause of light, which lies in luminous objects. The ideas of events and things formed in the mind, belong to the subject—that is, to the mind itself; when on the contrary, the perceptive and understanding faculties are actually engaged with nature, when the eye sees, the ear hears, the perception receives, and the understanding *knows* things and events, looking as it were into nature, and nature penetrating into them, the effects of all things entering so together into the soul, as to create there lively images, which move with the objects. As images in the camera move with the movement of their external objects, there is then a vital and effective communication between the soul and nature, through the joint functions of perceiving and knowing: and this is the

objective condition, as distinguished from the meditative or *subjective*.

The *subjective* condition, again, is when we meditate with a consciousness that our ideas are not real, but proceed from our own interior selves.

Again; when we meditate on the perception of an object, we find that we are engaged with images, only, lying in the organs of perception. The organs of perception, when in a healthy state, have images in them only while the senses are in connection with external nature; it is with these *images* that the thinking and meditative faculty has to content itself.

If the reader will weigh the matter patiently in his mind, he may perhaps, by this distinction of Subject and Object, understand the most difficult things. To recapitulate:

1. The real outside things and events of nature, produce certain effects of light, color, touch, &c., upon the bodily senses.

2. These effects, though they pass in through separate channels of sense, are reunited into perfect images of things and events by the organs of perception.

3. The various images thus formed in perception, are the materials upon which understanding and imagination exercise their powers, and from which they abstract their *ideals*, their *experiences*, their *fancies*, and their *memories*.

The perception perceives *mediately*, through the various organs of sense; so that, for example, in looking at a ball of gold, there enters into the eye, not *gold*, but a yellow color; and in touching it, the sense receives, not *gold*, but a certain heaviness, &c., &c., and the reunion of these sensuous properties in the perception, gives a notion of a ball of gold as a *thing*, and of its motion as an *event*. Both the thing and the event, as images, lie merely in perception, just as the image of the moon, and not the moon itself, lies in the eye. Kant's conclusion from this train of reasoning, was, that we do not *know* or perceive *things in themselves*—we do not understand or know, or get abstract notions of the moon, but only of an image of the moon, formed in perception—we do not understand motions of bodies, but only images of such motions formed in the perception.

Nevertheless, by an exercise of another and quite superior faculty, a faculty of de-

termining relations, we know that the mental image must correspond with its objects; we therefore act upon the evidences of sense as true; and are thus kept in active and constant relation with the unknown real world about us.

Our animal faculty of perception presents images of things and events as they pass before us.

At the same time our *understanding* shows us that the course and order of these things and events is governed by certain laws, and orderly recurrences. The abstract laws appearing to the understanding, correspond with certain *real* laws, existing in nature; *for, if things in nature agree with IMAGES in perception, laws in nature agree with LAWS in understanding.*

It is necessary here to observe, that Kant does not advance this proof. He contents himself with showing that the so called "laws of nature," are in understanding; but he did not seem to perceive that their existence in nature also, is demonstrable by the same argument which shows the existence of real things in nature; an argument which he, himself, was the first to use among the moderns.

To carry this argument a step higher. The superior Reason, which is able, as every one knows, to make use both of understanding and imagination at the same time; that Power, finding in Imagination certain images of life, force, power, beauty, &c., and in understanding certain laws, and necessities; will, by the union of both, attain the ideas of rational beings existing out of itself; in other words, it will attain to a knowledge of creatures like itself, living out of itself. Ideas indeed of an immensely abstract and elevated order—but which are so necessary to us, one person cannot speak *rationally* to another except through the possession of them.

Thus it is found, that as the knowledge of the existence of things and events in nature, is through a perception which reassembles and combines the sensuous impressions from things; as the existence of "laws of nature," and of qualities of beauty and grace, comes through understanding and imagination, forming abstractions, which are the counterparts of certain otherwise unknown realities in nature; so the Reason, assembling together, the images and abstractions given to it by those powers

of Intellect, forms true ideals of human beings, or of *persons* really existing. And it follows, that the proofs for the existence of human souls, and human persons, are of precisely the same character and validity with those for the existence of wood, stone or metal, or of any object or motion in nature.

It is truly astonishing, that the philosopher who discovered this method of proving the existence of *things*, (the only one of the least value,) and who applied it to idea of material objects and events, should never have pushed its application to that of rational beings.

One of the most satisfactory results of this method of reasoning, is that it precludes all discussion concerning the existence of things. Things do exist, most indubitably, in the mind; so do laws of nature, and ideas of souls, and all as beings of the mind merely; but when it is perceived that they have a practical efficacy, when it is seen that by Reason we converse, and receive answers through our senses, corresponding with the ideas to which we gave utterance, a necessity forces us to believe in the existence of other beings like ourselves. And when, carrying out certain cogitated laws, we cause the powers of nature to serve us *by* those laws, a necessity arises for believing that these "laws of nature" in the mind, stand for laws of *real* nature without. And when, perceiving the color of an object, we put forth the finger and feel its hardness, we conclude with certainty, that the image in the perception, of a thing possessing hardness, is the proof of the presence of a *something* in nature. The mind, of course, in these natural operations, must be sound and healthy, and not metaphysically or otherwise disjointed.

The expression used by Kant, that we know nothing of the nature of "things in themselves," is meant only to convey the fact that all our knowledge is of a secondary character, and not, as Divinity may be supposed to know itself, by being the same with itself. The image in the mind is not the real thing out of the mind.

How the mind is able to form this idea of things and events as they are in, and the same as they are out of the mind, is perhaps the most curious and instructive part of the speculation. For, we have

first to know, that the imperial lord and sovereign ruler of our faculties, the Reason ; the same which, when employed about the affairs of life, leads to prudential and economical results, and employed in affairs of courage and the heart, to the conclusions and practice of honor and courtesy ; this same faculty, employed on the experience offered it by imagination and understanding, produces from them philosophic or universal ideas—as of a soul, a first cause, &c., &c.

In this process the Reason first considers things as they move and live, and are freely actuated and appear, as the Imagination takes them from nature. It then considers their abstract relations in the Understanding. That is, by negatives, lines, limits, necessities, measures, divisions, contrasts, concurrences, causes, and all the unities and diversities. Out of these two, the scientific and the imaginative, Reason constructs its philosophy, or idea of the universe.

And now says Reason to itself, I know, that as in my inferior kingdom of intelligence, whenever there are two faculties, there is a third superior one, which unites and forces them to harmonize, in short as I myself am able to harmonize science and imagination, and passion, and prudence, and affection, and make out of them all a harmonious and rational world, there must be behind all the phenomena, and laws, and necessities, and forces, of nature, animate and inanimate, a harmonizing and perfectly universal power, standing in such relation to the universe, as I stand in my little kingdom of mind. And as I judged that things intrinsic—things in nature, must be judged by the images of these, which I see in my perception and intelligence,—so must this universal, harmonizing, ruling, and creating power—this Infinite, this Omnipotent “Deity,” (for that is the name I give it,) be imaged as resembling myself—I have no other means of imaging it, and I am as well justified in thinking it a Personality, a Personal God, as in thinking that things and events in nature resemble the images in my perception, by which I know them ; or their laws, the laws in my intellect by which I judge them ; or their beauty, the beauty in my imagination by which I attribute beauty to them.” So doth Reason meditate on the world, and so

doth she establish her Faith in a Personality as the author of it, and her reasonings are based on the same certainty which enables the left foot to follow the right, *to wit*, the certainty that the mind is in harmony with the universe, and can form within itself a true representation of the Unseen.

Yet it is perhaps necessary in this connection to pay respect to logic in its narrowest sense, so far as to make a brief defence of the method of the argument—a method peculiar to philosophy, and by which modern science has made all its discoveries—we mean the method of analogy.

The judgment operates by three distinct modes or faculties—as first, by syllogism ; of which the principle is the determination of a species under its genus, &c. : second, by arguing from cause-and-effect—as that the same cause shall always produce the same effect ; and lastly by *analogies*—as when we say, that the same order or system of things, discovers the same principle controlling them—a species of reasoning which has a double certainty and value, from its embracing the principle both of the syllogism and that of cause. Yet the miserable logic of the last century, warns us in a very affectedly wise style against the danger of too free a use of the argument of analogy. When one sees the greatest absurdities stilted along upon syllogistic and cause-and-effect argument—one’s fear of too free use of analogy is very much abated. Not staying here to develop the entire system of the logic of analogy, we need only advert to the fact that every successful scientific or psychological speculation will be found to rest upon it, and if any peculiarity of method can be attributed to modern logic, as distinguished from the syllogistic of the scholastics, and the cause-and-effect of the mechanical deists, it is the analogic of the moderns, preëminent, as including and subordinating the others. Of this method and its abuses, we may take another opportunity to treat at large.

The conclusions of all analogical philosophy may be summed up in a paragraph, that spirit is before matter in the order of being ; that phenomena in perception, and laws and principles in intellect are true analogues of certain realities in universal nature ; that as there is a particular life of

the individual, this is only a spark from the universal life of the world; and as there is a rational soul of the individual, this is only a spark from the Universal Person, the I AM: that the world is both appearance and substance, but that substance can be perceived only *by* appearance, and known only *through* intellect.*

We need not *name* these universal species, lives, laws, and powers in nature, of which the ideas in our Reason are the true images or representatives—we need not name them angels, devils, good spirits, bad spirits, &c., as Swedenborg has done, unless it suits our style or our fancy to do this. By individualizing them, we impair our ideas of them; and then begins something very like polytheism.

The philosophical works of Coleridge may be considered, together, as a series of treatises, sentences, aphorisms, and arguments, arranged with very little order, looking to the developement of the philosophical idea of reason, by profound analogies.

The German mind, above all others, discovers an aptitude for analogical reasonings, as is proved by the general character of their science, and the so called symbolical character of their fiction; and Coleridge has been called a German from the same peculiarity; but before pronouncing Coleridge a German, we must prove him infected with the faults, as well as the excellencies, of the German mind. We must show him pantheistic, and devoid of the idea of a Personal Deity and a divinely constituted state, which we believe is quite impossible. On the contrary, his works overflow with the consciousness of these, and the endeavor to awaken his countrymen to a realizing of their meaning seems to have been the sole aim, if it had an aim, of his life.

Philosophy has always shown two different tendencies, according as the analytic or the imaginative minds of the age have shaped it. The analytic bias may be traced to a predominance of the understanding, or faculty of limits, conditions, negations, and necessities, appearing in such writers

as Paley, Hume, and D'Alembert. The imaginative bias, on the contrary, may be best seen in Cudworth, Taylor the Platonist, and poetico-philosophic minds generally. This latter order give an undue predominance to the imaginative, and neglect the verification and correction of their theories by an application to facts.

With the few minds who have shown an equal mastery of the powers, both of analysis and of imagination, it is necessary to rank Coleridge among the English, and Kant among the Germans. These minds, modelled by nature to a comprehensive and universal shape, easily understood the writings of Plato and Bacon, in whom this double character is most remarkable, and, either by freely receiving the ideas of those writers, and of others still more venerable, or by originating the same in themselves, they have re-created philosophy for the moderns.

Yet it will be impossible for us to understand these men, or their philosophy, until we in some measure understand the aims which actuated them. They regarded knowledge as, in its highest sense, identical with power. The knowledge of a nation they believed to be the fountain of its greatness, always remembering that the word "knowledge," thus used, has a moral significance. The knowledge which they regarded, was the knowledge of knowledges, that kind which is universal and productive of new inventions and useful projects. A knowledge which is able, upon occasion, to found the constitution of a new State or to reform that of an old one; to revive the ancient purity of religion by a return to its first principles; to exalt and harmonize the manners, and render society more humane and considerate. This was the superior kind of *knowledge*, the true Science of humanity, of which they endeavored to express the Ideas. By, and through these Ideas, they communicated the seeds of the same to other minds. All language was considered by them as the vehicle of this kind of knowledge, and to the Faculties which gather it up in experience and give it utterance in acts and words, they gave the name of Reason, or the PERSON,—or the Image of the Person of God.

* i. e. understanding, imagination, affection, &c.

SHORT CHAPTERS ON PUBLIC ECONOMY.

IX.

LARGE CAPITAL AND SMALL CAPITAL.

NOTHING can be more absurd or more contrary to the facts than the proposition put forth by certain would-be statisticians, that low prices with large production is a state of things favorable to the operative or manual laborer.

The smaller the capital the larger must be the return from its investment. If I have only a thousand dollars, but can make it bring me five hundred every year, I am as well off, nay, in a better condition, than if I had two thousand yielding the same sum. One thousand is easier to manage, and less liable to loss than two thousand. A farm of 100 acres, yielding \$500 worth of produce per annum, is a better property than one of 200, yielding the same per annum. There is less ground to be gone over, and in every respect less care to be taken on the smaller, than the larger domain.

It is extremely difficult to find an investment of capital which will yield the owner more than 10 per cent. interest, with no trouble or risk to himself. So rare indeed is the opportunity for a safe and profitable investment without risk or labor, that large capitalists are well contented with 7, and even with 4 per cent. and in England with 3 and 2 1-2 per cent. interest, when the capital is absolutely secured against loss, and gives its owner no trouble in employing it.

A thrifty industrious mechanic, working at good wages, say at \$1.50 a day, can support himself and a small family, and have something laid up in a Saving's Bank at the end of the year. After a few years of labor, economy and accumulation, he will find himself master of a small capital, say of \$500. Let us suppose that the business at which he works is one which has not as yet attracted the attention of

capitalists, either as importers or manufacturers. The demand is moderate but steady and the prices good. Under these circumstances, our frugal artisan will be able to establish a small factory of his own, with his capital of \$500, and can engage another man to work with him as a journeyman receiving wages. With moderate success, he will make his five hundred yield five or six hundred, aided by his own labor, besides enough to pay his journeyman. The next year he will have gained a credit, and can borrow 500 more, at 7 per cent. and with these two capitals he will employ two journeymen, pay the interest, support his family and lay up money.

The success of such a management depends in the first place upon the existence of a good demand with good prices, and in the second upon the thrift and good management of the small capitalist. Let us suppose that he and his journeyman with the families of both, require altogether \$1000 for their support, and that the sale of what he manufactures produces that sum, and enough more to pay the interest on the capital borrowed. Our artisan will now subsist but he will make no money—he will have no surplus, or profit, at the end of the year.

Let us now suppose that a number of other artisans, observing the success of this one, combine their labor and capital and engage in the same business, one of them having credit enough somewhere, to borrow a considerable sum to be laid out in machinery. Or, let us imagine, what is quite as likely to happen, that an opulent importer has got wind of the matter; and that now, through a larger quantity being offered for sale, the price of our artisan's product suffers a depression. He will now find that to make the same profit he must

sell more of his manufactures, and to do this he must employ more journeymen and borrow, or unite with a larger capital, and put his wares for sale at a lower price, besides engaging in a system of correspondence and advertisement. If he has not the ability to launch out on such a tide, he must dismiss his journeymen, sell his machinery and again live as before, by his daily wages paid him by some more able or fortunate person than himself.

He takes the former course. He is bold, skillful and thrifty. He becomes a large manufacturer. By competition prices have fallen to such a pitch he must now sell ten or an hundred times as much as formerly to make the same profit. A great number of journeymen have learned the business; it has become common and its wages are less. They have fallen from \$1.50 to \$1 a day. But the profits of the master workman have fallen in a much larger ratio, and for that which used to bring him *two* dollars, he now gets perhaps only *one*, and of that one he has but a small share himself—the profits of his manufactures not much exceeding the interest of the capital borrowed for their production. When our artisan began life he could make his borrowed capital double itself in two years. He now barely pays the interest and supports his family, and is involved in the care and responsibility of managing a large amount of other people's money.

The whole attention of our adventurous manufacturer is now directed upon two objects: first to extend the sale of his wares to the utmost, by forcing them into every market and at every sacrifice, short of ruin; and second, to make them at the least wages and with the cheapest and most rapid machinery. The likelihood is, that by this time he has connected himself in partnership with some large capitalist, who has money to employ, and who now becomes the real owner of the establishment. To this person the financial department is made over. It is he who stimulates production, who reduces wages, who multiplies operatives, and extends the business by his agents into every region of the earth.

Other capitalists have meanwhile become employed in the same kind of manufacture, and by competition prices and consequently wages, are driven down to the lowest point.

As long as other fields of industry continue open, the production of any particular manufacture will not, in the natural course of things, exceed the limit of a reasonable profit. Workmen's wages will never be ruinously low, and the prices of manufactured articles will at the same time fall to the limit of the least possible profit to the capitalists who produce them.

We have now to consider the effect of the introduction of several disturbing causes into the above described natural order of events. Let us suppose that in the country where these manufactures have grown up, it was thought necessary that the revenues of the state should be collected by a duty upon imports. This duty was laid as a most convenient method of collecting the revenues of government; a method by which to avoid, in the most effectual manner, the expense, the trouble, the danger, and the odium of a direct taxation of personal and real property in the country. This method of collecting revenue was esteemed to be an equitable and a just method, and one which, more than any other, would compel the wealthier part of the people to bear their full share of the expenses of government; for as the greater part of the imports of every country have the character of luxuries, which can be dispensed with by the poor, a revenue collected chiefly upon imports would be very effectually a tax upon the rich, but which avoids entirely the odium of an excise or of a graduated tax.

While there was a manufacture of these imported articles in the country which received them, the duty advanced their price much more than it checked their consumption, so that the importers had to pay but a small proportion of the duty—they sold off their goods somewhat less, or at slightly reduced prices, throwing the payment of the duty back upon the foreign producer. As soon, however, as manufactures of the same articles and at the same prices began to spring up in the country, it was found necessary by the importers either to withdraw from the trade or to sell at reduced prices; this went on until the profits of importation began to be less than the profits of manufacture, which had the effect to divert capital in New England from commerce to manufactures.

The very large and powerful importing

interests of England and America very soon discovered that if things went on at the rate they were going, the people of America would soon be independent of them, and they applied, in consequence, for a reduction of the tariff. It was supposed also that the effect of a high tariff on foreign manufactures, amounting, by and by, to a prohibition of them, would seriously affect the revenue; and force upon the people a new system of taxation in the shape of land taxes, excise, and duties upon agricultural and manufacturing industry at home. It was resolved to fix the tariff upon imports at that point which would produce the greatest revenue; a point which indeed extended a certain amount of protection to the home manufacturer, but which, at the

same time, placed him in trying competition with the foreigner. The latest modification of this tariff, was its adjustment *ad valorem*, or, to the value, so that the lower the price the lower should be the duty; that is to say, the lower the price fixed by the foreigner upon his goods, the less should he lose by the tariff; or in case the consumer is supposed to pay the duty, the cheaper the foreign commodity, that is to say, the nearer it approached to the character of a necessary of life, the less he should have to pay to government for the use of it. By this *ad valorem* system the foreigner is stimulated in the highest degree and the home manufacturer proportionally discouraged.

X.

ENCOURAGEMENT OF MANUFACTURES THE SAME WITH THE ENCOURAGEMENT OF TRADE.

It is a very general opinion entertained by both parties, that trade and commerce with foreign nations will be diminished by the increase of manufactures in the country; a greater error could scarcely enter into the mind of the economist than this. Exportation is proportioned to the ability and wealth of a country. A country can export, in the regular course of trade, only the surplus of its produce, either in the shape of coin or of commodities. This coin and these commodities are exchanged in foreign markets for other coin and commodities; the breadstuffs of New York are sold perhaps for coin in Liverpool; the same coin, converted into silver dollars, is taken to China for the purchase of teas, opium, &c. In our dealings with China it would appear as though the balance of trade was against us; because money is taken out, and merchandise is brought home; but the money which we pay in China we have received in England, and thus the balance is made even. We very often hear it stated with a fear of alarm, that the balance of trade is against us with England, when, if all countries be taken into the account, it may possibly be found that the balance of trade is, on the whole, in our favor.

Whether it be so or not with any parti-

cular country, is however a matter of much less importance than is frequently imagined. All that is necessary to be known to judge of our real prosperity, is *whether the industry of the country is so well employed, and in such a variety of profitable ways, as to yield a fair surplus of profit for a commerce with foreign nations.* Whether the industry of every man is sufficient to enable him to purchase such foreign comforts and luxuries as he may think necessary to his happiness. If a manufactory of cheap cloth in Massachusetts, can produce a surplus to sell in India or China, and the money paid therefore can be used in France for the purchase of French luxuries, silks, wines, and the like, the balance of trade is not then against us with France, nor with the world generally; we have spent our surplus for luxuries, and that is all; we are not dependent upon France for the necessaries of life; we can do without silks and wines, if need be.

The commercial power of a country depends upon two circumstances, its ability to produce, and its power of commanding the market; the first is given by the industry and economy of its people; which, however, cannot come into activity, hardly into existence, until they are freed from the oppression and the competition of foreigners.

Unless the capitalist is protected against the foreigner, he will not lay out his wealth to the advantage of the country in which he is ; he will spend his surplus in the purchase of foreign luxuries and conveniences, which the poor man, having no employment to which he can turn his hand, that will yield him any profit, contents himself with cultivating a small farm, just sufficient for his own maintenance and that of his family. As soon, however, as the capital of the wealthy is forced to remain at home, and employ itself for the benefit of home industry, a positive increase begins to be perceived in the productive power of the country ; population increases with greater rapidity ; a distribution of employment ensues ; numbers engaged in agriculture, quit that employment for manufacture ; the consequence being that those who remain upon their farms find themselves able to produce more, and at better prices. The distribution of employment tends invariably to the increase of productive power and of production. Every new mode of industry, which makes the proportion of agriculturists or food producers smaller in proportion to the whole, augments their profits, and gives them opportunities of disposing of a larger surplus. Let us imagine a community composed of one thousand men, with their families, employed in agriculture. They produce enough for themselves and their families, and, having no market, their wealth does not increase ; add to that community a thousand more, with their families, employed as artisans, in various trades, that community will shortly become rich. The agricultural part of them have found a market for their surplus, and the artisans at the same time, have found a market for their wares. A healthy man is always able to produce more than is enough for his own immediate necessities, in any occupation ; and therefore it is that free and orderly communities become wealthy when a market is opened to them for a sale for the products of their industry.

We have said that the commercial power of a country depends upon two circumstances ; that the first of these is its ability to produce, and the second its ability to command a market ; for the first is needed an industrious and frugal population ; for the second, a naval armament ; but it is the first necessity that we are at present

considering ; that a country shall produce more than is necessary for its own consumption ere it can become rich by a commerce with foreign nations, and that the greater its home production, the more certain, and extended, and profitable will be its foreign commerce. The prohibition, by tariff, of a foreign manufacture, in such a country as ours, creates a home manufacture of the same. By the introduction of this new species of industry, either a new population is introduced from abroad, increasing the market of the agriculturalist, or the same number of persons is withdrawn from agricultural and other occupations, leaving of course a smaller number engaged in these, and consequently securing to them not only a larger market, but a larger profit in that market. If one man supplies an entire village with food produced upon his own land, he will become the most important man in it, and other things being equal, the wealthiest. The smaller the proportion of population engaged in agriculture, other things being equal, the larger the profits of the agriculturalist ; indeed, nothing could be a greater proof of the stupidity and dullness of the agricultural population generally, than their opposition to the introduction of manufactures. By the most stupid jealousy they mar their own fortunes.

The ability to export will be measured by the ability to produce ;* the ability to produce will depend upon the variety of occupation assisted by the economy and industry of the population. An economical and industrious population, working at a variety of employments, will produce everything out of the earth, in such a country as ours, (that is to say, if they are well protected,) everything that is necessary for sustenance, clothing, and habitation. For these purposes they will require no foreign assistance. The raw material of iron and steel, of copper, zinc, tin, and lead, and other valuable metals used in the arts ; every species of timber ; every material used for the manufacture of clothing, rough cloth, cordage, and felts ; every kind of grain and serviceable fruit, all kinds of animals employed in the economy of the farm,—there is, in short, nothing that can be esteemed absolutely necessary

* First shown by H. C. Carey.

to a civilized existence, which is not easily and abundantly procured in the temperate climate of the North American Continent. *If every want of the people, nay every comfort, is not fully and effectually provided for, it is because of some serious error, or some wilful perversion in the mind of the governing power ; that is to say, of that portion of the people who make government and its offices their peculiar care ; to which may be added, those whose fortune or whose ability gives them power over the prejudices of that nameless multitude whose opinions are all prejudice.*

When every thing has been produced and wrought up—when the last degree of value has been communicated by agriculture and manufacture to the material which the earth offers to the industry of man—when the iron has been wrought into steel, and the steel into implements—when the wool, the flax and the cotton have been made into cloth, and the hemp into cordage—when the copper and its kindred metals have been wrought up into utensils and ornaments ; in short, when every possible value has been communicated to the raw material—when the home market is supplied with these, it then becomes advantageous to a country to export its surplus to foreign countries, and not before. During the famine in Ireland, two years ago, grain was exported from Cork and from Dublin ; that exportation, although profitable to the merchants who engaged in it, was injurious to Ireland. The exportation of food from England at the present time, to a country where food happened to be dearer than in England, might indeed bring fortunes to a few grain producers and exporters, but it would be highly injurious to the English artisan who starves when grain rises beyond a certain price. Political economy, after the school of Malthus and Ricardo, regards all laws against exportation as a mere absurdity—as contrary to the laws of trade—as an interference with the natural and indefeasible right of free trade. Humanity and common sense may sometimes, it seems, array themselves against our political economists ; a prohibition of exportation may sometimes be absolutely necessary to the safety of a people, and so may a prohibition of importation. The rule of common sense and of true statesmanship is to legislate, not from a theory, either of free trade or of protec-

tion, but to legislate for the good of the people—for the good of the greatest number.

The ability to export is measured by the ability to produce a surplus for exportation ; it is also measured by the value of that surplus. If it is the raw material, the ores of metals, the first substance of cloth, or the like, it is not, and it never will be a profitable exportation : the risk and the expense of its conveyance will fall upon the producer ; that this is the fact may be easily shown from the history of the cotton trade. It has been demonstrated, in the previous number of this journal, that the expense of exporting the raw material of manufacture is far greater, in proportion to its value, than the expense of exporting the manufactured article. The expense of transporting a rod of iron worth only one dollar is greater than the expense of transporting a case of surgical instruments worth one hundred dollars, and so of other articles ; the higher the value communicated to them by the industry of artisans, the less the expense to the producer and manufacturer of bringing them to market.

Because the supply in general exceeds the demand, or very nearly equals it in most branches of trade, the producer is continually seeking a market ; that is to say, the commerce of the country is eagerly and assiduously extending itself, seeking new customers in every quarter of the globe, and sending out ships of war to establish its markets in foreign ports, to open new channels of commerce with barbarous nations—to negotiate treaties for the advantage of home industry, and sometimes to make conquests for the establishment of mercantile colonies.

It is thus absolutely shown by the conduct of all trading nations, from the earliest periods of time, that it is, in general, the producer and the manufacturer who bear the cost of transportation, who send out their products in their own ships, and defend their commerce by expensive naval armaments. That it is on the producer that all risks fall, or if not all, the greater part of risks, may be seen in the trade between any manufacturing town and its neighboring great city, to which it sends its merchandize. It is chiefly the manufacturer who loses, and not the commission merchant, by fluctuations of the market. It

is the miller who loses by a fall in the price of flour, and behind him the farmer in whose hands the miller's notes are protested.

The commerce of a country depending on its ability to produce and its ability to command a market, successful and profitable commerce will be that which commands the widest and the most universal market; that can send the same cargo to many different ports; that has its choice of markets, and is not shut up to one or two; it is therefore absolutely certain that an exportation of grain or of any species of raw material or first product of the earth, can never be as sure or as safe, or as continuous and steady, as an exportation of manufactured articles. When the European markets are shut, there is no corn trade; but the same corn that would have been exported to England, being used for the food of artisans at home, may be exported in the shape of cloth or cutlery, to almost any part of the world;* if one market is closed, another is opened; if England will not receive our cloths, France, or Germany, or Holland, will perhaps receive them; or they can be sent into the Mediterranean, or to the South Sea Islands, or to South America, or to many other places; or, if there is no foreign market, they can be laid up at home and bide their time. The expense of their transportation is comparatively small; their durability under all climates makes them always insurable; the profits on their sale are the profits of agriculture on the food which feed the workmen who were employed in making them, and those upon the ores and other raw material, used for the machinery and fabric—all these profits being concentrated in the manufactured article; a consideration which ought to show the agriculturalist that it is rather a commerce in manufactured articles which he should support by his vote and his influence, than a commerce in grain.

Very slight circumstances occasion an over production of grain or of raw material of any kind, and for the time, render it profitless. The closing of the European markets against American bread-stuffs will throw an indisposable surplus upon the hands of the farmer; a vote of parliament will ruin the hopes of tens of thousands in

America, who have engaged in the production of grain for the European markets. An unusually fine harvest in France and in England will have the same result. Fifty millions of English capital turned into the improvement of agriculture in that country and in Ireland, as two years ago it was turned into rail-roads, and before that into cotton mills, would have the same result. It is clear that this trade in bread-stuffs is subject to the most alarming contingencies; and it is well known to be the most speculative and irregular department of commerce.

The reason of this latter peculiarity is not to be sought only in the fluctuations of a foreign market; we may find it as well in the destructibility of the material. A cargo of flour cannot be carried across the Equator with safety; a cargo of meal is very apt to turn sour before it reaches Liverpool. Another reason is, that the natural profit on raw material is necessarily small, and that, under ordinary circumstances, the food of life cannot be made an article of commerce between distant nations. It is a dreadful necessity which compels one great nation to purchase food of another, and is always a token of destitution and suffering in the country which receives it.

The commerce of a country is sustained by its productive energy. Not by the richness of its soil, but by the productive energy, directed by ingenuity and ability, of its inhabitants. Its productiveness is measured not by the quantity of fruits, grain, ores, or other raw material which it produces, but by the value which it has communicated to these raw products previous to their exportation. The steel instrument, worth one dollar and weighing a few ounces, has concentrated in it the value of a bushel of corn worth one dollar and weighing many pounds. The one almost imperishable; saleable in all markets, easily transported at a very trifling cost, through all climates, over all seas—the other, occupying a large space, difficult of transportation, destroyed by a very moderate rise of temperature, or by the slightest dampness, saleable only in countries where the poorer class are perishing of hunger. The one, intrinsically worth nothing, and having all its value imparted to it by the ingenuity of artisans, a thing created out of dirt, and stones, and rubbish—the rubbish of the ground; the

* H. C. Carey.

other an almost spontaneous product of the earth, requiring but one species of labor for its production with but moderate ability, and therefore yielding but little profit to him who produces it, and still less to him who sells it. These are the instances which we must look at, and carefully consider, before we begin to turn the forces of government to the extension of our commerce. We must know, before we move in such a matter, upon what ground we move, and never suffer our senses to be deceived by the lying arithmetic of statisticians.

When our own wants are supplied, the surplus of our industry is the material of a profitable commerce; but who would send seed corn to mill?

The seed corn which we foolishly send to mill, is the raw material of our industry, and the mill is in England. We legislate away our seed corn—we write, speak, and vote it away—we deprive ourselves of every opportunity of wealth, of that valuable material of commerce, that product of the most refined and concentrated industry; concentrating all that the farmer and the artisan can do—we deprive ourselves of this by legislation—by a farrago of closet theory supported by a lying statistic, and the prejudices of the ignorant served up with senatorial sophisms.

The commerce of such a country as ours must be a commerce for luxuries, and not

for the necessaries of life. It is we who must supply nations inferior to ourselves in fortune and ability, with what they need, and they must give us in exchange the luxuries which we do not need but only desire, and which our superior industry and ability have given us a right to use and to enjoy.

We do not mean to say that commerce must be exclusively for luxuries; the products of other climates: drugs, medicines, dye-stuffs, peculiar kinds of food which grow only in the tropics, certain valuable metals, and some manufactures, of an undesirable character to be produced at home; in short, a vast variety of articles, not properly luxuries, will always furnish out a vast commerce, and open a market for the products of our own industry.

It appears from all that has been presented to our view in the course of this argument, that the legislation of a country like ours should be directed not to the production of an unprofitable surplus of raw material, liable at any moment to be thrown back upon its producers, but to the introduction and the building up of as many new species of industry as possible, in order that no one department may be overdone, and that a surplus may be produced that can be made the staples of a truly safe and valuable commerce.

XI.

CALIFORNIA.

It is beginning to be predicted by the more observing class of speculators, that a commercial catastrophe awaits those who are building upon expectations raised by the gold of California. We have several times before alluded to the state of things in that country, and have predicted the defeat of all extravagant expectations. The time has not yet come, but it is probably not far distant. The first symptom of its approach which we have to notice, is the fall in the price of provisions, of clothing, and of shipping, in the harbor of California. We learn that the fine ship *Edward Everett*, which sailed from Boston

some six months ago, has been sold at San Francisco for \$15,000. At the so called California prices, the same vessel should have brought \$100,000. One would think that the mere timber would have brought more money than was given for the vessel. Startling as the conclusion may appear, we are compelled to admit that California is not destined to have a commerce. Owners of property in California will not invest money in shipping. That department of commerce which is called shipping interest, may be said in California to have no existence.

The population of California being, as

yet, a small one, not exceeding that of a third rate city, a very moderate coasting trade from South America and the Sandwich Islands, and especially from Oregon, will easily supply it with provisions. A single manufacturing village in New England could furnish it with clothing. The commerce in luxuries will never be large, until its population becomes domestic and thriving. The market is already overstocked with all the necessities, and many of the luxuries, of life. The prices of many of these commodities has already fallen below that which they bear in New York, which, considering the prodigious cheapness of gold, shows an alarming depreciation. When these effects come to be generally felt and known, commerce will gradually withdraw itself from the ports of California, and commodities will have a permanent value, measured by the necessities of the population, the immediate presence of the precious metals, the monopoly of the trade, which must fall into the hands of a few adventurers, and the character of the population which, in all gold countries, will be more or less reckless and unthrifty.

When the more superficial diggings are exhausted, and it becomes necessary for several men to combine for the employment of labor and capital in the opening of deep mines, a result which may be expected in a few years, it will be found that the price of labor, always severe in mining, will bring the profits of such adventurers within very moderate limits. Expensive machinery will have to be constructed and transported across the Isthmus, or carried about Cape Horn; salaried gold hunters, engineers, and miners, will have to be employed at a great expense; constant failures, and a vast waste of labor, will strike away a large proportion of the profits. In time, a share in a gold company in California, will become fancy stock in Wall street.

Long before this time the population, instead of increasing, may be expected to diminish, having first reached its maximum.

Let us suppose that the actual proceeds of the mines in California amount to about \$2,000,000 monthly—\$24,000,000 annually; if the whole sum is expended in procuring food and clothing, it will pay, from year to year, the expenses of a population

of 50,000 persons, living at an expense of something more than \$500 a year. California produces nothing but gold; it must therefore, pay for every thing in gold.* Gold, being the largest commodity in quantity, is cheapened by its own abundance; and \$500 will be found insufficient for the support of a single adult individual living by provisions and clothes brought to him across the ocean.

It is certain that far more has been taken to California in the shape of clothing, shipping, provisions, luxuries, and money, than has, as yet, been brought out of it in the shape of gold. If a California outfit cost \$500, or thereabouts, one hundred men, going to California, take with them \$50,000; this is \$500,000 and the labor and enterprise of an hundred men taken directly out of the country where they belong and which they enrich, and transported to California. \$50,000, and the labor of an hundred men, skillfully employed in manufactures, or farming, in a civilized community, would double itself in a few years, besides providing subsistence for an hundred families, creating rich farms and a thriving village, and securing to its owners and employers all the moral and physical advantages and comforts of civilization.

Let us see now how this same money and labor are employed in California. There is no combination in California; each man is for himself; combination has been found to be impossible. Two or three may combine together to work at a digging, or to speculate in lands, but there can be no companies, no joint enterprises, for the advantage of a number. Of the hundred men who have taken each a capital of \$500, and of which they have expended \$400 before they arrive in California, and in such a way that it creates nothing, yields nothing for themselves or for their country, but is literally thrown into the sea, a third, perhaps, or more likely a fourth, will find themselves strong enough and possessed of sufficient fortitude to engage in mining—a species of toil which is compared only to stone breaking, well digging, or the laying of heavy walls. Twenty-five of the hundred have engaged in this terrible labor. Of the remaining seventy-

* What have "balance of trade" theorists to say to that?

five, perhaps one half will assist their more laborious brethren as carriers, tool makers, coiners, house builders, and the like occupations. They must be paid very liberally. They are the friends and the countrymen of the miners, and their labor is worth more than that of foreigners. The twenty-five men who engaged in mining, the thirty or forty who engaged in other labor, and the thirty or forty who wander about after their arrival as marauders, idlers, or beggars, have all to be supported. The gold diggers must support all these. Such is the law of communities. No man would be permitted to starve or go naked in so liberal a country as California, where gold is so abundant. Every man, too, will do something, under the pretext of earning his bread. They will dig a little, work a little, trade a little, just enough to keep body and soul together. They will employ their best abilities in the art of living easy upon the industry of others. The twenty-five gold diggers have to dig gold enough among them, not only for their own support, but, whatever may be their own intentions, for the support of the remaining seventy-five, who are a part of the same community. To get back their first expenses, and that of their comrades, they have to dig, in the course of the year, \$50,000 worth of gold, beside enough to pay their current expenses. But they can work during only one half the year. They have to dig more than \$8,200 the month, for six consecutive months; but as only one half of them will more than support themselves during that time, the remainder (a large proportion) being the lucky ones, these lucky ones must clear \$8,200 the month, over and above their expenses, to pay costs, and replace the capital invested; for it must never be forgotten that California produces nothing but gold. Unless gold is produced, nothing is produced, and the money expended in and upon the country is lost.

In six months twelve men have earned about \$50,000. This money is to be divided between them, but not equally; the least of the lucky ones will have but \$1,000 of this money, and the most lucky will have perhaps \$20,000. During the year expended in the replacement of the original \$50,000, these twelve men will have dug gold enough, beside all this, to support a

community of an hundred adult persons in a civilized state, at the rate of \$500 a year. I have taken small numbers for this ideal estimate, larger numbers would not serve better to show the ratios.

The result of all this is that the production of \$50,000 of clear gain in California, requires the expenditure and sinking of \$100,000; that in this process an available capital of \$50,000, and the labor of an hundred men—civilized and educated men—is withdrawn from the community where they were born, and to which they belong; that a property, at first equally distributed among an hundred persons, is *concentrated in the hands of a few persons*, that the morals and manners of the great majority are impaired, or quite ruined; that many have perished of malaria and hard labor, who would otherwise have lived to a good old age; that some have become gamblers and sots; that many have given up excellent business and good hopes, to engage in an unprofitable and dangerous adventure; and finally, that of those who successfully bring home fortune from beyond the seas, suffering the intoxication of too sudden a success, and by too desperate a means, the greater part will soon lose unluckily at home, what they have luckily got abroad; to say that two out of the original hundred will certainly benefit themselves and others by the adventure, is saying more than is prudent.

Such, when they come to be written, will be found to be the average history of California adventure. It is true, immense fortunes have been made, and a few who went there poor have come back rich, notwithstanding all of which we still aver that such in future will be found to be the history of California adventures.

We have said that California can never have a commerce; it is a gold producing country; it will by and by become, to a certain extent, agricultural, and possibly a few manufactures may be introduced; but, for the first, it cannot enter into competition with Oregon or Chili; nor for the second with the United States and England. There is no reason to believe, that for many ages, California will export manufactures or agricultural products; the population will consequently consist almost exclusively of miners and those who employ them; it will, therefore, be a limited population;

it will not grow beyond the necessity created by the operation of capitalists in its mining regions; its property will be owned chiefly by persons residing in England and in the United States; they will send money and machinery, and receive gold in return. The commerce of Benecia and San Francisco will consequently be extremely limited.

Commerce is centered in a region by its becoming either a mart for the exchange of commodities, like Samara and New York; or by its being like Babylon or Boston, a centre for the production of manufactures. The city of Babylon, in which at one period, the trade of the East was concentrated, was, at the epoch of its greatest glory, nothing more than an assemblage of manufacturing villages, surrounded by a range of artificial hills, called walls, to shut out the neighboring barbarians. The city of Boston owes its commercial importance, in great part, to its being the trading centre of manufacturing interests in New England.

It is impossible, in the nature of things, that California should become a trading centre, as it neither produces anything to create a commerce, or to ensure a steady growth of population. For the same reason it can never become a port of deposit or of exchange. The badness of its harbors will alone prevent that result.

Let us now make enquiry of the benefits, real or imagined, which are to be secured to this country by the addition of California. That these benefits are to arise from the addition of a certain amount of gold coin to the circulation of the entire world, no one will perhaps pretend. The value of the precious metals is diminished as their quantity increases; to have that quantity largely increased would be an inconvenience, as it would add nothing to the wealth of the world; nothing to the comforts of life, and would disturb the coinage of governments. The benefit to be derived from the finding of gold consists in the good fortune of those few lucky individuals who make fortunes by the adventure. The capital hitherto invested, and effectually sunk and annihilated, far exceeds the largest anticipated returns. On the whole, regarded as a commercial speculation in which the entire country is interested, California has already cost much

more than it is worth, both in the war that was made for it, and in the money and labor that has been carried into it. As an investment of labor and capital it is already a total failure.

But if California can never become a seat of trade, and is, as a speculation, in itself unprofitable; if its effect is to demoralize the entire community by creating an unnatural thirst for gold, and a love of foreign adventure, if it is to continue to withdraw capital, labor, and talent, the ready capital, the free labor, and the adventurous talent of the hardiest portion of our population from fields where they are most needed, and where their value is alone appreciated, with what favor can the public economist regard this new acquisition of a gold region? The most sanguine calculators have not yet shown that the product of the country in precious metals will sustain its population, or pay the cost of its purchase and colonization.

These then, we conceive, are to be the advantages which are to accrue to us as a nation by the conquest of California, and the discovery of its placers. First, it has directed our attention upon the western borders of our continent; it has already drawn us nearer in thought, to the Asiatic side of the globe; it has opened the way for a commerce with Asia; it has created a necessity for the establishment of a free and rapid communication between the Atlantic and the Pacific; it has brought us nearer, by the space of several centuries, to our ultimate destiny as the civilizers, and perhaps masters of Asia. The existence of the state of California on the shore of the Pacific, has made it necessary for us to establish a communication between the two sides of the continent. When this communication is established, affairs in California will take another turn; a railroad will pass from the Mississippi River perhaps to the Columbia. At Puget Sound, if we prophecy truly, there will be established an entrepot for the commerce between the United States and Asia; the gold of California will pass first into Oregon before it is distributed to the East and West. Or if it is resolved that the great international railroad shall go to California first, still we may predict for it the same consequences, that it will become a route of commercial enterprise between America and

Asia. California will then indeed become a grand commercial centre, but she will continue to be insignificant as a state ; and for the reason that she produces nothing, or rather produces nothing but gold, of all products the least valuable, the least profitable, the least beneficial to the world.

Should Oregon, on the other hand, be made the terminus of the new route, there will be added to the United States a country well fitted for every purpose of agriculture and manufacture, of vast extent, free from the remotest danger of invasion, of a temperate climate, and lying convenient to the ocean, towards which already a stream of population is moving, which must soon convert it from a wilderness to a wealthy

and prosperous state, but whose prosperity will be most seriously retarded should the great road be turned away from it, and directed upon the barren mountains and unprofitable plains of California. With such a route as is contemplated, the products of Oregon will within a century far exceed a dozen Californias ; nor will those, meanwhile, of California decline in consequence, since nothing is more needed to the prosperity of that state than the immediate neighborhood and intercourse of such a population as that which will be in Oregon. Let not the Californian think me his enemy. The fewer the better in that country *for those who are there.*

J. D. W.

THE WHIG VICTORY IN NEW YORK.

THE State and City elections of New York on the 6th November, have shown a superiority of strength in the Republican and Conservative party over the united forces of the remains of the old Jackson organization, called *Loco Focos*, and of the new party, who go by the name of *Barn Burners*.

The origin of these two factions in the State of New York arose upon a quarrel between the old office holders, who came in under the old Jackson dynasty, and the younger members of the same party, who wished to succeed them in the offices which they had so long held. The two factions organized themselves under the name of *Barn Burners* and *Old Hunkers*. (We put these facts on record for the benefit of future historians, as they are likely to be forgotten.) The *Old Hunkers* were the successors of, or were themselves, the men who went over from the ranks of Federalism to join the no-principle party of General Jackson; they, however, carried their principles with them in their pockets, to be used upon occasion. In order to win over the body of foreign emigration, more especially in the city of New York, they assumed the name of *Democrats*, synonymous with Jackson men, or friends of the people. Unluckily for themselves, however, as it proved in the sequel, they adopted the new doctrine of rotation in office, and being, of late years, extremely slow and loth in its application to themselves, there sprang up a number of enthusiastic young philosophers, very practical men too, who undertook to see that the doctrine was applied; the consequence was the formation of a new party, who called themselves *Barn Burners*, because they had undertaken to set fire to the barn in order to drive out the rats.

Under Mr. Polk's Administration the unpopularity of the old office-holding, or old *Hunker* division of that scion of Federalism which claims the name of Democracy, but which goes commonly by the more appropriate title of *Loco Foco*, rose

to a great height. A complete rupture took place all over the Union. It was resolved by the *Barn Burning* faction that Mr. Cass, who headed the *Old Hunker* division, should be defeated, cost what it might. The body of the party, however, had been so entirely corrupted by the enjoyment of office, and by other causes of political decay incident to the unscrupulous employment of power, that the new division of them found themselves, to their great surprise, without a single principle of organization; in fact, in the race for power they had left their principles behind, and forgotten where they left them. They had nothing positive about them. They were opposed to prohibitory duties and unnecessary tariffs, it is true, but so were the majority of the Whigs. In Kane letters, and other recorded documents, they advocated protection, incidental, certainly, but still protection. They thought it a good thing, so it was not carried too far—and so did the Whigs. They were opposed to the establishment of a National Bank with unlimited powers. They announced, in Presidents' messages, and elsewhere, that they thought a Bank, unless it were properly regulated, and placed under proper restrictions, a dangerous experiment, and so did the Whigs. They professed themselves opposed to an unlimited and extravagant system of improvements. They thought it necessary that the money of the Government should be expended constitutionally, and in cases that were deemed necessary to the national welfare, and so were and did the Whigs. They were opposed to the interference of Congress in the domestic affairs of the Southern States, and so were the Whigs. They thought it necessary to make a peace with Mexico, on terms favorable to the honor of this country—the Whigs indicated with great distinctness that they were of the same opinion. They believed in a certain reasonable rotation of office, and so indeed did the Whigs, as was proved by the election of General Taylor. They thought it

necessary that Representatives should represent their constituents, and that what a man had promised to vote for in Congress he should vote for; in fact, to their amazement, they found that they had not a single principle left them. Old Hunkerism, even, had but one, and that it had inherited from Federalism, the unscrupulous application, namely, of the Presidential veto, and of this they could make no capital, taken by itself. The principle was nothing in itself. To have any basis of organization at all, to have any soul, thought, or speculation, to have any thing efficient or statesmanlike about them, they must find something, they must find some fresh and lively opinion, some new and philosophical sentiment, that should serve as a soul to animate the, as yet, dull and lifeless faction.

By assiduous writing, speaking, and teaching, the Whig party had, after many years of almost hopeless effort, succeeded in creating a powerful opinion against the extension of slavery over new territory. They had succeeded in convincing the South that every additional acre of cotton, cultivated by slave labor, would serve only to lower the price of cotton, and diminish the profits of the older planters. They had succeeded in convincing the South that its true policy was rather to diminish than to increase the number of cotton planters. They had shown them moreover, nay, had convinced them, as they had convinced the entire North, that Congress had full power either to extend or to limit slavery in the territories of the nation. They had also established the doctrine that the sovereignty of a State created upon new territory, was perfect from the instant of its birth, and that new States could not be interfered with to force them either to suppress or to erect among themselves the institution of slavery. It was the original doctrine of the Whigs that new States should legislate for or against slavery on their own responsibility, and with full powers. This doctrine so unluckily appropriated by the Whigs, was of no avail to either section of their adversaries, except under a very bold and dangerous system of lying and misrepresentation, such as is followed by the Union newspaper.

The Old Hunker division, on the other hand, were disposed to hold to the doctrine

that Congress had no right to interfere to prevent the extension of slavery over the national territory. Could the new faction set itself in opposition to this doctrine, there was the hope of something like an organization. They made it a point to say, with the Whigs, that slavery ought not to be extended over the national domain. They endeavored to have a form of law given to this principle; and, under the name of Wilmot Proviso, it came before the country, and was rejected, chiefly because of the untimeliness of its appearance, and the injudicious manner of its introduction, and its insulting and repulsive appearance to the South. The majority of the people were clearly in favor of preventing the extension of slavery over the national domain, but the Wilmot Proviso neither is, nor ever will be, the means of that prevention.

The Abolition third party, which had hitherto distinguished itself by annually putting a certain number of good votes in limbo, witnessing the unfortunate predicament of the young faction, came forward with a very handsome offer to furnish out a new stock of principles, of a very racy and enlivening character, such as would have a good sound, and chime in well with the sentimental passion of the day. Barn Burnerism took the hint, and accepted this very handsome offer in part; it announced itself, on a sudden, as the champion of Free Soil, much to the astonishment of the Whigs, who had hitherto imagined that they alone were the defenders of free institutions in the new territories; that they alone, for reasons both economical and philanthropical, had set themselves against the extension of domestic slavery. The orators of the new faction, overjoyed at the discovery of a principle—a thing unheard of since the election of Gen. Jackson—were at vast pains to impress the minds of the masses with a proper sense of the dignity of their mission. They stepped forward with great self-possession, as the defenders of human rights in general, especially as they appear in the person of the negro; but they were not unconstitutional, oh! no, not they! They were not disposed to meddle with the domestic institutions of the South, oh! no, not they! all that they professed was an intention to prevent the spread of slavery over new territories, and by constitutional means.

For a time the new organization flourished wonderfully. They adopted a leader who was by no means a man of straw, but a powerful and able politician; in fact the original organizer of the party of which they were now the most important faction. Mr. Van Buren led off the new movement very handsomely, pledging himself to do every thing to prevent the extension of slavery, and committing himself to nothing farther. It is said that he allowed himself to be placed in this position in order that he might revenge himself upon the Southern division of the party who had previously defeated his nomination at Baltimore. However this may be, the new faction succeeded in defeating the old one; the Whigs came into power, and Old Hunkerism fell prostrate; deprived of office, and, consequently, as it had nothing else, deprived of organizing power. To be, at once, without office and without a principle, was the condition of Old Hunkerism; it consisted now of a clique of rejected office holders, who could not, for their lives, show any man a reason, or the shadow of a reason, why they should be returned to office—an imbecile and wretched condition.

Finding their case hopeless, and witnessing with a sullen discontent and jealousy the rising power of their new enemies, formerly their brothers, or their sons, they began to make overtures to the new faction. Old Hunker made a very liberal offer to young Barn Burner that they two should clap each a shoulder to the wheel, and having, by the union of numbers, achieved a victory, they should divide the spoil between them. In New York especially, for some months previous to the late election, this union was agitated, and finally agreed upon by most of the leaders. Newspapers on the Old Hunker side addressed hearty and soul-stirring invitations

to their opponents to come over and work together with them to defeat the Whigs. Democrats, cried the liberal Globe newspaper, with the characteristic Old Hunker *bon hommie*, shall we go to work and elect our whole ticket, which will enable us all to partake of the fat things which will fall from the Democratic cornucopia? or shall we remain divided, and be compelled for a number of years to feed on short commons, until we have not strength to withstand an old fashioned North Wester—what do you say? The appeal was irresistible; the two factions closed their ranks, and voted together; but, to the amazement of all concerned, they were beaten by a good majority.

That men should make sacrifices in a great cause is necessary to their success; they are called upon, in a good cause, to sacrifice whatever is most dear and precious to them; and when such sacrifices have been made, how great is our sympathy and pity for those to whom they have availed nothing! The Barn Burner faction, stimulated by a patriotism truly elevated, resolved that no sacrifice should be esteemed too great for the advancement of that cause of which it was the sworn advocate; the cause, as it avowed it, of freedom and humanity; no sacrifice seemed too great; it was ready to throw aside that which it held most dear, its own jewel, its sole principle, its very honor. As the principle for which it existed was the thing of all others which it held most dear, that was the thing of all others which it determined to sacrifice.

It did this, and lost the election;—catastrophe truly to be deplored!—melancholy comment upon the vanity of human wishes, and the futility of the best laid schemes! It had laid a wager to swim across the river with a bag of gold, and as a preliminary step, threw away the bag.

J. D. W.

CANAL POLICY OF NEW YORK.

ABSTRACT OF THE LETTER OF MR. RUGGLES.

ON the 24th of October, SAMUEL B. RUGGLES, Esq., of this city, addressed to a committee of gentlemen residing in Rochester, an able letter in vindication of the policy that has been pursued in the construction of canals in this state, from the time of Clinton to the present period. Being too long for publication in the Review, we shall endeavor to furnish, in a condensed form, all its important facts and conclusions.

The great subject of his letter is introduced by asking three questions: "What is the present state of the Erie Canal enlargement? What has brought it to its present condition? What are its prospects?" The three questions, though distinct, he examines together. He first gives a graphic sketch of the three political parties at present existing in the state. The Whigs, he says, consist mainly of those, and the descendants of those, who supported CLINTON in the great work of the Erie Canal;—they are those who advocate, as part of their creed, improvements of the interior as well as of the sea-board, and who believe that the commerce of rivers, and canals, and lakes, are as important to national interests as that of the ocean.

Opposed to this party is that of those who call themselves Democrats. This last is divided into two sections, one of which is wholly averse to every kind of internal improvements at the expense of the state, and is known by the terrible name of "BARNBURNERS," the most prominent leader of which is Col. SAMUEL YOUNG, aided by Mr. MICHAEL HOFFMAN, and Mr. FLAGG, the late Comptroller.

Midway between this wing of the Democracy and the Whig party, is that portion who enjoy the comfortable title of "OLD HUNKERS;" and it is their creed that public works ought to be "judiciously" prosecuted—provided they themselves can fill the offices of honor or profit connected with the administration. The most eminent leader of this school is Governor MARCY.

The present generation, enjoying as it does the daily benefits of the Erie Canal, can hardly realize the difficulties which its projectors were obliged to encounter. Forty years ago, when the plan was first announced of constructing a canal from the Hudson River to Lake Erie, the idea was treated as purely

chimerical, and this was more especially true in the city of New York, among its merchants and capitalists. After an eight years' struggle, on the 15th of April, 1817, the law authorizing the Canal passed through the Legislature. The whole delegation of the City of New York voted against it.

It was during these contests that the political parties which even now agitate the State, found their origin and early organization. Mr. SILAS WRIGHT, since elected Governor, and Mr. AZARIAH C. FLAGG, the late Comptroller, came into public life about that time, the active opponents of Mr. CLINTON.

In 1823 Mr. CLINTON retired from the office of Governor; from the year 1810, when the first explorations and surveys were made, to the year 1823, he had held the honorary post of Canal Commissioner, without salary or emolument. In 1824, the great work was near its completion. His adversaries, having a majority in both branches of the Legislature, passed a joint resolution, supported by Mr. WRIGHT in the Senate, and Mr. FLAGG in the Assembly, removing him from that post, which he had so long and so ably filled.

The whole community was shocked at this cold-blooded, intentional insult to a great public benefactor. Mr. CLINTON was at once put in nomination for re-election as Governor the approaching autumn, and he swept Colonel YOUNG, the opposing candidate, from the field by an immense majority.

In the large views of Mr. CLINTON, however valuable the Erie Canal might be, as the main commercial artery of the State, it needed the contributions of lateral canals, branching off into the more interior recesses of the country. He, therefore, recommended successive additions to the system, which should connect Lake Ontario and the Black River, the Cayuga and Seneca Lakes, and the fertile regions of the Genesee, the Susquehanna and the Alleghany, with the great trunk traversing the State.

This was the origin of the lateral canals. From the moment of their construction they have been the theme of the most malignant abuse which party could devise. Disregarding their palpable effects in swelling the revenues of the main line and the general commerce of the State, their tolls have always

been studiously kept separate from those of the Erie Canal, and the expense of maintaining them in repair, is paraded by their opponents as a perpetual burthen upon the treasury of the State.

In 1827, Mr. WRIGHT, being still in the State Senate, in an elaborate Financial Report made war upon the whole Canal system, declaring that the actual income of the canals was *highly exaggerated*, and that any appropriations for other works, unless they should be more *profitable than the Erie and Champlain Canals*, "would hasten the period when *direct taxation* must be resorted to." The *formula* thus furnished by Mr. WRIGHT, has been faithfully repeated by the disciples of his political school ever since. But the *fact* has not verified the prediction. The Canal paid off its debt nine years after the Report, in July, 1836.

On the death of Mr. CLINTON, in the year 1828, the political power of the State passed, almost without opposition, into the hands of his late opponents, and Mr. WRIGHT became Comptroller, and in due course of time was succeeded by Mr. FLAGG. The manner in which the accounts are kept in the Comptroller's office, makes two distinct Funds,—The *Canal Fund* and the *General Fund*. The Canal Fund may be full to overflowing, but if the General Fund is low, there is a cry of an exhausted Treasury. The State may own the Canals, as it owns any other kind of property; and when the loans are cancelled which had been made to construct them, the liens held by lenders cease, and the revenues of the Canals may be applied to the general purposes of the State. When a tax, therefore, is recommended "to *replenish the General Fund*," it simply means a tax to pay off so much of the Canal debt. During the progress of the Erie Canal and before its revenues had been ascertained, the people paid a tax for its support, but in 1846 it was no longer necessary, and it was discontinued. In pursuance, however, of the policy which dictated his Report of 1827, Mr. WRIGHT, in 1830, as Comptroller, recommended the Legislature to levy once more a direct tax. The proposition was not adopted. It was repeated by him the next year, with the same bad success. In 1834 Mr. FLAGG became Comptroller, and until 1839, continued the system commenced by Mr. WRIGHT of urging the Legislature to impose a tax "to *replenish the General Fund*." In 1836, the revenues having accumulated to an amount sufficient to pay off the whole of the debt of the Erie and Champlain Canal, the Legislature virtually settled the matter by enacting that \$400,000 should annually be taken from the Canal Fund and paid to the General Fund. In addition to this sum, an annual amount of about \$310,000 was also received into the same Fund, from the auction and salt duties.

Nevertheless, on the opening of the Legislative Session of 1838, Mr. FLAGG again renewed his recommendation of a direct tax.

The subject was referred to a Committee of Ways and Means, of which Mr. RUGGLES was Chairman, and they resolved at once, as their predecessors had done for many years, that the tax was neither necessary nor expedient. They, however, instituted an inquiry as to what would be the fiscal effect of proceeding with more expedition in enlarging the Erie Canal; and to solve this, they endeavored to determine what would probably be its future revenues.

In conducting the inquiry, the Committee considered the report made to the Assembly, a few days previously, by Mr. BOUCK and his colleagues, Canal Commissioners, which predicted that in a few years after the completion of the enlargement, the tolls, being at the present rates, would exceed *three millions of dollars* annually. They added that they "believed the public interest would be essentially promoted by as speedy a completion of the enlargement of the Erie Canal as the *facilities for obtaining means*, &c., will justify." Thirteen years before this period, the Canal Commissioners, among whom were Colonel YOUNG and Mr. BOUCK, declared that their anticipations as to the tolls "had uniformly fallen short of the reality," and they added, that "they had no doubt but the same fate awaited their present calculations." They then proceeded to estimate the prospective increase of tolls for the thirty years then next succeeding. The following is the result:—\$1,000,000 for the year 1836; \$2,000,000 for the year 1846; and \$4,000,000 for the year 1856. The tolls, though materially reduced in rates, amounted, in reality, to \$1,614,342, in 1836, and to \$2,756,106, in 1846. At the same time, the Canal Commissioners predicted that within fifty years, *nine-tenths* of the merchandise transported upon the Canal, will pay toll, if it is chargeable, for the use of the *whole length* of the line. They then estimated the "annual receipt of tolls at nine millions and thirty one thousand and one hundred and seventy-six dollars."

The Report of 1838, was made in all honesty of purpose, and without indulging in any idle dreams of the imagination, but it has been made the standing subject for party ridicule and assault down to the present time.

The estimate of the Report of 1838 was, that if the *Erie Canal should be enlarged*, its tolls would reach the sum of \$3,000,000 at the close of navigation in the year 1849. The Canal has not been enlarged, and its rates of toll have been reduced, and yet the tolls of the year 1848 were \$3,252,212, and of the preceding year, (which was one of unusual activity,) \$3,635,381. If, to the tolls of 1848, be added ten per cent. for reduction in the

rates, (being \$325,221,) it makes a total of \$3,577,433.

In this amount are included the tolls of the lateral canals, the receipts of which, as kept separately, are about equivalent to their cost of maintenance. After making the proper allowance for the actual expense of repairs on the Erie Canal, the net revenue is \$3,000,000 as predicted.

The doctrine that no debt should be incurred by the State for the purpose of constructing public works, is comparatively of recent origin. It was neither the theory nor the practice of this State in 1838. At that time, the main question was, would their revenues pay the interest on a debt?

In the annual message of Governor MARCY, of that year, he expressly recommended to the Legislature the expediency of making more rapid progress in enlarging the Canal than it was possible to do with the surplus tolls alone. Mr. BOVCK and the other Canal Commissioners substantially recommended the same thing. This implied, necessarily, either borrowing money or direct taxation. Even Mr. FLAGG would not have recommended the latter method. The Committee then had only to show that an annual revenue of \$3,000,000 would be sufficient to pay the interest, at five per cent. on a debt of thirty millions, and reimburse the principal in less than twenty years, or on a debt of forty millions and reimburse it in twenty-eight years. The soundness of this portion of the Report was not questioned until two or three years after it was made. The attacks were made upon what were called its "fancies" and "visionary" character. But the fancies have become facts. Is not our debt at this very moment in process of rapid extinction by means of these very revenues? And is not the much lauded financial provision of the Constitution of 1846, founded on the assumption of the adequacy of these revenues?

Two years previous to 1838, the State had passed laws for constructing the Genesee Valley and Black River Canals, at an expense of at least \$5,000,000, and for enlarging the Erie Canal at a cost which Mr. BOVCK and his colleagues had estimated at \$12,416,150, but which, for greater caution, the Committee raised to \$15,000,000. The Canal Engineers had also reported most favorably of the enlargement. The surplus tolls, at that time, amounted to a little less than \$800,000 annually. Should they not increase faster than was then admitted by Mr. FLAGG and others, the time required for the enlargement would not be less than fifteen years, even if its cost should not exceed \$15,000,000. At a cost of \$25,000,000, the work could not be accomplished in less than twenty-five years at least. To save interest, therefore, the Committee recommended a resort to loans. With this sin-

gle exception, the Committee advised no expenditure on any particular work whatever. They stated that if a debt of \$40,000,000 should be incurred for public works, the money might be "safely borrowed, without imposing any burthens upon the people; and that if *the views of the Canal Commissioners, as to the future revenues of the Canals, are correct*, the whole amount, within thirty years, may be reimbursed and added to the productive property of the State."

In 1838 the Barnburners and Hunkers commanded a large majority in the Senate, but the Report was favorably received by that body. An Assembly bill, authorizing a loan of \$1,000,000 for expediting the enlargement, was actually amended in the Senate to \$4,000,000, and in that shape it became a law. This law seemed to produce universal satisfaction throughout the State. The Canal Commissioners, in consequence of their scanty means, up to that time had been only able to put under contract a few scattered structures; but they were now enabled to operate with much more efficiency. Many aqueducts and locks had become decayed, and the safety of navigation rendered it desirable to rebuild them, and that of enlarged size. The three great aqueducts—two across the Mohawk and one at Rochester—were in a failing condition, and the expense of rebuilding them alone was nearly \$1,000,000. The twenty-nine locks between Albany and Schenectady, when built, had been so clustered together as to cause most injurious delays in navigation; and the scanty supply of water afforded to the canal at Lockport rendering it necessary frequently to take from the manufacturing city of Rochester, the water from the Genesee river which was essential to the industry of its inhabitants, were evils which it was important to remedy with as little delay as possible. The work put under contract in the season of 1838, was directed chiefly to these points and purposes. The great effort was to relieve navigation of its most pressing embarrassments. The total cost of the works thus commenced under the law of 1838, including all that had been previously commenced, did not exceed \$11,000,000.

At the opening of the Session of the Legislature of 1839, the war on the policy of 1838 was fairly commenced. Governor SEWARD, the first Whig successor of DE WITT CLINTON, came into office the firm supporter of that policy, while Mr. FLAGG, in his Annual Report, used his best efforts to show that the calculations of the Committee of Ways and Means of 1838 were conjectural and fallacious,—that the treasury could not safely rely on the rate of progress in the canal tolls which their estimate had assumed. Mr. GULIAN C. VERPLANCK, a gentleman of eminently conservative character, contended that the results predicted would be realized, and would warrant

an expenditure, if necessary, of \$45,000,000, while Mr. ALONZO C. PAIGE, the organ of the opposition, and the confidential friend of the Comptroller, took issue on the accuracy of the estimates. Mr. PAIGE in an elaborate minority Report, stated as the result of his calculations, that the tolls would only increase at the rate of one and two-thirds per cent. annually, until the year 1886, but "to make the allowance more liberal," as he said, "ten per cent. is conceded for every period of six years." He then calculated the tolls at that rate, which gave for 1844, \$1,555,400; for 1850, \$1,710,940, and he proceeded in the same ratio every sixth year, until the year 1886, when he finally brings out the sum of \$3,031,032. He expressed his regret that he was obliged to differ from Mr. VERPLANK by a *period so wide as forty years!* but challenged the Senate to try his conclusions. The history of the last twelve years has settled the question, for the tolls in 1847 reached the sum of \$3,635,381, passing the disputed point of \$3,000,000, 39 years sooner than Mr. PAIGE had predicted.

But it was reserved for Colonel YOUNG, the great leader of the opposition, to display his party in its strongest colors. In a Report which he made as chairman of the Finance Committee of the Senate, all ages and nations, and conditions of man—Turk and Christian—Jew and Gentile—every field of literature, ancient and modern—scraps of verses, Latin and English—bits of French—the sayings of Zeno-phon and Thucydides,—of Hume and Montesquieu—the highlands of Scotland—the plains of India—the pyramids of Egypt—the vulture of Prometheus, and the awful maledictions of Holy Writ, are summoned to find suitable epithets for the "serpents and generation of vipers" that were seeking to enlarge the Erie canal. In his better days Col. YOUNG had been an advocate of Internal Improvement, especially of the Champlain canal, near which he resided. In 1825, he reported to the Legislature an estimate that in 1856 the canal tolls would amount to \$4,000,000.

From this time forward the Report and its author were made the subjects of every species of party ridicule and obloquy; and, as late as 1844, Mr. JOHN A. DIX, in a public meeting at Albany, with \$2,500,000 of canal revenues then rolling in from the west and staring him full in the face, characterized the Report as a mere "work of the imagination," fit only to be classed with the Arabian Nights' Entertainments!

In the session of 1839, the Canal Commissioners reported that the enlargement would cost \$23,402,800—being \$10,000,000 beyond their former estimate. This state of facts raised a new financial question.

The death of the late General STEPHEN VAN RENNELAER, long the honory and honored head of the Board of Canal Commissioners,

left a vacancy in that body, and Mr. RUGGLES was elected by the Legislature to fill his place. In the year 1839 Mr. BOUCK still adhered firmly to the policy of enlarging the Canal;—he was indeed the projector of it, and in the final discussion in the Canal Board of 1835, which settled its future dimensions, he voted for a depth of 8, and a width of 80 feet. It was, however, decided to have a depth of 7, and a width of 70 feet. On leaving the Board in 1840, he exhorted Mr. RUGGLES to disregard all petty and partizan considerations, and stand faithfully by the great enterprise.

As early as the year 1839, the columns of the leading journals opposed to the Canal policy began to be occupied with a plan to impair the credit of the States, and it was evident that an attempt would be made to create a panic on the subject of the public debt of the State of New York. Feeling the danger that was arising, it became important to confine the efforts of the State, for a time at least, within more narrow limits. It was, therefore, resolved to restrict the work of the enlargement to the locks and aqueducts. It was known that this would secure a considerable portion of the total benefits of the work, by an expenditure of little more than \$12,000,000, and it would serve as a convenient resting point, should this alternative become necessary. The section work, including land damages, was estimated at \$12,000,000; but little of it had been put under contract. In pursuance of this policy, the Whig Canal Commissioners, caused a section to be inserted in the law of April 25th, 1840, enacting that no "new work should be put under contract on the enlargement of the Erie Canal," except a section one mile long, through the city of Rochester, a lock which required rebuilding at Black Rock, and such work as should be necessary to render available the work then in progress. The next year a similar section was inserted at the request of the Canal Commissioners.

The total amount of contracts on the enlargement, made by the Whig Commissioners during the whole time they were in office, does not exceed one million of dollars; while Mr. RUGGLES, on the Genesee Valley Canal alone, by reducing the unnecessary cost of some of its structures, saved upwards of six hundred thousand dollars. So much for the "spend-thrift" policy of Governor SEWARD and his Whig Administration.

In April, 1840, Mr. JOHN C. SPENCER, who was Secretary of State, and a leading member of the Canal Board, formed by uniting in one body the Canal Commissioners and the Canal Fund Commissioners, made a Report to the Assembly on the subject of the Canal policy of the State. The result at which he arrived was, that the increase in tolls, instead of being one and two-thirds per cent. as stated by Mr. PAIGE, would amount to seven per cent. per

annum for every successive period of seven years; or seven and a half per cent. annually for every period of ten years. He estimated the tolls from 1840 to 1846, both inclusive, at \$15,602,745—they actually amounted to \$15,490,076; showing a variation of only \$112,669 in this immense sum. He then expressed the opinion of the Fund Commissioners, that it would be safe to add to the debt of the State three millions annually, for the next five years. This sum would have fulfilled all existing contracts, and have brought into use all the locks and aqueducts on the enlargement. Under the law of 1833, the State had already borrowed \$4,000,000 for that purpose; but they proceeded to authorize loans for the additional amounts of \$2,000,000 in 1840, and \$2,150,000 in 1841, making the sum total for the enlargement of \$8,150,000.

In the year 1841, a general depression of public stocks was experienced throughout the United States. The Ohio Six per cents were secured both by a pledge of the canal tolls of that State and a permanent authority of their state officers to levy a direct tax, should there be any deficiency. Such a provision could safely have been adopted in this State, and it would have silenced demagogues, who were loud in denying its pecuniary solvency. Protected by this provision, the Ohio Sixes sold in 1839 for 105 per cent. In April, 1841, they had fallen to 91 per cent. Within the same period, New York Six per cents fell from 97 to 85 per cent.

In the autumn of 1841, the anti-improvement party, headed by Mr. MICHAEL HOFFMAN, were in the ascendancy in both branches of the Legislature. They had the power to control the public works, by either suspending them, proceeding with them slowly, or stopping them wholly.

In January, 1842, two months after the election, the Ohio Six per cents fell to 67 per cent., and in March were sold at 52 per cent. The Five per cent. stocks of the city of New York, being the Croton Water Loan, which had been sold in April, 1841, at 85, fell to 75 in February, 1842, while the stock of the Bank of Commerce, a proverbially conservative institution, was depreciated in a still greater degree. The city of New York, instead of laying a tax to pay the interest of the Croton Stock, compounded and added it to the principal,—the policy being to expedite the work as rapidly as possible and render it productive, when a tax, if necessary, could be adjusted to make up the difference between the revenue and the interest. The city had expended about \$11,000,000—a little more than the state had expended on the Erie enlargement. The city was receiving nothing from the aqueduct—the state was receiving large and increasing annual revenues from the canal. The Croton Aqueduct had never been attacked

by party—and none of the inhabitants had any political object in destroying its public credit. Although feeling the effect of the general depression, the city issued seven per cent. stocks to the amount of \$1,900,000, and finished the work. Had the state policy been pursued, not a drop of water would have flowed through the aqueduct to this day.

By the last Report of the Commissioners of the Canal Fund, it appears that the whole amount of loans made for the enlargement of the Canal, up to the 30th of September, 1848, was \$10,122,000: of this amount, \$8,150,000 had been authorized previous to 1842. The balance, \$1,972,000, represents the whole amount due to contractors on the 29th of March, 1842, including the damages paid for rescinding their contracts.

MR. COLLIER, the Whig Comptroller, proposed to issue seven per cent. stocks for a moderate amount; but he was displaced, and Mr. FLAGG again succeeded to the office. No money was raised or sought for on any terms. The improvements of the public works were doomed, by the party now having the power, to be stopped, and they were stopped. The Canal from Albany to Buffalo was strewn with the wreck. The Legislature paid \$10,000 for removing materials which encumbered the ground most required for immediate use in Lockport; and the contractor, for that very work, obtained \$74,000 as damages for the rescinding of his contract.

Although the law contemplated stopping all the public works, yet there was provision made for a limited class of cases, in which the State officers should deem the work necessary to preserve or secure the navigation of the navigable canal, of which it was a part—or to preserve work already done, from destruction by ice or floods—or where the completion would cost less than the expense of preserving the part done. But even this clause was disregarded. The new Jordan level was an independent line of new canal 11 1-2 miles long, which dispensed with two locks, and united three levels in one. It had cost \$530,429, and required but \$42,178 to bring it into use. The old navigation was actually hazardous; but the State officers peremptorily refused to allow it to be completed.

The Schoharie creek, in times of floods, was dangerous for boats to cross, and often caused very serious delay to great numbers which, at such times, were obliged to wait for the stream to subside. To obviate this inconvenience a fine aqueduct, on ten or twelve stone arches, was completed, at a cost of \$179,000, and it required only the expenditure of \$37,617 to adapt it to the levels of the enlarged canal. This was also refused.

In 1844, Mr. FLAGG and his associates, the Canal Commissioners, made a Report, questioning the policy and necessity of enlarging

the canal at all, for the purpose of cheapening transportation. This was intended as a death blow to the canal enlargement. Mr. HORACE SEYMOUR, of Utica, an eminent Hunker, and Chairman of the Canal Committee, strongly opposed it, and succeeded in passing a law compelling the State officers to complete, and bring into use, the Jordan level and the Scosharie aqueduct—but under the pretence of a repair of the Erie canal. At the same session, the Canal Committee also showed the importance of enlarging, without further delay, the remaining 15 locks between Syracuse and Rochester. The cost, they showed, would not exceed \$1,350,000. Nothing was done. This measure would have been one of great value, for, by allowing boats of the increased size (of 105 tons) instead of 70 tons to pass between the Hudson and Buffalo, two boats would be able to carry as much as three of the present capacity. The number of miles run by the boats in 1844 was 6,740,740, which might have been diminished one third, or 2,246,913 miles, if vessels of the larger measurement had been employed. The economy of saving annually such an immense movement is obvious.

Mr. RUGGLES proceeds to show the amount of useless movement that the boats and cargoes of the canal have been and will be obliged to perform in the "seven years" of folly which have followed the Stop law. Under the Whig policy, the locks could and would have been finished, at the farthest, by the spring of 1844. The movement of boats, independent of those from the lateral canals, during the five years from 1844 to 1848, inclusive, has been 39,831,550 miles; and by adding 1849 and 1850, there will be a total of 56,175,450 miles. Of this, 18,725,150 could have been saved to the community. This loss falls chiefly on the agricultural classes. To the loss of individuals must be added the loss of interest, which in these seven years of delay falls upon the treasury. The enlargement had cost in 1842, including interest, at least \$13,000,000

To finish the locks and aqueducts in 1844, the further interest for two years would not have exceeded	\$1,600,000
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\$14,600,000

To which add cost of locks and aqueducts themselves, according to Mr. SEYMOUR'S Report,	\$1,400,000
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\$16,000,000

Loss by the seven years' delay—interest from 1844 to 1851 on the \$14,600,000 at simple interest,	5,932,000
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Making a total cost in 1851 of \$21,932,000

Add to this the loss for the useless movement of 18,725,150 miles, and we approach to something like a demonstrable amount of the loss that the public will have sustained by the Stop law at the end of the seven years! But when will the work be completed? The future appears as full of loss as the past. We are full of amazement at the infatuation which could have led the people to submit to a policy so suicidal.

In 1846 the three political parties in this State met in Convention to make a new Constitution. So long as the people are satisfied with the result, the Constitution will continue. Mr. HOFFMAN came into the Convention flushed with his triumph of 1842, and resolved to engraft its whole spirit into our organic law. But time and circumstances had dissipated, in a good degree, the clouds which had enveloped the public mind. After establishing a sinking fund out of the revenues of the canal to re-imburse the debt, he condescended, as an act of sovereign grace, to allow \$2,500,000 in the aggregate, to be applied at some future period, not to the enlargement, but to the "improvement" of the Erie Canal. Black River and Genesee Valley were left to their fate.

Mr. BOUCE had become Governor during the darkest hour of the Stop law, and was now a member of the Convention. Although the author of the Enlargement policy, he was elected Governor by the very party who were loudest in denouncing the policy to which his whole life had been devoted. It was a sorry sight to see him, in the Executive chair, sustaining the act of 1842; but such only was the tenure by which the office could be held!

In the Constitutional Convention of 1846 he had regained so much of his former tone, as to oppose Mr. HOFFMAN, and he was supported by most of the Hunkers. The result was, that the provision was finally adopted which secured the ultimate completion of the Erie Canal Enlargement, and the Genesee Valley and Black River Canals.

The "compromise," as it is termed, of the Constitution of 1846, consists in prohibiting the State from using its credit, except on conditions that virtually render it impracticable—for it assumes that the principal and interest of any debt hereafter to be incurred can only be discharged by means of direct taxes to be imposed on all the property of the State, and that the taxes shall be sufficient to pay the interest and redeem the principal in eighteen years. A tax of this kind would fall equally on those who are and those who are not benefited by an improvement. And, moreover, the people would scarcely submit to a tax for eighteen years, when the State possesses ample revenues to pay the interest and extinguish the principal of a debt. The Constitution, therefore, by adopting this provision, practically declares that no further improvement

shall be prosecuted in this State by means of its credit, except when coupled with a tax.

The only resource, then, which remains for the exigencies of the State, so far as its present or future public works are concerned, are the tolls of the Erie Canal, and it is therefore more than ever important that they shall be carefully watched and vigilantly cherished.

It is not a little edifying that those who most violently ridiculed the idea that the Canal revenues would suffice as a basis of a debt, are now comforting their friends on the lines of the Canals by the assurance that the tolls will not only pay off a debt of \$25,000,000 in about twenty years, but in addition, will afford ample means for proceeding with all suitable despatch, to complete the public works.

The sum annually set apart by the Constitution for extinguishing the principal and interest of the public debt, is \$1,650,000, to which is added \$200,000 on account of the ordinary expenses of the government. The remainder is to be divided between the Enlargement, the Genesee Valley, and Black River Canals, and it now is about \$1,000,000. This is the result of the "compromise." There is, however, one feature in the Constitution which the friends of improvement regard as important—it is that the State officers who manage the Canals and their revenues, shall hereafter be elective by the people.

At the opening of the Session of the Legislature in 1847, Mr. FLAGG announced the surplus tolls then applicable to the public works to be \$117,000.

In November, 1847, MILLARD FILLMORE was elected Comptroller, under the new Constitution. On examination of the public accounts, he discovered a sum of \$500,000 which he decided to be justly applicable to the completion of the public works. Mr. WASHINGTON HUNT succeeded Mr. FILLMORE, and he has discovered sums amounting to \$800,000, which, in his judgment, were also applicable to the public works. This makes a total of \$1,300,000.

With the moderate means the Constitution has left to our present faithful and patriotic officers, the locks of the Erie Canal may be finished and opened for the large boats by the spring of 1851. But the progress of deepening the channel and realizing its largest benefits, must necessarily be slow and painfully protracted.

During the last season, the products floating on the Canals amounted to 2,736,230 tons, exceeding by 1,100,000 tons the amount transported in 1843. The amount paid upon the Canal in 1848 for tolls and freight was \$5,800,000 dollars, and in the active season of 1847, \$8,400,000.

As an avenue of trade, it now outstrips every channel of commerce, natural or artificial, in the New or the Old World; it far exceeds the Rhine, which flows through the heart of Europe for 500 miles, and has its navigation carefully improved by the seven Sovereign Powers adjacent to its banks. Nor is its activity impaired by the long line of Rail Roads lying on its margin. The whole descending cargoes passing over the Rail Roads during the year 1848, were but 29,999 tons. In seven months of navigation of the same season, the Canal brought 1,180,000 tons to tide water.

The pecuniary amount of the Canal commerce, which in 1843 had reached 76,000,000 of dollars, ascended in 1848 to 140,000,000; and yet it was alleged in the Convention for making a Constitution, that the Canal revenues had about reached their culminating point. Mr. RUGGLES concludes his letter as follows:

"For once the writer of this hasty sketch has ventured to believe, and yet continues to believe, that an immense interior region of unequalled fertility, and of truly imperial extent,—the destined centre of American population, commerce and power,—as yet but in the early morning of its days,—lies just beyond our western border, and plainly within our reach,—and that it does not fall within the narrow ken of the men of the present day, fully to encompass the vast extent of its future wealth and greatness.

"To connect the ocean with a region thus wide spread and magnificent, by commodious, constant and ample means of intercourse,—to bind in bonds of mutual and ever-enduring interest and affection, the far distant portions of our favored land,—he has always believed, and yet believes to be the bounden duty of the government of this State, and the aim of the intelligent, generous, and patriotic Whig party, of which he claims to be one among the humblest members.

"But the Constitution of 1846, in a great measure, renders future effort needless and hopeless. We may proceed slowly and patiently, and in a reasonable time accomplish a useful portion of the work, but the full measure of its benefits can hardly be enjoyed by the present generation. The next will be more fortunate, and may be wiser—and when they come to perceive and enjoy its multifold, ceaseless, and ever increasing blessings, some curious inquirer into the past, wondering why it was so long delayed, may possibly look back and calculate the losses sustained by their fathers in the fury of party conflicts, by the madness of party leaders. If the history shall chance to furnish a salutary lesson, it will not be studied in vain."

CRITICAL NOTICES.

THE engraving of Gov. Briggs, of Massachusetts, in the preceding number, purports in the lettering to have been taken from a daguerreotype by Whipple, of Boston, the same who took the portrait from which Richie's plate of the Hon. Daniel Webster was engraved.

This we are informed is an error. The daguerreotype of Gov. Briggs was taken by L. M. Ives, of Boston, and is declared by the engraver to be of the very best kind for artistic purposes. Mr. Richie's plate is a very faithful copy of it.

Medicines, their uses and mode of administration, including a complete conspectus of the three British Pharmacopæias, an account of all the new remedies, and an Appendix of Formulae. By J. MOORE NELIGAN, M.D., Edinburgh, &c., from the second Dublin edition. With additions, by BENJAMIN W. MCCREADY, M.D., Prof. of Materia Medica and Pharmacy in the College of Pharmacy of New York, &c., &c. New York: W. E. Dean, Publisher.

The high authorities, the Drs. Beck of this city and Albany, both of them Professors of Materia Medica, say of this work, "as a compact, yet comprehensive manual of the Materia Medica it is the best we know of in the English language." Dr. McCready is also commended by these gentlemen as a particularly competent editor of the American edition. We, of the laity, must, of course, rely upon such authority in calling attention to such professional works, which we do in this case with the utmost confidence.

On turning to our contemporary the "Boston Medical and Surgical Journal," we observe that it speaks in disparaging terms of the mechanical execution of this edition. We cannot account for this, as the copy of the book before us does by no means justify these strictures. It is very true that the book is not gotten up in that expensive manner common in other countries in issuing professional works, and which in works of this character is often a greater fault than merit; but the paper of this edition is good, and the type and printing as clear as the condensed form will allow. It has evidently been the intention of the publisher to bring the work within the rank of that extensive class of medical students whose means are too limited to pay much for ornamenting the useful.

Orations and occasional Discourses. By GEO. W. BETHUNE, D.D. New York: G. P. Putnam.

The publication of this book will gratify the minds of many persons who have crowded to listen to the eloquent sermons and discourses of this eminent divine. They will hasten to possess the words that have thrilled them with classic beauty, and those who have not heard with their own ears will be able to verify the fame of the orator. Dr. Bethune is probably most remarkable for the deep appreciation he has of classic literature. He shows by his poetic spirit and severe taste that he has not merely wandered by and admired these Pierian springs of literature, but has drunk deeply thereof.

The inedited works of Lord Byron, now first published from his letters, journals, and other manuscripts in the possession of his son, Major GEORGE GORDON BYRON. New York: G. G. Byron, 257 Broadway. R. Martin, 46 Ann street. New York.

This work is such as might be supposed a reprint. It is published by and for Major Byron in New York. We have heard a great deal of scandal about Major Byron and this book, but have neither leisure nor inclination to attend to it. All that we know absolutely about the matter is gathered from the work itself, which is its own explanation. There can be no doubt of its authenticity. The edition is exquisitely printed, the part of the editor in the first number, the only one as yet published, is well, not to say elegantly written, and the notices of Lord Byron's life and conduct are extremely interesting, placing him in a light very favorable to humanity, and satisfactory to those who admire his genius. One thing will give his readers a particular pleasure, namely, that his son has secured his memory from the worst of calumnies, from the charge of having abused and neglected his mother. That she and her son loved each other tenderly, and that he regarded his mother as the best friend he had on earth, is fully established by Major Byron in this first number. We wish all success to his truly worthy and honorable endeavors to rescue the memory of his father from the disgraces which have been heaped upon it. Major Byron is a citizen of Virginia.

The Old World: or Scenes and Cities in Foreign Lands. By WILLIAM FURNESS. Accompanied with a map and illustrations. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1849.

A very agreeable series of sketches of travel through the principal cities of Europe. The book is written in a light and pleasing style, and carries on the reader easily and agreeably. The author is evidently one of the "good natured travellers," sees whatever is agreeable, and imparts his own feelings to his readers. He wrote because he liked to, and sought to please by the communication of his own pleasures. With one reader at least he has perfectly succeeded.

Outlines of Astronomy. By Sir JOHN F. W. HERSCHELL. With plates and wood cuts. Philadelphia: Lee & Blanchard. 1849.

Of all the subjects of human thought and scientific investigation, Astronomy most palpably illustrates the glory of the intellect of man, whilst it at the same time most reveals to it the infinite power and wisdom of his Creator. The most plodding and industrious investigator in this transcendent science must be an eloquent writer or speaker, when he displays his studies to the world. Hence, it is the most popular of the Sciences. We need not commend the work before us, therefore, to the public. The author's name stands the first among a "glorious company," and a new work from him, giving the last results at which the wing of thought has reached in the profound of space will command universal attention. The book is well printed, and illustrated with the necessary diagrams.

Physician and Patient. By WORTHINGTON HOOKER, M.D. New York: Baker & Scribner: 1849.

We find such a "capital notice" of this work in the Boston Medical Journal, that we cannot do better than quote it. "This gentleman," it says, "has been for a considerable time making a kind of philosophico-ethical analysis of the mutual duties, relations, &c., of the medical profession and the community."

The following are among the subjects of the chapters of the book:—Uncertainty of Medicine; Skill in Medicine; Popular Errors; Quackery; Thomsonianism; Homoeopathy; Natural Bonesetters; Good and Bad Practice; Theory and Observation; Mental influence of Mind and Body in Disease; Insanity, &c. We trust, for the sake of suffering and deluded humanity, that this delightful work may be extensively read, and serve as some shield against the many harpies who now live upon the decay they themselves in a great measure engender.

Poems. By AMELIA, (Mrs. WELBY.) A new enlarged addition. Illustrated by original designs, by Robt. W. West. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1850.

A most beautiful edition of poems, well worthy of the finest dress. This is the seventh edition of these. They are worthy of it. Unquestionable poetry they undoubtedly are. Of how many of the singers of the day can we say as much?

The Monuments of Egypt. By F. L. HAWKS, D.D. With notes of a Voyage up the Nile by an American. New York: G. P. Putnam.

As it is our intention to review at length this valuable work, we will content ourselves with calling the attention of our readers to it for the present. The enterprising publisher has made it a fit companion, in artistic execution, &c., to the beautiful edition of Layard's Nineveh. The numerous readers of that absorbing work, will be glad of this book of Dr. Hawks, as in a measure filling out a branch of the subject of Eastern antiquities, which the former author has made, we may almost say, a popular study.

Memoirs of the Life of William Wirt. By JOHN P. KENNEDY. 2 vols. Philadelphia: Lea & Blanchard. 1849.

As it is our bounden duty to display at large the beauties and merits of this excellent work and labor of love of Mr. Kennedy, we can only now say that we trust there is genuine patriotism enough to reward the author by a wide and appreciative reading of it. The readers of this Journal are not unacquainted with Mr. Kennedy's high qualities as a writer on politics as well as literature. Would that more of our statesmen would appreciate as he does, the duty of putting their thoughts in a more durable form than that of mere verbal utterance.

The Puritan and his Daughter. By J. K. PAULDING. New York: Baker and Scribner. 1849.

THE simple announcement of this work of Mr. Paulding, is all we have space for. It is gotten up in the beautiful style of printing, paper, and binding, customary with the publishing house, who issue it, and will, no doubt, be extensively read.

The Architect: a series of original designs, for domestic and ornamental cottages, connected with landscape gardening. Adapted to the United States. Illustrated by drawings of ground plots, plans, Perspective views, &c., &c. Vol. II. By WILLIAM RANLETT, Architect.. New York: Dwight & Davenport. 1849.

This is the ninth number of Mr. Ranlett's elegant and useful work. It is a handsome quarto. The present number is finely illustrated by the author, whose style of architectural drawing is unusually fine. Gentlemen planning country houses, and builders generally, will find it well worth their study.

Frontenac—A Metrical Romance. By ALFRED B. STREET. New York: Baker and Scribner. 1849.

THIS new work of Mr. Street has been sent us too late for that examination which a proper notice would require. We perceive that it is reprinted from Bentley's London edition. Mr. Street's fine powers of description are so famous, and have been so fully analyzed in this journal already, that we need not now do so. This being an Indian romance, furnishes a fine opportunity for their display, which our author has made good use of. We commend the volume to all lovers of native poetry, and we have no doubt it will have a wide circulation.

Evenings at Woodlawn. By MRS. ELLET. New York: Baker and Scribner. 1849.

THIS is a charming reproduction of celebrated German legends. Those acquainted with the fine spirit and graphic style of Mrs. Ellet, will need no invitation from us to fall to at the rich entertainment she here sets before them.

Lectures on Modern History, from the Irruption of the Northern Nations, to the close of the American Revolution. By WILLIAM SMYTH, Prof. of Modern History in the University of Cambridge. Third American edition, edited by JARED SPARKS. Boston: Benjamin Mussey & Co. 1849.

WE are glad to perceive that a third edition of this valuable book is called for. It is an evidence that the study of history is not declining in the Republic. These lectures are probably the best guide to the student extant.

Their particular merits are so ably set forth by Mr. Sparks in his preface, that we need only refer those unacquainted with them to it. Mr. Sparks is an authority on the subject, from before whom we reverently stand aside.

The Excursion—A Poem. By W. WORDSWORTH. New York: C. S. Francis & Co. 1849.

THIS is a beautiful edition of the great poem of Wordsworth, pronounced by Mr. Dana, probably the finest critic of our time, to be "the noblest poem since Milton's *Paradise Lost*." We commend the convenient form of the book to the imitation of our publishers. Our great authors would be more read, were they in forms to be carried about with us in this locomotive age.

Los Gingos. By LIEUT. WISE, U. S. N. Second edition. New York: Baker and Scribner. 1849.

THIS is a true sailor's yarn, very piquant and picturesque. It has, before we could notice it, reached a second edition, for every body delights in narratives of adventures, and this is the most charming we have seen for many a-day. Our space forbids more on it at present; but we must recur to it again for the entertainment of our readers.

Half-hours with the best Authors. By CHARLES KNIGHT. Vol. IV. New York: John Wiley. 1849.

WE know of nothing of the kind more happy in its conception than this labor of love of Mr. Knight. For each day of the week we have here a choice half-hour's reading, selected by a truly discriminating friend. Every seventh one is appropriated to a sacred topic, so that it may serve for the Sunday's edification. Can any one imagine a better gift to a household than to place these four beautiful, cheap and good volumes, within the reach of all its members.

The number of books sent to us by publishers this month was larger than could be properly noticed. Instead, therefore, of merely giving a list of their titles, we have noticed a part, reserving the remainder for the January number. A notice of the new edition of Webster's Dictionary will be given.







